

EX LIBRIS



JAMES NICHOLSON
TORONTO, CANADA



Presented to the
LIBRARY *of the*
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
by

THE ESTATE OF THE LATE
JAMES NICHOLSON



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

<http://www.archive.org/details/punch62a63lemouoft>





PUNCH



VOL LXII.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1872.



AP
101
p8
1872



"GENTLEMEN Arbitrators, I saluto you in the concrete," said Mr. PUNCH, walking up to the table of the Hall of Congress at Geneva. "I also salute you specially. COUNT SCLOPIS, *una voce poco fa*; M. STAEMPFELI, my Merry Swiss Boy, *point d'argent, point de Suisse*; BARON ITAJUBA, I hope your *sangre azul* is cool this hot weather."

"Really, Mr. PUNCH," said the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN—

"And really, my dear SIR ALEXANDER," was Mr. PUNCH's lightning-like repartee. "How are you? and DAVIS, my BANCROFT, how are you? Have you seen MRS. BANCROFT in *Caste*? Capital, isn't she? And now to business, and after that we'll go for a row on the Lake, my Allobroges. Know they settled here, DAVIS?"

"I know several things," said Mr. DAVIS, "and one is that you have no business in this chamber."

"*Rem acu tetigisti*, my Occidental. My visit is strictly on pleasure. And I reckon to have the pleasure of sticking these here Negotiations in a greased groove before I quit."

"Porter!" exclaimed the COUNT SCLOPIS, angrily.

"Not a drop, I thank you," said Mr. PUNCH, smiling. "We should not get it good here. A bottle of Seltzer, if you please, with a slight dash of the liquid named after yonder lake, but unsweetened."

His exquisite good-temper—he associates with GRANVILLE and DISRAELI—was too much for the dignitaries. They all shook hands with him, said he was welcome, and begged that he would go away until dinner-time.

"Not a bit of it, my Beamish Boys," said Mr. PUNCH. "I am going to earn that dinner."

"But, dear Mr. PUNCH," pleaded Mr. DAVIS, "we can't admit another British Representative, especially so omnipotent a one as yourself."

"You are polite, and I'm cosmopolite, my dear DAVIS. *Non ubi nascor, sed ubi pascor*, and being asked to an international repast I shall behave internationally."

"You will have to let him speak," laughed BARON ITAJUBA.

"You open your mouth to drop Brazilian diamonds, my Baron."

"He'd better remain, for I don't think he'll go," gaily carolled the Chief Justice, with a reminiscence of a burlesque written at a time when burlesques were comic.

"Take your brief, and belabour away," sang the Merry Swiss Boy.

"Come, Mr. PUNCH," said the Count, "you and I have a common Italian ancestry. Do us credit."

"*Con rispetto parlando*, Count, you ought not to doubt that I shall. Arbitrators! Have you all read RABELAIS?"

"There's a question!" shouted Everybody, indignantly. "Have five great nations sent clowns to represent them?"

"I will soon see about that," said Mr. PUNCH. "When the good PANTAGRUEL was asked to decide a most tangled, knotty, and vast law-suit, over which a hundred lawyers had wrangled and fattened for years, what was his first order? Nay, answer me not in words, but let me take my cooling draught, and see whether you know RABELAIS."

As with one impulse all sprang up, delight in each face. Secretaries and porters were summoned, and every scrap of paper, from the smallest Note to the most gigantic Case was removed into the court-yard. In five minutes all the painted glass in the windows was richly illuminated, and the flames roared like Vesuvius.

"In these circumstances," said Mr. PUNCH, "and as thinking of the 'frozen Caucasus' will not enable one to bear roasting, M. the Count, you might order me some ice."

"Icebergs to Mr. PUNCH till further notice," said the magnificent Italian, in a style worthy of Cosmo himself.

"You *have* studied RABELAIS," said Mr. PUNCH, when the fire had subsided, "and I am sure that you will continue to be guided by his wisdom. Do you accept my sentence, in this Anglo-American business, as final. No 'understandings,' mind. Swear it, with good mouth-filling oaths."

They all sent out fervent voices, but Mr. DAVIS (who has had the advantage of knowing Mr. GREELEY) discharged a kuss so terrific that it tore all the other sounds to tatters.

"Hear, and record the oath, immoral Gods!" exclaimed Mr. PUNCH, in a manner like that of JOHN KEMBLE, only superior in impressiveness. "And now I shall give you a judgment like that of the good PANTAGRUEL. Stenographers!"

Then said PANTAGRUEL-PUNCH, "and the pauses amid his speech were more awful than the sound:"

"**Not** having read one word of the cackle just combusted, and knowing and caring nothing about the matter in question, I hereby give sentence that England shall pay to America, on the first of April last, nineteen thousand bottles of hay with a needle in each. Shall, on the very first Sunday in the middle of the week, further pay to America eleven millions of pigs in pokes; and finally, and without fail, Shall, in the next Greek Kalends, remit to Washington two billions of bottles of smoke, and one thousand casks of the best pickled Australian moonshine, deodorised and aerated.

"**But** seeing that America, in her turn, has reparation to make, I hereby give sentence that she shall send to England, on the day of the election of the first Coloured President, twelve thousand barrels of the best pearl-oysters, the pearls to be set with emeralds and rubies. Shall, on the day of celebration of the utter and entire extinction of Bunkum, further pay to England eighty thousand barrels of Columbian Hail, and as many Birds o' Freedom, potted with truffles; and lastly, Shall, on the recognition of the Independence of Mormonism, remit to London a hundred boxes of the letters of which the United States have robbed the Queen's English; a thousand of the ropes which ought to have been used in accelerating the quietude of Fenianism, and finally, and without fail, shall pay 30 per cent. on the profits of 'annexed' English literature.

"**And** this I give for final judgment and decree indissoluble."

Everybody remained wrapt in speechless admiration at the ineffable wisdom of PANTAGRUEL-PUNCH, who had thus SETTLED THE AMERICAN QUESTION. But what a shout went up to the Empyrean when he gently added:—

"To enable you to interpret this sentence aright, I present you with my

"Sixty-Second Volume."





MUSIC AT HOME.

STUDY OF AN AMATEUR COMIC SINGER STRUGGLING WITH AN UNSYMPATHISING AUDIENCE.

1	F	8 y 5h 47m
2	S	4 y 5h 41m
3	S	3 y 5h 40m
4	M	Summers b.
5	T	Arns d.
6	W	De Maurier
7	T	Perpetua
8	F	Will 111 d.

17	S	88 in Lent
18	M	Pa. Lou. h.
19	Tu	Lucknow t.
20	W	B Alexand.
21	Th	Benedict
22	F	Cam. L. T. s.
23	S	Oxf. l. T. s.
24	S	Palm Sun.



MARCH XXXI DAYS.

17	S	Caldwell h.
18	S	4 N. to Lane
19	M	Outram d.
20	T	Gregory
21	W	Pringley h.
22	Th	Byng shot.
23	V	Manning d.
24	V	Do. Kent d.

25	M	Lady Day
26	Tu	D. Com. h.
27	W	James I. d.
28	Th	S. 9 5h 46m
29	F	Good Frid.
30	S	S. 6h. 78m
31	S	Easter Sun.

SIGNS OF THE MODERN ZODIAC.

ARIES, the RAM, is an iron steamboat,
Able to sink any ship that's afloat.

TAURUS, the BULL, is one JOHN of that name ;
Once he was savage, but now he is tame.

GEMINI, male, are the TWINS Siamese;
Two-headed Nightingale's *Geminae*—she 's.

CANCER's the CRAB caught by some of a Crew;
Never that, either the "Light" or "Dark Blue."

LEO is the Old British Lion, who keeps
Watch with the Unicorn. Sometimes he
sleeps.

Virgo, the VIRGIN, a Chignon doth wear.
How can a true roald appear in false hair?

LIBRA 's the BALANCE; your stars you may
thank
if you have always got one at your Bank.

SCORPIO, the SCORPION, 's a Critic, who
stings
Not with tail's point; pen and ink are tho
things.

SAGITTARIUS, the ARCHER, now Bows are exploded
By Gunpowder, shoots with a Rifle, breech-loaded.

CAPRICORNUS, the GOAT, here below, BUNG
combines
With the Compasses, twofold, for one of the
Signs.

AQUARIUS, the WATERMAN, what shall denote?
The Badge that he 'll win when he wins
DOGGETT's Coat.

PISCES, the FISHES of Fishes that be,
Are Salmon, at home both in river and sea.

INTERNATIONAL.

Even in words the English wife's affection shows superior to the French wife's. The latter says, "my friend," that is, he loves her. But the former says, "my dear," that is, she loves him. Bless the English wives—and the French ones.

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Delight a father by praise of his daughter's beauty; a mother by praise of her son's brains; the reverse practice is unsafe if the father is an author, and the mother has been a beauty.

MARCH 1, FEAST OF ST. DAVID.—Leeks and toasted cheese. Eistedfodd at Pfigntwddlwn. Bard WILLIAMS recites an epitaph which he has composed on his countryman, MA. MORGAN. A traveller (London commercial) present calls it an Epi-Taffy.

MISPRINTED MORAL. — Despise all littleness, including little acts of kindness.

QUERY FOR CEREMONIALISTS.—When a left-handed lady is married, ought not the Ring to be placed on the right fourth finger?

THREATENED CONFLAGRATION.—The River Police have detected a man trying to set the Thames on fire. He was caught *flagrante delicto*.

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Let your charity cover offences as your carpet on a wet night covers the mud on your doorstep; that *your* friends may not appear discreditably.

SENTIMENT FOR JANUARY.—May the frost of Indifference never congeal the stream of Benevolence!

SENTIMENT FOR FEBRUARY.—May we look before we Leap!

JANUARY.

Happy Thought (for New Year's Day). Take a holiday, and spend it in Paris. Le Jour de l'An.
7th January. "Old Christmas Day." *Happy Thought* — Keep it again.

THE HUNTING SEASON.—Leap Year.

FEBRUARY.

14th. *Happy Thought*.—Buy Valentines. Send 'em. This is also St. Pancake's Day.
27th. *Happy Thought (for Hares)*.—"Hare hunting ends."
29th. *Happy Thought*.—"Wind S.W."

THE LAUNDRESS'S PARADISE.—Washington.

MARCH.

25th. Quarter-Day. *Happy Thought*.—Not at home to any one.

29th. *Happy Thought*.—The only Good day in the year—*Good Friday*.

THE PEACE OF WESTPHALIA.—Sending your enemy a Ham.



THE RULING PASSION.

Cook (condescendingly). "PLEASE, 'M, IF YOU AIN'T SUITED, I'VE CHANGED MY MIND, AND WOULD RATHER STOP!"

Cook. "Yes, 'M, so I did; but the milkman, he tell me this morning as 'ow once Kerridge people 'ad used to live in this very street."

FAVOURITE AUTHORS.

The Wise Man's . . . LE SAGE.
 The Fishmonger's . . . CRABBE, SPRAT, and
 . . . WINCKELMANN.
 The Entomologist's . . . WORMIUS.
 The Quaker's . . . DE THOU.
 The Blunderer's . . . MULLER.
 The Cabman's . . . VOITURE.
 The Schoolmaster's . . . BIRCH.
 The Stonemason's . . . PORPHYRY.
 The Footman's . . . L'ABBE LA PLUCHE.
 The Centenarian's . . . MACROBIUS.
 The Soldier's . . . MARTIAL.
 The Poet's . . . RHYMER.
 The Doctor's . . . AKENSIDE and STEELE.
 The Engine-driver's . . . SPEED.
 The Poulterer's . . . DUCK and HARE.
 The Dandy's . . . SMART.
 Nobody's . . . DUNE.
 Everybody's . . . PUNCH!

AN AUTHOR'S P.S.

Do not think that my Recording Angel set a precedent in blotting out that record with a tear. He has since bought spectacles, which prevent his tears from falling down, and which enable him to write even more legibly.—LAWRENCE STERNE.

MISPRINTED MORAL.—A good memory is a good thing. A good forgetfulness sometimes a better. A poor poet received a bank-note the day after he had declared at dinner that he could not remember the source of a lily a rich guest was unable to trace. Yet the lily was the wise poet's own.

A CIVIC DREAM.—An Alderman of London went to sleep, and dreamt that he had been made Lord Mayor and knighted. His Worship had eaten more than was good for him at supper, and had the Nightmare.

DR. WATTS QUOTED TO A MASCULINE FEMALE ENERGETIC ABOUT THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.—"How I wonder what you are!"

ON A "BOOTS" AT A HOTEL.—He does not shine himself, but he is the cause of brilliancy in others.

"OURS."

Our Gardener wears his hat in a Rakish manner.

Our Coachman prides himself on his erect bearing—his Carriage is perfect.

Our Footman's tastes are martial—he loves the smell of Powder.

Our Butler can do the Bottle-trick.

Our Groom has a Horse-laugh.

Our Dairy-maid will have her own Whey.

Our Miller is Mealy-mouthed.

Our Milkman Skims the paper.

Our Butcher has settled a handsome

jointure on his daughter.

Our Waiter is the Coming Man.

APRIL.

1st. *Happy Thought.*—Provide for a rainy day. Goup to any one and say, "Beg pardon, I think you've got my umbrella." Rather than dispute the point, he is sure to give it you.

3rd. *Happy Thought.*—"Dividends due at the Bank." Call and ask for some.

29th. *Happy Thought (for rainy month).*—"Society of Water-Colours opens."

VULGAR ERROR.—Some people are strangely wont to confound the followers of MAHOMET with those of CANON KINGLEY. As though they imagined that the Mussulmans were professors of Muscular Christianity, they call them Musclemen.

DESPERATE ATTEMPT.—A member of the Stock Exchange declared that he could not live in Suffolk. Asked why, he said he was sure he should die of suffocation.

SENTIMENT FOR MARCH.—May the School Boards advance the March of Intellect!

SENTIMENT FOR APRIL.—May there be no fools but on the First!

IMPENDING CHANGE.—When the Teetotalers get the upper hand, they intend to reform the Zodiac. With its objectionable Signs—the Ram, the Bull, the Lion, &c.—they consider that it has far too much of a Public-house aspect. Aquarius will, of course, be retained on the establishment.

EXPRESSIVE LINE.

—"And wall'd about with mews."

Tennyson.

EVIDENTLY, the Post Laureate, at some time or other, has lived in a neighbourhood infested with cats.



APRIL XXX DAYS.

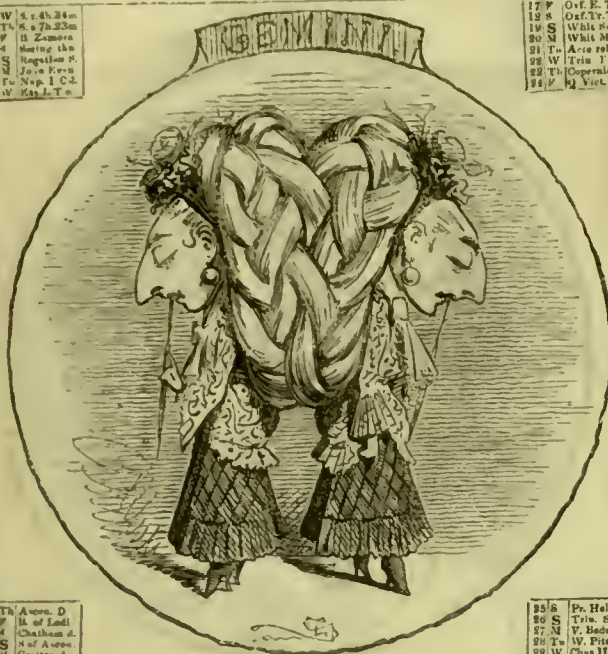


MUSIC AT HOME.

Mrs. Lyons Chacer. "How Cruel of you to get up so suddenly, dear Mr. Rumbeltumski! Is anything wrong with the piano?"
 Herr Rumbeltumski (with pardonable severity). "No, Matam, but i vos avraid dat i inderrupted de general confertzation!"
 Mrs. Lyons Chacer. "O dear no! Not at all! Pray go on!"

W 4.45.34m
T 6.7a.23m
F B. Zamora
Sating the
Regulation R.
J. Jan. Fren
To Nap. 1 C.
W. Jan. F. To

17 F Off. E. T.
18 S Off. T. T.
19 S White Sea
20 M White Sea
21 T. Ace. rel.
22 W. T. T. h.
23 T. Copernic. d.
24 F. Viet. L.



9 Th. Aves. D.
10 F. B. of Lodi
11 S. Chatham d.
12 S. St. of Aves.
13 S. Grotto d.
14 T. O. May D.
15 W. Carter died
16 Th. B. 4.50m

25 S. Dr. Hel. h.
26 S. T. W. Sun.
27 M. V. Bede
28 T. W. Pitt h.
29 W. Chas. H. res
30 Th. S. r. 3. 63m
31 F. S. a. 6h. 3m.

MAY XXXI DAYS.

NEW PATENTS.

For improvement in the process of condensing the milk of human kindness.
For improvement in the Cream of Society.
For improvement in the Essence of Politeness.
For a Machine for putting on Great Coats.
For improvement in Wedding Breakfasts.
For the conversion of Great Bores into Small Bores.
For the more economical use of Red Tape.
For improvement in Spinning Yarns.
For a machine for Tasting Friendship.
For improvement in the manufacture of London Sausages.
For a Noiseless Baby.

CUPID AND VULCAN.

Love laughs at locksmiths, till Love's passion
Is locked in matrimonial fashion.
By wedlock-smiths: to wit, they are
The Parson and the Registrar.

A "PENNY READING."

THE copper coin, the Penny, can be traced back to a period lost in the remote ages of antiquity. When that great soldier and traveller, ODYSSEUS, whose name we have Anglicised into ULYSSES, returned home, after many years' absence in foreign countries to the family residence in Ithaca, he surprised his faithful wife lost in a reverie over her unfinished worsted work, and said, with a good humoured smile on his weather-beaten countenance, "A Penny for your thoughts, my love."

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Never express much gratitude for a favour; its motive may have not been a good one, and you may be rewarding hypocrisy.

NATIONAL GAMES.

ENGLAND—Commerce.
IRELAND—Shindy.
SCOTLAND—Hop-Scotch.
FRANCE—Bagatelle.
GERMANY—Soldiers.
ITALY—Magic Music.
STATES OF THE CHURCH—Pope.
SPAIN—Dominos.
RUSSIA—Snow-ball.
POLAND—Patience.
GREECE—Marbles.
AMERICA—Brag.
TURKEY—Hunt the Slipper.
EGYPT—Pyramids.
LAPLAND—Cat's Cradle.

IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

Smith. I say, Brown, old boy, why is your pretty sister like that ornate timepiece?
Brown. Don't you be impudent.
Smith. Not a bit. I'm complimentary.
You see it is because she is an *objet de looks*.
[Pokes poor Browns in the waistcoat, and exits, grinning.]

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Never forgive a friend who has wronged you; your persistent hate is a graceful compliment, showing that you had fully valued him.

A CAREFUL Country Gentleman refused to let his Gardener plant three Green-gage trees, because he had an objection to any more-gages on the estate.

HISTORICAL CONVERSION.—Clovio, first of that name, King of France, is celebrated for his conversion, A.D. 496, to Christianity. It may be observed that he was previously a Pagan. There is no reason even for the suggestion that old CLOVIO was of Jewish origin.

MAY.

13th. *Happy Thought*.—Old May-Day. Keep it. Antiquarian Society probably keeps it. Join them at dinner.
31st. "Sun rises, 3h. 51m., a.m." *Happy Thought*.—I don't.

SENTIMENT FOR MAY.—May May be May!

ASTRONOMICAL ERROR.—It is commonly supposed that there is but one Dog Star; answers to the name of Sirius. Yet the Great Bear has two Pointers. Still, the Constellation, Ursa Major, does not consist of Shooting Stars.

PROVERBIAL LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.—Onion Is Strength.

MISPRINTED MORAL.—It is friendship's sacred duty to give bad wine to friends who love drink, as you may help to cure them of the vices.

IN-DOOR AMUSEMENT FOR OLD PEOPLE.—The Game of Craquey.



A TREACHEROUS CONFEDERATE.

Uncle George (who has been amusing the Young People with some clever Conjuring). "Now, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, you saw me BURN THE HANDKERCHIEF.—WOULD YOU BE SURPRISED TO FIND—(Roars of Laughter)—I SHALL PRODUCE THE ORANGE OUR YOUNG FRIEND HERE WAS SO OBLIVIOUS AS TO OFFER TO TAKE CARE OF, AND INSIDE WHICH, I'VE NO DOUBT, WE SHALL FIND THE SHILLING!"

SHAKSPEARE MIS-READINGS.

(Suggested by a Score or so of Commentators.)

1. "The Nose by any other name would smell as sweet." *Romeo.*
2. "At least we'll die with horns on our backs." *Macbeth.*
3. "What dreams may come must give us pause." *Hamlet.*
4. "It were unmannerly to take thee out, and not to cuss thee." *Henry VIII.*
5. "See what a rent the envious Casca paid." *Julius Caesar.*

JUNE.

24th, Midsummer Day. *Happy Thought.*—Not at home. Leave word "Shan't be back for weeks."

BAD ADVICE.—"Take care of your cold," say well-meaning, but unthinking, friends. They had far better say—"Take care, and get rid of your cold."

CARBONACEOUS.—All the world knows that two of our great-est legal luminaries are COKE and BLACKSTONE. To assist the memory, young students might be encouraged to call them COKE and COAL.

SOMETHING FOR THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.—Of all men of science Geologists display the greatest energy and perseverance, for they leave no stone unturned to accomplish their object.

ETYMOLOGICAL.—The science which treats of teeth is known as Odontology. "O! don't, O!" is heard too often in a Dentist's room to admit of any doubt as to the correct derivation of this jaw-breaking word.

NATURAL HISTORY.—Ornithologists have noticed that there are no birds so bold and brave as partridges and pheasants, for they invariably "die game."

A LITTLE OPERA.

Chorus.
Let us sing at the beginning:
Happy folks are always singing.

Enter Lover.
Their song would make me glad
If I were not so sad.

Enter Villain.
Dark is thy brow,
But twenty to one
'Twill be darker, I trow,
Before I have done.

Enter Maiden.
I see him here.
I see him there.
Him I hold dear,
For him don't care.

Lover and Villain.
Take your choice, pretty lady.
For doubt must go by.
One of us must wed you,
The other must die.

Maiden.
It seems to me un-common hard
To be of other choice debarred.

Chorus.
Yes, with a hundred swains in view,
Do not restrict her choice to two.

Villain.
There's sense in that, as you'll agree,
The thought had not occurred to me.

Lover.
They put it in a proper light,
And thus we two escape a fight.

Trio.—What joy, what joy,
When logic reigns!
And folks employ,
Their little brains.

Tutti.
The lady is free, and the lovers forgive
And we'll all be so happy as long as we live.
Curtain.

1	S	Se Sh Sim
2	S	1 Pa of Tr.
3	M	1/2 W. h.
4	T	R. Magenta
5	W	Waler d.
6	T	Calpe h. n.
7	P	R. E. v. n.
8	S	H. Delia

17	M	St. Allan
18	T	Cent. Com.
19	W	d. Waves
20	T	Q. Via Ar.
21	P	Com. E. T.
22	S	d. Ford
23	S	1 Pa of Tr.



1	S	Se Sh Sim
2	S	1 Pa of Tr.
3	M	1/2 W. h.
4	T	R. Magenta
5	W	Waler d.
6	T	Calpe h. n.
7	P	R. E. v. n.
8	S	H. Delia

24	M	Midsum. D.
25	T	St. John
26	W	June 14. d.
27	T	1st Cairo takn.
28	F	St. Viet. Cr.
29	S	St. John. 40m
30	S	5th of Tr.

JUNE XXX DAYS.

ADVICE TO SPORTSMEN.—In March keep your dogs carefully in kennel; at least take care that none of them run out into the fields. Any hare that goes mad in March will fly at any dog he sees, and, should he bite him, the dog is sure to be seized with hydrophobia.

MODERN PAGANISM.—"Sacrificing to the Graces"

SENTIMENT FOR JUNE.—May the sunshine of Serenity gild the Cottage Orna of Content!

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Mend the world rather than selfishly think more of mending thyself.

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Confer benefits ungraciously, and they will the longer abide in the memory of the receiver.

THE BIRTHDAY OF HARVEY will, if not this year, perhaps some other, be the occasion whereon will be unveiled a Testimonial to the illustrious HARVEY, the discoverer of the Circulation of the Blood. Largest Circulation in the World.

A MEASURE OF CAPACITY.—The skull.

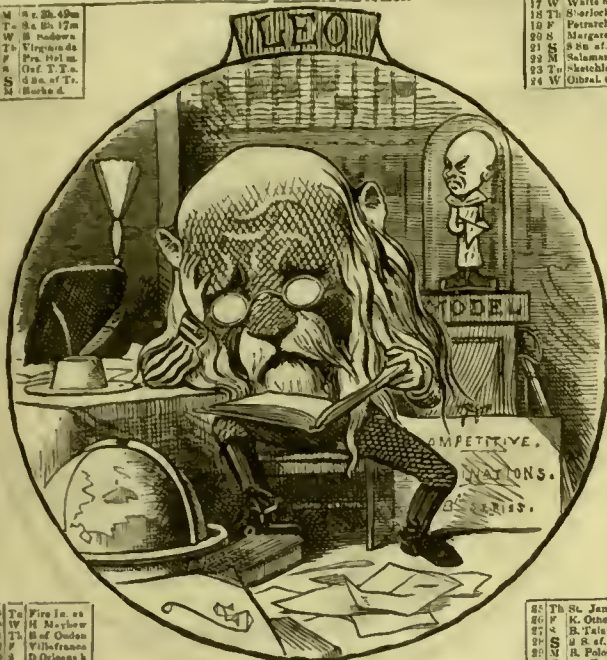


THE RULING PASSION.

Mr. Snobley Choddson, "SEE MY DISTINGUISHED FOREIGN FRIEND, MY LORD! HE'S AS PROUD OF ALL THOSE CROSSES AND MEDALS AS—AS—AS—"
Lord Algernon Fitzrad (aside). "AS YOU ARE OF GETTING ME TO COME AND DINE WITH YOU, MR. SNOBLEY."

1 M. r. 2h. 49m
2 T. 3h. 17m
3 W. 4h. 5m
4 Th. 5h. 13m
5 F. 6h. 1m
6 S. 7h. 1m
7 S. 8h. 1m
8 M. 9h. 1m

17 W. 10h. 1m
18 Th. 11h. 1m
19 F. 12h. 1m
20 S. 1h. 1m
21 S. 2h. 1m
22 M. 3h. 1m
23 Tu. 4h. 1m
24 W. 5h. 1m



JULY XXXI DAYS.

5 Tu. 6h. 1m
6 W. 7h. 1m
7 Th. 8h. 1m
8 F. 9h. 1m
9 S. 10h. 1m
10 S. 11h. 1m
11 M. 12h. 1m
12 Tu. 1h. 1m
13 W. 2h. 1m
14 Th. 3h. 1m
15 F. 4h. 1m
16 S. 5h. 1m

25 Th. 10h. 1m
26 F. 11h. 1m
27 S. 12h. 1m
28 S. 1h. 1m
29 M. 2h. 1m
30 Tu. 3h. 1m
31 W. 4h. 1m

THE LANGUAGE OF FRUITS.

Apple	Discord.
Pear	Marriage.
Plum	Wealth.
Pine	Languishment.
Gooseberry	Simplicity.
Medlar	Interference.
Service	Assistance.
Elder-berry	Seniority.
Fig	Defiance.
Sloe	Tardiness.
Crab	Sour Temper.
Date	Chronology.
Hip	Applause.
Haw	Swells.
Plantain	Growth.
Pomegranate	Seediness.
Prune	Retrenchment.

SIGNS OF A SEVERE WINTER IN LONDON.

Early departure of Swallows from Swallow Street.

Poet's Corner covered with Rime.
Wild ducks on the Stock Exchange.
Coals raised.

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Give your eyes more holidays than your tongue, as they are more delicate things.

PLEASE THE PIGS.—We should like to have Mr. Darwin's opinion as to the changes a fellow-creature must have gone through, who makes no secret of being a "Porkman!"

MISPRINTED MORAL.—He that can keep his carriage is better than he that can keep his temper.

NEW POEM BY A FASHIONABLE LADY.—
"The Loves of Bonnets!"

PERFECT QUIET.—The Still Room.

NAUTICAL MANŒUVRES.

(Described by a Landlubber.)

SAILING IN THE WIND'S EYE.—In order to accomplish this difficult manœuvre, you must first of all discover where the wind's eye is, and then, if it be practicable, you may proceed to sail in it. It is presumed for this purpose that the wind's eye is a "liquid" one.

HOGGING THE SHORE.—When you desire to hug the shore, you first of all must land on it. Then take some sand and shingle in your arms, and give it a good hug. In doing this, however, be careful no one sees you, or the result of the manœuvre may be a strait-waistcoat.

WEARING A SHIP.—This it is by no means an easy thing to do, and it is difficult to suggest what will make it easier. Wearing a chignon is preposterous enough, but when a man is told that he must wear a ship, he would next expect to hear that he must eat the Mosaunt.

BOXING THE COMPASS.—Assume a fighting attitude, and hit the compass a "smart stinger on the dial-plate," as the sporting papers call it. But before you do so, you had best take care to have your boxing-gloves on, or you may hurt your fingers.

WHISTLING FOR A WIND.—When you whistle for a wind, you should choose an air appropriate, such as "Blow, gentle gales," or "Winds, gently whisper."

REEFING THE LEE-SCUPPERS.—First get upen a reef, and then put your lee-scuppers on it. The manœuvre is so simple, that no mero need be said of it.

SPICING THE MAIN-BRACE.—When your main-brace comes in pieces, get a needle and thread and splice it. If it be your custom to wear a pair of braces, you first must ascertain which of them is your main one.

JULY.

3rd. "Dog Days begin." *Happy Thought.*—Muzzles.

SPORTING ANECDOTE.—A Boy and his Uncle go out at Christmas to shoot. *Boy:* "I suppose, Uncle, I may pop at anything I see." *Uncle:* "Yes, my boy, fire at nearly anything. As the Ghost in *Hamlet* says, 'Murder most fowl!'"

PICTURE IN A PORK-SHOP WINDOW.

TENDER Suckling,
Than roast Duckling
Plumier, tig, tig, tig!
Dear little Baby,
Sweet little Baby,
Nice little Baby—Pig!

SENTIMENT FOR JULY.—May the Whitebait never desert the shores of Britain!

MISPRINTED MORAL.—A noble spirit despises second-hand things, and refuses to learn from the experience of others.

THE SMOKER'S FAVOURITE AIR.—"Il Cigaretto" (DONTZETTI).



MUSIC AT HOME.

LADY GODIVA NEWDHURST SINGS A LITTLE SONG ABOUT "WINGS! WINGS!" IN WHICH SHE EXPRESSES HER PASSIONATE LONGING FOR THOSE AIDS TO LOCOMOTION. MRS. HONORIA GRUNDY (STANDING JUST BEHIND) THINKS HER LADYSHIP'S MODEST WISH SHOULD BE GRANTED FORTHWITH, IF ONLY FOR THE SAKE OF HER SHOULDERS.

QUEER QUERIES.

CAN a bill of exchange made payable at sight, be drawn upon a blind man?
When an actor is said to "carry the house with him," is it meant that he travels with a portable theatre?
Why cannot a man propose "the toast of the evening" without regretting that it had not been placed in abler hands?
Would you consider it an act of superfluity if you saw a chimney-sweep having his boots blacked?
Have you ever known a Vegetarian attain a "green old age"?
If exposure to the weather gives your wife a skin chill, are you not in duty bound to give her a chinchilla?

HUNTING SONG.

(To be Sing when the Hounds meet at Coney Hatch or Harewell.)

TANTIVY! Anchovy! Tantara!
The moon is up, the moon is up,
The larks begin to fly,
And like a scarlet buttercup
Aurora gilds the sky.
Then let us all a-hunting go,
Come, sound the gay French horn,
And chase the spiders to and fro,
Amid the standing corn.
Tantivy! Anchovy! Tantara!

MISPRINTED MORAL.—The very height of delicacy and hospitality is never to ask to dinner any one who cannot well afford to ask you again; you neither leave him under obligation, nor incite him to extravagance. Poor folks cannot see this, yet it is not for want of seeing that rich folks understand it.

FUN BY A FOOL.—Buffoon (to Porter ringing Railway Bell).—Don't ye! I say, you'll frighten the Engine.

BY AN ENRAGED PATER-FAMILIAS.

COULD a woman give the coals of a fire as clever a poke as she can give to the feelings of a friend, there would be less smoke in the drawing-room.

Women delight in Mythological extremes. They are always either loving somebody with an A, because he is an Angel, or hating him with a Z, because he is a Zameel. Now we have neither Angels nor Zameels.

THE "LOAN" EXHIBITION.

THE following effigies will be shown at the Loan Collection:—

The Turkish Loan, in full uniform.
The Spanish Loan, after a crisis.
Loans of all Nations—Chilian, Peruvian, &c.
Loans at Sixty per Cent., dressed in Law-Suits.
The National Debt, a group of several figures.

ANECDOTE BY IZAAK WALTON.—One Piscator, whom I will not further name, had a certain acquaintance who through the credit he had gotten by his wealth, worth, and wit, came to be made a magistrate. Whereupon Piscator goes me to the river and catches a fish, which having brought home, he sends to the new-made Justice with a note, saying, "Inasmuch, Sir, as you are now promoted to the condition of a Beak, I do send you a Perch."

BETTER TIMES.—When Woman comes into her rights, "The Ladies" will disappear from the list of toasts at public dinners, and be replaced by "The Gentlemen," a lady responding.

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Laugh heartily at your friend's dull joke. You please him, and encourage him to try it again, when you will be avenged on him.

1	T.	3.	4.	5	m
2	P.	6.	7	4	m
3	S.	8	9	4	m
4	M.	10	11	4	m
5	C.	12	13	4	m
6	T.	14	15	4	m
7	P.	16	17	4	m
8	S.	18	19	4	m
9	M.	20	21	4	m
10	C.	22	23	4	m
11	T.	24	25	4	m
12	P.	26	27	4	m
13	S.	28	29	4	m
14	M.	30	31	4	m



AUGUST XXXI DAYS.

17	S.	18	S.	19	S.
20	M.	21	T.	22	T.
23	W.	24	W.	25	W.
26	T.	27	T.	28	T.
29	F.	30	F.	31	F.

25	S.	18	S.	19	S.
26	M.	21	T.	22	T.
27	W.	24	W.	25	W.
28	T.	27	T.	28	T.
29	F.	30	F.	31	F.

AUGUST.

12th. "Grouse-shooting begins." *Happy Thought.*—Write to friends in the North.

POACHER'S PROVERB.—Make hay while the moon shines.

APPEAL BY AN ASS.

SAY, thou who stridest on my back,
Why call me Neddy, if I'm Jack?
By a nickname would'st thou provoke
The temper of thy patient Moke?

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Never see point in a poor man's fun: you encourage him in forgetting that he ought to be unhappy until he has ceased to be poor.

SENTIMENT FOR AUGUST.—May we, like the Grouse, be on the Wing.



"HERE'S SPORT, INDEED!"—SHAKESPEARE.

COUSIN JACK (ON A VISIT FROM LONDON) IS TOLD BY THE GIRLS THAT "FERNING" IS THE MOST "AWF'LY JOLLY FUN IN THE WORLD." COUSIN JACK HAS HIS OWN OPINION ON THE SUBJECT!!!

1	S	14	at Tr
2	M	15	at Tr
3	T	16	at Tr
4	W	17	at Tr
5	T	18	at Tr
6	F	19	at Tr
7	S	20	at Tr
8	M	21	at Tr
9	T	22	at Tr
10	W	23	at Tr
11	T	24	at Tr
12	F	25	at Tr
13	S	26	at Tr
14	M	27	at Tr
15	T	28	at Tr
16	W	29	at Tr
17	T	30	at Tr
18	F	31	at Tr

LIBRA

1	S	14	at Tr
2	M	15	at Tr
3	T	16	at Tr
4	W	17	at Tr
5	T	18	at Tr
6	F	19	at Tr
7	S	20	at Tr
8	M	21	at Tr
9	T	22	at Tr
10	W	23	at Tr
11	T	24	at Tr
12	F	25	at Tr
13	S	26	at Tr
14	M	27	at Tr
15	T	28	at Tr
16	W	29	at Tr
17	T	30	at Tr
18	F	31	at Tr

SEPTEMBER XXX DAYS.

STANZAS ON ST. THOMAS'S DAY

(DEC. 21).

ALONE with the Immensities,
I smoked, as Time flew by;
I shouted to the Silences,
They gave me no reply.
I did a Sham, though wrapt in
His thickest cloak, expose.
I kicked a Phantom Captain;
Moreover pulled his nose.
A Windbag, thought his victim,
To make of me, perhaps;
Immediately I pricked him,
At once he did collapse.
A monstrous huge Mud Python,
Infuriate at me flew.
"Ha, ha!" I laughed. "Now writhe
on!"
I shot him, and I slew.

SEPTEMBER.

1st *Happy Thought*.—"R" in this month;
oysters in again.
2nd. "Partridge-shooting begins." *Happy
Thought*.—Write to friends and send empty
hamper.

FROM THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.—Some of the
houses in that quarter of Venice, known as
the Ghetto, are as many as eight stories high.
Such a tollsome ascent reminds one forcibly
of the once popular melody—"Sieh a Ghet-
ting up stairs."

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Riches are the re-
ward of the industrious; therefore, in prais-
ing the rich you pay homage to virtue.

MANUAL LABOUR.—The help extended by a
friendly hand is never more valuable than at
a theatre on the first night of a new piece.

SENTIMENT FOR SEPTEMBER.—May the Birds
be young, and the Carriage paid!

GEOGRAPHY PAPER.

Give the latitude and longitude of the
Land's End and the Land's Beginning.
Who are the Dolomites?
Define Bayswater.
When you enter at Stationers' Hall, where
do you come out?
Is Wenham Lake in Norway, Westmore-
land, or America?
Do the Graian Alps ever change their
colour?
Where is Wessex?

UNLUCKY NEW YEAR'S GIFT.—A Nephew,
to ingratiate himself with a rich but pen-
sioners old Uncle, whose health was failing
from loss of teeth, presented him, by way of
New Year's Gift, with an artificial set. Poor
fellow! The old gentleman got well and out-
lived him.

PLANETARY INFLUENCE.—Mars appears in
conjunction with Orion's Belt, in which
spectral analysis immediately detects pipe-
clay.

MISPRINTED MORAL.—If you are wise, seek
to be admired by fools, for you instruct them
in exciting admiration for wisdom.

TASTES DIFFER.—No man likes to be forced
to eat his words, yet plenty of men are
found ready to eat their Terms.

RACING NOTE FOR THE NEW YEAR.—A
Spotting Gent turns over a New Leaf—in his
Betting-Book.

VEGETABLE MEDICINE FOR FARMERS.—To
prevent Potato disease, inoculate your tubers
with Ergot of Rye.

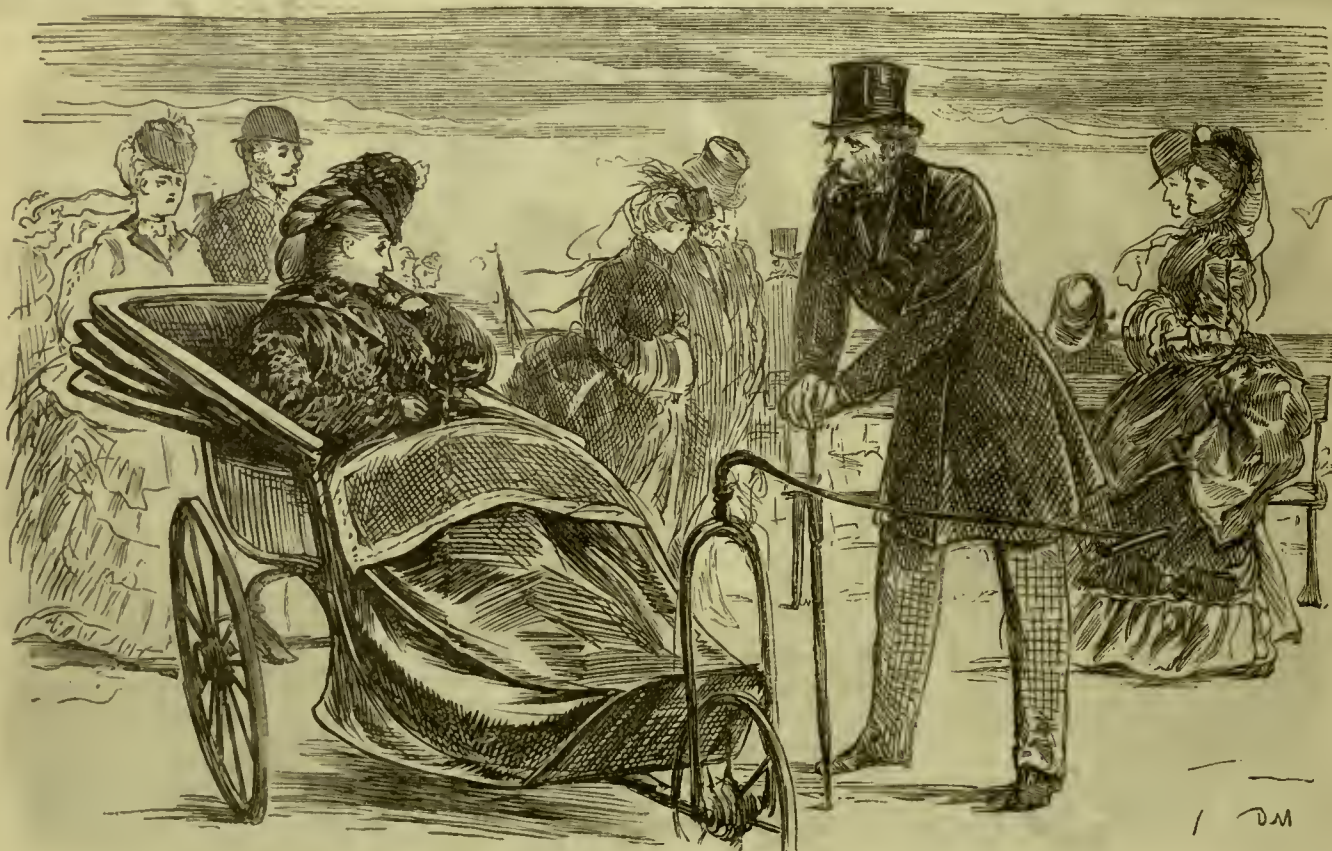
COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION RIDDLE.—What
part of the world is named after ELIZABETH?
Bessarabia.

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Modesty upsets a
hundred men for one man upset by impu-
dence.

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Deceive yourself, and thus save
others the trouble of deceiving you.
MISPRINTED MORAL.—Gratitude is the weakness of
those who feel themselves undeserving of favours.

WHAT OLD GROWLER SAYS.—By George, Sir, women are
so painted now, and mutton is so tough, that a man who
gives a dinner should be hauled by the police, for suffering
his house to be used for *rouge et gueur*.

MISPRINTED MORAL.—If you would be quit of a man's
acquaintance, do not desire that he should insult you; let
him only consult you, and it is your own fault if you ever
speak again.



THE RULING PASSION.

Sir Talbot Howard Vere de Vere. "Ah! GOOD MORNING, MRS. JONES! DREADFUL ACCIDENT JUST OCCURRED. POOR YOUNG LADY RIDING ALONG THE KING'S ROAD—HORSE
TOOK FRIGHT—REARED, AND FELL BACK UPON HER—DREADFULLY INJURED, I'M SORRY TO SAY!"
Mrs. Woodbine Swellington Jones. "Quite too shocking, dear Sir Talbot! Was she—a PERSON OF POSITION?"
Sir Talbot Howard Vere de Vere. "POSITION, BY GEORGE!! DOODED UNCOMFORTABLE POSITION, TOO, I SHOULD SAY!"

17	S	25th. of Tr.
18	M	Rubens b
19	Tu	Hogg d.
20	W	Lady's d.
21	Th	Drs. Roy. b
22	F	S. Cecilia
23	S	St. Clement

SAGITTARIUS

24	S	28th. of Tr.
25	M	Mick's T. a
26	Tu	R. S. 7h. 29m
27	W	W. M. A. b
28	Th	S. S. 5h. 54m
29	F	F. Burnard
30	S	M. Lemon

NOVEMBER XXX DAYS.

HEIGHT OF HUSBANDLY IMPUDENCE.

WHEN MARY sulks (and 'tis her way),
I own our hearth is rather dull:
She scarce replies to what I say,
And all her Talk-waves slink in lull.
But when she smiles, I quite approve
Excursion, opera-box, new gown:
She *knows* it, and my thoughtful love,
To save my purse, puts on her frown.

DIVIDEND DAYS AT THE BANK.

To the Bank investors sober,
As the seasons fast fleet by,
Rush in April and October,
January and July.
Jack-a-lanterns never chevy;
Speculations shun, O friends!
Be contented with your Divi,
Divi, divi, dividends.

NOVEMBER.

2nd. *Happy Thought.*—Write and congratulate new Lord Mayor. Dinner at Guildhall on the ninth.

OCCUPATION FOR WOMEN.—MISS TRIBALLS, a young lady endowed with strength of mind, sets up for herself in business as a Pawnbroker. Two to one you will call her My Aunt.

ZOOLOGICAL NOMENCLATURE.—A female Gorilla is imported into the Regent's Park Collection. The Darwinists name her MARY ANTHROPOID APE.

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Counsel others to be wise, and they will fancy you are so, if they are fools, which most people are.

THE HEIGHT OF STINGINESS is to grudge a Steam Engine its Fuel.

UNPOPULAR QUOTATIONS.

"We want some coals."
"They called for the rats again this morning."
"The water-pipes have burst."
"JANE has given warning."
"That poor child, MINNIE, hasn't a thlog to wear."
"The black-beetles are worse than ever."
"I've heard from Mamma, and she will be very glad to come and stay with us."
"Cook says we must have a new kitchen-grate."
"Shall you mind turning out of your room on Thursday, dear? It sadly wants cleanlog."
"HENRY! there's some one ringlog at the front-door bell. I know those servants have left the dining-room window unfastened. Do go down and see if it's the Policeman."
"Please M', will you come up into the nursery, and speak to MASTER ARTHUR? I can't do anything with him."
"Is it the drains?"
"O, Fred! SARAH broke your pipe when she was dusting this mornlog."
"The drawing-room fire's been smoking all day."
"I wish those servants *would* come in."
"O! M', the cat has got the cold fowl."
"I cannot find my keys anywhere."
"My best dress is completely ruined."
"Don't you think, my love, the children look as if they wanted a change?"
"The Sweeps are coming in the morning."
"Have you any silver?"
"Dinner will be three-quarters of an hour late, dear."
"The girls think we ought to give a dance."
"REGINALD's trousers are up to his knees."
"There is not a drop of brandy in the house."
"There's no hot water, and the kitchen fire's out."
"Hush! I think I hear baby."

PROGRESS.—Every drapery establishment now keeps a dictionary—in other words a Shop "Walker."

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Make new friends, that you may safely affront old ones.

MAXIM FOR MORALISTS.—Mosaic is the Golden Mean.

TO REMOVE DOUBTS.—MRS. MALAPROP does not approve of this new-fangled stuff, Diabolic acid, but she is highly delighted to see there is an Anti Sceptic.

CLASSICAL INCONSISTENCY.—ANACREON, the poet of wine, who probably never drank a cup of Bobea in the who's course of his life, is called "The Tebian Bard!"

SENTIMENT FOR NOVEMBER.—May the Corporation of London ever cherish the "love of the Turtle!"

MISPRINTED MORAL.—If you are a kiodly fool, talk, as there may be a greater fool present who lacks sympathy.

"THE FEATHERED CREATION."—Bonucts as now made.



SUSPICION.

Stout Visitor (on discovering that, during his usual Nap after Luncheon, he has been subjected to a grossly personal Practical Joke). "It's one o' those DASHED ARTISTS THAT ARE STAYING AT THE 'LORD NELSON' 'A' DONE THIS, I KNOW!"

HEROISM WANTED.

MAN should be able to bear misfortune like a man. But some shocks come very hard. This is one. You want to bed none the worse, let us say, for that extra tumbler of food toddy, sweet on the summer nights. You sleep soundly, but the daylight awakens you, and you look at your watch. IV. Delightful. Four hours for more sleep, and as you turn and compose yourself, comes the knock that means shaving-water. The hour is VIII. You learn all in a moment. You forgot to wind up your watch, and it has stopped. That was the extra glass of food today. Bear the disaster bravely--up, and tub.

A GOOD TURN.

"THE poets are the true physicians," said a sentimental but obese friend of ours. After you have eaten too much, go into the laundry, and turn the mangle for an hour. BYRON knows the virtue of this. He mentions "a glutted tiger mangle in his lair."

EASY AND ELEGANT AMUSEMENT.

TRY to get some friend who is not appy with his aitches to read this line:—"The orn of the nix is card on the ill:." And then this:—"A art that is umble might one for it ere." Then toll him to go away. That's all.

THE BEST PLACE FOR PORCELAIN.—Cheyne Walk.

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Beware of believing good of others: doubly so of repeating it.

ANCHORITES.—Sailors.

PROVERBS FOR TABLE.

Set a thief to catch a thief:
Think of this when eating beef.
All that glitters is not gold:
Think of this when that beef's cold.
Harm is done by too much zeal:
Think of this when eating veal.
Life's a jest, and all things show it:
Think of this when drinking Meot.
Happiness flies Court for garrot:
Think of this when drinking claret.
Gold may off be bought too dear:
Think of this when drinking beer.
Many littles make a mickle:
Think of this when eating pickle.
Silent fools may pass for wise:
Think of this when eating rice.
Unto Rome conduct all roads:
Think of this when eating lead.
Flog first fault: *principis obsta*.
Think of this when eating lobster.
While grass grows the horse may starve:
Think of this when asked to carve.
Shake the tree when fruit is ripe:
Think of this when eating tripe.
Fools build houses, wise men buy:
Think of this when eating pie.
Pause, ere leaping in the dark:
Think of this when eating lark.
Punctual pay gets willing loan:
Think of this when drinking Beauno.
Wisdom asks fruits, but Folly flowers:
Think of this when eating cauliflowers.
Birds of a feather flock together:
Think of this when the idiot of a cook
has boiled the oysters in the sauce, and
made them as tough as leather.

1 S Advent S.
2 M Bz. 7h.47m
3 Tu Grubbery S.
4 W S. 2h.31m
5 Th Mozart d.
6 F Nicholas
7 S Fitzmaur d.
8 S 2 R. in A.d.

1 M Vandyked.
2 Tu Chalmers d.
3 W Joe Gay d.
4 Th C. Clibber d.
5 F St. Lucy
6 S P. Albert d.
7 S S. in A.d.
8 M Com. M.T.

17 Tu Ost. M.T.
18 W Ember Wk.
19 Th T. Wrahe h.
20 F S. Vienne
21 S L. Thomas
22 S 4 R. in A.d.
23 M Day 7h.45m
24 Tu Thine. Eze



DECEMBER XXXI DAYS.

25 W Christ. Day
26 Th St. Stephen
27 F St. John
28 S Innocence
29 S S. of Chris.
30 M S. of St. Ben
31 Tu S. of St. Ben

DECEMBER.

20th. *Happy Thought*.—Make arrangements to be away for Christmas week.
25th. *Happy Thought*.—Merry Christmas.
26th. *Boxing-day. Happy Thought*.—Not at home to anyone. Servants don't know when you'll be back. Perhaps not till next July.

QUESTION FOR ZADKIEL.—Suppose the Planets are inhabited. What sort of influence, good or bad, does this Planet exert on people in the others?

SENTIMENT FOR DECEMBER.—May the Christmas Bells drown the Christmas Bills!

A LADY IN WAITING.—A Spinster aged thirty-five.

GOLDEN EPISTOLARY RULE.—Never send off to man, woman, or child, a letter which you would not like to read in a newspaper some morning at breakfast.

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Resent small injuries, and you will feel great ones the loss.

Is the "Angel of Islington" a good or bad Angel?



COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

TOMKINS'S FIRST LESSON IN THE ART OF "JUMPING."

CHARLIE WAS CHARMED TO SHOW CLARA CLAPPERTON THE SHORT CUT HOME, BUT IT QUITE FRIGHTENED HIM, FOR LONG AFTER, TO RECOLLECT HOW NARROWLY HE ESCAPED PROPOSING TO HER IN THE LANE!



A HUNTING TRAGEDY.

WHEN ELLEN with her father dwelt,
She'd everything a girl could need,
And could across the county pelt
On her high-bred and gentle steed.
But she exchanged the marriage row
With thriftless, handsome, idle
Jim,
And all poor ELLEN's hunting, now,
Is hunting money up for him.

MISPRINTED MORAL.—To think
before you speak is to show cowardly
fear of censure.

WONDERFUL WANT OF INSTINCT.—
October 1. Pheasant shooting com-
mences, and cock pheasants begin
to crow. They very soon find out
their mist-ka. Mr. O'BALLAGHAN
says that Cock Pheasants are Geese.



HEAVEN IS NOT A "LADIES' MAN," BUT BEGINS TO THINK MISS MAGPIE "AN AWFULLY JOLLY GIRL"—
UNTIL—BY HER INCESSANT CHATTERING, SHE CAUSES HIM TO LOSE HIS USUALLY GOOD START.

DOUBTFUL BLESSINGS



DOUBTFUL BLESSINGS.

TOM LIGHTFOOT PROBE HIS ARM AT THE BEGINNING OF THE SEASON, WHILE STAY-
ING AT OLD BURNINGHAM, THE BANKER'S.
ALTHOUGH HE HAS HAD EVERY ATTENTION AND CAREFUL NURSING, HIS RECOVERY
IS SO SLOW, THAT HIS FRIENDS FEAR HE IS HARDER HIT IN A TENDERER PART!

PLANTER IS POPULAR WITH THE LADIES, BECAUSE HE OFTEN KINDLY GIVES THEM
A "LEAD"—UNTIL HE LARBS THE RUN OF THE SEASON, BY PILOTING
MISS SCRAMBLE OVER, AND FROM USHER, SOME STIFFISH POSTS AND RALLA.

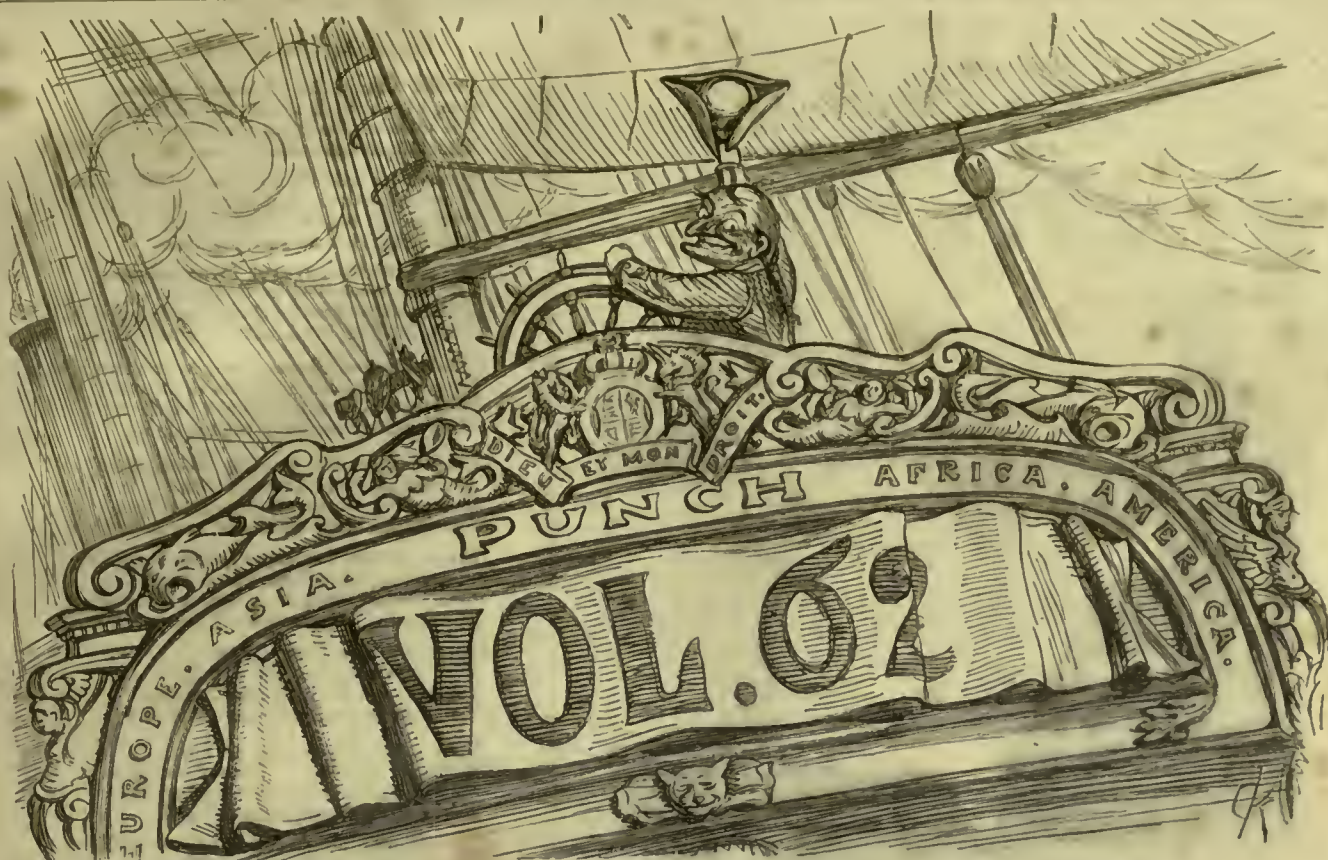


L'ENVOY.

CHRISTMAS again! Hear the bells
chime!
Some one come out with a Bedlamite
rhyme!
Bingary, bangary, bangary, boo—
Smart, Miss, and Seequipedalian too.
Some one eliminate Somebody's nose,
Some one approximate Somebody's
toes.
Let's be pertunatory, let's be all
mythical,
Not jolly ROBINSONS, JONESSES, and
SAVINGS.
Let's live in watersheds, let's hang
King Log.
Let's have Pragmatical Sanction for
prag.
The Sun takes a moment of fun while
he dips
His rosy old visage behind an eclipse;
And seeing this Bottle's the sun of
our table,
Let's send off American news by the
cable,
Let's—
(Here the Poet enters.)



MR. BRAGGETT ALWAYS CARRIES WONDERFUL BROWN SHERRY IN HIS FLASK, AND HAS OFFERED SOME TO MISS
SAYLEWAT, WHO LOOKS QUITE EXHAUSTED AFTER THE RUN—"BY JOVE, SHE HAS FINISHED IT!"



OUR QUEEN TO HER PEOPLE.

WE open our New Volume with a record that will become historical. No more acceptable Christmas gift could have been bestowed upon a loyal and affectionate people than that which QUEEN VICTORIA has been pleased to present. It is the simple, warm, graceful expression of a Mother's "deep sense of the touching sympathy of the whole Nation on the occasion of the alarming illness of her dear son, the PRINCE OF WALES." Thus writes our Sovereign, dating, happily, from Windsor Castle:—

"The universal feeling shown by her people during those painful, terrible days, and the sympathy evinced by them with herself and her beloved daughter, the PRINCESS OF WALES, as well as the general joy at the improvement in the PRINCE OF WALES's state, have made a deep and lasting impression on her heart which can never be effaced. It was, indeed, nothing new to her, for the QUEEN had met with the same sympathy when just ten years ago a similar illness removed from her side the mainstay of her life, the best, wisest, and kindest of husbands.

"The QUEEN wishes to express at the same time, on the part of the PRINCESS OF WALES, her feelings of heartfelt gratitude, for she has been as deeply touched as the QUEEN by the great and universal manifestation of loyalty and sympathy.

"The QUEEN cannot conclude without expressing her hope that her faithful subjects will continue their prayers to God for the complete recovery of her dear son to health and strength."

"What can he do that cometh after the King?" is the language of the Book. He who cometh after the QUEEN will vainly seek to write worthy comment on these words. But comment will be supplied by all the hearts that are rejoicing in the happiness of a Mother and of a Wife, and in the deliverance of a Nation from a great sorrow.

The Festive Bored.

In olden time the boar's head was a common Christmas adjunct to the board. The custom, it appears, has not entirely yet died out. If one believes one's eyes and ears, one can hardly ever join a family Christmas party, without finding at least one, if not more than one, boar's head there.

THE NATIONS' NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

BENEATH the fading mistletoe in Time's wide-echoing Hall,—
The Yule-log's light still brisk and bright, on storied roof and wall—
The Spirits of the Nations, some strange, some kith and kin,
Are met to flout the Old Year out and fête the New Year in.

With war-stains dim on robe and limb, fresh scars on cheek and brow,
France strives to look as though no pains could crush, no losses bow:
But her glance is quick and restless, and her hands are never still,
As one that, fevered inly, masks but masters not her ill.

As if in mock of Christmas wreaths,—their "peace, good-will to men"—

What fierce hate in her eyes when'er proud Prussia meets their ken!
Prussia that, stern and stately, her great sword, laurel-wreathed,
Bears wary, so, 'tis hard to know if bare the blade, or sheathed.

So light and lithe that stalwart frame in movement or at rest,
You scarce would deem you caught the gleam of steel below her breast;

Beneath the wide imperial robe, that, fire-new, sweeps the ground,
With what now seems a diadem, and now a helmet, crowned.

But mark yon maid, of loveliness more radiant and more rare
Than all the showers of gems and flowers that star her night of hair;
For strength and grace to fit that face, what music but the tongue
Wherein stern DANTE chaunted, and silvery PETRARCH sung?

Queen among Queens! But never Queen full-robed and crowned
till now,

The double diadem of Rome on her exultant brow!
Who notes the dust, who reckes the rust, that dulls or dims its sheen,
Or asks how she came by it, or through what mire it has been?

From sleep or strife new roused to life that lights her antique face,
No monkish train nor slavish chain to cramp her strength and grace,

What wonder if she hardly know in soberness to still
The throbbing of late-loosened blood, the stir of waking will?



UTILE CUM DULCE.

Inquisitive Gent. "YOU WILL—A—THINK ME VERY INDISCREET—BUT I CAN NOT HELP WONDERING WHAT THIS ELABORATELY-CARVED AND CURIOUSLY-RAMIFIED STRUCTURE IS FOR. IS IT FOR ORNAMENT ONLY, OR INTENDED TO HEAT THE HOUSE, OR SOMETHING?"

Fastidious Host. "O, IT'S THE DRAINS! I LIKE TO HAVE 'EM WHERE I CAN LOOK AFTER 'EM MYSELF. POOTY DESIGN, AIN'T IT? MAJOLICA, YOU KNOW. . . HAVE SOME CHICKEN?"

Others are there, though notable, less notable than these:
See Russia, blue-eyed giantess, still rude and ill at ease:
But who can tell what undrawn wells of power and strength are there,
Under the brow that seems so broad below her fell of hair?

And Austria, motley madam, 'twixt Vienna *demi-monde*,
Tyrolian *mädchen*, Magyar *brune*, and rough Slavonian *blonde*:
Of look more gracious than her mood, more potent than her power,
Trying all arts, and changing trick and toilet with the hour.

And Spain, still proud as when she walked New World and Old a
Queen,

Beneath her soiled and frayed brocades the rags plain to be seen,
Stately of speech, but beggarly of all but sounding phrase,
Slattern at home and shrew abroad, in worse as better days.

With sidelong and suspicious looks on Russia, Austria cast,
Which scarce her yashmak serves to hide, see Turkey gliding past.
A harem-beauty out of place 'twixt angers and alarms
At the hot looks of would-be Lords, that lust to own her charms.

Casting about for shelter she draws where, hand in hand,
Fair England and Columbia, proud child, proud mother, stand:
Time was upon each other they had turned less friendly eyes,
But of late both have grown wiser than let angry passions rise.

To the side of stout BRITANNIA I see scared Turkey creep,
Though BRITANNIA lifts no finger her foes at bay to keep:
But, for all her quiet bearing, there is something in her air
That brings to mind the good old saw, "Of sleeping dogs beware!"

Twelve struck—and I saw grey Old Time his wassail-bowl uprear,
As he called on all the Nations to drink in the New Year;

OLD GHOSTS AND NEW.

Of old, around the whitening embers,
One, here and there, as yet remembers
The tales of Ghosts, at Christmas season,
Which once were wont to stagger Reason.

Those tales are told no more at Christmas,
Whose Ghosts are laid beyond the Isthmus
Of Suez, all beneath the billows
Of the Red Sea, on sandy pillows.

The Ghosts with eyes of flame and saucer
Are now as obsolete as CHAUCER;
No Ghosts now rattle chains, nor blue light
Emit, but "Spirit Lights"—a new light.

White-sheeted Ghosts have grown more fables.
Instead of groaning, Ghosts rap tables:
With smells of sulphur ne'er assail us;
With curious perfumes oft regale us.

They "mediums" raise by "levitation,"
And subject them to elongation,
And in and out of windows float them,
Two stories high, lords vow, we quote them.

Fruit, flowers, ice, other forms of matter,
On tables, in the dark, Ghosts scatter;
Live lobsters, wriggling eels, and so forth:
Thus their "so potent art" they show forth.

There is a lady, MRS. GUPPY,
Mark, shallow scientific puppy,
The heaviest she in London, marry,
Her, Sadduces three miles long did carry.

Upon a table down they set her,
Within closed doors. What! you know better?
And we're all dupes or self-deceivers?
Yah, Sadduces and unbelievers!

Some Ghosts, do, mortal hands compelling,
Write letters in phonetic spelling.
Some others, on accordions, cunning
In music, *Home*, *Sweet Home*, play, punning.

The grisly Ghosts of old have vanished;
The ancient Bgies all are banished.
How much more credible and pleasant
Than the old Spirits are the present!

Memorandum for Lords of the Manor.

A GAME which, when played on Commons, becomes illegal, is the Game of Cribbage.

But first to drink the Old Year out, that to his end has come,
With small cause to regret him, as he passes on to doom.

And looking on those Nations, scarce a single face I saw
But over it lay such a cloud as doubt and fear might draw:
As if all wished the Old Year gone, while yet all doubted sore
If their welcome to the New Year should be hopefuller, therefor.

Some, thinking of disasters past, worse sorrows seemed to see,
In the near or farther future, up seething gloomily:
Some thinking of advantage won, seemed scarce to trust their hold
On that advantage, lest their prize turn dust, like fairy gold.

Only methought that Britain and Columbia, 'mid their peers,
Showed eyes more hopeful, calmer brows, and lips less pale with
fears:

As having clearer view than most where surest faith should lie—
To put their trust in Providence, and keep their powder dry.

As being bent to fight the fight of common sense and truth:
Nor yield the faith therein to fear, the rights thereof to ruth:
Not give knaves, fools, or fanatics, the driving seat and reins:
Worthy his hire to own each man who works, with hand or brains.

To recognise the Heavenly rule that various lots assigns,
But ranges high and low alike 'neath Duty's even lines:
To do to others as we would that they to us should do,
To prize the blessings that we have, and others help thereto.

While Britain to this faith is firm, and puts this faith in deed,
Little to her how plenteous or how poor the years succeed.
She holds a hope good fortune reared not up, ill casts not down;
Trusting the Power whose hand alike is o'er Red-Cap and Crown.

MEDICAL BARS.

MR. PUNCH,

A PRETTY dodge that is of the doctors and sawbones which have signed that there declaration respectin' Halcohol has as bin publish'd in the Papers. Wot I refers to moor partickler is their sayin that "Alcohol, in whatever form, should be perscribed with as much care as any powerful drug." Take this here along with their likewise sayin as they thinks the sale of liquors ought to be

restricted by "wise legislation." Yah! What's the legislation as them medical gentlemen would call wise? I won't say, I should like to know, eoa why I do know, and which therefore please allow me for to state, for to put a inliten'd British Public on their gard agin a Doo. A liquor law for to shut up all the publichouses, and confine the sale of liquors—Halcohol in wotsomelever form, mind yer—to the 'potheecaries, chemists, and druggists, to be sold lunder conditions, like sennie or strikenine, or only wen horder'd by a fisitian's perscription. That's their object. That's wot they're arter. Anybody may see with arfan i they're all leged together to get the ole of the licker trade away from the legitimit Licens'd Wittlers into their own ands.

Now, Sir, just fancy under that sistim, if so be ever it passes, witch Evin forbid, what a halteration we should seo direckly in doctors' shops. In eourse they'd ave to be a good deal inlarged to make room for the Bar and Beer-engine. Then, my i, what a variety of rum labels there would be on the big bottles, and the reseavers, and resevoys witch praps would do dooty amongst the fizzie for caskes and barrels. A

young doctor chap, as uses my ouse, and promises to be a horniment to his perfesion, rote me down a few names of liquors; he says, in Doctors' lattin, along with Pil: Colocynth Comp., and Mist: Camph., and sitch as we shall then see—Cerevis: Fort: XXX Burton:; Barol: Perk: et Soo: Integr:; Ag: Vito: Gallio:; Sp: Junip: Batavorum:; Vin: Rubr:; Vin Alb: Hispan:; Sp: Sacchari Jamaicens: Opt:; Vetus Thomas:; Ros Montan:; &c.; all witch you and your honour'd readers, bein scollards, will understand. Yes; and you'll have mediekle men perscribin wine, beer, and sperrits in quantities of Oj., and 3j. or 3ij., and 3iss., and inij.; and patients will be payin oxtrey fees to ave the same perscribed for 'em—dram drinkin in drams order'd medisinally.

Wich, afore that state of things is brought to pass, with defence not defiance for our motter, wot I say is, let 'a nale our cullers to the mast, No Surrender, and take to supplyin our customers with the werry best rubub, senna, and prerogative drugs, and likewise pillicotia, bark, prussie haed and pizon of hevery description, as well as Halcohol in watever form, wich they pertends is so pernishus.

The Doctors' liquor shops, I dare say, will shut up on Sundays—but then no doubt but wot a short Notis outside will hinform you that "Medicine may be obtained by ringing the bell," the medisin including anything on draught you may choose to name, not exceptin punch, which

eures the gout, the colleet, and the tizzic—And it is allowed to be the werry best of fizzic. So no more at present from your obe-gent umbel Servant,

BUNG.

MILITARY ECONOMY.

HERE is a fine specimen of Army Reform. We cite it from that Military authority, the *Civilian*:—

"The expense of providing and maintaining window blinds for officers' quarters is not chargeable against the public. Blinds now fixed, which have been supplied free of charge, may remain, provided they be maintained at the occupants' expense. Any occupant not wishing to retain the blinds at his own cost, will make a notification to this effect to the Controller of the district, in order that they may be removed and taken into store."

Officers' better halves are hardly likely to approve of this retrenchment in officers' quarters. Faded furniture and carpets will probably not find much favour in their eyes, nor will those eyes shine any brighter for being dazzled, as they will be, when the sunbeams stream in blindingly through the blindless windows. In rooms that face due South, a parasol will be a useful adjunct to a breakfast table, and we may even hear of officers with weak eyes being attacked by sharp

ophthalmia, and, all owing to their blindless quarters, becoming helpless inmates of the Blind Asylum.

A Minor Cannon.

THE new 35-ton gun, or 700-pounder, is called The Woolwich Infant. Sweet Innocent! Let us hope that affairs may allow it long to remain such. Is the Woolwich Infant supposed to be a boy or a girl? If a boy, it must be admitted that there was never yet before such a Son of a Gun.



TOILETTE

(DARE WE SAY À LA BEEFEATER?) SUITABLE FOR LADIES OF ROBUST FIGURE.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

A NEW PLAN.—To Everyone whom it may Concern.



IS a gratification to Mr. Punch, to be able to announce that he has entered into an arrangement with descendants of the celebrated *Masters Sandford and Merton*, who, with their admirable preceptor, the grandson of the illustrious Mr. Barlow, will, during the present Christmas Holidays, visit most of the Metropolitan amusements.

One morning, as they were sitting, after breakfast, in their lodgings in the Strand, TOMMY said to MR. BARLOW, "May I ask you a question, Sir?"

MR. BARLOW considered for a few moments, and then granted the desired permission.

TOMMY. What, Sir, is a Pantomime?

MR. BARLOW (smiling). Perhaps HARRY can tell you.

HARRY. Willingly, MASTER TOMMY.

TOMMY. I should like very much to hear.

HARRY. You must know, then, MASTER TOMMY, that in London there are a great many buildings called Theatres, or Theatres, to which some people go, and, in cases where the free list is entirely suspended, and the absurd system of orders is abolished, actually pay money in the expectation of being amused by the performers. Indeed, at Christmas-time, when nearly every sort of entertainment is open to the public, it is a person's own fault if he is not constantly amused.

TOMMY. But pray, HARRY, have you no more particulars to tell me about these Pantomimes?

HARRY. You can judge for yourself, MASTER TOMMY.

TOMMY was so affected with this rebuke, that he only restrained his tears by a strong physical exertion, which resulted in his giving HARRY a kick on the shins underneath the table. For this, being a boy of generous disposition, he had the good-breeding and courtesy to apologise, in time to avert the severe damage which his head would have received at the hands of his friend HARRY; and, in order to propitiate the justly-aroused anger of MR. BARLOW, MASTER TOMMY offered to treat HARRY SANDFORD and their worthy preceptor to the play that very night; a proposal which, after some show of reluctance, both MR. BARLOW and HARRY SANDFORD cordially accepted.

AT DRURY LANE.—On their arrival in the lobby of the Dress Circle, a kindly-spoken gentleman insisted upon relieving the party of their coats, and gave them a programme of the performance, for which they returned him their most sincere thanks; MR. BARLOW, moreover, promised him a gratuity on his leaving the theatre. This promise was accompanied by a significant look at HARRY, who fully appreciated his worthy preceptor's conduct. As to TOMMY, he was too full of wonder and admiration of all he saw to notice this transaction, and, indeed, the questions which arose to his lips during the evening were so numerous, that, with a discretion beyond his years, he determined to reserve them for a future occasion.

The Pantomime was *Tom Thumb*.

HARRY. The VOKES's are very comical people with their legs.

MR. BARLOW. Yes, truly; and, being so, it is a thousand pities any of them should attempt to sing. Their dancing is highly amusing.

TOMMY was here very much alarmed by the appearance of a Giant's head over the castle wall. His fears were not allayed when the Giant ate *Tom Thumb*, who, on his re-appearance from the Giant's mouth, was taken up in the claws of a huge bird. This made TOMMY cry; and it was not until MR. BARLOW had explained to him that the object of the Pantomime was to make little boys and girls laugh, that he at all recovered his wonted spirits. However, on seeing that HARRY was smiling, and that MR. BARLOW was composing himself to sleep, he was reassured by their demeanour, and became deeply interested in the stage representation.

At the Scene of Dresden China Watteauesque figures, TOMMY's delight declared itself in loud applause.

TOMMY. Are those the Clowns? I thought you said, Sir, that there was only one Clown!

MR. BARLOW. To the eye of the rightly constituted mind there can be but one Clown; and our mental vision is only disturbed and confused by this multiplication of drolls.

MR. BARLOW further explained that the Clown is human like ourselves; whereat TOMMY expressed himself dissatisfied.

MR. BARLOW. As the comic scenes appear to depress you, HARRY, and as TOMMY is evidently becoming tired and cross withal, it were best to leave.

HARRY. Indeed, Sir, this Pantomime reminds me of what you told me about the shape of the earth.

MR. BARLOW. I do not see, HARRY, how you connect the two subjects. There is a vast difference between this planet and a Pantomime.

HARRY. Indeed, Sir, there is; for our planet is entirely round, and this Pantomime is remarkably flat.

MR. BARLOW. Beware of such wholesale condemnations, my dear HARRY; this Pantomime has already given delight to some twenty thousand persons, every one, it may be, as good as yourself.

TOMMY was much pleased, however, at HARRY's application of a scientific fact, and expressed his determination of learning Astronomy at once, in order that he might be as ready as HARRY on any suitable occasion.

On quitting the theatre, MR. BARLOW promised the box-keeper a sixpence, whereat the poor man could scarcely refrain from embracing his benefactor. So they left.

NEXT NIGHT—COVENT GARDEN.—Here they saw the Pantomime of *Blue Beard*. As each new Scene presented itself to their view, they were vehemently enraptured, and thought that no expression of praise could suffice to express their pleasure.

MR. BARLOW. Certainly the scenery is very beautiful.

HARRY. The ladies are indeed lovely!

MR. BARLOW. They are mortal.

TOMMY. O, here is *Blue Beard's* procession! I know the story! And here are the Camels, and—O!—a White Elephant!

MR. BARLOW. The Camel, my dear TOMMY, is found chiefly in burning climates. In his temper he is gentle and tractable, and his patience in being—

Audience. Hush! Order! Turn him out!

HARRY. Indeed, Sir, they are alluding to you! Would it not be better to remain silent, and watch a Scene which gives everyone so much gratification?

MR. BARLOW perceived the sense of this remark, and confined himself to explaining to TOMMY, in an undertone, that MR. MACDERMOTT, who played *Blue Beard*, had been, till lately, an actor at the Grecian Theatre, where he was considered "funny;" but that here his humour seemed to be limited to an imitation of one MR. CLARKE, an actor of burlesque parts most favourably known to playgoers; and, indeed, the audience seemed to be largely of MR. BARLOW's mind, for it was not until *Mr. Blue Beard* danced, which he did cleverly, that they testified their approbation of his drolleries.

MR. BARLOW. This Scene of the Amazons' Encampment will attract the whole town. It is indeed a magnificent spectacle.

TOMMY. There must be thousands on the stage!

MR. BARLOW smiled at this, and was about to demonstrate, mathematically, the improbability of more than three hundred of the *corps de ballet* being on the scene at once, when his attention was attracted to the Grand Transformation Scene by vociferous applause, in which he was conscientiously able to join. On their quitting the theatre, at eleven o'clock, the boys were loud in their praises of what they had seen.

HARRY. How diverting were those French dancers! and the Shadows!

TOMMY. And the Clown with the two boys! and their fiddles and musical bells!

MR. BARLOW. You are right. With the comic scenes and the Clown came the fun peculiar to this species of amusement, of which there was, amid all the glitter and splendour, a lack. And perhaps this is as it should be; for why term the Harlequinade "the Comic Scenes," unless they are so by comparison with the previous portion of the Pantomime?

HARRY. Your observation, Sir, reminds me of the entertaining story of *Sophronius* and *Kydaspes*, which TOMMY has not yet heard.

HARRY was about to commence the tale without further parley, when it was discovered that TOMMY had slipped out of the room, and had, it was supposed, retired to bed. MR. BARLOW therefore intimated that, as he had heard the story before, it would be better if they both followed their young friend's example.

HARRY submitted to this arrangement; and when the two boys were assured that their worthy preceptor was asleep, they took his latch-key, and sallied forth to enjoy themselves at EVANS's supper-rooms.

A VIRTUOUS VESTRY.



a respectable shopkeeper, who pays rates, and a low person who wheels a barrow, or rents the flap over a cellarage? The Vestry scorned such terms, and have been taking the names of the vendors at this fair, and such addresses as the miserable creatures could give. Summonses have been issued, but the matter stands over for a few weeks.

At the end of that time, *Mr. Punch* cordially trusts that the Lambeth Vestry will sternly carry out their plan for promoting the respectability of the New Cut, and if COLONEL HENDERSON again refuses to help them, let appeal be made to MR. BAUCE. There is not the least pretence for holding the Fair. Let the people in and about the New Cut buy their fish, meat, and the rest of their luxuries on Saturday. What is to prevent them from doing so. Wages are always paid at an early hour on Saturday, and by four o'clock on that day the wife of an artisan has always received from her husband the bulk of his earnings, less perhaps by a trifle which she playfully returns to him, that he may have a pipe and a pint before going to bed. He would be considered a bad fellow if he did not give her the money, or if she had to coax it out of him late, or to take it from his pocket when he had sunk into the gentle slumber of intoxication. That he should surlily refuse it, and strike her, and force her to wait until morning brought better temper, is too monstrous an idea. "Our flesh and blood" never does this sort of thing.

Let the Wife therefore make her purchases on Saturday. Let her take her fish and meat home. We are perfectly aware that they are perishable articles, but we suppose that they can be put into the pantry down-stairs, or that, if domestics or cats are distrusted, the food can be placed in the refrigerator. That article is cheap enough, anyhow, and a very good one can be got for three or four guineas, and it is the affectation of ignorance to say that ice is not at hand, for we know that the Wenham Lake carts go round several times a week—this we state from our own knowledge, and we hate sentimentality. By this means not only will offence to the refined natures of the Lambeth Vestry be avoided, but the vendors of the articles will be released from work, and enabled to attend places of worship. To their own declaration that but for Sunday trade they must go to the workhouse, we lend a deaf ear. Morality cannot yield to Necessity. A prudent man will earn his income in six days. If he cannot, we must echo the remark made by a conscientious person at a meeting on the subject, and say, "Let him starve."

Mr. Punch strongly upholds the Lambeth Vestry in this business, and thinks their conduct quite worthy of the reputation they have so long borne. He is much displeased with the Colonel of Police, and hopes never to have to say, in MR. POPE'S words—

"Stern HENDERSON repented,
And gave them back the Fair."

If Vestries will enforce Sabbatarianism, and if Alliances will totally deprive the weaker classes of the Refreshments of which they mostly make bad use, we shall raise the standard of national morals, and entirely efface the discontent which some persons believe is felt with national institutions.

SEASONABLE SENTIMENT.—May the Commission of Inquiry into the Megara business get to the bottom of it!

HOROSCOPE FOR 1872.

WITH the aid of this ingenious little instrument, the horoscope, which is simple in construction, easily cleaned, and to be had of all respectable dealers throughout the kingdom in gold, silver, mother-of-pearl, ormolu, aluminium, and other suitable materials, a clear insight may be obtained, on a fine evening, into the more salient events of the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-two.

The observations we have been enabled to make with one of these instruments (fitted with the patent self-acting forecaster) are so startling that, without loss of time, we hasten to lay them before the world, for the guidance and direction of reigning Sovereigns, Cabinet Ministers, School-Boards, Members of Parliament, Mayors, Magistrates, Mothers of Marriageable Daughters, Managers of Theatres, Newspaper Editors, Speculators, and others, who may be desirous to make their arrangements at once for the ensuing twelve months.

Parliament will meet early in February, a few days after it ceases to be legal to slaughter pheasants. It will be prorogued early in August, about the period when grouse-shooting becomes a lawful pastime.

The HOME SECRETARY will withdraw several measures in the course of the Session.

The London School-Board, by the active interposition of its Beadles, will clear the streets of from ten to twenty children.

Australian meat will appear on the bill of fare at the Lord Mayor's banquets.

In the month of February a most serious astronomical occurrence will take place, one which ought to make a great noise in the world, and is likely to be attended with disastrous consequences to those who may be unfortunate enough to be on the spot—the full moon will fall on Saturday, the 24th.

There will be at least one new cookery-book published during the year.

Good port wine will become scarcer and dearer than ever. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER will, in his annual Budget, propose a tax upon one or more of the following articles:—calling cards, dolls, pins, perambulators, umbrellas, and wigs.

The Mines Regulation Bill will be brought before Parliament; also the COLLIER affair.

There will be a show (the first) of guinea-pigs, white mice, parrots, bullfinches, and squirrels at the Crystal Palace. The DUCHESS OF LAUNCESTON, LADY IDA DOWN, and the Honourable MRS. ALFRED WARRENMORE will act as Judges.

Several new animals will be added to the collection in the Zoological Gardens.

The jury in the Tichborne case will retire when the trial is concluded, and, after deliberating for several days, will return into Court late at night, and deliver their verdict amidst breathless silence. The LORD CHIEF BARON will have a sleeping apartment fitted up in the Westminster Sessions House, that no time may be lost in calling him up to receive the verdict.

Several Colonial Bishops will return home.

An eye should be kept on the Pope, the Orleans Princes, the Irish Roman Catholic Bishops, the Publicans, the Republicans, the Spiritualists, the Ritualists, SIR CHARLES DILKE, MR. WHALLEY, MR. BUTT, and MR. BROCK, the pyrotechnist, as they may all be expected to do extraordinary things.

An eminent Archdeacon of the Established Church, well known in the West of England, will conduct the services at MR. SPURGEON'S Tabernacle, and MR. SPURGEON will exchange pulpits with him.

A new Opera will be brought out on the last night but two of the season.

There will be some failures in the City, and constant stoppages in the streets.

The British Public will remit large sums of money for the relief of the Chinese, and allow charitable institutions at home to languish for want of funds.

MR. JOHN BROWN, MR. THOMAS JONES, MR. WILLIAM ROBINSON, MR. JAMES THOMPSON, MR. CHARLES JACKSON, and MR. HENRY SMITH will contract matrimonial alliances after harvest.

The Gulf Stream will be heard of again, probably for the last time, the tendency of modern scientific investigation being to show up that bugbear as a humbug.

MR. DISRAELI will deliver an address *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, at Glasgow at Easter, and on Cottage Cookery at Hughenden in the autumn.

Letters will be addressed to MR. GLADSTONE demanding explanations from him as to his religion, his relations, his favourite poet, and his private account at his banker's.

Oysters will be sixpence apiece.

Spain will have one or two new Ministries.

The estimates will include a vote for the purchase of robes and a wig for the new SPEAKER.



A VOICE FROM THE SEA.

"O LET ME KISS HIM FOR HIS MOTHER!"

MARK LEMON.

It became our duty, some weeks ago, to invite the attention of our readers to the fact that a Memorial Fund, in aid of the Widow and unmarried Daughters of our late lamented friend, MARK LEMON, had been opened. On a page at the end of our present issue will be found the list of those who have subscribed to the Fund. Several donors have been generous, many have been very liberal, and thanks are due to those who have "done what they could." But the aggregate amount as yet obtained is altogether inadequate to the purpose, that of making a permanent provision for those so dear to one who never lost an opportunity of doing a kindness. It is with reluctance that, after examining the list, we admit to ourselves that very much is owed to private friendship, and comparatively little to public recognition of the noble character and the merits of MARK LEMON. Believing, as we sincerely believe, that we may account for this by supposing that thousands are still unacquainted with the fact that their aid is invited, we re-iterate our Appeal. We venture also to ask our contemporaries, who have already so ably and kindly promoted the object, again to perform that labour of love. We, lastly, call attention to the notice at the foot of the list, stating how subscriptions can be forwarded. Some misapprehension on this point may have retarded the liberality which we refuse to believe will not be shown to those who possess such inherited and such personal claim to the kindly consideration of all.

Juvenile Gulosity.

A SAGE said to a Schoolboy, home for the holidays, "A contented mind is a continual feast." "Is it?" quoth young Hopeful, "I should rather say that a continual feast was a contented mind."

THE RETICENCE OF THE PRESS.

THE American Press admires the reticence which the British Press has practised during the seventy odd days occupied in hearing one side of a cause which will be celebrated. The English Press also takes credit to itself for that reticence. It is, doubtless, exemplary. By not interfering with, we know how much it furthers, the administration of Justice. A trial such as the great lawsuit now pending, or any other in a British Court of Law, is determined, we all know, simply by the weight of evidence, in relation to which the minds of the jury are mere scales. The Counsel on either side respectively confine themselves to the production of true evidence each on behalf of his client, and the refutation of false evidence advanced for the opposite party. The Judge is the only person in Court who expresses any opinion on the case which could possibly influence the jury; his opinion being expressed under the obligation of strict impartiality. No barrister, whether counsel for the plaintiff or the defendant, ever attempts to bias their decision either by sophistry or appeals to their passions and prejudices. It is therefore highly necessary that the Press should abstain as strictly as it does from any explanation or argument with reference to a pending suit which, how sincerely soever meant to instruct, might possibly have the effect of misleading the jury sitting thereon.

If, indeed, Counsel were usually accustomed to employ the arts of oratory, and the dodges of dialectics, in order to make the worst appear the better cause in the eyes of twelve men more or less liable to be deceived and deluded, then, indeed, the reticence of a respectable and intelligent Press, in abstaining from any remarks capable of helping a jury to deliver a righteous verdict, would not perhaps be quite so purely advantageous as it is now.

Riddle for the Young Folks.

WHY are the two letters at the tail the most sensible of all the Alphabet?—Because they are the *Wise Head*.

MR. PUNCH. "PULL AWAY, MY DEAR! I'LL BET. YOU A KISS IT CONTAINS SOMETHING WE SHALL BOTH LIKE. PULL AWAY!"

MR. PUNCH. "PULL AWAY, MY DEAR! I'LL BET. YOU A KISS IT CONTAINS SOMETHING WE SHALL BOTH LIKE. PULL AWAY!"



MY HEALTH.



ALK over all these arrangements at dinner. Then, as we have, PENDELL tells me, to be up early for otter-hunting, we determine upon going to bed early.

Process of Going to Bed Early.—MRS. PENDELL retires at nine, having seen that "everything we want" is left out on the sideboard. PENDELL observes that he shan't be half an hour at most before he's upstairs. I yawn, to show how tired I am, and corroborate his statement as to the time we intend to pass in front of the fire.

Mrs. PENDELL has retired. PENDELL wishes to know what I'll take. Nothing, I thank him. PENDELL doesn't "think—um—that—he'll—um—take anything," and stands before a row of bottles with the critical air of a Commander-in-Chief reviewing the line. It almost looks as if he wanted a bottle to step out of the rank and invite him to make up his mind at once and take a drop of *him*. In order not to prevent him from enjoying himself, I sacrifice myself, and say, "Well, I'll have just the smallest glass of whiskey." PENDELL is of opinion that no one can do better than whiskey, it being, he says, the most wholesome spirit.

Wo whiskey. The quarter-past arrives. We take no notice of it, except that PENDELL remarks that that clock is about twelve minutes fast, in which case, of course, we have nearly half an hour at our disposal. Conversation commences. We somehow get upon Literature, especially upon the subject of my *Analytical History of Motion*. PENDELL quotes a line from somewhere. We can't think where it is to be found.

This leads PENDELL to the book-shelves. While he is up, would he mind just mixing me the least drop more whiskey—and water, plenty of water. He does so, and continues his search for the book, ending by bringing down the *Ingoldsby Legends*. "Do I remember this one?" he asks me. No, I have forgotten it. He thinks the line he quoted is there. He is, he says, going to give it at a Penny Reading, and has already done so with great success. He reads a few lines.

Flash.—Ask him to read. Nothing so pleasant as the sound of some one reading poetry when you're very tired, and are sitting before a good fire. Light a pipe as an aid to listening comfortably. Better than going to bed. Besides, if he reads, it's his fault that we don't go to bed early, as we told Mrs. PENDELL we would.

He reads aloud. I interrupt him occasionally (opening my eyes to do so), just to show I am attending, and twice I dispute the propriety of his emphasis; but I don't sustain my side of the argument, from a feeling that to close my eyes and be droned to sleep, is preferable to straining every nerve in order to talk and keep awake.

11 o'clock, P.M.—PENDELL stops, and says, "Why, you're asleep!" I reply that he is mistaken (having, in fact, just been awake by feeling as if a spring had given way at the nape of my neck), but I own, candidly, to feeling a little tired.

"Um!" says PENDELL, and puts his selection for a Penny Reading away. Bed.

Morning.—Am aroused by PENDELL, who is always fresh. "Lovely morning," he says, opening the curtains. [Note.—When you're only one quarter awake there's something peculiarly obtrusive in any remark about the beauty of the day. To a person comfortably in bed and wishing to remain there, the state of the weather is comparatively uninteresting, unless it's dismally foggy or thoroughly rainy, when, in either case, you can congratulate yourself upon your cleverness and forethought in not having got up.] "Is it?" I ask. Through the window I see only mist and drizzle.

"Just the morning for otter-hunting!" exclaims PENDELL, enthusiastically. Then, as he's leaving the room, he turns, and says, "O, by the way, I've just remembered that Old RUDDOCK's pretty sure to be out with the hounds. He's great fun out hunting."

This stirs me into something like exertion. Otters and RUDDOCK. RUDDOCK, during a check, setting the field in a roar.

At Breakfast.—"Um," says PENDELL, thinking over something as he cuts a ham, "we shan't want to take anything with us, because Old PENOLVER gives us lunch. He's a picture of an Old English Squire is PENOLVER. Quite a picture of a—um—yes—" here he apparently considers to himself whether he has given a correct definition of PENOLVER or not. He seems satisfied, and closes his account of him by repeating, "Yes—um—yes—an Old English Squire, you know—quite a character in his way," (I thought so,) "and you'll have pasties and cider."

"Pasties!" I exclaim. The word recalls Bluff KING HAL's time, the hollidams—by my halidame!—gadso!—crushing a cup, and so forth. Now I have the picture before me (in my mind's eye) of the Old English Squire, attended by grooms bearing pasties and flagons, meeting the Otter Hunters with spears and dogs. Good! Excellent! I feel that My Health will be benefited by the air of the olden time. And perhaps by the pasties.

"Do any ladies come?" I ask.

"Safe to," answers PENDELL, "last day of hunting—all the ladies out—sort of show meet, and lounge."

Pasties, flagons, dames, gallants with lutes, and pages with beakers of wine. I am all anxiety to start.

The Drive.—Bleak, misty, sharp, dreary. I am in summer costume of flannels, intended for running. Hope we shall have some running, as at present I'm blue with cold and shivering.

Six miles finished.—We get out at a tumble-down roadside inn. Three boys, each one lankier and colder-looking than the other, are standing together with their hands in their pockets, there being evidently among them a dearth of gloves. A rough man in a velvet coat and leggings appears, carrying a sort of quarter-staff spiked. I connect him at once with otters. PENDELL returns his salute. This is the Huntsman. The three chilly boys are the Field. We are all shivering, and evidently only half awake. Is this what PENDELL calls a "show meet, and a lounge?"

Flash.—To say brightly, "Well, it couldn't have been colder for an otter hunt." The chilly boys hearing this, turn away, the man with the spear takes it literally and is offended, "because," he says, "we might ha' had a much worse day." PENDELL says to himself, thoughtfully, "Um—colder—otter—ha! Yes, I see. I've made that myself lots of times." I thought that down here, perhaps, it wouldn't have been known. Never risk an old joke again. If I feel it's the only one I've got, preface it by saying, "Of course you've heard what the Attorney-General said the other day to (some one)?" and then, if on being told, they say, "O! that's very old," why it's not your fault.

A fly appears on the road with the Master. He welcomes PENDELL and friend heartily and courteously. Is sorry that it's the last meet. Thinks it's a bad day, and in the most genial manner possible damps all my hopes of seeing an otter. "A few weeks ago," he says, "there were plenty of otters."

Flash.—To find out if that spearing-picture is correct. Show myself deeply interested in otters.

The Master says that spearing is unsportsmanlike. Damper number two. No spears. We walk on, and get a little warmer.

More "Field" meets us: some mounted.

Note on Otter-Hunting.—Better than fox-hunting, because you trust to your own legs. You can't be thrown, you can't be kicked off, or reared off; and, except you find yourself alone with the otter in a corner, there's no danger.

Note Number Two. Additional.—Yes, there is one other danger. A great one.

Here it is:—

We have been walking miles along the banks of a stream, crossing difficult stepping-stones, climbing over banks eight feet high [thank goodness, impossible for horses], with drops on the other side, and occasional jumpings down, which shake your teeth, but still you land on your own legs, and if you fall you haven't got a brute on the top of you, or rolling over you, or kicking out your brains with his hind hoofs. We number about sixty in the Field. The shaggy, rough bounds are working up-stream, swimming and trotting, and stopping to examine the surface of any boulder which strikes their noses as having been lately the temporary resting-place of an otter. A few people on horseback are proceeding, slowly in single file, along the bank. Difficult work for them. Ladies, too, are on foot, and all going along as pleasantly as possible. Suddenly a cry—a large dog is seen shaking its head wildly, and rubbing his front paws over his ears—another dog is rolling on the bank—another plunges into the river furiously, also shaking his head as if he was objecting to everything generally, and would rather drown than change his opinions.

Another cry.

Horses plunging—one almost into the river—shrieks of ladies—exclamations from pedestrians—the field is scattered—some attempt to ford the river—some jump right in—some on horseback cross it



COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

Squire (who interests himself with the Moral and Material Condition of his Peasantry). "HULLO, WOODRUFF! WHAT AN EYE YOU'VE GOT! HOW DID YOU GET THAT?!"

Labourer. "O, IT'S NAWTHIN' PARTIO'LAR, SIR. LAST NIGHT—AT THE WHITE 'ART, SIR. BUT—(in extenuation)—CHRISHMASH TIME, SIR—ON'Y ONCE A YEAR!"

shouting—some plunge into the plantation on the left—some are running back upon us! A panic.

Mad bull, perhaps—if so—with admirable presence of mind I jump into the water up to my waist, and am making for the opposite side, when a man, running and smoking a short pipe, answers my question as to the bull with—

"No! Wasps! Wasps' nest!!" In a second I see them. At me. Pursuing me. I dive my head under water. Wet through! Scramble up bank. One wasp is after me. One pertinaciously. My foot catches in a root, I am down. Wasp down too, close at my ear. A minute more I am up. Wasp up too, by my right ear.

An Inspiration.—It flashes across me that wasps hate mud. Don't know where I heard it. Think it was in some child's educational book. No time for thinking. Jump—squish—into the mud! Over my knees—boots nearly off. The last thing I see of PENDELL is holding on his spectacles with his left hand, and fighting a wasp with his stick in his right. Squish—flop—flop! . . . Up against a stump—down in a morass. Wasp at me. Close to my ear as if he wanted to tell me a secret. I won't hear it! Now I understand why the dog shook his head. Through a bramble bush (like the Man in the Nursery rhyme, who scratched both his eyes out and in again by a similar operation), and come out torn and scratched, but dry as a pen after being dragged through a patent wiper of erect bristles. No wasp. Gone. I am free. But still I keep on.

That's the only great danger in Otter-Hunting. At least, that I know of at present.

I pick up the man with pipe. Kindest creature in the world. He has two pipes, and he fills and gives me one. He says, "Wasps won't attack a smoker."

Flash.—Smoke.

PENDELL comes up. "Um!—aha!" he says; "narrow escape!" He has not been stung.

MONODY ON M'GRATH.

MASTER M'GRATH has passed away;
He breathed his last on Christmas Day.
He quitted this terrestrial sphere,
In doghood's prime—his twice-third year.

He was a dog of high repute,
But now he'll be for ever mute.
—Though living he gave little tongue—
Ah, well! the dogs we love die young.

MASTER M'GRATH, old Ireland's pride,
The fleetest Saxon dogs defied,
Alike to run with him or kill:
His legs, once limber, now are still.

This peerless paragon of hounds,
Did win his good lord—LURGAN—pounds
By thousands; dog as good as horse—
The canine Courser is a corpse.

He was presented to the QUEEN,
As many a puppy may have been,
Who yet that honour lives to boast—
But is not worth the dog that's lost.

M'GRATH returns to his Dam Earth.
The papers mostly to his worth
Publish a tribute, not too long,
A paragraph—and here's a song.

They won't continue, for a week,
Each day about M'GRATH to speak
In memoirs, and in leading columns,
To preach of prosy sermons volumes.

Upon the Dog defunct that lies
Briefest is best to moralise,
As every dog, then, let us say,
Must have, M'GRATH has had his day.

Happy Dispatch.

WE have just read in a delightful book that "Japanese verse is for the most part lyric or descriptive." It is of two kinds, "Uta," of purely native growth, and "Shi," of Chinese origin and structure. The difference between the Japanese and the English is that nearly all the modern poetry of the latter is Shi.

The Field is pulling itself together again. PENDELL chuckles. "Did you see Old RUDDOCK?" he asks. "There were two wasps at him."

No! It appears that Old RUDDOCK has been quite close to me throughout the day. Yet there was no laughing crowd, and I haven't heard one of RUDDOCK's jokes bruited about. Odd. Wonder how the wasps liked RUDDOCK.

RAILWAY REFORM.

At a meeting of Railway Directors, which will probably be held in the middle of next week, it will be resolved, in order to increase the safety of the public, that no pointsman, guard, or engine-driver, shall ever be on duty much more than six-and-forty hours at a stretch; and that every such servant shall always, when on duty, be allowed at least four minutes, no less than three times daily, for enjoyment of his meals. With the like view of security, it will also be resolved that porters shall on branch lines be required to act as pointsmen, signalmen, and ticket-clerks, and that due and timely notice of the changes in the time-bills shall on no account be furnished to the drivers of goods trains.

To the Afflicted.

A word of comforting advice to all those—and they are many—both men and women, who are nursing a secret sorrow, grieving that they are short, small of stature, below the average size. Let them think of those more than consolatory words, in that famous passage in *Henry the Eighth*, where SHAKESPEARE speaks of—"the blessedness of being little."



EASILY SOLD.

SCENE—Railway Station in a Town where Highland Regiment is quartered. Foxhunters taking Train for the Meet.

Little London Gent. "HE AIN'T GOING OUT HUNTING, TOO, IS HE?"

Punny Friend. "OF COURSE HE IS."

Little London Gent. "WELL, BUT—WON'T IT BE RATHER RISKY RIDING IN THOSE—TOGS?"

HINTS ON CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

(By a good Old-fashioned Clown.)

KNOCK at a shop-door, and then lie down flat in front of it, so that the shopman, coming out, may tumble headlong over you. Then belt into the shop, and cram into your pockets all the big things you can find, so that in trying to get out, you cannot squeeze them through the doorway. For instance, if it be a watchmaker's, clap an eight-day kitchen clock and a barometer or two, let us say, in your right pocket, and a brass warming-pan, or some such little article of jewellery (as you will take care to call it) in your left one; taking pains, of course, to let the handle stick well out of it. If it be a butcher's, pouch a leg of beef and half a sheep or so, and be sure not to forget to bring a yard or two of sausages trailing on the ground behind you. Then, if you can't squeeze through the doorway, the simplest plan will be to jump clean through the shop-front, and in doing this take care to smash as many panes of glass as you are able, crying out, of course, that you took "great pains" to do so. *En passant*, you will kick into the street whatever goods are in the window, and then run off as quickly as your heels can carry you.

If the shopman should pursue you, as most probably he will, make him a low bow, and say that it was really quite an accident, and that of course you mean to pay him—indeed, yes, "on your honour!" If he won't believe you, punch him in the waistcoat, and batter him about with his barometer and warming-pan, or sausages and mutton.

Should a policeman interfere, and want to know what you are up to, catch up your red-hot poker (which you will always have about you), and hold it hidden behind your back, while you beg him to shake hands with you, because you mean to "square the job" with him. Then, when he puts his hand out, slap the poker into it, and run away as fast as your stolen goods will let you.

But after a few steps, of course you must take care to let the handle of your warming-pan get stuck between your legs, and trip you up occasionally; and you will manage that your sausages become entangled so about you that, at every second step, you are obliged to tumble down and roll along the ground, and double up into a heap, till the policeman, who keeps up the chase, comes close enough to catch you. Then you will spring up again, and, jumping on his back, you will be carried off to Bow Street, with the small boys shouting after you; or, else, if you prefer it, you may "bonnet" the policeman, and run away and hide yourself ere he can lift his hat up, to see where you are gone to.

SCIENCE FOR THE SEASON.

SIR CHARLES LYELL, according to a correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, is credited with the saying that there are three things necessary for a geologist: the first is to travel; the second is to travel; and the third, also, is to travel. This seems to mean that your geologist must travel, travel, travel over the face of the earth in order to be enabled to explore its interior. The earth is round; so is your plum-pudding: the earth has a crust; so has your mince-pie. Happily, conditions like those useful for the exploration of the earth do not delay analogous researches.

Problem for the Poet Laureate.

THE KNIGHTS of KING ARTHUR's Round Table of course formed a Circle when they sat round it. Tournaments in general used to come off in lists; but can the Author of *The Last Tournament* inform a Spiritualist whether, in a *séance* of ARTHUR's Knights at Table, there was ever any table-tilting?

MRS. WASHTUB ON TELEGRAMS:

Ah, drat them nasty telegrams that keeps folks all in sitch a flurry,
Whenever there's the least to-do, with constant worry, worry,
worry!
I recollect in my young days when there was no sitch expectation,
And news to travel took its time, suspense was bore with resignation.

What was to be, we used to say, would be, and couldn't be prevented,
Which 'twas consol'n' for to think, and made one happy and contented.
What would be we should live to see, if we lived long enough, 'twas certain,
And p'raps it might a mercy be the future was behind the curtain.

Misfortunes came, as come they must, in this here wale of trile and sorrow.
But then, if bad news come to-day, no news was like to come to-morrow.
No news was good news people said, and hoped meanwhile they might be better,
Leastways until the next day's post brought 'em a paper or a letter.

'Tis true, relief as soon may come, sometimes, by artificial light'nin'.
When days and weeks of dark and storm you've undergone afore the bright'nin':
All's well as ends well, thanks be praised, the croakers found themselves mistaken—
But by them plaguy telegrams how my poor old narves have bin shaken!

CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR THE CLAIMANT.—Coleridge's Works.

NEW YEAR'S "NOTE" TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. PUNCH, in spite of his emphatic and repeated Notices and Explanations, being still copiously afflicted with Communications from Persons whom he has not invited to take the liberty of addressing him, issues the following Note, and advises such persons to study it closely.

He calls them "Correspondents," but does so only for convenience. A Correspondent means a person who not only writes, but to whom the recipient of the letter also writes. Ninety-nine out of a hundred of those who address Mr. Punch are, and will be, unanswered, except by this Note.

Let all understand that he is answerable for the real or supposed value of No literary or artistic matter which may be sent him, unasked. This is law. Let all understand that at the earliest possible moment after his discovery that such matter is useless to him, it is Destroyed. This is fact.

Notice also that stamped and directed envelopes, for the return of such matters, will not operate to the fracture of his rule.

After this notice, "Correspondents" will have no one but themselves to thank for the Snub Mr. Punch's silence implies.

But is he unwise enough to believe that the plague of foolish Correspondence will thus be stayed? Verily, no.

He expects to continue to receive—

1. Jests that have appeared in his own pages, but which are warranted to have been invented, or heard, "the other day."

2. The jest of the day, one that has been heard a million times.

3. Profane, and even lower jests, sent by creatures who pretend to be readers of Punch.

4. Idiotic jests, usually laid upon the shoulders of "my little boy," or "my youngest girl." Punch would pity the children of such parents, but that he generally disbelieves in the existence of the innocents.

5. Sketches, to be used in his next without fail, or, if rejected, to be instantly returned. These burn well, and he prefers those on cardboard, as they crackle prettily.

6. Things, literary or artistic, that have been "dashed off." The mere word "dash" is the cue for instant fire.

7. Compositions, poor in themselves, whose insertion is prayed because the authors are poor also. Is Mr. Punch to perform his charities at the expense of society?

8. Aged jokes, possibly recently heard for the first time by the Stupid Sender, but more probably copied from print.

9. Post-Cards, or communications with the Halfpenny Stamp. These are all selected by his Deputy-Assistant-Under-Secretary, and destroyed unread.

10. Absolute Stupidities.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

THE closing night of the Christmas season is observed by every nation in Europe, except Switzerland, in which country the Republican form of government introduced by W. TELL (the first President), prevents the recognition of Kings and Queens.

Throughout England, particularly in those rural districts where the study of physics is yet in its infancy, great importance is attached to the weather on Twelfth Day. The occurrence of rain, or wind, or sleet, or snow, or hail, or the appearance of the Aurora Borealis over the roofs of the Bank of England is considered a most favourable augury, and in some counties determines the day on which the sowing of the Spring wheat commences. But the slightest indication of the Zodiacal light is dreaded as a sure forerunner of the turnip-fly, and the connection of a parhelion with protracted drought is established by a long series of observations, reaching as far back as the Reformation.

Most lawyers are of opinion that under the provisions of an old Act of Parliament, still unrepealed, it is illegal to solicit a Christmas box after twelve o'clock on the 6th of January.

If Twelfth Night falls on a Sunday, the harvest will be late; if on a Monday, the back door should be carefully looked to on the long evenings; if on a Tuesday, pilchards will be caught in enormous quantities; if on a Wednesday, the silkworms will suffer; if on a Thursday, there will be no skating on the Serpentine during the rest of the year; if on a Friday, the apple crop will be a failure; and if on a Saturday (as this year), you should on no account have your hair cut by a red-haired man who squints and has relations in the colonies. The sceptic and the latitudinarian may smile superciliously at these predictions, but they have been verified by inquiries conducted at centres as wide apart as Bury St. Edmunds, Rotherham, Dawlish, Rickmansworth, Kirkcudbright, and Cape Clear.

CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR SIR CHARLES DILKE.—Packet of Court Plaster and some Household Bread.

Let them come. And when a Sender getteth no answer, let him take counsel with himself, and consider to which of the above Ten Categories his work belongs. One will certainly fit it. To this Table Mr. Punch will make reference when he may please to do so. Let intending Contributors learn it by heart.

Now, laying down the Chopper of LYCURGUS, and putting on the Smile of PLATO, Mr. Punch, raising the festal goblet, wisheth to all his faithful and true Disciples, those whose handwritings ever give him joy and gladness,—



A HAPPY NEW YEAR!



A STRAIGHTFORWARD VIEW.

High Church Curate. "AND WHAT DO YOU THINK, MR. SIMPSON, ABOUT A CLERGYMAN'S TURNING TO THE EAST?"

Literal Churchwarden. "WELL, SIR, MY OPINION IS, THAT IF THE CLERGYMAN IS GOODLOOKIN', HE DON'T WANT TO TURN HIS BACK TO THE CONGREGATION!"

PROBABLE INTELLIGENCE.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, being thoroughly convinced of the injustice of the Income-tax, is maturing a measure for its total abolition. To prove that he is perfectly sincere in the task he undertakes, he has resolved to throw up office if the tax again be voted.

MR. AYRTON is engaged in studying the Fine Arts, with a view to being able to lecture LORD ELCHO and others on the subject, and also to defend the action of the Government in resisting all attempts to improve the National Gallery.

In the fear lest His Holiness be forced to quit the Vatican, MR. WHALLEY, M.P., has written, very generously, to offer his own residence as an asylum for the POPE, while exiled from his kingdom.

It is proposed, at the conclusion of the Tichborne trial, to treat the Judge and Jury to a trip upon the Continent, in order to prevent them from becoming monomaniacs, through having their minds occupied so long with one subject.

It is considered almost certain that M. THIERS will seize a very early opportunity to vacate his seat, as President, in favour either of the COMTE DE PARIS or of M. GAMBETTA.

The game slaughtered at the *battues* of eleven noble sportsmen (all members of the Legislature), has been carefully distributed among the East-End poor.

It has been ascertained, by an accurate survey in London and the provinces, that no fewer than one pantomime has been produced this season, without containing any humorous allusion to "the Claimant."

MR. GLADSTONE has received one hundred and twelve letters, from Peterborough, Hanwell, Colney Hatch, and other places, asking for a confirmation of the rumour that his great-great-grandmother embraced the Jewish faith.

More than a hundred noble members of the Gun Club have with-

POKES IN PANTOMIMES.

Non omnia possumus omnes; we are not all Popes, nor should we be omnipotent even if we were infallible. The *Daily News* is a journal of ability; but there is a certain inconsistency, the cause of which it declares itself unable to fathom:—

"That all personal allusions to the private lives of individuals should be eschewed on the stage, we readily admit. Indeed, we sympathise with DR. JOHNSON, who, on hearing that FOOTZ, the actor, intended to imitate his mien and gestures, inquired the price of a good thick stick; but why, in the name of common sense, when caricatures of MR. GLADSTONE and MR. LEWIS weekly appear in humorous journals, and when scarcely a day passes without these gentlemen being attacked in print on account of one or other of their public acts, every harmless joke upon their official doings should be expunged from the pantomimes, surpasses comprehension."

Our excellent contemporary forgets that there is in theatres a place called the Gallery. This place is occupied by a peculiar description of audience and spectators. In the theatre, by physical position, they constitute the higher orders, but in common talk are contrariwise named. Of old, bloated aristocrats were wont ironically to style them "the Gods." Enlightened Statesmen, however, with a just appreciation of their value as British voters, use to call them the People. Now the People of the Gallery are not accustomed to read humorous journals in which caricatures of the People's WILLIAM, and the People's ROBERT, appear weekly. If they were, it would be necessary for the humorous journals to be very careful in caricaturing those popular Ministers, lest caricatures should endanger their popularity. The People of the Gallery are our flesh and blood, but they are as yet uneducated, and apt to take jokes too seriously. If the *Clown* in a Pantomime were to tread upon a match-box, and get blown up sky-high, or if, assisted by the *Pantaloon*, he presented a working man in an arsenal with a sack, these performances, to the occupants of the boxes indeed, would be harmless jokes, but the effect produced by them in the electoral way would probably be mischievous, in a gallery filled with friends and relations of match-venders and dockyard labourers.

The Best Tonic.

THE DOCTORS disapprove of alcohol, but they are as alive as ever to the cheering effect of "good spirits" on their patients.

drawn their names this season, and have transferred their subscriptions to the Humane Society.

Among the measures likely to be introduced by Government are: (1) a Bill for the Reduction of the Prices charged by Butchers; (2) a Bill to Compel Londoners to Clean their Streets in Dirty Weather; and (3) a Bill to Disafforest Primrose Hill and the Brighton Cliffs and Racecourse.

The First Lord of the Admiralty has been taking a few lessons in political navigation, with the view, upon emergency, of taking chief command of the vessel of the State.

It is considered highly probable that, following the good example of some Dramatic Managers, certain Barristers and Doctors in the very highest practice intend to decorate their waiting-rooms with little placards of "NO FEES!"

JUST A HINT.

Is there not a bit of SYDNEY SMITH's, wherein that divine, describing a Scottish rising against English tyranny, says that SAWNEY betook himself to the heather, and, having scratched himself with one hand, and cast up an account with the other, suddenly waxed furious, and drew his sword? We hope that certain Transatlantic friends of ours will not bring in so tremendous a bill against us, as to make it cheaper for us to fight than to pay. For we love them very much, but we are obliged to be awfully economical in these Gladstonian days.

Mathematical Intelligence.

It would puzzle a Senior Wrangler to find out how to square a circle. Yet TOMKINS Junior says that, though he is only twelve years old, he will back himself on any given morning to get round a square.



—“WE ARE SUCH STUFF
AS DREAMS ARE MADE OF—”

Tempest.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

THE next place of Amusement to which MR. BARLOW took his two young pupils was the STRAND THEATRE. Here they saw *Arion, or the Story of a Lyre*, and were highly diverted with the two Showmen, played by MESSRS. PAULTON and TERRY, whose duet of “*Walk Up and See my Show*,” they so vehemently applauded as to draw forth a reproof from their worthy preceptor, who, however, on observing that these comedians seemed to be possessed of an inexhaustible stock of fresh verses applicable to the circumstances of the times, was induced to join TOMMY and HARRY in the commendations which were most liberally bestowed by the audience upon this portion of the performance. On returning to their lodgings both TOMMY and HARRY, neither of whom had up to this time ever evinced any musical capacity, attempted to recall the pleasing airs they had heard at the Strand Theatre, and only ceased from their praiseworthy endeavours on receiving MR. BARLOW'S promise that he would take them again to witness the same piece, if TOMMY (whose father, being a very wealthy man, had recently bestowed upon his son a handsome Christmas gratuity) would pay for three stalls, or at least three places, in the Dress Circle.

On the following night they went to the PRINCESS'S, to see MR. WATTS PHILLIPS'S play of *On the Jury*, followed by a Pantemime called *Little Dicky Diver*.

At the entrance to the Stalls a civil person relieved them of their overcoats and hats; and TOMMY, upon whom his tutor's example, on the occasion of their visit to Drury Lane, had not been lost, expressed his gratitude to the honest stranger in the most affectionate manner.

TOMMY now discovered a further opportunity of making himself acquainted with the science of Astronomy, which he had already set himself diligently to learn.

MR. BARLOW. At this theatre you will behold a constellation of talent.

TOMMY. But pray, Sir, what is a “constellation”?

“Persons,” answered MR. BARLOW, “have observed certain stars remarkable either for their brightness or position, or both. These stars, joined together, are termed ‘constellations.’ Here you have three Stars—MR. WEBSTER, MR. PHELPS, and MISS FURTADO.”

TOMMY. Then these are, as you say, Sir, “remarkable for their brightness or position.”

MR. BARLOW. Yes. And in time, no doubt, I shall be able to make you acquainted with the names and the appearance of all the Stars in London.

TOMMY. Sir, I am much obliged to you, indeed. But of what use is it to know the Stars?

MR. BARLOW. There are some, and these very important, uses to be derived from an acquaintance with the Stars. HARRY, do you tell MASTER MERTON the story of *The Free Admission* and the *Grateful Turk*.

HARRY was commencing the story when the curtain, being drawn up, disclosed to them the First Scene of *On the Jury*.

MR. BARLOW. This would indeed be a very good piece, but for faulty construction. Yet, for epigrammatic dialogue and dramatic situations, it has not, at this present moment, its equal in town. You have been silent, TOMMY, for some time.

TOMMY. Indeed, Sir, I never was more surprised or diverted; and as for one of your Stars, Miss FURTADO,—Dear Heart! I protest I could watch her every evening with the greatest delight.

MR. BARLOW, observing his pupil's excitement, laughed at TOMMY in his usual good-natured manner, and pointed out to him the example of the poor Greenlanders as worthy of his imitation.

“What is that, Sir?” inquired TOMMY.

“They are brought up to so much moderation and self-command,” said MR. BARLOW, “that they never give way to the sudden impulses of passion so common among Europeans. And see, you have split your new white kid gloves in applauding this young lady.” Then turning to HARRY, he asked him if he had not been touched by the acting of MR. WEBSTER in this piece.

HARRY. Indeed, Sir, I pitied him from my heart. MR. TIBBETTS was a hardly-used gentleman. And I think that no one could have played more admirably than the gentleman who took the part of *Dexter Sanderson, Esq.*

MR. BARLOW. You mean MR. PHELPS, and you are right. It is indeed a fine piece of acting. There is so much breadth, and yet such a thorough finish, in this performance, that it would be worth the while of many of our younger actors (who flatter themselves on their consummate art, in consequence of having been unduly praised for their few achievements) to come here and take a lesson from MR. PHELPS.

MR. BARLOW added that it was a pity so excellent a piece should be wellnigh spoiled by the introduction of a vulgar Sensation Scene, and its construction marred by the awkward contrivance in the last Act. He further complained that it should be thought necessary to commence it at seven, and to supplement such an attraction, as this ought to be, with a Pantemime.

TOMMY and HARRY were not, however, of his mind upon this point, and insisted upon stopping to see the *Clown*. They were somewhat disappointed with the Pantemime, but professed themselves prodigiously delighted with MR. LLOYD'S scenery.

On coming out, an obliging official handed to them their overcoats, wrappers, and hats. TOMMY'S little heart was much affected by this kindly attention; so, pulling out his purse, he poured its contents (four bright new farthings and three peppermint-lezenges) into the honest fellow's hand, saying, “Here, my good man, take this, and Heaven bless you!” It is impossible to express the surprise of the poor man at the sight. He stared wildly round him, and would have fallen but for the tender support of his assistant, who imagined that his companion had lost his senses. But the man cried out, “O, WILLIAM, I am not mad! See what Providence has sent us by the hands of this little angel!” Saying this, he held up the money and the lezenges. But TOMMY went up to them both, and said, “My good friends, you are very welcome to this: I freely give it to you. Spend the money soberly; and, for the lezenges, give them to your children, if you have any, or suck them yourselves in your leisure moments.” Before the entranced officials, who were totally unaccustomed to receive such benefactions, could dry their tears, TOMMY was out of sight, having followed MR. BARLOW and HARRY to the door.

MR. BARLOW now took MASTER TOMMY and HARRY to EVANS'S Supper Rooms, to enter which place they had to pay a shilling apiece. This troubled their worthy preceptor, who, indeed, was painfully struck, as he informed his young friends, by the altered aspect of the interior. MR. BARLOW explained to them that in his time the room was snug, cosy, and comfortable, and only one quarter of its present size. That then there were neither carpet nor tavern-like mirrors. “True,” said MR. BARLOW, “that all that was objectionable in the entertainment of former days has long ere this disappeared, and now I see there is a gallery where the “opposite sex,” in very private boxes, can, like fairy sprites, sit invisible, and listen to mortal melody. In the old time,” continued MR. BARLOW, “you were welcomed by the Proprietor as a personal friend, who would call JOHN to get the hot chop or kidneys for you at

once, and give the order himself, returning to see if you were comfortably served. Then the waiters flew, and to command was to have. Now, TOMMY, observe I have spoken to these waiters, and have ordered my supper more than twenty minutes since, and it has not appeared. See MR. GREEN himself" (the veteran here came up, and having affectionately greeted his dear boys, MASTERS SANDFORD and MERTON, wandered away to another part of the room), "he is no longer Proprietor; he is only nominally in authority, his occupation is, in effect, gone; he is the only connecting link between the past and present EVANS's, 'retained,' to quote his own immortal line about the lamented Vox JOEL, 'on the establishment, in consequence of his long services.'"

So affected were both HARRY and TOMMY by MR. BARLOW's discourse that they begged to be allowed to quit a place which only aroused so much sadness in the breast of their beloved preceptor. As they were leaving, MR. BARLOW paid a shilling for some refreshment which he had taken, whereupon the waiter begged to be remembered, which MR. BARLOW, being blessed with a good memory, willingly consented to do. But the waiter candidly explaining that he was expecting a trifle for his trouble, MR. BARLOW could not refrain from expostulating with the honest fellow on the absurdity of such a system, and informed the boys, that, in the old and palmy days of EVANS's there was no charge for admission, and the attention bestowed on visitors being admirable, it was a pleasure to bestow some gratuity upon the attendants, which was always received by the money collector at the door with a grateful "I thank you, Sir. Good night, Sir."

While MR. BARLOW was thus addressing MASTERS HARRY and TOMMY, the waiter was summoned to a distant quarter of the room, whereupon they ascended the steps, and found themselves in the Piazza of Covent Garden.

"Farewell, EVANS's!" said MR. BARLOW, sadly; "I know not that I shall darken thy doors again!"

"What you were saying, Sir," observed HARRY on their reaching their lodgings, "reminds me of the story of *Tigranes and the Amphibious Black*."

Mr. Barlow. I do not think TOMMY MERTON has heard it.

Harry. Well, you must know, MASTER TOMMY—But TOMMY had gone straight up-stairs to bed.

MR. BARLOW, who knew the story by heart, having, indeed, himself told it to MASTER HARRY, then took his candle, and wishing HARRY a very good night, retired.

VIE ANTIQUÆ.

It is pleasant to make honourable mention, in Mr. Punch's columns, of anything bearing the name of JERROLD. The latest appearance of this name is in conjunction with that of GUSTAVE DORÉ—a household word. Two artists have been making a pilgrimage through London together, and each, with his own implement, is recording his experiences, the result to be a beautiful book, whereof an inviting specimen has appeared. Mr. Punch is glad to welcome a new memorial of Augusta Trinobantum, especially as that city is being so rapidly "improved," especially in the parts most likely to attract the eye of M. DORÉ, that it will soon be all as colourless as a Boulevard or Regent Street. If MR. JERROLD will show M. DORÉ anything that shall call out the power lavished on the houses in the pictures to a certain book of *Contes*, the two will do the good deed of apprising posterity that London was the production of architects, and not of excessively respectable contractors for building purposes.

Royal Clemency.

WE have heard, with gratification, that the remainder of the sentence on JOHN POYNTZ SPENCER, who was sent to Ireland in 1868, and who has since been immured in Dublin Castle, is likely to be remitted. His admirable conduct during his exile has endeared him to all, and his return will be warmly welcomed. It will be felt that he has amply expiated the political offence of being a Whig Head-Centre, and we trust that an honourable future is in store for him.

SANITARY SERMONS.



MOST of our contemporaries have lately improved an alarming occasion with many monitory observations on typhoid fever. The whole of these, however, reducible into a few words, may be pretty well summed up in the caution, — Look to your drains. In addition, Dr. Punch begs to offer a piece of advice gratis to all persons in possession of his universal remedy, price 3d., 4d. stamped, to counterfeit which is piracy. Look to yourselves.

Pestiferous as is the atmosphere of sewers, not only do rats live, but labourers work in it, the former wholly, the latter for most part with impunity. The rodents get acclimatised, unless it be that instinct impels them to take some sort of vegetable or other preventive of zymotic and mephitic diseases. As for the working-men, they smoke pipes of tobacco almost to a man, and as generally prescribe for and administer to themselves

aleohol in some one or other of its forms, commonly that of something short, which, if asked to give it a name, we will call gin, or euphemistically, Old Tom, not to say, dyslogistically, blue ruin, for the useless sake of pleasing the United Kingdom Alliance; those conspirators against the potatory liberty of the subject who hate us youth, and specially abhor Punch. The gin-drinking, prevalent among the population of the slums, comes of a sense which is medicinal, and the medicine would, in effect, be altogether salutary but for the tendency of people to take it in over-doses.

Everybody knows how continually medical men are exposed to all manner of contagion, and how very seldom they catch any disease. They, it is true, are not in the habit of asking particularly for gin on coming out of a sick-room: but they are accustomed to take, or do, whatsoever may be requisite to maintain the bodily conditions which resist or expel poisonous or morbid effluvia.

Look to your drains, by all means; but look also to the natural gates and alleys of the body—keep them clear, and permeable, and pervious. By what means? Therein the patient may minister to himself if he can, or else should inquire of his doctor, who will let him know. There is, however, a popular panacea which he will find invariably efficacious. The prophylactic as well as therapeutic virtues of Punch, of Punch's Pocket-Book, and Punch's Almanack, are so universally known and so deservedly celebrated that any recommendation beyond the merest reference to those powerful tonic, stimulant, and anti-septic publications would be superfluous puffery. How much caution soever the Faculty may recommend in prescribing alcohol in whatsoever form, they are of unanimous opinion that nobody need hesitate to give or take any quantity of Punch.

FAIR PLAY FOR LOOSHAI.

THERE is one thing worth note in the manners (or want of manners) of our present enemies the Looshai folk. The *Standard* says that they delight "in transposition of the component parts of the names of places and chiefs. Thus, SOOK-PI-LAL is often converted into LAL-PI-SOOK. A similar practice frequently prevails in British India; the lower class of natives constantly substituting Nucklow for Lucknow." Call these people savages! Why, they are as witty as most members of the Stock Exchange. What higher flight can the latter generally attain than the feat of calling "ROBINSON AND THOMSON" "TOBINSON AND ROMSON," or saying that JONES lives at "Wampton Hick?" We hope that these Orientals will be treated with as much consideration as may be. They are none so uncivilised, as times go. Perhaps they like burlesques.

Parallels for the People.

A BRIGHT idea is that of establishing "Public-houses without Drink." Would it not be improved upon by the institution of Restaurants without Meat?



VIVIFYING TREATMENT OF A PARTNER.

(A Tragedy of the last Harrogate Season.)

Young Lady (to Partner, instantly on their taking their Places). "Now—I've BEEN TO FOUNTAINS ABBEY, AND TO BOLTON, AND I'VE SEEN THE BRIMHAM ROOKS, AND THE DROPPING WELL, AND THE VIEW FROM THE OBSERVATORY, AND WE HAD A MORNING IN YORK MINSTER, AND WE HAVE BEEN HERE A FORTNIGHT, AND WE ARE GOING TO STAY ANOTHER, AND PAPA TAKES THE CHALYBEATE WATERS, AND I AM VERY GLAD THE CAVALRY ARE COMING. NOW YOU MAY BEGIN CONVERSATION." [Utter Collapse of Partner.

COME ABOARD, SIR !

"Come aboard, Sir!" to the Captain
Says JOHN BRIGHT, A.B.,
As he touches his tarpaulin,
Smart and sailorly.
And the watch look pleased as Punches,
Officers and men,
For A.B.'s like JOHN are always
Welcome back again!

Over deck; and spars, and rigging
JOHN he slues his eye;
Gives a seaman's squint to leeward,
Scanning sea and sky;
At the binnacle he glances,
Notes the course she steers;
Nought on board or in the offing,
Scapes his eyes and ears.

For the ship has seen hard weather,
And some people say;
CAPTAIN GLADSTONE ain't the man he
Was the other day:
And if you believe the croakers,
Officers and crew,
Don't pull with a will together,
As they used to do.

Certain 'tis, since JOHN BRIGHT left her,
His sick leave to take,
The old craft, in last year's cruising,
Had an ugly shake.

Made poor day's-works, too much lee-way;
Badly fouled her screw:
Scraped her copper, if she didn't
Start a plate or two.

Certain 'tis, with crew and captain,
Officers also,
Things don't go on quite as pleasant
As they used to go.
There's been some high-handed doings,
Some quite the reverse;
Some's took sick, and some's took sulky;
Some took soft, or worse.

There's sea-lawyers—donkey-engines
Can't their slack haul in;
You may stop their grog, you'll never
Stop the yarns they spin:
There's your discontented beggars,
Nothing e'er can please;
There's your pennywise 'uns, nibbling
At the dips and cheese.

There's your mutineers, for mischief
Ripe 'gainst flag and Crown;
Never pleased unless they're turning
'Tween-decks upside down.
There's your Queen's bad bargains, shirking
Work, whoever strain:
Trimmers Cox's traverse working—
"There and back again."

Green-hands, as can't fudge a reckoning,
Of a watch in charge;



“OFF GREENWICH.”

JOHN BRIGHT. “COME ABOARD, SIR!”

CAPTAIN GLADSTONE. “GLAD TO SEE YOU, JOHN. GLAD YOU’RE A.B. AGAIN. IF IT COMES ON TO BLOW, WE MAY WANT YOUR ASSISTANCE.”

Looking after the *Britannia*,
And can't steer a barge!
For the Captain has his fancies—
When he's picked a man
For a job, whoc'er can't do it,
He's the chap as can.

Anyway the ship's the better
By a good A.B.,
Now JOHN BRIGHT is all a-taunto,
And come back to sea.
Be't to talk to the blue-jackets
Like a 'cute old salt;
Con the ship, or call the soundings,
Hide or slang a fault—

On the yardarm, big guns blowing,
Weather ear-ring take;
With bright yarns, to keep the watches
Spry and wide-awake;
So as to give cyclones the go-by,
Safest course 'to steer;
Canvas when to spread, when shorten,
With a lee-shore near—

No A.B. in the *Britannia*
Better knows than JOHN:
Which let's hope that CAPTAIN G. will
Take his advice thereon.
Well we know that now JOHN's buckled
To his work again,
'Twill for officers be better,
And for ship and men!

CHRISTMAS BOXES FOR BEAUTY.

A NOVEL kind of Christmas Box is suggested by a legend which *Mr. Punch* lately beheld in the window of a hair-dresser's shop—"Presents for Christmas." It was posted in the midst of a variety of Chignons. A box containing a quantity of false hair is the Christmas-Box thereby presented to the imagination of the passer-by. But who would offer it to a young lady? Such a present is equivalent to the gift of a wig. It is a Christmas-Box or a New Year's Gift of a class in which may be included several other articles of a similar description, but more useful, and much more ornamental. For instance, you might give a friend in need, personal and pecuniary, a Christmas-Box in the shape of a set of artificial teeth, or the "Guinea Jaw" of our friend the Dentist, or a glass eye, or a gutta-percha nose, or a wooden leg.

Some of the "Presents for Christmas" above referred to were Chignons which looked like horses' tails. Others of the Chignons for Christmas-Boxes exhibited a remarkable resemblance to the tail of a comet, from which eccentric luminary the idea of these prodigious top-knots may possibly have been borrowed. Astronomy, along with Geography and the Use of the Globes, has long formed a branch of female education. An intelligent girl, fresh from boarding-school, if requested to describe the *Coma Berenices* might, or might not inform her questioner that it was a celestial Chignon.

"OUR WIG!"

AMONG the names of possible candidates for the Speakership was that of MR. SAMUEL WHITBREAD, Member for Bedford. He would be an excellent Speaker, but, as matter of humanity, *Punch* must have opposed this selection. Imagine a triumph of the Anti-Liquor League, imagine the success of a Bill for putting down Porter, and imagine a grandson of WHITBREAD having to say "That this Bill do pass!"

MY HEALTH.



ONE we return from otter-hunting. Tired, but expecting a "Nicht wi' Ruddock." He is to be at dinner, and a few very intimates are coming in the evening. The few "very intimates" have no distance to drive—merely a matter of eight miles or so.

From my window I hear carriages drawing up exactly at two minutes to seven o'clock. Punctuality in Cornwall is the soul of pleasure.

Odd: at the last moment I can't find either a collar or a white tie! "Come, Desperation, lend thy furious hold!" Rummage in the drawers, in the portmanteau. Staggered. Where can it be?—the collar, I mean. Rummage again. Getting hot and excited. Ought always to come down to dinner calm, cool, and collected. I shall be the only one late, and I hadn't to come twelve miles to

dinner. No excuse except the real one,—"Couldn't find my collars, or a tie." Only one thing for it. Ring the bell, and ask servant.

"O yes, Sir! We were changing the drawers from this room to Master's. I dessay, Sir, they're in there." They are. Rapture!

Flash.—Stirring subject for operatic and descriptive music—A Gentleman's Toilet in Difficulties.

Next Difficulty.—Drop a stud suddenly. Hear it fall close by my foot. In fact, I feel, from some peculiar sensation in my foot, that it is here, on the floor, close to me. No. Hunt for it. Can't see it anywhere. [*Mem.*—Never travel without duplicate studs. Won't, another time.] Still stooping: feeling about the carpet. Hands getting dirty again, hair coming unbrushed, face growing warm and red.

Flash.—The stud being, as it were, an exerescence on the carpet, can be perceived by lying on the floor, (like an Indian listening to hear if anybody's coming,) and directing your eye in a right line. After this, [clothes-brush required. Stud found at last exactly where I thought it had been at first.

Another Difficulty.—Time getting on. 7'10. PENDELL by this time anxious below. Every one arrived. I picture to myself RUDDOCK in the drawing-room, filling up the *mauvais quart d'heure* by satirical reflections on the dandy (me) who hadn't time enough to beautify himself for dinner.

I should be down now, if it wasn't for the button on my collar-band. I feel that it's all over with it, if not touched gently. Once off, and worry will be my portion for the remainder of the evening. And I know what is the result of attempting to pin it.

Note.—"Curses not loud, but deep." Quotation adapted to circumstances.

Last Difficulty, I hope.—After treating the button with suppressed emotion, dash at the white tie. I find myself asking myself, "Why the washerwoman will fold it all wrong, and starch it so that the slightest crinkle shows?" I have no answer. Of course at any other moment I could tie it at once, and have done with it; but now first one end's too long, then the other end's too short; then, on the third trial, the middle part somehow gets hopelessly tucked into itself, and I am pulling at it, by mistake, for one of the ends. At last, I get it something like all right, but not everything that could be desired. Waistcoat. Coat. Handkerchief! Where's handkerchief? Where is—... ha! Down-stairs.

Everybody waiting, evidently. Apology. "Ah!" says PENDELL, "um—ah—now you've come, we'll—um—" and rings the bell.

I recognise some of our companions out otter-hunting to-day. Galaxy, too, of Cornish beauty, which means the darkest, brightest eyes and the clearest, freshest complexions. Not being introduced, I look about for Old RUDDOCK. There is an elderly gentleman sitting at a table looking over a photograph book. This is the nearest approach to Old RUDDOCK that I can see. Dinner announced. I take in Miss BODD, of Pophlanaek, and follow the TRELISSACS, the TREGONIES of Tregivel, and MAJOR PENOLVER, with MRS. SOMEBODY of Somewhere. Whom RUDDOCK takes, I don't know.

A Discovery.—I am seated next to Old RUDDOCK of Ruddock, at dinner. PENDELL introduces us. A hale, hearty, elderly gentleman, with, if any expression at all, rather a sleepy one, as if a very little over-feeding would send him into a doze.

Now then for a "Nicht wi' RUDDOCK!"



AMBITION.

Mr. Tittups (suggesting impossible Bank to full-sized Nimrod). "DON'T YOU THINK WE COULD HAVE IT HERE, SIR?"

POETRY OF FACT.

At the festive season of the year particularly, people commonly complain that the newspapers are dull. Unless in exceptional years, nothing happens of which the narration is in anywise interesting, and the dearth of news is generally so extreme that journalists are actually driven to fill their columns with theological controversies.

The dryness of grammatical details has been surmounted by the device of putting them into metre, as in the *As in Præsentis* and the *Propria quæ Maribus* of the Eton Latin Grammar. Might not the contents of the Journals, in like sort, be rendered somewhat less prosy than they sometimes are by being versified? The telegrams would, perhaps, be peculiarly susceptible of this treatment, whereunto they seem to lend themselves in virtue of their characteristic conciseness, which it would enhance. The electric wire on New Year's Day transmitted a certain message from Rome. Here it is in the form of blank verse:—

The King to-day received the Ministers.
The Deputations Parliamentary,
The State's great Officers, the military
And the municipal authorities,
And other delegates. His MAJESTY
Thanks for congratulations did return
To those who tendered them, occasionally,
Upon the New Year's Day; and he expressed
His hope that, 'twixt the representative
Great bodies of the People and the State,
The concord which, the national unity
Doth to complete essentially conduce,
Would ever be maintained.

The Court Circular could be rendered in heroic rhymes. As thus:—

The QUEEN walked in the Castle Grounds this morn;
The DUKE OF EDINBURGH, LOUISE, of Lorne
The Princess, and the Marquis with his bride,
For Town left Windsor after this noon-tide.
PRINCE ARTHUR, by SIR HOWARD ELPHINSTONE
Attended, went to Dover, too, anon.

Right Honourable GLADSTONE here has been
To-day, and had an audience of the QUEEN,
The Premier, after that remained to lunch,
The dinner-party included *Mr. Punch*.

Other intelligence, miscellaneous or special, could be couched in lyrical measures. Take a specimen of a money article:—

The English funds, this blessed day,
Have no fresh movement known,
Save of one-eighth a rise had they,
Which could not hold its own.

Consols so little looked alive,
As quoted but to be
At ninety-two one half, to five-
Eighths, for delivery.

Excitement did the day throughout
The Railway Market thrill;
Shares have been briskly pushed about,
And prices risen still.

A hundred thousand pounds in gold
Came, at the Bank, to hand,
And much for discount there, behold!
Increased was the demand.

Police reports also could be embodied in song, as, for example:—

At Worship Street came PETER FAKE, a young thief,
Charged with stealing a watch, unto summary grief.
For three months, with hard labour, committed was he,
And well whipped, in addition, was ordered to be.

The prisoner, on hearing his sentence, no doubt
More than he had expected, burst instantly out
In a howl, of a sort which description would mock;
In the midst of it he was removed from the dock.

And so on. The suggestion above exemplified will perhaps be

adopted by some enterprising journalist, prepared to afford the necessary remuneration to competent poets. In the event of another war, the communications of Our Special Correspondent might fall naturally into the form of an Epic, shaped and determined by the course of circumstances. The title of a journal composed in verse might be, for want of a better, *The Poetical News*.

THE SPEAKER.

THE announcement that the present SPEAKER of the House of Commons is about to take his well-earned pension and Peerage, and that the election of a successor will be one of the first Acts of Parliament when it meets in February, has occasioned much writing in newspapers and conversation in the social circle, in competition with the Temple of Justice, Clubs for Working-Men, the State of the Streets, and the "insobriety" which accompanies the festive season.

As some misconception appears to prevail regarding the SPEAKER's exalted office, especially amongst the young and gay, and in rural districts, *Mr. Punch*, the best "Popular Educator" has (with the valuable assistance of SIR ERSKINE MAY) compiled a few notes on the subject, which in his leisure moments he hopes to be able to expand into a voluminous treatise, worthy to take its place by the side of *Enfield's Speaker*, or anybody else's.

The office of Speaker is as old as the Saxon Witenagemot, but the mace now borne by the Serjeant-at-Arms is not the one which CROMWELL impetuously called a "bauble." That interesting relic of a by-gone age is said to be in a private collection in the United States.

The SPEAKER is in the Chair whenever the House is not in Committee. If it be asked, when is the House in Committee, the answer is simple—whenever the SPEAKER is not in the Chair.

The young and the gay and the country population have been led astray by the SPEAKER's misleading title*—the fact being that the SPEAKER does not speak, except on very rare occasions.

The SPEAKER hears all the speeches which are made during the time he is in the Chair, for he must never *sleep while on duty*; but as most of those who have filled the office have lived on, Session after Session, we may hope that they did not consider themselves bound *always* to listen. Even, however, with this relaxation, the poor composition, the defective grammar, the arid statistics, the threadbare quotations, the hesitations, the repetitions, the bad delivery, the awkward action, the wrong emphasis, MR. DENISON must have heard and seen through fifteen long years, cannot but have caused him untold suffering. It seems almost incredible that there should be any competition for the horrors of such a post.

The SPEAKER has a salary, a secretary, a chaplain, a counsel, a residence, and an allowance for keeping the Mace in order. When he retires, he has a peerage and a pension, and is allowed to take his Wig and Gown and Chair away with him.

The SPEAKER, although not one of the commoner sort, is the first Commoner in the land.

The SPEAKER is entitled to many privileges. He can show friends (not exceeding four at a time) over both Houses of Parliament without an order from the Lord Chamberlain; he can take books out of the Library on leaving a small deposit; he can call a wherry and go on the river whenever he pleases; every tenth cygnet born between Lambeth and London Bridge is his by prescriptive right; and he is at liberty to charge the Consolidated Fund with the cost of any refreshment he may require during official hours, and with all cab fares to and from the House.

The most terrible exercise of the Speaker's authority is when he "names" a Member. The miserable man is committed to the Tower for life, and allowed no book to read but *Hansard*; his estates are forfeited to the Crown, and once a year, on the day when he committed the offence for which he was "named," he is taken by the Constable of the Tower in a tumbril to Westminster, to beg pardon of the SPEAKER and the House on his knees.

* *Luceo a non lucendo.*—*Sil. Ital. de Arbor.*, xv., 1019.



IN VINO MEMORIA!

Major Portsoken (a pretty constant Guest). "I SAY, BUCHANAN, THIS ISN'T—(another sip)—THE FAME CHAMPAGNE——!"

Scotch Butler. "NA, THAT'S A' DUNE! THERE WAS THRUITY DIZZEN; AND YE'VE HAD YERE SHARE O'T, MAJOR!!"

The SPEAKER may be either a bachelor, a married man, or a widower, but he must be one of the three.

If a new Member shows any eccentricity in his dress, manners, speech, or general deportment, the SPEAKER asks him to tea, and quietly points out to him the impropriety of which he has been guilty.

At 2 A.M., at a moment's notice, without any opportunity of consulting authorities, the SPEAKER may be called upon to state what was the practice of the House in the reign of EDWARD THE THIRD, or to remember a precedent established during the time SIR THOMAS MORE filled the office, or to enforce a Standing Order coeval with the Long Parliament.

BRAVO! BUMBLE.

"At a meeting of the Bury Town Council this week, it was stated that an address was about to be presented to Her Royal Highness the PRINCESS LOUISE of Hesse, by way of a public appreciation of her exertions on behalf of His Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES. It was also stated that it was proposed to present a cabinet, containing the photographic likenesses of those signing the address—Sheriffs and other officers in their respective uniforms, and Mayors of boroughs in their robes."

A MORE interesting gallery of portraits it would be difficult to imagine, especially, if, as the encouraging words, "and other officers" incline us to hope may be the case, the macebearers, beadles, and town-criers, with possibly a selection from the police, are included in the cabinet. Perhaps it would not be advisable to admit Sheriffs' officers. A fac-simile autograph underneath each photograph, with the addition of the writer's usual formula of subscription—"Yours truly," "Ever faithfully yours," &c.—would materially enhance the value of the present. Everyone, who can appreciate good taste, in combination with retiring modesty, must be struck with this, the latest outburst of corporate zeal; and the impression such a delicate attention as the offering of a cabinet containing the likenesses of some of the most remarkable characters of their time, will produce upon foreign nations, already full of admiration of our loyalty and envying us our Mayors, cannot fail to be most gratifying to the nation's vanity.



MORE OFFICIAL CENSORSHIP OF PANTOMIME.

Policeman. "I WOULDN'T HAVE MINDED A QUIET PERFORMANCE; BUT TO BEGIN INSULTIN' THE LAWR UNDER MY WERY EYES!—(Waxing wroth)—MOVE ON! OR BLOW'D IF I DON'T RUN YER IN!"

SURPRISING A CASTLE.

THE least ancient and least interesting part of Warwick Castle has been burned. Subscriptions are tendered in aid of a restoration. Question is raised whether LORD WARWICK should accept these, lest the public should consider that by subscribing it acquires a certain right in the Castle, and that the Earl's legend will have a second meaning, when affixed over the new buildings: *Vix ea nostra voco*. The suggestion is unworthy and sordid. *Mr. Punch* would like to see a vote of the Commons in aid of the subscription for conserving about the noblest relic left to us. He would be glad to say to the Earl, in LORD WARWICK'S own words in the Temple Garden, after a certain rose-plucking,

"This blot that they object against your House
Shall be wiped off in the next Parliament."

The cool idea that giving a nobleman help to rebuild entitles one to walk into his property, is concentrated cheekiness; and if castles are capable of astonishment, *Mr. Punch* would again quote W. S. to the Earl, and say, "Your Castle is surprised."

Dirt! Dirt! Dirt!

WE have all been taught to tread the path of duty, but some of us seem to have forgotten the lesson. May we entreat Commissioners, Boards, Corporations, Vestries, Parochial Authorities, indeed, any responsible and rate-levying body which has got into bad ways, to do their duty to our paths; and if not this winter, perhaps the next—or, not to be too exorbitant, the next after that—to keep the pavements and the roadways passably clean? It would be a satisfaction to those of us who have reached middle age to think that we may yet live to see the streets of London, and other wealthy towns and cities, rather less luttulent than country lanes and rural roads. When will the scavenger be abroad?

THE SICK MAN IN THE VATICAN.

"It is stated that VICTOR EMMANUEL sent GENERAL PRALORNO to the Vatican on New Year's Day to wish the POPE the compliments of the season on behalf of His Majesty. On arriving there, he was informed by CARDINAL ANTONELLI that the Holy Father was indisposed, and could not, therefore, receive him personally. The Cardinal undertook to deliver the compliments of the King, and the General left. A few hours after, the POPE was completely recovered, and held his usual receptions."

THE faithful should congratulate the POPE upon his rapid, almost miraculous recovery. From the moment the wicked King's emissary was out of the precincts of the Vatican, the symptoms became more favourable, and the Court physicians were released from their attendance. We notice, only to dismiss it with scorn, an impression which appears to exist that the Holy Father was "indisposed," in the primary sense of the word, as worldly sovereigns have been before now; for it is not for an instant to be supposed that a Cardinal would put forth, and a Pope sanction, any excuse which was not in accordance with the strictest truth.

Theological News.

HIS GRACE the DUKE OF SOMERSET, some time First Lord of the Admiralty, has come out as a writer on theology. Needless to say that he is not ceremonious in his treatment of eminent persons. He is by no means complimentary to the Apostles. His teaching may be condensed into his own motto, *Foi pour Devoir*, translated subtly. In these days everybody seems ready to instruct us in religion—except the Bishops.

JUSTICE TO IRELAND.

MOTTO FOR A BOTTLE OF POTHEEN.—"Oireland! with all thy faults I love thy still."



COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

Fond Parent. "I HOPE YOU WILL BE VERY CAREFUL, MR. STIMPSON. I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN ACCUSTOMED TO CUT THEIR HAIR MYSELF."

Mr. Stimpson. "SO I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT, MADAM!"

CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

WE do not covet the post of Prime Minister, nor yet that of Lord Chancellor, especially if, when Parliament re-assembles, a recent judicial appointment should be sharply discussed. We can think of the choice of a new Speaker without discontent with our own lowly lot, and at the present time envy of the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas is not the predominant feeling in our breasts. But of all places, posts, offices, appointments, and dignities within the reach of an Englishman, the one which excites in us the least desire is that of "Examiner of Plays."

Who, with a heart, can resist feelings of the deepest commiseration, the most profound pity for the sufferings of another, when he hears that in twelve short years it has been the unhappy lot of the present Examiner to read one thousand eight hundred dramatic pieces—one thousand eight hundred tragedies, comedies, melodramas, farces, pantomimes, burlesques, and extravaganzas? There are labours which no salary can remunerate, services which no fees can requite.

A DISTINGUISHED "FRIEND."

"In consideration of a costly present which MR. JOSEPH PEASE, of South-end, Dartington, has made to the Spanish nation, the young King of that country has conferred upon him the Grand Cross of the Spanish order, and MR. PEASE, who is a Quaker, has agreed to accept the distinction."—*Echo.*

A QUAKER A Grand Cross! We should as soon have expected to be introduced to a Quaker Field Marshal. Henceforth the sensation of surprise must be numbered amongst the lost feelings. Nothing now can move us more. Not the sun rising in the west, not the spectacle of an Irish Roman Catholic Bishop teaching in a Protestant Sunday school, not a Teetotal Lord Mayor, not the appointment of Mr. TOMLINE as Master of the Mint, or SIR CHARLES DILKE as Lord-Lieutenant of Middlesex, not the total abolition of the Income Tax, not the conversion of MR. WHALLEY and MR. NEWDEGATE to Popery, not the purification of the streets,—no, not even the bestowal of the Grand Cross of our own Order of the Bath on some Englishman eminent in Art, Literature, or Science!

HOME-RULE.

HAS Repeal, that in 'Forty was folly,
Grown sense in Eighteen-seventy-two?
Will the walls that defied Big DAN's volley,
Be by BUTT's brass two-pounder split through?

HAS PADDY, that still has craved ruling
And rulers, in wrong as in right,
Of a sudden out-grown schools and schooling,
And shot to Self-Government's height?

AND was it but bottomless boasting,
With a point from Hibernian wit,—
That there ne'er yet was Irishman roasting,
But an Irishman's hand turned the spit?

IS it JOHN that across the Atlantic
Stamps PAT Order's foe ever known;
And declares him a nuisance gigantic,
Till Yankee Home-Rule ousts his own?

MUST hist'ry, as writ all untruly,
Like Hebrew, be read in reverse,
That, since STRONG-BOW, shows Ireland unruly,
With lawlessness cursed as chief curse?

WHEN the best of the race for home-ruling
Are those that Home-Rule most distrust;
As convinced that to trust Irish "tooling,"
Will bring Erin's car in the dust.

HOME-Rule! 'Tis a compound sonorous,
Fine phrase on a green flag to fly;
But take stock of the stuff that 's before us—
And who shall the Home-Rule supply?

IS 't your own Irish Lords, Irish Commons,
Who adorned College Green long ago?
But to London would rather hear summons,
Than in Dublin be tied by the toe:

FOR the Greenest of all, the best brother
Of PAT in JOHN BULL can discern;
And to cool English air from the smother
Of your factions, is thankful to turn.

IS 't the Lawyers, who look for preferment,
Praise, pence, and distinction, o'er sea;
And when they have ris'n by your ferment,
Will be glad your close corking to see?

IS 't your National Papers—press-razors,
Produced not to shave, but to sell—
Whose scribes might seem genuine blazers,
Did not conjurors spit fire as well?

IS 't your Priests, with the gag and the blinders,
Which Church would fain use to tame Law:
Their pincers, for law-reason's grinders,
Their scissors, for lay-reason's claw?

IS 't your Peasants, in feuds and in factions
Stark mad, for a nothing or name:
In their lodges, at murder's black pactions,
Or from a dyke-back taking aim?

IN short, gauging all ranks and classes—
Those who are, or will be, by the ears—
The units, as well as the masses,
Lawyers, traders, priests, press, peasants, peers—

ALL ages, from seventy to twenty,
All shades, from deep knave to born fool—
I find means of "Home Mis-rule" in plenty,
But where are the means of "Home Rule"?

A Coming Retirement.

THE *Speaker's Commentary* is already favourably known. We anticipate a very favourable commentary on the *SPEAKER*, when Parliament re-assembles.

"DONNE'S SATIRES."—Pantomimes without political jokes.

OUR POCKET-BOOK AGAIN.



REALLY, greatness has its multifold inconvenience. *Fulstaf* wished that his name were not so terrible to the enemy, as he should then be less urgently called upon to go and fight.

Mr. Punch wishes that his works were not so universally attractive, as he should not then have to answer so many questions about them. He has actually had to receive a Deputation upon the subject of his splendid and unparalleled Pocket-Book for 1872. It appears that certain improvements which he introduced into the volume have given the most enormous and outrageous satisfaction to the majority of mankind, and that the demand for the book has been excessive—almost inconvenient. But a minority of excellent persons, who hate all kinds of changes, have complained that by taking out certain blank pages, he has prevented the complainants from embalming their own observations by the side of his preternatural wit and humour. As aforesaid, a Deputation on the subject approached the presence last Saturday. *Mr. Punch*, of course, listened with his usual affability. The strong points of the applicants were, that they had been accustomed for years to write their own biographies and engagements in the sacred volume, and that the record of their lives thus became nearly imperishable, as no one in his right senses would ever destroy a *Punch's Pocket-Book*. They therefore humbly begged him to restore the old form.

Mr. Punch smiled, and gently said that of course he must be the best judge of what his friend the Universe required at his hands, and this proposition was conceded with respectful acclamation. He might just suggest that his Pocket-Book, although a precious jewel, was not a thing to be locked up in a cabinet, but one to be the light and joy of a household for a year, but it might not be so evident that personal entries, as "*Charles very cross*," "*Sweet letter from Arabella*," "*Bless Smithson's mistletoe*," "*I hate Aunt Popkins*," "*Said I had not dined at Greenwich*," "*Ridiculous sermon by new curate*," and the like, were equally adapted for the perusal of the said household. Such things might be confided to a humbler receptacle. But the pleas being renewed, without reference to the answer (we need hardly remark that most of his visitors were of the sex "that can't argue, and pokes fires from the top," as good ARCHBISHOP WHATELY said) *Mr. Punch* blandly promised that the views of the deputation should receive the utmost consideration at his hands. And when he had thus spoken he dismissed the assembly—or rather conducted it to a sumptuous, yet delicate lunch.

Duties and Imposts.

Important Notice to Travellers.—Any person arriving from the Continent is permitted to clear his throat at the Custom House free of all duty.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

THE next evening TOMMY was dressed in an unusual style of elegance: every article of his attire was of the most exquisite cut; every species of ornament that fashion permitted to decorate his person was his; not a stud was omitted, nor was one drop, less than necessary, of india-rubber-boot-polish forgotten that could tend to render his toilet perfect. And, indeed, neither MR. BARLOW nor HARRY were far behind him in appearance on this memorable occasion, which was nothing less than that of their first visit to the ROYAL GRECIAN THEATRE, in the City Road.

Here, from their stalls (which were remarkably inexpensive, being, indeed, only one shilling and sixpence each) they surveyed the wonderful sight which presented itself to them, of a house densely packed from the floor to the ceiling.

The Pantomime was the only piece played, and was entitled *Zig-Zag, the Crooked*. When MR. GEORGE CONQUEST, who represented *Zig-Zag* himself, first appeared, as if hewn out of the rock, inanimate as the Sphinx, a thrill of astonishment ran through the audience, which gradually showed itself in vehement applause when *Zig-Zag's* fearful eyes began to move, as at the command of the Young Prince, the monster became endued with life and descended from the rock.

Tommy. I declare this is the most extraordinary thing I ever saw. *Harry*. Indeed, you are right, and I could not have conceived anyone being at once so hideous and so diverting.

Presently there was a brilliant scene, in which there were some admirable selections from the works of various composers, principally French, executed in a manner so creditable to the performers, as to call forth from MR. BARLOW the remark that he had heard nothing better of its kind in any Theatre this year. When MR. CONQUEST and his Son leaped several times from the stage to the top scenes ("which" MR. BARLOW informed his pupils "are termed flies"), and tumbled through trap-doors, coming up again so quickly, and in so great a variety of places all over the "boards," that the audience was in a state of constant excitement as to what next might be going to happen; and when finally *Zig-Zag* took such a header, as HARRY had seen the big boys at school do, when they were going to dive for chalk eggs, from the flies right through the stage, and was lost to all eyes, then the enthusiastic admiration of MR. BARLOW and his young friends knew no bounds, and they evinced their pleasure, as did the rest of the company, in such rounds of applause as brought on MR. CONQUEST and his Son, without their wigs and false noses, to bow their acknowledgments.

The following night they went to the Gaiety to witness the performance of MR. TOOLE in *Dearer than Life*, which MR. BARLOW had seen before, and in *Thespis*, the Christmas novelty at this theatre.

Tommy. If you please, Sir, what sort of piece is this?

Mr. Barlow. Indeed, my dear TOMMY, I cannot exactly tell. And it is nearly impossible for an ordinarily well-instructed person to comprehend the precise meaning of any one subject on which those who should know best are apparently disagreed, and who, in consequence, signally fail in rendering their own meaning intelligible in the public.

Harry. That is true, Sir, and I perceive that you have noticed how, at various times, this same piece has been announced as a "Musical Extravaganza," an "Operatic Burlesque," a "Grotesque Drama," illustrated with music by MR. SULLIVAN, a "Comic Opera," and lately an English Opera Bouffe. As perhaps next week it may be styled a *Tragicomicopera*, or some other title, I would like, Sir, to join TOMMY in his question as to what you suppose this piece really to be?

Mr. Barlow. Why, then, for my part, I suppose it is intended for a specimen of English *Opéra bouffe*.

Harry. And what, Sir, is *Opéra bouffe*?

Mr. Barlow. It is a French burlesque—a vehicle for extravagances in costume, in acting, and in singing. It is in one, two, three, or even five Acts, and differs from the English burlesque in that it is written in prose, and depends mainly for its success upon the original music written for it by some composer, instead of on selections from various popular sources. In this piece, for example, the dialogue is prosy—I mean in prose—and the music has been written to suit it. I think we may, therefore, suppose this piece to be an English *Opéra bouffe*.

Tommy (during the First Act). I do not understand what characters these worthy people represent who are trying their best to divert us.

MR. BARLOW, who had been giving the play his closest attention, seemed to be unable to enlighten his pupil, and requested him to listen to what was going on, and occasionally refer to the programme, by which means he would probably arrive at some definite conclusion.

Harry. Truly, Sir, this piece reminds me of what you told me

about NEWTON'S *Laws of Motion*, and I look forward to being very happy and lively to-morrow morning.

Mr. Barlow. I am glad to hear it, HARRY. But how do you connect such a result with the *Laws of Motion*?

Harry. Because, Sir, you told me that "Forces acting and reacting are always equal and contrary to each other." So, Sir, after this night is over, we may fairly expect a most exhilarating reaction.

TOMMY was so much struck by this fresh instance of HARRY'S capacity for adapting his learning to whatever circumstances might present themselves, that he determined to learn the science of mechanics on the very first opportunity.

The audience continued to listen to the piece with a serenity which nothing could disturb, except the occasional appearance of Mr. TOOLE, who gave utterance to such quaint drolleries, of his own introduction, as sent the people into short spasms of laughter, in which MASTER TOMMY most heartily joined, while Mr. BARLOW applauded as loudly as the rest of the company. But HARRY, whose temper was not quite so pliable, could not conceal the weariness that was gradually creeping over him. He gaped, he yawned, he stretched, he even pinched himself in order to keep his attention alive, but all in vain. He managed to rouse himself twice; once when Mr. TOOLE was singing an additional verse to his song (where, indeed, the accompaniment, consisting of railway noises, would not let him sleep), and once when MADemoiselle CLARY was exercising her skill in a rather pretty melody. But at length the narcotic influence of the dialogue, conspiring with the opiate charms of the music, he could resist no longer, but insensibly fell back upon his stall, fast asleep. This was soon remarked by his neighbours, who straightway conceived an unfavourable opinion of HARRY'S breeding, while he, in the meantime, enjoyed the most placid repose, undisturbed by either the envious remarks of some among the audience, or by the nudgings administered to his elbow by his friend TOMMY; and, indeed, his slumber was not entirely dissipated until the performance was finished.

Harry (on their return to their Lodgings). Your remarks, TOMMY, to-night remind me of the story of *Polemo and the Continuous Highlander*.

Mr. BARLOW here made some excuse for retiring to his room; and as HARRY was on the point of commencing the story, TOMMY asked him to await his return, as he was only going to fetch his slippers, in order to sit and listen more comfortably to his friend's narrative. HARRY consented to wait for him, but, at the end of two hours, as TOMMY did not return, he retired to his own room, and soon fell asleep.

THE FOURTH R IN MERTHYR.

In an article which appeared the other day our orthodox contemporary, the *Western Mail*, criticised certain late proceedings of the Merthyr School Board relative to the Fourth R difficulty in Education. Those proceedings, says that respectable journal, "were saved from being utterly ludicrous only by the gravity of the subjects which were under discussion." But for that consideration, the *Western Mail* is of opinion that it would have been good fun "to watch the efforts that were being made to realise that most delusive of all theoretical ideas—unsectarian as opposed to secular education." Perhaps most persons will think that those efforts were, as far as they went, not altogether unsuccessful, seeing that, after some discussion bearing on theology, the Board concluded, on the motion of one of its principal Members—a lady interested in the welfare of her species, Mrs. CRAWSHAY of Cyfartha—that the sole form of devotion, public or private, dictated by the Founder of Christianity, "should be the sole form of public devotion employed in the schools." The REV. JOHN GRIFFITHS, the Rector, "intimated that he would be quite contented with the proposed limitation of the form of prayer, provided that a doxology were added, recognising" a doctrine which Unitarians do not recognise. The suggestion certainly was creditable to a clergyman of the Church of England who keeps a conscience. It was professional; but the doxology is one of those special matters in the Fourth R on which professors, and doctors too, differ. The orthodoxology of one denomination is the heterodoxology of another.

There are forms of public devotion in common use as the prologue to public dinners. They are invocations in which all present can join, whatever their belief may be as to the Fourth R—if they have any belief at all—and if they have none, what then? It would be conscientious of a Church of England Clergyman to propose the superaddition of a Doxology to a Grace; but would it be wise? Would it not probably set a company of mixed denominations quarrelling over their soup?

In relation to food for the mind, Mrs. CRAWSHAY proposed to deal with the Fourth R in a way analogous to that which experience has proved the most convenient method of adjoining it to food for the body. Herein she has acted on principles which many persons, besides a writer in the *Western Mail*, may call "illogical and unsafe," but no thinking man, or woman either, would call those

persons philosophers. If every School Board were to legislate as to the Fourth R simply on the principle of teaching just so much of it as children can be expected to understand, would not their practical arrangement be of necessity about the same as that recommended by Mrs. CRAWSHAY?

SUCH A BOOK!



IG books are big evils, says some old Greek, not of the vigorous type here depicted. Mr. Punch seldom agrees with anybody, and he distinctly disagrees with the Ancient in question. One big book, for instance, which is no evil, but a good, is *Kelly's Post-Office Directory*, with which he has been favoured, and which he has been perusing with avidity ever since it arrived. It was remarked to a clownish servant, who was eating away at a vast Cheshire cheese, that he was a long time at supper, and his triumphant answer was that a cheese of that size was not got through in a hurry. The remark, but not the clownishness, is adopted by Mr. Punch in regard to the Kelly Book. He has, as yet, read only the first thousand pages or so, but he intends to complete his labour. The volume contains the name and address of everybody, in London or the suburbs, whose name and address any-

body can possibly want. Mr. Punch's own grand and brilliant idea is, to do with KELLY something like what BAYLE did for MORERI. He meditates issuing a *Kelly* with vast notes of his own, in which he proposes to give a biography and anecdotes of everybody mentioned in the original book. As there will be several thousand volumes, the work must be published by subscriptions, which perhaps Mr. KELLY will be good enough to canvass and collect for Mr. Punch. The *Kelly-Punch Biography* will be a production worthy the gigantic genius of the age, and Mr. Punch admits that his collaborateur has admirably done his part of the work.

HISTORIANS AND HERETICS.

By attempting to enforce the Infallibility Dogma on those inconsistent people, who, calling themselves Old Catholics, have seceded from Popery in exercising their private judgment, and refusing, though ordered by an Ecumenical Council, to eat dirt, the Archbishops of the Roman Obedience appear to be waking snakes. The *Pall Mall Gazette* a few days since, said:—

"It was announced in our latest edition yesterday, that the ARCHBISHOP OF MUNICH has excommunicated PROFESSOR FROSCHHAMMER. To-day a German correspondent informs us that the Professor has published an essay, in which he proves that the Catholic Clergy are all excommunicated for adopting the Copernican system and taking interest on money."

Professors FROSCHHAMMER and DÖLLINGER, however, are snakes in a more serious sense than the ordinary cobras, rattle-snakes, copper-heads, and vipers in general which the Fathers of the Lateran Council would mean by snakes, as a name for heretics. Hitherto heretics have been regarded by the Roman Catholic hierarchy as vipers which, in impugning Authority, bite a file. The above-named Professors appeal to History against the POPE. DR. MANNING may declare this appeal to be treason. He might add that it is undeniable treason. The reproach of treason lies in failure.

"But when it prospers none dare call it treason."

Such snakes as PROFESSOR DÖLLINGER and PROFESSOR FROSCHHAMMER bite things more vulnerable than files. They bite legs and feet, through scarlet stockings, and white satin cross-embroidered slippers.

A Creed Miscalled.

THE researches of MR. FROULKES and other learned investigators appear to have proved that the creed of St. Athanasius, so-called, was not composed until ages after the decease of that personage. If so, it was unduly entitled with his name. Considering the purport of certain generally unpopular clauses in Athanasius his Creed, one conceives that it might, perhaps, be more appropriately styled the Creed of Anathema-maran-athanasius.



"CHEEK!"

Commercial Gent (to Swell who was smoking a fragrant Havannah). "WOULD YOU OBLIGE ME, SIR, BY CHANGING INTO ANOTHER CARRIAGE, OR PUTTING YOUR CIGAR OUT PRO TEM.?"

Swell (nonchalantly). "O, CERTAINLY." (Throws his Cigar out of the Window.)

Commercial Gent (complacently producing and filling his Meerschaum). "SORRY TO TROUBLE YOU, BUT I NEVER CAN ENJOY MY PIPE WHEN THERE'S A BAD WEED A GOIN'!"

FROM GALWAY TO CANDY.

MR. W. H. GREGORY, the accomplished Member for Galway, goes to Ceylon as Governor. We firmly believe that the *Ædile* rejoiceth at this, as MR. GREGORY knows a deal about Art, and the *Ædile* loveth not such men. *Mr. Punch* regrets to lose a bright speaker from the House, but is glad of his promotion. It will be no more,

"GREGORY, remember thy swashing blow."

The Honourable Member's "blow" will be had where—

"The spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
And no one ever sneezes,
Or feels a touch of bile."

Such will be the Gregorian Chant for some time to come. A pleasant exile, and a safe return, are *Mr. Punch's* sweet wishes to him who departeth for Candy.

UN MONSIEUR SMITH.

AMONG the news of the other day appeared the following:—

"Two Frenchmen, one of whom, however, gives the name of SMITH, are in custody, charged with the commission of several burglaries in the suburbs of the Metropolis."

You would have liked to hear one of the Frenchmen give the name of SMITH. His tongue, surely, betrayed him. M. VAURIEN, or whatever his real name was, of course, in attempting to give the name of SMITH, gave that of SMEET or SMIS. Give the name of SMITH, indeed! A Frenchman might as well try to give the password of Shibboleth.

A WORKING MAN ON WORK.

At the National Congress of Trades Societies at Nottingham, last week, a MR. GRAHAM said:—

"In his opinion it was one of the rights of a free man to cease work when he wished, either for reasonable or even unreasonable causes."

This is so exactly *Mr. Punch's* belief that, wishing at this identical moment to cease work, for the reasonable or unreasonable cause that he feels more inclined to smoke, he knocks off, without appending any proper and moral observations to MR. GRAHAM'S dictum. Whether MR. GRAHAM keeps any sort of servant, and if so, whether MR. GRAHAM recognises the right in question when he wants his beer fetched, or his boots cleaned, is the only query that *Mr. Punch* chooses to exert himself to put. But he must add that the world would go on delightfully if this rule were always acted upon; and he is glad that the Trade Societies are enlightened enough to do their best to bring on a Millennium.

Suggestion to Mr. Lowe.

LAY a heavy tax on all persons telling old jokes, making old puns. Let the tax be doubled in the case of any person attempting to pass off such old joke or pun as "a good thing he's just heard," or as "a funny thing that happened to his cousin the other day." MR. Lowe will find public-spirited men ready to hand in nearly all clubs who will voluntarily give their services, and for a moderate percentage will act as Collectors of this particular form of taxation at every dinner-party (where the name and address of the offender will be taken down), and in Society's drawing-rooms. This and a tax on photographs will bring in a handsome additional revenue for Eighteen-Seventy-Two.



A STILL BIGGER "CLAIMANT."

MY HEALTH.

(Concluded.)



Somehow turn the dinner conversation upon some peculiar way of cultivating mangel. PENDELL looks at Old RUDDOCK, and, alluding to the last speaker's remark, whatever it was, says, "Aha! that isn't the way we grow mangel in the South, is it, MR. RUDDOCK?" and therewith gives Old RUDDOCK such a humorous look, as if they had, between them, several good jokes about mangel, which, when told by Old RUDDOCK, would set the table in a roar.

I turn towards him with a propitiatory smile, as much as to say, "You see I'm ready for any of your funny stories." Old RUDDOCK glances up at me from his plate (he hasn't looked up much since the beginning of dinner), and replies, gravely and simply, "No." Whereat PENDELL almost roars with laughter, and nods at me knowingly, as if asking if RUDDOCK isn't a character. He may be. Perhaps it requires the wine to draw him out, but he hasn't, as yet, said anything funny or witty; in fact, he hasn't said anything at all. The conversation, otherwise, is general and well distributed. Topics principally local.

As far as I am concerned, it is not unlike being suddenly given a bass part in a quintette, where the other four know their music off by heart. I speak from experience, remembering how, in the instance alluded to, I came in wherever I could, with very remarkable effect, and generally at least an octave too low, leaving off with the feeling that if we had been encored (of which there wasn't, under the circumstances, the slightest possible chance), I should have come out very strong, and quite in tune. As it was, I had first to find my voice, which seemed to have gone down like the mercury in a barometer on a cold day, and having succeeded in producing it, I had then to issue it in notes.

During dinner I am frequently brought into the conversation, apologetically, and appealed to out of politeness, as "probably not taking much interest in these matters."

The matters in question are usually something vexatious with regard to paupers, a political question deeply mixed up with the existence of the Yeomanry, the state of the roads in the next district, the queer temper of a neighbouring clergyman, the difficulty of dealing with Old SOMEBODY at a vestry meeting, the right of some parish authorities to bury somebody who oughtn't, or ought, to have been buried without somebody else's consent; the best mode of making a preserve, a difference of opinion as to varieties of cider, the probabilities of a marriage between TRE-SOMEONE of Tre-somewhere with POL-SOMEBODY of Pol-something else, and so forth. On consideration, I am interested. For, to a reflective mind, is not all this the interior mechanism of the Great British Constitution? Of course.

The only thing that Old RUDDOCK says the whole time, is that he wouldn't keep Cochon China fowls even if they were given him.

"Wouldn't you?" exclaims PENDELL, looking slyly at me and beginning to laugh, evidently in anticipation of some capital story, or a witticism from RUDDOCK. No, not another word. He is, it strikes me, reserving himself. I turn to my partner, and try to interest her in Ramsgate, Torquay, the Turkish bath, London and

Paris news. She doesn't like Torquay, has never been to Ramsgate, and from what she has heard of it thinks it must be vulgar (to which I return, "O, dear no," but haven't got any proof that it isn't. I find out that she goes every season to London, and knows more about operas than I do, and finally was brought up in Paris, and generally stops there for a month yearly with her Aunt, so that I am unable to give her any information on my special subjects, and as she clearly wants to listen to some story which TREGRY of Tregivel, on the other side of her, is telling, I feel that I'd better continue my dinner silently, or draw RUDDOCK out. I try it, but RUDDOCK won't come out.

Dessert.—TREGRY of Tregivel does come out genially, without the process of drawing. He has some capital Cornish stories, with an inimitable imitation of Cornish dialect.

Flash.—While he is telling a rather long anecdote to think of something good and new to cap it. Why not something with (also) an imitation of dialect, or brogue. I've got a very good thing about a Scotchman, but can't remember it in time.

Odd how stories slip away from you just at the moment you especially want to remember them. During a pause in the conversation I remember my story, and secure attention for it by suddenly asking PENDELL (which startles him) if "he's ever heard," &c., and of course he, politely, hasn't. Odd. Somehow, this evening I can't recall the Scotch accent. I try a long speech (not usually belonging to the story) in Scotch, so as to work myself up to it, but, somehow or other, it will run into Irish. My story, therefore, takes somewhat this form. I say, "Then the Scotchman called out, 'Och, bedad'—I mean, 'Ye dinna ken'—and so forth. Result, failure. But might tell it later, when I'm really in the humour, which I evidently am not now, and yet I thought I was.

Old RUDDOCK begins to come out, not as a raconteur, but as an interrupter, which is a new phase of character.

For example, TREGRY commences one of his best Cornish stories, to which we are all listening attentively, something about an uncle and a nephew, and a cart.

"They went," says TREGRY, "to buy a cart"—

"A what?" says RUDDOCK, really giving his whole mind to it.

"A cart," answers TREGRY.

"O," returns RUDDOCK, "I beg pardon. Yes, well"—

"Well," resumes TREGRY, "they wanted something cheap, as they had no use for it except to get home,—"

"Get what?" asks RUDDOCK.

"Home," replies TREGRY, evidently a bit nettled.

"Oh, ah! yes," returns RUDDOCK. "Home—well?"

"Well," TREGRY continues, looking towards his opposite neighbour, so as to avoid Old RUDDOCK if possible, "the landlord of the Inn says to them, 'I'll lend you and NEVY BILL a cart—'"

RUDDOCK's in again with "A what?"

I can't help turning upon him, and saying, rather angrily, "A cart!" I feel inclined to add, "You old idiot." Then I say to TREGRY, encouragingly, "Yes."

"Only" (continues TREGRY), says the Landlord, joking them, "mind yew dn bring the wheels back safe and sound." So they promised, and then they went about the town till it was rather late and getting dark—"

"Getting what?" asks Old RUDDOCK. Everybody annoyed, and two persons besides myself repeat the word "dark" to him.

With these interruptions, and the consequent necessity of making it all quite clear, specially when it comes to TREGRY imitating the conversation between Uncle and Nephew, in two voices, when Old RUDDOCK perpetually wants to know "Who said that," and so puzzles TREGRY that sometimes he makes the Uncle take the Nephew's voice, and *vice versa*, and the story is getting into difficulties, when the servant enters with a message to our Host from Mrs. PENDELL, which brings us to our feet, and into the drawing-room, TREGRY promising me the story quietly in a corner.

The other ladies have come. We all try to enter the drawing-room carelessly, as if the ladies weren't there, or as if we'd been engaged in some fearful conspiracy in the next room, and were hiding our consciousness of guilt under a mask of frivolity. Miss BODD, of Pophlanack, is alone at a table, turning over the pages of a photographic album. I join her.

Careful Flash.—Take care never to offer an opinion on photographic or any other sort of portraits, unless you're quite sure of your ground.

I remark generally that I don't care about photographic portraits. Before Miss BODD can answer, I hear a rustle behind me, and a voice asks simply, "Why?"

Good gracious! It is—Miss STRAITHMERE! She is staying with the CLETHERS ["Mr. CLETHER is here," PENDELL tells me. "He's written a work on the Moon. Quite a character—"], and as the REV. MR. CLETHER is the Rector of Penwille, she is not a mile from the house, and will be here every day.

Singing and playing. Miss STRAITHMERE asks me, "Why I'm so serious? Will I tell her? Do. Why?"

I expect RUDDOCK to sing. He doesn't. MR. CLETHER is talking

to him. I join them. I am anxious to hear what MR. CLEATHER's view of the Moon is. He replies, "O, nothing particular."

"But," I urge, RUDDOCK listening, "You have made a study of astronomy, and in these days"—I slip at this moment, because I don't know exactly what I was going to say; but I rather fancy it was that "In these days the moon isn't what it was."

MR. CLEATHER modestly repudiates knowing more about the moon than other people, and says that PENDELL is right about his having written a book, but he has never published it.

"Why?" asks MISS STRAITHMERE, joining us.

Carriages. Thank goodness!

I accompany RUDDOCK to the door. He has a gig, and a lantern, like a *Ouy Fawkes* out for an airing.

I am still expecting a witticism, or rather a *feu de joie* of humour and fun, like the last grand bouquet of fireworks that terminates the show at the Crystal Palace.

PENDELL (who I believe is still drawing him out) says to him, "You'll have a fine night for your drive," then looks at me and laughs, as much as to say, "Now you'll hear him, now it's coming. He's shy before a party, but now—"

RUDDOCK replies, from above, in his gig, "Yes, so it seems. Good-bye."

And away goes the vehicle, turns the corner, and disappears from view in the avenue.

PENDELL chuckles to himself. "Quite a character," I hear him murmuring. Then, after a short laugh, he exclaims almost fondly, "Old RUDDOCK! ha! ha! Rum old fellow."

And so we go in. And this has been the long-expected "Nicht wi' RUDDOCK." He hasn't said twenty words. Certainly not one worth hearing. Yet PENDELL seems perfectly satisfied with him, and years hence, I dare say, this occasion will be recounted as a night when Old RUDDOCK was at his best. After this, how about SHERIDAN?

Next morning.—My friend, MISS STRAITHMERE, is coming at two o'clock. I find that I can leave, *via* Launceston, at eleven. I am not well. I can't help it. I begin to consider, is it my nature to be ill? No. I must go up to town, and consult my Doctor.

Adieu, Penwiffle. If I stopped, I feel that in the wilds of Cornwall, out at Tintagel or at Land's End, or in a slate quarry, or down a mine, I should . . . Well, I don't know but I should have to answer the question, "Why?"

My present idea is to live in London, about two miles from the British Museum. Then I can walk there every morning, and work in the library at my *Analytical History of Motion*.

If the Doctor agrees with me, and if this plan agrees with me, I shall continue it; if not, I must take to boxing, gymnastics, or other violent exercise.

The Doctor *does* agree with me. He advises me to try my own prescription. In a week's time to call on him again, and go on calling on him regularly every Monday.

I have taken lodgings three doors from my Doctor's house. I shall make no further notes, unless, at some future time, I commence a history of a British Constitution (my own). And so, for the present, I conclude, with a quotation from SHAKESPEARE, who was, among other things, evidently a valedictorian, and finish these papers by saying,

"The tenor of them doth but signify"

"My Health."

Two Gent. of Verona. Act iii. sc. 1.



"ON THE TOP OF THE HILL, TOO!"

"MY TIRESOME HAT! SO KIND OF YOU, MR. MUCCLES! YOU DON'T MIND WAITING FOR ME, DO YOU?"

[Don't he, though! He minds very much. Feels very foolish, and dreads being chaffed—particularly by some of those fellows below!]

IN THE TEMPLE.

LORD DERRY has made a political speech of a very sensible character—"that goes without to say" in his case. He tells the Conservatives that they are to be neither apathetic nor precipitate, that they are to play a waiting game—the World to him who can wait—and, meantime, they are to support MR. GLADSTONE against the extreme men on his own side. And, said the Earl, "political life is not to be looked at as if it were a soaped pole, with £5,000 a year, and lots of patronage at the top." The sentiment is lofty and honourable. "But," said to Mr. Punch a rising lawyer, who intends to rise a good deal higher, "the device of it is that LORD DERRY talks from the top of a golden Pyramid about soaped poles. Hang it! I'm like *Becky Sharp*—I should find it precious easy to be patriotic with fifty thousand a year. If I didn't feel I could manage the nation for the best (though of course I could), confound it! I'd myself engage the best Premier that money could secure, and serve the country that way. But blow it, as it is, and HENRIETTA's governor refusing to hear of me until I'm in Parliament, you see, old cuss—" "Virtue alone is happiness below," replied Mr. Punch severely, as he went away to get some oysters at PROSSER'S.

NOTE BY A FOREIGNER.—On England's possessions the sun never sets. True; and on one of them, London, the sun never rises.



SAT UPON.

Hospitable Host. "DOES ANY GENTLEMAN SAY PUDDEN?"
Precise Guest. "No, Sir. NO GENTLEMAN SAYS PUDDEN."

"IF!"

(A Channel Sketch.)

'TOTHER day I steamed from Dover
 To Boulogne-sur-Mer:
 We'd had weather crossing over:
 Very sick we were.

Busy, Steward's-Mate and Steward—
 "Basins!" was the cry:
 Ocean heaved, because it blew hard;
 Heaved, and so did I.

In the intervals of basin
 Blessed dreams were mine:
 FOWLER was from Ocean 'rasin'
 Every ill-ruled line.

Over Neptune's worst commotion
 Holding despot's state,
 He not only ruled the Ocean,
 But he ruled it straight!

Steady, sea ne'er so ugly,
 Did his craft behave;
 Passengers, carriaged snugly,
 Sweeping o'er the wave!

Not a soul from out his cushions
 Moved, the passage through;
 Padded soft against concussions,
 And spring-seated, too!

O, it was a blessed vision!
 Blessed all the more
 For that awful exhibition
 Betwixt shore and shore.

But when *terra-firma* reason
 On that dream I fixed,
 At a less afflicted season,
 Doubt with hope was mixed.

For, I thought—Can FOWLER answer
 That his boats won't roll—
 Grant, that, swift as a *merganser*,
 O'er the sea they bowl?

If they roll—and who can promise
 That they never will?—
 Little joy to JOHN BULL from his
 Power of sitting still.

Think of an afflicted train—full
 Cabined, cribbed, confined—
 Rolling with the rollings painful
 Of that pen inclined!

Face to face, and knee to knee, sick,
 Retch and heave and strain,
 Think of a whole hundred sea-sick
 All along the train!

Sea-sickness in open ocean
 May be bad to bear,
 But, boxed up in a train in motion,
 Worse, far worse, it were!

So if FOWLER cannot promise
 Pitch-and-toss shall be
 Game of chance, far-banished from his
 Skimmers of the sea,

Better 'gainst our woes we gird us—
 Cold, and stench, and spray—
 Than in railway train you herd us,
 Nausea's helpless prey!

If the traveller from Dover
 Reached the other shore,
 Worse woes, than crossing over,
 Were for him in store.

Awfuller than the up-turn he
 Suffers from the tide,—
 Think upon that six hours' journey
 On the other side!

Present woe 'gainst worse mismarriage—
 Put it to the vote—
 And I'll bet 'tis *contra* carriage,
 And for open boat!

A BURIED ARMY.

THE *Leeds Mercury* is such an excellent paper, that *Punch* takes from it anything as unhesitatingly as (to use LORD LYTTON's illustration) one takes change from an honest tradesman, without looking at or counting the coins. That journal said, the other day—

"There was a demonstration at Lausanne yesterday, in memory of the soldiers belonging to GENERAL BOURBAKI's army who died in Switzerland, after being interred there last year."

We cannot see why there should have been a demonstration; at least, if it was a demonstration of wonder, the wonder would have been if the soldiers had survived their interment. It was Antæus, if we recollect aright, whose strength was renewed when he came in contact with the Earth, but he never went under it, at least not until Alcides had done with and for him. But is France aware that this is the way in which one of her armies was got rid of? Is this the boasted hospitality of Switzerland?

THE RAINBOW may be accurately described as the real NOAH'S Arc.



A MISCONCEPTION.

Passenger. "AND WHOSE HOUSE IS THAT ON THE TOP OF THE HILL THERE?"

Driver of the "Red Lion" Bus. "O, THAT'S MR. UMBERBROWN'S, SIR. HE'S WHAT THEY CALL A R.A."

Passenger (Amateur Artist). "O, INDEED! AH! A MAONIFICENT PAINTER! YOU MUST BE RATHER PROUD OF SUCH A GREAT MAN LIVING AMONGST YOU DOWN HERE!"

Driver. "GREAT MAN, SIR! LOR' BLESS YER, SIR, NOT A BIT OF IT! WHY, THEY ONLY KEEPS ONE MAN-SERVANT, AND HE DON'T SLEEP IN THE 'OUSE!!!"

THE NEW YEAR'S FINE.

(Husband and Father sings.)

AN Income-tax increased to pay,
And that assessed at higher rate!
Well, we must bear it as we may,
By means of thrift, my weeping Mate.
We'll pinch, in clothing and in cup;
Thou shalt accustomed dress resign;
I'll give my GLADSTONE claret up;
To meet my LOWE'S augmented fine.

What though that heavy forfeit make
A small, uncertain income less?
What if away the coin it take,
Which I should hoard against distress?
What though my earnings needs must cease
As soon as I shall be no more,
And may not last till my decease,
But fail us both, my Wife, before?

Still, whilst we wince beneath the Screw,
Put on with added stress this year,
We'll think how much, because we Few
Are taxed, the Many spend in Beer.
Our impost we'll with joy endure,
Because it seems the only plan
From fiscal burdens to secure
Exemption for the Working-Man.

The Working-Man who works with tools,
Such tools as hammers, saws, and planes,
By hand; whose numerous suffrage rules
The smaller class who work by brains.

Rejoice we that what we must spare,
The Working-Man has got to spend.
We're privileged to pay his share,
Till our ability shall end.

At least when next another year,
Another Budget's weight shall bring
To bear on us, if we are here
Still, as plucked nightingales, to sing,
We've cause, another little call,
At any rate, of hope to see,
For payment of the needful all
To set the Breakfast-Table free.

AMERICAN INCREDULITY.

In a speech delivered at New York on "Forefathers' Day," the REV. HENRY BEECHER, discoursing of the "Pilgrim Fathers," said:—

"That they had their faults we all know. They brought with them some of the prejudices of Europe, and had not freed themselves from notions of persecution. They believed, above all things, in the existence and power of the evil one. The devil was everywhere in their thoughts. In our modern times we have gone free from that superstition. We of New York know there is no such being."

In the early days of New England anyone who owned to being an Adiabolist would have been deemed an Atheist. But then there was no Tammany or Erie Ring. Plunder and fraud, picking and stealing, are courses from which some natures can only be restrained by the piety which firmly believes in the personality, cornute and caudal, of MILTON'S hero. "We of New York know there is no such being." Do we? We think we do, but may have flattered ourselves.



THE LIQUOR CONTROVERSY.

'Spectable Citizen. "ISH MY OPI'ON THISH P'MISSIVE BILL 'SH VEXASH'IOUS MEASURE. (Hic!) WHY SHOULD I BE D'PRIVED OF NESH-SH-ARY R'FRESHMENT, 'CAUSE ANOTHER PARTY HASN'T—CAN'T—DOESN'T—KNOW WHEN HE'SH HAD ENOUGH? SHITAN' UP, OL' MAN!!!"

SOUP AND SERMON.

The Morning Post records an interesting case of—

"SUPPER TO CONVICTED FELONS.—On Tuesday evening a supper was given to one hundred and fifty convicted felons by NED WRIGHT, the well-known converted burglar, at the Mission Hall, Hales Street, High Street, Deptford. The candidates for tickets of admission were compelled to attend the night before the supper and give an account of themselves to prove that they really were convicted felons, and by the sharp and close questioning of MR. WRIGHT, about fifty were refused tickets as impostors."

The fifty impostors who were fain to palm themselves off as convicts for the sake of a supper, must have been poor knaves indeed. These supernumeraries, for whom there was no seat at the table of Society, constitute a spectacle on the stage of life which it may be painful to some people and pleasant to others to contemplate from the dress circle. It is too probable that this Capital contains very many more of these Esaus, as they might be called if they had anything of a character so valuable as a birthright to dispose of on ESAU's terms, with the small extras undermentioned:—

"The recipients of this Charity were a very motley crew, and ranged in years from six up to fifty. They were each served with a quantity of soup and a bag containing bread and a bun, after which MR. WRIGHT addressed them in his own peculiar manner, being listened to with marked attention."

MR. WRIGHT, we may suppose, took care to preach in a "tongue understood of the people" who constituted his hearers, and accordingly delivered a considerable portion of his discourse in the language which our great-grandfathers called thieves' Latin. A sermon in slang, however, would, perhaps, be more curious than edifying. Let us hope that MR. WRIGHT's may possibly have had the effect of converting the guests who would once have been his pals from the error of their ways, formerly his own. Such, at least, appears to have been his laudable intention:—

"A large number of ladies and gentlemen interested in such work attended

A JINGLE FOR ST. JAMES'S.

(By a Musical Enthusiast.)

THE Monday Pops! The Monday Pops!
Whoe'er admires what some call "Ops;"
Should go, and lick his mental chops,
While feasting at the Monday Pops.

The Monday Pops! The Monday Pops!
To me their music far o'er-tops,
The jingling polkas and gallops,
On cracked pianos played at hops.

Nor almond rock, nor lemon-drops,
Nor sugar-plums, nor lollipops,
With which small children cram their crops,
Are sweeter than the Monday Pops.

The Monday Pops! The Monday Pops!
Delight of fogies and of fops!
The music that all other wops,
Is given at the Monday Pops.

Their fame all rivals far o'er-tops:
You see their programmes at the shops;
And here the bard exhausted stops,
His rhymings on the Monday Pops.

TRUE BILL?

MUCH ingenuity has been expended in trying to prove that SHAKESPEARE was a lawyer, and, amongst other passages in his writings, the two first lines of the Sonnet which commences—

"When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,"

may be thought to indicate that he possessed legal acquirements. Has it, however, occurred to the editors and commentators, that these lines are capable of another interpretation, and may be considered to add a new item to our scanty knowledge of SHAKESPEARE's personal history, if we take the more probable view, that when he penned them he had in his mind's eye those familiar Tribunals—the Quarter Sessions—to which, it may be whilst residing in the Metropolis, but most undoubtedly after his retirement to Stratford, he would be summoned in the capacity of Grand Juryman?

and gave the benefit of their advice and co-operation. In the course of the evening MR. WRIGHT announced his intention of taking under his patronage a number of the boys then present, who might be desirous of earning an honest livelihood, and furnishing them with money and clothes to make a fair start in life."

It would rejoice both ourselves and our benevolent readers to know that the acceptance of this offer by a considerable number of MR. WRIGHT's young friends may be the commencement of a career of good living, wherein they will very soon attain to better fare than a quantity of soup, a bag of bread, and a bun, quite good enough as that is for convicted felons, besides being peculiarly suitable as precluding any necessity for knives and forks chained to the table.

Lawyers and Lunatics.

How hardly will Judges, for the most part, admit the plea of insanity in exculpation from a charge of murder! How readily are they wont to entertain it as a reason for setting aside a will! How right they are in either instance! Suppose a maniac is hanged as a man of sound mind, his execution serves just as well, for the purpose of example, as it would if he were. But my Luds would make a mistake on the wrong side by misdirecting Jurors to determine insanity to have been sanity in a case wherein a lunatic might possibly have misdiagnosed of property.

Serious Affair.

A MOST determined act of self-inflicted torture has recently caused a considerable sensation in a fashionable quarter of Town. A lady, young, lovely, and accomplished, with troops of friends, and all that makes life enjoyable at her command, was detected deliberately "screwing up" her face!

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF THE COMING WOMAN.



O the Temple of Untrammelled Thought. *Sunday, May 10, 1882.* Heard a transcendent oration from Althea Duxmore on "Dogmas and Dogmatics." Bi-monthly levy for the expenses of the Temple. Stephanotis Hewleigh and I the eleemosynars who collected in the new Septentrional Vestibule, where the men are put. Their united contributions amounted exactly to half a Victoria! Several dimes in the salver. The new Act, limiting the personal expenses of Adult Males, may have something to do with this. Shall move in the Saloon for Returns showing the working of the Act. Alfred nowhere to be seen in the Vestibule; perhaps detained by the children's toilette. In the afternoon at the new Museum of Natural History opened this Spring,

at Kensington. The Galleries crowded. Several of us, including Professors Sara Sabina Thewes and Caroline Gostrong, delivered extemporary lectures on the animals; the men very attentive. In the evening to St. Paul's; heard the new organist, Charlotte Bach Stopmore, Mus. Doc. The Cathedral a blaze of splendour with the Tyndaluminospectric light. We Women have yet something to learn in physical science.

Monday, May 11. Received, by appointment, a deputation from the electors of New Marylebone, inviting me to candidate that District at the next General Election. Mrs. Admiral Stenterton, and Miss Lydia Boss Wolloby, the dominant spokeswomen. Spread out my views on the Husbands' Regulation Movement, the Cigar-Tax, the Compulsory Inspection of Men's Clubs, and the Repudiation of the National Debt. All satisfactory, and I agreed to retire from Jutley. Deputation luncheoned with me. No place kept for Alfred, who had to sit at a side-table.

To the Club (the Gynecium), and flashed a long private cryptogram to the Chairwoman of my Committee at Jutley. Dined at the Club. After dinner in the Fumitory. Took a Cabriolet to the Saloon. Driver an extortionist; but I knew the exact distance, to the tenth of a kilometre. Saloon debating the Juries Exemption (Women) Bill. Spoke, I think, with sensation. The venerable Earl of Hughenden came in as I was perorating. Alfred, in the Gentlemen's Gallery, in tears. I wore my black velvet and point lace pelerine, with the diamond star he gave me after the Jutley election. That tiresome, tedious, insufferable Hannah Longbore (how South-West Suffolk stands her so long I cannot imagine) prozed on against the Bill, and sided with the Men, but we fidgeted her down at last. She had on that old crimson satin which has seen three sessions at least! Maiden speech from Marian Spray—pretty enough. Forget what Men spoke. Mrs. Leader Donne, the lovely (!) and accomplished Member for Ironville, closed the debate. Rather too great a parade of learning; positively she quoted Lycophron in the original! But we all see through Mrs. Leader's schemes—she means the Educational Under-Secretaryship, when Bella Falayse goes to the Upper Saloon as a Peeress *jure suo*. Home by Twelve. Alfred sitting up for me. What a resource that *Hortus Siccus* is to him!

Tuesday, May 12.—Card from Madge Bassingham, R.A., for her Inaugural Praelection, as Pigmentary Professor at the Royal Academy. Could not go, as I was engaged on a Committee at the Saloon—Metropolis Extension, Brighton Annexation Bill. Dined with Mrs. Abraham Skrooley, M.P. Woman's party. The Constantin exquisite. Discussed over our cigarettes the arrangements for the approximating Women's Cosmopolitan Congress. Alfred and one or two other Men came in the evening.

Wednesday, May 13. Not well in the morning. Flashed for Dr. Martha Walkingholme. She was detained at the Spleen Hospital, but her partner, Harriet Chamomile, came and applied the Magnetic Defonator to my spine and the backs of my ears. Instant relief. In the evening at the Biennial Banquet of the Indigent Widowers' Pension Fund at Willis's. The Duchess of Middlesex in the chair. After dinner the Indigent Widowers circuted the tables, and

attracted much attention by their neat and respectable appearance. I proposed the toast of "The Gentlemen." Alfred responded, and for a wonder did not break down.

Thursday, May 14. Gave Cook a lesson on the harp before breakfast. Sitting in the Library reading Mill's "Woman Triumphant," when my electric alarum rang. Message from Oxford from my youngest sister, Bianca, to say that she had that instant been elected Fellow of Carlyle College. Three hundred and ten competitors. Tremendous examination, lasting three weeks. Bianca's thorough domination of Russian, Japanese, political economy, statistics, ærostatics, electrology, hygiene and therapeutics, gave her the victory. Hope some day she will stand for the University. For joy I took a half holiday. (Left Alfred quite happy with his silkworms.) Gymnastic relaxation at the Palaestra on the Expanse at Hampstead. Then by Tube to Dover. Tunnelled over to Paris, shopped, and back by the six rapid. Might have stayed later for we could not make a Saloon: seven short of the legal Quorum, a hundred—so many Members (men, I need hardly say) absent at the Great International Croquet Tryst at the Crystal Palace. Passed an hour pleasantly at the Diatomaceous Society, of which I have lately been balloted a Fellow.

Friday, May 15. Busy all the morning preparing my oration on the "Wise Sayings of Wise Women in all Countries and Epochs," for the Congress. (Interrupted twice by Alfred, who had got the housekeeping accounts and the washing-book into a fearful muddle.) Great meeting at 3.30 in Emancipation Hall, to welcome Mrs. Hale Columbia Spragg, the first female President of the United States. She has transited the Atlantic to attend our Congress, but can only be present at this evening's Inauguratory, as she must be in New York again before sundown to-morrow. Went to the Saloon, but it immediately adjourned, on the motion of Mr. Theodore Stuke, to enable the Lady Members to festinate to the Congress. Immense success. Fifteen hundred Delegates from every country in the world processsed down the Hall, and then arranged themselves by Continents on the gilded dais. Twenty-five thousand women computed to be present in the Spectatorium. Our distinguished champion and unflinching Hegemon, Amelia Smackles, assumed the presidential throne. Incessant coruscations of enthusiasm, which culminated when a black sister moved the fourteenth resolution, demanding the total, immediate, and unconditional transfer of all menial labour from Woman to Man. Did not get home till 1 p.m. Left my key behind me, so obliged; to rouse up Alfred, who was in bed, in great distress at the loss of one of his canaries, and had forgotten to order my stout. Vexatious!

Saturday, May 16. Dejeuned at the Constellation Hotel with dear Amelia, to meet Mrs. President Spragg, Chief Justice Roberta Cokestone (from Liberia), the Lady Warden of the Cinque Ports, the Lady Mayoress, the Mistress of the Mint, and other forward Members of the Congress. The President left us at noon. She would balloon over to New York in five hours and a half. Quiet dinner at Richmond in the evening. Only Amelia, two of the elder Sisters of the Trinity Honse, and the Delegates from Germany, Turkey, Greece, and China. Bianca joined us unexpectedly from Oxford, and introduced her bosom friend, the Professor of Anatomy, Henrietta Stott Trawsell. Delightful promenade by the river before dinner. Met Alfred fishing for gudgeon.

MORE EDUCATION-FIGHT.

PUNCH shudders to see the Metric question raised again. Are we not in the thick of an Educational War already? Will our contemporaries abstain from putting new reasons for quarrel into the heads of fanatics. We shall certainly have the Decimal business taken up by Denominationalists and by Secularists. Ten fingers point out that the natural law is one of decimals. Also, there are ten commandments for the theologian. On the other hand, there are twelve signs of the Zodiac: this for nature; and twelve Apostles: this for theology. O, please let the matter alone, and let the little boys and girls be taught anyhow, so that they are taught at all.

CHURCH DIS-ESTABLISHMENT.



TERMINAL PUNCH,
FIVE more London churches are to be immediately destroyed. Down with them! First down with St. Mildred's, in the Poultry. It was built by SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN, and somewhere about it rest the remains of THOMAS TUSSEY, who wrote the "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry." Sweep it away, and then batter down St. Dionis Baelchurch, also built by SIR CHRISTOPHER. There are monuments in it to the great benefactor to the Bodleian Library, and to the founder of the Saxon Lectureship in St. John's College, Oxford. Who cares? St. James's, Aldgate, is to be demolished: 'tis enough that Hebrews chiefly abide around that fane, and need it not. Out with St. Martin of Outwich; it hath stood

less than a hundred years, and though it was consecrated by BISHOP PORTEUS, and holdeth fine old monuments, conserved through three centuries, away with it! Lastly (for the present) turn this pictured clown's pickaxe upon St. Anthony's, or St. Antholin's, Sisa Lane. That, too, was the work of the Architect of St. Paul's, and sundry be the memories which our old dramatists and our WALTER SCOTT have hung on "St. Anthing's." It is very meet and right that the old City churches should all go, few persons now abiding near them on Sunday, and religion being a thing for Sunday. SIR CHRISTOPHER'S Cathedral, as it is also a Mansoleum, will probably be spared until some railway or tramway shall want the site.

Yours, delighted,

EROSTRATUS VANDAL.

ORGANS OF OFFENCE.

ON Thursday last week a modification of the American Gatling Gun, called the "British Mitrailleuse," was tried for the first time at Woolwich. The following is a description of this benevolent machine:—

"It consists of ten barrels hooped together and revolving in the centre, and fitted into a carriage like that of an ordinary field-gun, which, at a short distance, it greatly resembles. The barrels and cartridges are similar to those of the Henry-Martini rifle—in diameter .45 in.; the cartridge-cases being of brass, and bottle-necked."

Tremendous, however, as may be the execution which this weapon is capable of doing among a flock of soldiers, authorities are of opinion that, "like small arms generally, it must give way to rifled ordnance." On its trial:—

"Indeed, most of the Royal Artillery Officers present seemed to think that the machine-gun can never stand against Artillery, even if its delicate machinery did not become disarranged by mere musket-shot."

So that a comparison is suggested to those who read, that when the "British Mitrailleuse" is made ready and placed in position—

"A handle like that of a street-organ, and fixed at the side of the trail, is then turned at any degree of rapidity required, and the barrels lead and fire until the supply of cartridges is exhausted, which takes about five minutes under favourable conditions."

One is led to compare the British Mitrailleuse with the Italian Grinding Organ, and to question if the latter be not, of the two, the more offensive instrument.

Corrigendum.

THE antiquity of the Athanasian Creed being now shown to be a myth, the date being that of CHARLEMAGNE, would it not be well, before the Prayer Book is finally revised, that the correction should be made? For it will take many a year to abolish the belief that St. Athanasius drew up the document, especially as divers theologians think nothing of some four hundred and fifty years of what they imagine to have been the Dark Ages. "Commonly (but absurdly) called the Creed of St. Athanasius" is a line that, in a century or so, might have an effect upon the less un-intelligent.

A PROFESSION'S UNION.

AT Bas-Unterwald, according to the *Swiss Times*:—

"Strikes are becoming the fashion in the higher circles of society. The physicians of this peaceful Arcadia have united and struck work, demanding an increase in their fees. The Landrath, however, refuses to entertain their claims, and advises a strike of the patients as the best answer to the physicians' demands."

There was a time when a strike of patients anywhere would have been attended with a very great decrease of the rate of mortality. There is reason to suppose that in the present improved condition of medical science such would not be the case. The strikers, struck with fever, or other grave illness, would probably be struck down in rather alarming numbers.

What justification of a medical strike there may be in Switzerland hath not appeared, but in this country there is, in some quarters, not a little. The ridiculously low wages, not to say salary, begrudged, not to say granted, to Medical Officers by many Poor-Law Unions would amply warrant the establishment of a Professional Union corresponding to a Trades' Union, and consisting of sons of AEscULAPIUS. The medico-chirurgical Unionists could manage a strike well enough without committing any outrage on the Non-Unionists, or Knobsticks. There would be no need for the Doctors on strike to picket, and waylay, and beat the others on their road to the Workhouse, or across country to the recipient of out-door relief; and they could do without rattening them and fleehing away their physis, stethoscopes, and surgical instruments. In dealing with unworthy members of an honourable Profession, capable of underselling their brother-chips, the practitioners forming the Union would require to have recourse to no proceedings associated with Sheffield; they would find it quite sufficient to send outsiders and recusants of co-operation in a strike to Coventry.

OMINOUS INDEED!

ALL England, that reads the newspapers, will have felt the shock of a truly—

"TERRIFIC EXPLOSION.—Yesterday evening an explosion of a frightful character occurred at GLADSTONE'S Cartridge Factory, Greenwich Marshes, by which a large number of girls have been seriously injured."

Considering for what Constituency the PREMIER is Member of Parliament, the majority of people cannot but be, momentarily at least, startled and taken aback by the information in the first place that GLADSTONE has a Cartridge Factory in Greenwich Marshes, and, secondly, that it has been the scene of a terrific explosion. Nor certainly are they likely to be re-assured by the further intelligence that:—

"A few weeks ago the Government seized 365 cases of ball cartridge, each containing 20 lb. weight, which had been manufactured by MR. GLADSTONE for the French Government during the late war."

The obvious suggestion conveyed by this statement is, that there has occurred not only a terrific explosion in the borough of Greenwich, but also a not less alarming blow-up in the Cabinet. *Absit omen!*

ELEGANT ADVERTISING.

IF you like, read this advertisement from the *Christian World*:—

CO-PARTNER WANTED, by a highly respectable Man, aged 30, member of Spurgeon's. A gentlemanly person required, a believer with about £50, and who can travel.—Address, &c.

Hm! In the first place a gentlemanly person would not wish to hear his partner talk in that exceedingly out way of their minister and his flock. "Member of Spurgeon's." "One who regularly attends the ministrations of the Reverend C. H. SPURGEON, B.M." would be more gentlemanly language. Next, "a believer with about £50" reads rather Mammonish. It suggests that a sceptic with about £75, or a positivist with about £100, would not be unacceptable. Thirdly, "who can travel." Who can't travel with about £50? Mr. Cook will give you a return-ticket for the Pyramid for about that. Fourthly, the "and" is abominable English. We wish our esteemed friend the *Christian World* would edit its advertisements. We really can't be always doing it.

Dignity for Doctors.

It is suggested that a fitting honour to be conferred on meritorious Physicians and Surgeons would be that of the Order of the Bath. Nothing could be more suitable; but should the Bath be the Hot-Bath or the Cold?



GENEROSITY.

Noble Lord (whose Rifle has brought to a scarcely untimely end a very consumptive-looking Fallow Deer). "TUT—T, T, T, TUT! O, I SAY, STUBBS!—(to his Keeper)—YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE LET ME KILL SUCH A POOR, LITTLE, SICKLY, SCRAGGY THING AS THIS, YOU KNOW! IT POSITIVELY ISN'T FIT FOR HUMAN FOOD! AH! LOOK HERE, NOW! I'LL TELL YOU WHAT. YOU AND MCFARLIN MAY HAVE THIS BUCK BETWEEN YOU!!!"

A SEAT ON A SAFETY-VALVE.

AN Income-tax partial see THIEFS oppose,
O WILLIAM the Earnest, O ROBERT the True!
A soul above fear of the Rabble he shows;
Is that to be said, British Statesmen, of you?

Or is it that you, whom mob-courtship doth move
With tribute from all due to load a part's purse,
Albeit your Honours both see and approve
The better arrangements, do follow the worse?

How bad are the worse, which poor fleeced Britons rue,
You have often confessed; but decline to advance
On that high path which upright financiers pursue;
They manage these matters much better in France.

For justice it is which disposes them there,
Political craft in this mighty free land,
Whose Rulers perpend not what impost were fair,
But what imposition tax-payers will stand.

It was not enough upon shoulders select
To pile your whole Budget; on folk thus oppressed
(As housebreakers use, the strong-box to detect)
The Screw has been put; they are over-assessed.

You fancy your Engine is working so well
By way of a Steam-Rack, 'twill yet more extort,
And bear any pressure your force can compel;
You sit on the safety-valve, therefore, in short.

O WILLIAM the Daring! O ROBERT the Rash!
Though deaf to remonstrance, to caution give ear,
Ere high-pressure boiler burst up with a crash,
And blow aloft Stoker and hoist Engineer.

SAD ALTERATION.

THE Dramatist has led us to think that "Music bath charms to soothe the savage breast," but the "Heavenly Maid" is not so "young" as she was when CONGREVE wrote, and increasing years seem to have changed her mood and spoiled her temper. What other conclusion can we come to, when we find in an article on "Music" in one of the newspapers, in some comments on the performance of a young lady on the piano at a Monday Popular Concert, the disquieting statement that she "left her mark as usual on the audience, the music, and the piano"? It is some little relief to find the writer adding that "this last was more than once punished severely;" as it is a fair inference to draw, that whatever the sufferings of the piano may have been, the music, and, which is far more important, the audience, escaped with only one assault.

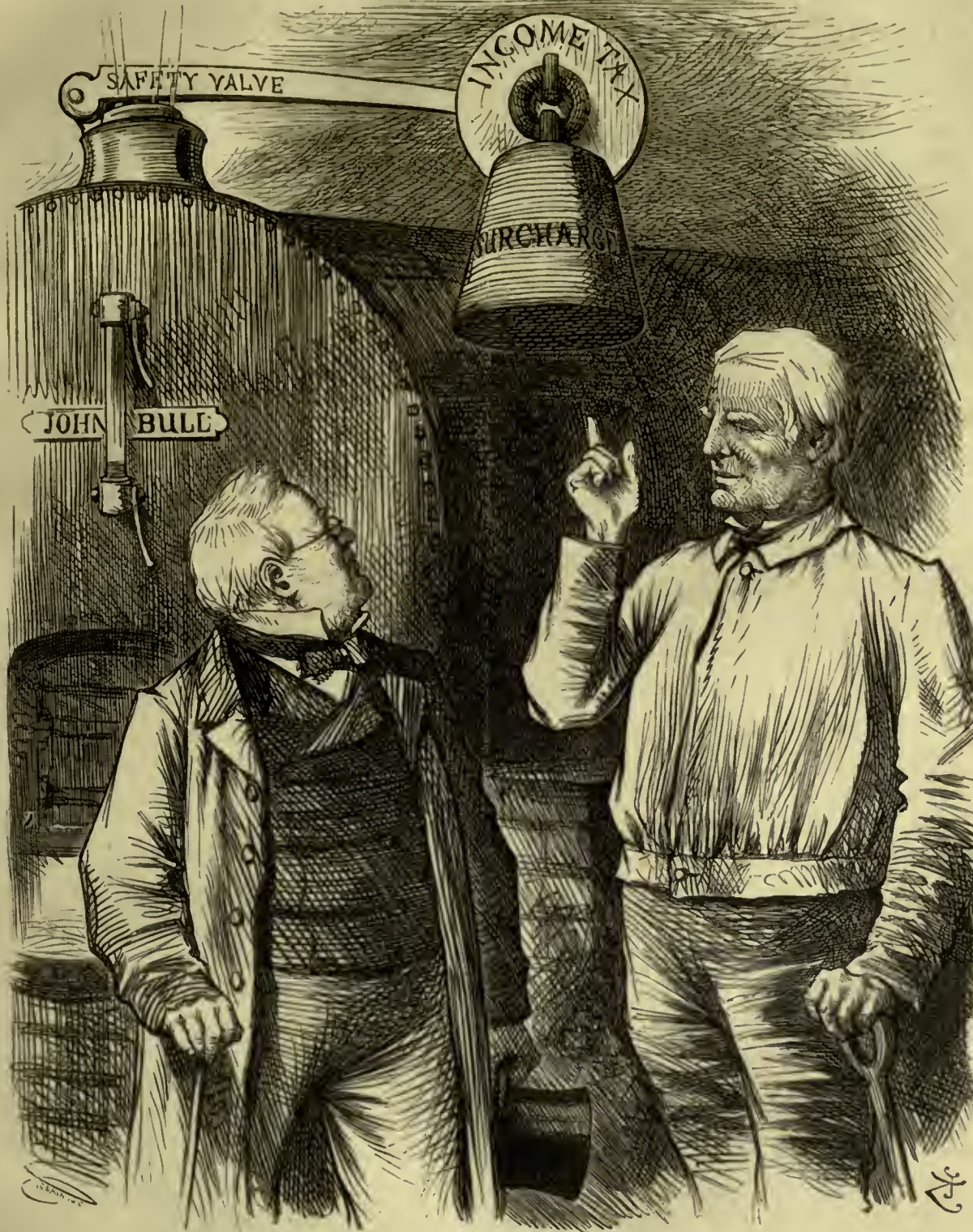
The Managers of the Monday Concerts should consider, before it is too late, whether they are not endangering the well-deserved popularity of their agreeable entertainments, by allowing performances which would seem to have rather too striking an effect upon the hearers.

Nocens Absolvitur.

THE *South London News* makes rather an unkind suggestion. Thieves enter tradesmen's shops, under pretence of selling something. The *News* thinks that people who would be exempt from such visits should "keep watch, and, on opportunity, hand the victims over to the police." This may be fair in South London, wherever that is, but in Fleet Street we do not dispense that kind of justice.

A HINT TO L. AND S. RAILWAY.

THE Real "Nine Hours' Movement"—to Brighton and back for Half-a-Crown.



TOO MUCH PRESSURE.

BOB THE STOKER. "LOR' BLESS YOU, M'NSEER! THAT'S THE WAY W'E 'RAISE THE WIND;'—SIMPLEST THING IN THE WORLD!"

M. THIERS. "HÉ, MON AMI! PRENEZ GARDE! HE SHALL 'BLOW UP' ONE DAY!"



FRESH, NOT TIGHT.



HERE is, or was, in this town a Public-house, wherein the administration of justice was, and may still be, wont to be nightly burlesqued by certain buffoons under the name of a Judge and Jury Club. Let us hope that this was the only Court of Law which could possibly have been in the eye of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL when, in the course of his concise oration delivered on behalf of the Infant against the Claimant, he spoke, with reference to the latter, as follows:—

"Besides, such is the pleasantry—I would not say the profit—of our English law, that if he fails in this case he may go at it again with fresh witnesses, let us hope with

fresh counsel—(laughter)—at least with a fresh jury—I say nothing of a fresh judge. (Continued laughter.)"

The members of the Temperance League, and the United Kingdom Alliance must surely have been shocked, as many as those who read and duly considered the foregoing words, by the idea which they suggest of a generally Fresh Court of Common Pleas. This horrid image was enough to have unfixed their hair and made their excited hearts knock at their ribs beyond the use of nature. Sobriety is so specially characteristic of the Ermine that "sober as a Judge" is an adage; not, indeed, because Judges are supposed not to drink, but to be able to drink any quantity. Irreproachable with laxity in the discharge of their high functions, British Judges are at all times incapable of getting tight.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

MR. BARLOW, with MASTERS SANDFORD and MERTON, at the QUEEN'S THEATRE, to see "The Last Days of Pompeii."

Tommy. Pray, Sir, what and where was Pompeii?

Mr. Barlow. It was, my dear TOMMY, a Roman municipality, full of eligible villas, pleasantly situated in the immediate neighbourhood of Mount Vesuvius, and within easy reach of the sea. It was "a place to spend a happy day," and "there and back" from Naples formed one of the chief excursions, at a very moderate rate, for the middle classes of Neapolis.

They had just commenced this instructive and entertaining conversation, when the curtain rising discovered to their eager eyes as artistic and effective a scene (with the exception of stationary painted groups, whose fixed attitude strangely contrasted with the movement of the actors in front of them) as it had hitherto been their lot to behold.

As the play went on, HARRY requested permission of MR. BARLOW to ask a question.

Harry. Did you not tell us, Sir, that the "e" in Pompeii was long?

Mr. Barlow. Indeed, HARRY, I did.

Harry. And did you not also tell us that one of the purposes of a theatrical exhibition, such as this is, is the advancement of education among all sorts and conditions of people?

Mr. Barlow. You are again correct, and truly I begin to perceive the drift of your remark. Therefore let me tell you that had any Eton boy said Pompëii, instead of Pompeii, he would speedily have been taught the force of an *argumentum* addressed, as was one of HORACE's Odes, *ad puerum*.

Harry. Surely too, Sir, a diphthong is long; so that the name *Apocides* should not be rendered Appy-cides, as if the name were an unaspirated pronunciation of Happy Cides.

To this MR. BARLOW replied that doubtless these honest folks had cogent reasons for their mode of pronunciation, with which he advised HARRY to become acquainted, before taking upon himself to pronounce an unmitigated condemnation of them.

"You will now perceive, TOMMY," said MR. BARLOW, during the performance of the Third Scene of the First Act, "that the crafty *Arbaces* is anxious to entice the sentimental young gentleman, *Appy Cides*, to partake of the repast with him."

Harry. But, Sir, surely the young man's objection to accept the

invitation of the Egyptian, must arise from a sense of politeness on his part, which, as there is nothing edible on the table, I fancy, except one plate of fruit, will not permit him to deprive *Arbaces* of even a portion of a dessert that has, evidently, been only ordered for one.

Mr. Barlow. Indeed, HARRY, I think you are right, and had *Arbaces* thought of it, I am certain he would willingly have extended his hospitality to a bag of nuts or some cakes of gingerbread. But you must remember that *Appy Cides*, or, as he seems to me, *Un-appy Cides*, is only the pupil of *Arbaces*, and does not appear at his tutor's table until dessert-time.

Tommy. If I were there I would go and eat everything, and then I would dance with one of the young ladies.

Mr. Barlow. I am sorry, TOMMY, that you are of that mind; and at another time—for I perceive that the good people in the pit, by their repeated cries of hush, and by the direction of their attention towards us, wish rather to hear the dialogue on the stage than my discourse, which is, after all, of a personal and private character—at another time, I was about to say, I will read to you an instructive story on greediness, entitled *Chares and the Convulsive Tailor*.

TOMMY looked on at the piece very sulkily for some time, being, indeed, intent upon the antique cups and goblets and upon the plate of luscious fruit which he had already noticed. But on seeing that neither *Arbaces* nor the sentimental young gentleman partook of anything that was provided for them, he began to have high opinion of their breeding, and before the scene was finished was heartily sorry for his error, and applauded all he saw and heard with increasing rapture and delight.

Mr. Barlow. You may, indeed, evince your gratitude to these worthy people, since they have done all in their power to entertain and instruct us. And, indeed, where all is done so vastly well, I know not what to commend most, whether the sonorous voice and dignified scoundrelism of that twice-crushed Priest of Isis, the iniquitous and unprincipled *Arbaces*, played by the remarkably upright and conscientious actor, MR. RYDER; or whether the gentle pleadings of the blind *Nydia*—MISS HOBSON is the young lady's name, my dear TOMMY, and I have no doubt she saw and appreciated your boyish enthusiasm—or the bearing of MR. RIGNOLD throughout a remarkably difficult and most trying part. But, HARRY, what is your opinion?

Harry. Why, Sir, I am very little judge of these matters, but I protest that I feel mightily indebted to those clever gentlemen, MASTERS GORDON and HARFORD (I had well-nigh slipped into the error of saying MASTERS MERTON and SANDFORD) for the scenery which has so admirably served to illustrate this play. I am sorry that *Appy Cides* was killed, as, having become a Christian, there would, I am sure, have been every opportunity open to him as an estimable young curate of evangelical proclivities.

Tommy (during the cleverly arranged Amphitheatre Scene, Act IV.) I am glad to see, Sir, that in this scene where we have so much to admire, the tumblers—

Mr. Barlow. These, my dear TOMMY, represent the gladiators. And you must remember that on the stage, where every combat has to be carefully arranged both as to the number and fashion of the blows given and received, and as to who shall be, and who shall not be the conqueror, the contest of two determined champions, or rather of two champions whose course has been previously determined, cannot fail to be of a most thrilling and exciting character.

Tommy. O, Sir! they have given orders to let the Lion loose. O, Sir! the Lion is coming!

Harry. I do not believe that all these fine gentlemen and ladies would remain so still if there were, indeed, a Lion approaching.

Mr. Barlow. The Lion, my dear TOMMY, is a native of both India and Africa. When they are hungry, they kill every animal they meet, and will even devour little boys—

Here poor TOMMY's trepidation was increased to such an extent that he would have quitted his seat and the theatre, but for the sudden entry of the traitor *Calenus*, whose charge of murder brought against his master, the wily *Arbaces*, instantly distracted everyone's thoughts from the coming of the expected monster.

Both MR. BARLOW and HARRY were loud in their praises of the dramatist who had contrived to arouse in the breasts of the spectators such emotions of fear, by the absence of the Lion, as could scarcely have been equalled by his formidable presence.

"Indeed," said MR. BARLOW, "on reflection, I am led to consider the chiefest part in this piece to be the Lion's share in it. He is spoken of at the commencement of the play, he is often alluded to throughout, and the bare mention of his name sensibly electrifies the spectators on and off the stage. From the very first we are incited to expect his appearance. He has not to roar to make himself dreaded. He has not even to be present, either on or off, the scene.

Harry. This device is, in my humble judgment, worthy of high commendation in the play-wright, who has thus evinced his reverence for the words of the immortal WILLIAM, and whose plan is in cordial agreement with *Bottom's* opinion on this very matter,



A QUESTION FOR THE SHIRES.

"NOW, DEAR, WHICH DO YOU PREFER FOR THE 'TOPS'?—THE DEEPER SHADE, OR VERY PALEST PINK?"

which, my dear TOMMY, as you are as yet unacquainted with the works of SHAKESPEARE, I will repeat to you. "Masters," says Bottom, "You ought to consider with yourselves, to bring in a lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing, for there is not a more fearful wild fowl than your lion, living."

TOMMY was so forcibly struck by this adroit application of a famous passage from the plays of SHAKESPEARE, that he determined, on the first opportunity to read all these dramas through from beginning to end. And having already set himself to the study of astronomy and mechanics, solely in order to make himself as proficient in the art of applicable illustrations as was his friend HARRY MERTON, TOMMY now found that he had at least one hour of the day fully occupied.

On their return from the theatre MR. BARLOW, ever anxious for the improvement of both his young friends, commenced reading to them the story of *The Magistrate and the Elephant*; but, seeing that both his young friends were fast asleep in their chairs, he lit his chamber-candle and retired for the night.

On entering his room somewhat suddenly, a pair of boots, artfully placed so as to rest on the door, which had been standing ajar, descended on his head; and the next instant, on his taking one step forward, he came in contact with a stout string, so skilfully fastened, as not only to throw him sharply on the floor, but, being cunningly connected with the fire-irons and the washing-stand, it brought down these articles also with a great crash and much confusion. Before he could arise from his painful position, TOMMY and HARRY had rushed up-stairs to render to their revered preceptor what assistance was in their power. Being questioned as to the hand they had had in this strange affair, MASTER TOMMY, with becoming modesty, acknowledged that it was he who had devised the scheme. "And," said he, "I protest I think it is no inadequate representation of what must have been the consequence in several houses during the Eruption of Mount Vesuvius in the *Last Days of Pompeii*."

So saying, both the boys withdrew themselves rapidly from their beloved tutor's apartment, and locked themselves into their own rooms. Soon after this, they were all in a sound slumber, which lasted until a late hour on the following morning.

VINDICTIVE TEUTONS.

THERE is a good deal of talk in France about revenge to be taken one of these days upon the Germans for having repelled and beaten their invaders. In the meanwhile, according to the *Post*, those barbarous Germans are trying to revenge themselves, in their heavy way, on the enemies who have been twitting them with stealing clocks and watches, by an—

"IMPORTANT RESTORATION OF SPECIE. — The *Courrier de Meurthe et Moselle* announces that the six millions of francs which had fallen into the hands of the German troops after the capitulation of Strasburg, and belonging to the Bank of France, are about to be restored to that establishment through its branch bank at Nancy."

This, of course, is a practical sarcasm at the expense of a nation represented by some of its orators and statesmen as having been aggrieved by being forced to restore pictures and works of Art which the First NAPOLEON and his gangs in uniform had pillaged from their neighbours. It is obviously meant to suggest an odious comparison between those who make restitution of even lawful plunder in hard cash, and those others who grumble because of having been compelled to replace Art-treasures actually stolen, and that in some cases from friends. This is clumsy German satire to be sure, but it tumbles down pretty heavily for all that on the heads of them that shouted "A Berlin!"

Sporting News.

THE lovers of manly British sports will be glad to know that there is a chance of seeing another good fight, or so, before the law is altered. A rattling mill is to come off in the north of the West Riding. POWELL, the well-known Cambridge Slogger, is matched against HOLDEN, of the above parts, who has not fought in public, but is known in the Chapel districts as a determined cove. As this will be nearly the last of the real old English fights, much interest is excited. The white chokers are with POWELL, and HOLDEN is backed by the humbler humboxes. Both men will do all they know, and a clinking good contest may be expected.



"CONSERVATION OF TISSUE."

Uncle. "WELL, TOMMY, YOU SEE I'M BACK; ARE YOU READY? WHAT HAVE I TO PAY FOR, MISS?"

Miss. "THREE BUNS, FOUR SPONGE CAKES, TWO SANDWICHES, ONE JELLY, FIVE TARTS, AND—"

Uncle. "GOOD GRACIOUS, BOY! ARE YOU NOT ILL?"

Tommy. "NO, UNCLE; BUT I'M THIRSTY."

IN ANGELÆ HONOREM.

"A Meeting was held in the Hall of Columbia Market, on Monday evening, SIR THOMAS DAKIN in the Chair, to consider what testimonial of public respect and gratitude should be offered to BARONESS BURDETT COURTIS."—*Daily News.*

SWEET names there are that carry sweet natures in their sound; Whose ring, like hallowed bells of old, seems to shed blessing round: Such a name of good omen, FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, is thine; And hers, our ANGELÆ's, for all in want and woe that pine.

The QUEEN has made her noble; but ere that rank was given, She had donned robe and coronet of the peerage made in Heaven: Baptised in purer honour than from earthly fountain flows, Raised to a prouder Upper House than our proud island knows.

The loftiest of that peerage are of lowliest mood and will; And this their proudest lordship, Love's service to fulfil: Chief Stewards and High Almoners of the goods Heaven bestows—'Tis theirs to see that Charity in Wisdom's channels flows.

For e'en that stream, ill-guided, can poison goodly ground— For health, sow fever broadcast, for blessing, blight, around: 'Tis not enough its waters to loose with lib'ral mind; If Reason lends not eyes to Love, Love strays—for he is blind.

This *she* has known, our ANGELÆ, for whom men ask, e'en now, "Fit tribute of our gratitude where shall we pay, and how?" If blessings clothed in substance, prayers made palpable, could be, When had Kaiser, King, or Conqueror, such monument as *she*?

But what can gold, or silver, or bronze, or marble, pay Of the unsummed debt of gratitude owed her this many a day?

NEGATIVE KNOWLEDGE.

WE never knew a cabman with an eyeglass, or a chimneysweep with spectacles.

WE never knew a lady buy a bargain at a shop sale, and not afterwards regret it.

WE never knew a man propose the toast of the evening, without his wishing that it had not been placed in abler hands.

WE never knew a waiter in a hurry, at a chop-house, who did not say that he was "Coming, Sir!" when really he was going.

WE never lost a game to a professional at billiards, without hearing him assign his triumph chiefly to his flukes.

TO THE STATE COACHMAN.

(Suggested by a Passage in the new Q. R.)

"CANNING did not know that tadpoles Turn to frogs." Each fool explodes: But that Queller of the Yelpers Knew that patriots turn to toads.

GLADSTONE goes in for omniscience; Does the team obey the bit As when PAM's whip atung with banter, Or when CANNING's cut with wit?

WILLIAM! *Punch*, who likes you, counsels— Mix some humour with your zeal, Making humbugs think is hopeless: Be content to make them *feel*.

No Misnomer.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times*, whose note is headed "Civil Service Grammar," writes a remonstrance because he has seen a Government Cart going about inscribed "Her Majesty's Stationary Office." He is evidently under a misconception as to what office is meant, for what man who reflects on the progress of the new Law Courts, the new National Gallery, the new Natural History Museum, the Wellington Monument, &c., can doubt for a moment that "Her Majesty's Stationary Office" is the Office of Works and Public Buildings?

What record, parchment-blazoned, closed in golden casket rare, Can with her love, in England's heart, for preciousness compare?

If we needs must find her symbol, then carve and set on high A heavy-laden camel going through the needle's eye; Gold-burdened, by a gentle yet firm hand wisely driven,— Our ANGELÆ's, that on it rides, riches and all, to Heaven!

Or if a painted record be by the occasion claimed, Paint up Bethesda's Pool, and round, the sick, the halt, and maimed, Waiting until our ANGELÆ through Earth's afflicted go To stir wealth's healing waters, that await her hand to flow.

PIG-AND-BARGAIN-DRIVING.

THE *Eastern Morning News*—what a pretty name—why not the *Dawn*?—hath a prosaic item: this:—

WANTED, a GROOM and Coachman, and to assist the Gardener. Wages, 18s. per week to commence with, to be advanced 1s. per year for every year he remains. Must understand horses and pigs, and be able to drive one, or a pair.

We do not think the wages too high. A celebrated Oxford Don, who could make Greek verses as fast as mill-wheels strike, yet who was not so ready with ordinary English, beheld, from the top of a coach, a drover striving to guide some pigs along the road. Wishing to be conversational, the Don observed to his neighbour, "A difficult Animal to drive is a Pig—one man—a good many—very." Here, observe, were the materials for a pleasing remark, but they needed arrangement. He was right, however. Pigs are difficult to drive, and the Yorkshire advertiser who wants a man able to drive one pig, or a pair, is right in offering him the above noble rise in wage. Correspondents will abstain from vulgar suggestions about a pig and a "hog"—we don't understand them.



"HERE BE TRUTHS."

Mistress. "BRING SOME MORE BREAD, MARTHA?"

Maid. "THERE'S NANE, MEM!"

Mistress. "O, NONSENSE! I SAW A LOAF IN THE PANTRY."

Maid. "DID YE, MEM? I'M THINKING IT'S TIME YE WERE GETTING SPECS, THEN, FOR IT'S A CHEESE!"

"YOUR BONNET TO ITS RIGHT USE."

"LET me use my biretta,"

Says CARDINAL CULLEN,

"To fan Ireland's school-lamp,
That burns smoky and sullen."

"No," says England, "your motives

'Twere cruel to doubt,—

But what if your reverence
Should put the lamp out?"

LONDON GOLD DIGGINGS.

DEAR Old England! well may one exclaim, on reading in the *Daily News* a statement such as this:—

"VALUE OF LAND IN LOMBARD STREET.—A piece of land adjoining the Lombard Exchange, in Lombard Street, has been sold for £9000, or about £19 4s. 6d. per foot super."

It used to be affirmed that London streets were paved with gold, and, by the side of the above, the story hardly seems beyond one's power of credulity. Land worth nineteen pounds per foot must be wellnigh as good as gold to its fortunate possessor, and the man who owned an acre of it would hardly need to emigrate to any other diggings. Assuredly, to any *Fortunatus* who owns much land in Lombard Street, London may be looked on as the true Tom Tiddler's Ground.

The New Judge.

Mr. Punch hears that LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN (one of our most accomplished Latin writers) intimated to the CHANCELLOR that the appointment of the new Judge for the Queen's Bench was a *Sine Quam*on.

WANTED—SIMPLICITY.

MR. PUNCH,

Is the English language a thing to be ashamed of? I put the question, because in a weekly literary journal, printed and published in London in the mother tongue, I have just read, not without some rubbing of eyes and much mental bewilderment, the following singular announcement:—

"INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—The EMPEROR OF BRÉSIL was elected an Honorary Member."

I have never heard that Brazil has become a French possession, and I am positive that the Institution of Civil Engineers is not in Paris, but in Great George Street, Westminster. Why, then, Brésil? Crack this Brazil-nut for

Yours, unaffectedly,

JNO. SMITH.

P.S.—Can fish talk? I ask this second question, after seeing that another periodical publication contains an article with the heading, "Perch Prattle."

We Can't See It.

OF all the odd kinds of consolation under affliction, the last suggestion seems to Mr. Punch the oddest. We are mourning the demise of the no-horned Infant Hippopotamus in the Regent's Park, and we are told to be cheerful, for a two-horned Infant Rhinoceros has gone to Madrid. The doctrine of compensations was never pushed much further, even in a Scotch sermon.

Platonic Politics.

PLATO gives the best reason why Woman's Rights should be conceded, and Women be admitted to power. Listen, Dears, "Rulers should have Personal Beauty." Kiss ums own old Punch.

PRIVATE SCHOOL CLASSICS.

(Letter from a Lady.)



DEAR MR. PUNCH,

THOUGH you love to laugh, and we all love to laugh with you, I know that you are kindness itself when an afflicted woman throws herself upon your sympathy. This letter will not be quite so short as I could wish; but, unless you have my whole story, you will not understand my sorrow.

My boy, JOHNNY, is one of the dearest boys you can imagine. I send you his photograph, though it does not half justice to the sweetness and intelligence of his features; besides, on the day it was taken, he had a cold, and his hair had not been properly cut, and the photographer was very impatient, and after eight or nine sittings, he insisted that I ought to be satisfied. I could tell you a hundred anecdotes of my boy's cleverness, but three or four, perhaps, will be enough.

[More than enough, dear Madam. We proceed to the paragraph that follows them.]

His father, I regret to say, though a kind parent, does not see in JOHNNY the talent and genius which I am certain he possesses. The child, who is eleven years and eleven months old, goes (alas, I must say went) to a Private Academy of the most respectable description. Only twelve young gentlemen are taken, and the terms are about £100 a-year, and most things extra. The manners of the pupils are strictly looked after; they have no coarse amusements; and, to see them neatly dressed, going arm-in-arm, two and two, for a walk, was quite delightful. I shall never see them again without tears.

My husband was desirous that JOHNNY should have a sound classical education, and we believed—I believe still—that this is given at the Private School in question. One evening during the holidays, my husband asked JOHNNY what Latin Book he was reading. The child replied, without hesitation or thought—"Horace." "Very good," said his father, taking down the odious book. "Let you and me have a little go-in at Horace." I went to my desk, Mr. Punch, and, as I write very fast, I resolved to make notes of what occurred, for I felt that JOHNNY would cover himself with glory and honour. This is what occurred. Of course, I filled in the horrid Latin, afterwards, from the book, which I could gladly have burned.

Papa. Well, let us see, my boy, suppose we take Hymn number xiv. You know all about that? *Ad Rempublicam*. What does that mean?

Johnny. O, we never learn the titles.

Papa. Pity, because they help you to the meaning. But come, what's *Rempublicam*?

Johnny. I suppose it means a public thing. *Rem's* a thing, and *publicus* is public. [Was not that clever in the dear fellow, putting words together like that, Mr. Punch? Will you believe it, his Papa did nothing but give him a grunt?]

Papa. Go on.

*O navis, referent in mare te novi
Fluctus. O quid agis?*

Johnny. O, navy, referring to the sea. I have known thee.

What will the waves do?

[I thought this quite beautiful, like "What are the Wild Waves Saying?"]

Papa. Ah! Proceed.

—fortiter occupa
Portum. Nonne vides—

Johnny. Bravely occupy the door.

You see a nun.

Papa. A nun, child. What do you mean?

Johnny. A nun is a holy but mistaken woman, Papa, that lives in

a monastery, and worships graven images. [You see he had been beautifully taught.]

Papa. But what word, in the name of anachronisms, do you make a nun?

Johnny. Nonne. O, I forget, Pa, that's French. [Instead of being pleased that the child knew three languages instead of two, his Papa burst out laughing.]

Papa. Try this:—

*Et malus celeri saucius Africo,
Antennæque gemant? ac sine funibus
Vix durare carinæ
Possint imperiosius
Æquor?*

Johnny. And celery sauce is bad for an African,
And your aunts groan though there is no funeral,
And they could not be more imperious
If they had to endure a sea-voyage.

Myself. Darling! Why don't you say something to encourage him, Tom? It's delightful.

Papa. Yes, it's encouraging. Go on, Sir.

—non tibi sunt integra lintea;
Non di, quos iterum pressa voces malo.

Johnny. You have no large pieces of lint.
Do not die, though they again press you to say apple.

Papa. Nil pictis timidus navita puppibus
Fidit!

Johnny. No sailor is frightened at the dogs in a picture he sees.

Papa. Fidit's, he sees, eh?

—Tu, nisi ventis
Debes ludibrium, cave.

Johnny. If it wasn't for the wind,
You ought to play in a cave.

Papa. Ha! Well, here's the last; we may as well go through it.

Myself. Papa! don't be so cross.

Papa. Mind your letter-writing, will you? [But I wasn't letter-writing. I was making notes.]

Nuper sollicitum quæ mihi tedium.

Johnny. Lately a solicitor was a great bore to me.

Papa. [To do him justice, he recovered his good-humour and roared.] A great bore, was he? They are bores sometimes. Now then—

Nunc desiderium, curaque non levis.

Johnny. I do not care for the light of the stars.

Papa. Hang it, JOHNNY, how do you get at "stars" in that line?

Johnny. De, of, siderium, dative, no, genitive plural of sidus, a star, Papa, and levis is light.

Papa. Finish. *Interfusa nitentes
Vites æquora Cycladas.*

What do you make of that? "With an infusion of nitre the vines are equal to Cyclops"—is that it?

Johnny. I think so, Papa dear. The Cyclops were great giants, who poked out the eye of Achilles with a hot stick, for throwing stones at their ship.

Papa. Go to bed!

Johnny. What for, Papa?

Myself. Yes, what for, Tom? I'm sure the dear fellow has done his best to please you.

Papa. You are right. It is I who ought to be sent to bed. All right, JOHNNY. Let us have a game at the *Battle of Dorking*—get the board. That's good fun. But £100 a-year, and *sollicitum*, a solicitor, isn't. However, we'll alter that.

And, dear Mr. Punch, he gave notice the very next day that JOHNNY should not go back to the Private School, and is going to send him to a College, to be starved, fagged, beaten, knocked down with cricket-balls, trampled down at football, and taught to fight.

Believe me, yours,

AN UNHAPPY MOTHER.

True Thomas of Chelsea.

IT WAS MR. CARLYLE who first revealed the existence of Phantasm Captains, which many people refused to believe in, and laughed at the notion of. What do they say now that a Board of Captains in command over Captains and Admirals too is called by its own Secretary a Phantom Board? Surely that THOMAS of Chelsea is a true Seer, and long since saw through Simulacra which have, in truth, at last been discovered to be transparent Shams.



"THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STARE."

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

MR. BARLOW, with MASTERS HARRY SANDFORD and TOMMY MERTON, visits ASTLEY'S THEATRE, to see the Pantomime of "LADY GODIVA."

"THIS," exclaimed HARRY, "is an exhibition which affords me, and indeed appears to give to a vast number besides myself, the greatest gratification."

Tommy. I see, Sir, that *St. George* appears in this story with *Lady Godiva*; pray, Sir, who was *St. George*?

Mr. Barlow. There have been, my dear TOMMY, various opinions on this interesting subject, and some honest folks have sought to identify the celebrated personage in question with a Butcher, who served bad meat to the Christians in Palestine, while others have gone equally far towards proving that he was no Butcher, but an Arian Bishop of Alexandria. Whether Butcher, or Bishop, it was for a long time most difficult to determine.

Harry. But pray, Sir, why did not the antagonistic parties bring the case into a Court of Law so as to obtain a decision.

Mr. Barlow. Your own experience, HARRY, will, doubtless, one of these days furnish you with sufficient reason for the persons interested not having given employment to the gentlemen of the long robe. There was no claimant to the title living, and there was nothing beyond a title to be claimed; for, whether on the one hand (with EUSEBIUS) revering him as a Saint, or, on the other (with GIBBON) abusing him as "the infamous GEORGE," both sides admitted the object of their contention to have been long since deceased. He is, however, the patron Saint of England, and owes his great reputation in modern times to managers of Theatres at Christmas, and writers of extravaganzas and of Pantomimes, to whom his history is invaluable, as affording marvellous opportunities for great scenic display, and spectacular effect, while the Saintly Knight himself seldom fails to find an admirable representative in either a young lady of considerable personal attractions (as here at ASTLEY'S) or in some eccentric and grotesque gentleman like one of the lithesome PAYNES, or the agile MR. VOKES, whose extraordinary feats, with his legs, we have already witnessed at Drury Lane Theatre. I confess, however, that I do not perceive by what pro-

cess *St. George* has been brought into the comparatively modern legend of *Lady Godiva*.

Harry. It seems to me, Sir, that you intended us just now to remark some diverting jest in your use of the words "feats" and "legs," which TOMMY, I fear, has failed to comprehend.

Mr. Barlow. Indeed, HARRY, you are quite right, and I trust that both you, and TOMMY, will be able to utter such pleasantries yourselves with a full appreciation of their value. I regret to notice that Miss SHERIDAN, who, with much discretion, performs the part of the *Lady Godiva*, is suffering from cold, and is, consequently, a little hoarse. This is natural at ASTLEY'S.

Then, turning to TOMMY, and smiling in his usual kind manner, MR. BARLOW said, "My dear TOMMY, although you have not yet mastered the amusing puns which I made in my recent discourse, you can, it may be, tell me why Miss SHERIDAN resembles a pony?"

TOMMY, whose whole attention was now given to the scene, expressed his intention of at once renouncing all attempts at solving this problem. Whereupon MR. BARLOW cheerfully replied that Miss SHERIDAN so far resembled a pony, inasmuch as she was, unfortunately, on that evening, "a little hoarse." HARRY laughed at this sally, and, indeed, considered his beloved tutor a prodigy of wit and ingenuity; but it was otherwise with TOMMY, who remained silent and depressed during the greater part of the entertainment; and, indeed, it was not until the very effective Transformation Scene that TOMMY'S unbounded pleasure and admiration once more found vent in the most unqualified applause, in which the entire audience joined.

Harry. These expressions of delight remind me of the story you read to me the other day, Sir, called *Agésilus and the Elastic Nobleman*. As TOMMY has not heard it I will—

But at this moment a vast assemblage of children on the stage, habited as soldiers, commenced the National Anthem at the top of their voices, which for the time put an end to further conversation.

On quitting the theatre, TOMMY, who from having been in a state of the greatest elation had once more resumed the sober and saddened aspect with which he had listened to his tutor's discourse during the play, took HARRY aside, and declared to him, with tears in his eyes, that from that day forward he would never rest till he had made himself thoroughly acquainted with all the jokes in the English language, and had perfected himself in the art of constructing new ones.

"Your determination, MASTER TOMMY," replied his young friend, "reminds me of the story of *Darius and the Corrugated Butcher*; but, as I am too fatigued to-night to remember its main features, I will defer the recital of it till to-morrow morning."

TOMMY evinced a great curiosity to know whether there were in this tale any puns, upon which he might at once exercise his intelligence, but on HARRY'S repeating his promise, he allowed him to go to bed without further question.

Being thus left to his own resources, TOMMY MERTON, in pursuance of his new resolution, went to the book-shelves and commenced a search which was not destined to be altogether fruitless.

MR. BARLOW had scarcely been in bed two hours, when he was aroused from a most peaceful and refreshing slumber by a loud hammering and knocking at the door of his chamber. Unable to imagine what had happened, and, indeed, fearing lest the premises should have unfortunately caught fire, he was on the point of gathering together such articles of clothing as he considered strictly necessary, when TOMMY burst into the room half-dressed, and bawling out, "I've seen it! I've seen it!"

"What have you seen?" asked MR. BARLOW.

"Why, Sir," answered TOMMY, "I had a mind to discover, before I went to bed, what you meant by your two jokes at Astley's. So, Sir, I got down your book of *Joseph Miller's Jests*, a dictionary, and a grammar; and I find that the fun you had intended lies in the similarity of pronunciation in the case of the substantive *horse* and of the adjective *hoarse*, and also in *feat* and *feet* possessing a like sound."

"Well," said MR. BARLOW, pausing, with a boot-jack in hand, "you are indeed right. And if you will approach a little nearer—"

But TOMMY, anticipating the purport of his revered tutor's invitation, had speedily withdrawn himself from the apartment, being careful at the same time to lock MR. BARLOW'S door on the outside.

"To-morrow," said MR. BARLOW quietly to himself as he returned to his bed—"To-morrow we will talk over these things."

He now perceived that he was in a condition of unwonted restlessness; and it was not until he had twice repeated to himself the story of *The Laplander and the Agreeable Peacock*, that he fell asleep.

Doctors in Court.

MEDICAL men, experts and others, in the witness-box, are unfortunately apt to use technical terms for which there are no equivalents in plain English. For this pedantry the Judge usually snubs them. Quite right. There are no hard words or phrases, of which the use, by Judges or Counsel, is sometimes unavoidable, in Law.



AFTER THE PARTY:

Mater (aroused by the Horse pulling up). "WHIT'S THE MATTER, GUIDMAN?—ONYTHING WRANG?"

Pater (bringing his Faculties to a Focus). "LET US JUST CONSIDER THE RECENT CIRCUMSTANCES. WAS OOR JOHN IN THE GIO WHEN WE STARTET FRAE ANDRISHAIG?"

OWLS THAT IS NOT HORGANS.

MR. PUNCH has—need he say it?—the profoundest admiration for the skill and zeal of the great Healers who have conducted H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES out of the region of bulletins. But he hopes that should any member of the Royal Family again need medical advice (which good fortune forefend for many a long day), no name belonging to a member of the illustrious trio may be signed to the *affiches*. It was not for *Mr. Punch* to complain while bulletins issued, but now all else is happiness, he makes his mean, or rather (as MR. ROEBUCK says Birmingham is always doing) makes his howl. How many thousand idiots have sent *Mr. Punch* jests on the names of the Doctors, he cannot say, but the changes have been rung, *ad nauseam*, on a "Jennerous diet," a "Lowe fever," a "bird of good omen—a Gull," until

But not one goose was gratified; ha! ha! Fire, not vanity, was fed. Still, *Mr. Punch* has suffered; and therefore he begs leave to suggest that all the three Doctors be raised to the Peerage. They have richly deserved it, and so has SIR JAMES PAGET (whose name happily does not help the small wits); but *Mr. Punch's* comfort is the thing to be considered. N.B. He likes to give those who are "blest in not being simple men" an occasional peep—as thus—at the circumjacent world of donkeyism.

MRS. MALAPROP has lately been 'studying Latin, with' success. But, as a good Church-woman, she cannot hold with the rule *Festina lente*. She disapproves of feasting in Lent.



"OOR JOHN" WAS IN "THE GIO"—WHEN THEY STARTED!

GUILDED LADIES.

LADIES, look at this proposal to promote what some of you may call the millineryennium:—

"A Guild of Ladies is proposed to be formed to promote modesty of dress to do away with extravagance, and substitute the neatness and sobriety suitable to Christian women."

A guild formed to promote the sobriety of women ought to have SIR WILFRID LAWSON for a patron, and should be supported by every Teetotaler now living in the land. But the sobriety here mentioned is that of dress, not drink; and total abstinence from finery and flummery of fashion is doubtless the chief aim of the promoters of the guild. Well, if they succeed in reducing even chignons to reasonable dimensions, they will deserve the thanks of every one afflicted with good taste; and if they further are successful in reducing

the enormous bills which ladies owe their milliners, they will earn the heartfelt gratitude of many a poor husband, who can ill afford to pay them. All is not gold that glitters, but we may guess there is true metal, and not merely specious glitter, in these Guilded Ladies.

French and British Budgets.

M. THIERS has been censured by some of our contemporaries for his fiscal policy of seeking to impose heavy duties on raw materials. At any rate, however, France will not be saddled (like an ass) with an Income-tax; so the taxation to which that country will be subjected, will be comparatively light, even if it should have the effect of making butchers' meat as frightfully dear there as it is in England.

A TEMPERANCE HOSPITAL.



O to! The anti-alcoholic manifesto lately put forth by the two hundred and fifty first-class Doctors is already producing the effect which a demonstration, fortified with names some having handles to them, seldom fails to produce on a portion of the generally intelligent British Public. It has caused "a movement." The *Daily News* announces that:—

"A movement has been started to establish a hospital in London for the treatment of diseases apart from the ordinary administration of alcoholic liquors."

The object of the movement does not appear

from the words in which it is stated quite so clearly as the thinking persons who may attach importance to it must desire. Do not, in fact, most Doctors, as it is, treat diseases "apart from the ordinary administration of alcoholic liquors?" Are not all patients but those labouring under diseases of debility, as a rule, enjoined by their medical attendant to abstain, totally or comparatively, from wine, beer, and spirits? In hospitals, where this abstinence can always be enforced, the treatment of diseases apart from the ordinary administration of alcoholic liquors is especially usual. Do the enlightened promoters of a movement for the establishment of a hospital, whereat diseases shall be so treated still more especially, mean to say that, in that new institution alcohol, in diseases in which it has hitherto been wont to be ordinarily administered as a tonic or stimulant requisite for their cure, shall not be given—and if so, why? Because alcohol is a poison? Then why stop at alcohol? Why not also proscribe, instead of prescribing, opium, henbane, hemlock, deadly nightshade, arsenic, and prussic acid; and indeed—for what active medicine is not a poison in an over-dose?—nearly every article in the *Materia Medica*?

Truly the great Two-Hundred-and-Fifty Against Alcohol, themselves even, leave some room for question as to their meaning when they proclaim that "it is believed that the inconsiderate prescription of large quantities of alcoholic liquids by Medical Men for their patients has given rise, in many instances, to the formation of intemperate habits." Believed by, and of whom? By the Two-Hundred-and-Fifty Doctors of their Profession at large, or by Society in general of it, including them? One would like to know who the believers are, in order to be enabled to appraise the belief, and it would also please one to be informed whether or no the belief includes a confession, which the Two-Hundred-and-Fifty make for themselves. Did you, gentle reader, in the course of your experience, ever happen to meet with a victim of the Bottle who dated his intemperance from taking port wine or brandy, prescribed for him when convalescent, for example, from typhus fever?

One can indeed understand and appreciate the advice that "alcohol, in whatever form, should be prescribed and administered with as much care as any powerful drug," and peradventure this will create another movement, a movement of a speculative nature, for the manufacture of graduated phisic glasses, of various sizes, to replace the sherry, champagne, hock, and claret glasses now in use at table: a minim-glass to be the new glass for liqueurs and brandy. This practical improvement in Social Science may be shortly introduced by some of our leading medical men at their own tables. And when they exhibit alcohol, in whatever form, perhaps, in future, they will always take care to combine it with something very nauseous; gin, for instance, with the most horrible of bitters. This will effectually prevent the administration of alcohol from originating the formation of intemperate habits.

Doubtless, on the whole, the Two-Hundred-and-Fifty have spoken wisely; but the echo of their speech in some quarters has sounded

like cackle, and the "movement," which their utterance has set on foot among gregarious persons, very much resembles the march of an analogous kind of birds, under leadership, across a common.

RURAL INTELLIGENCE.

SP LICINGHAM.

INTERESTING EVENT.—On Thursday the 25th inst. this pretty little village was early astir, and thrown into a state of pleasurable excitement, it being the nuptial morn of Miss SELINA SUNNISMILE, daughter of Mr. SUNNISMILE, gardener and florist, with Mr. ROBERT GRUBBINS, pork-butcher, both of this parish. The parents of the happy couple being held in high esteem, triumphal arches were erected, decked with appropriate mottoes, and the front of the bride's residence was festooned with early cauliflowers and other floral ornaments which her father had purveyed. The choral service terminated with the *Wedding March* of MENDELSSOHN, performed on the harmonium by Mr. JOSEPH THUMPER with his accustomed skill. An elegant *déjeuner*, consisting of pork-pies, pickled herrings, trotters, tripe, and wedding-cake, was then done ample justice to by a select party of guests; the bride's health being drunk in bumpers of champagne, expressly made for the occasion from her father's famous gooseberries, which gained a prize last summer at the exhibition of the Splicingham Pomological Society. After this affecting ceremony, the happy pair departed, in a shower of old slippers, on a trip to the metropolis, to spend their honeymoon.

WOBBLESWORTH.

LITERARY ENTERTAINMENT.—The second of the series of Half-penny Readings was held last Tuesday evening at the Literary Institute, the REV. MR. MILDMAN being voted to the Chair. It will be noticed from the programme that something more than mere amusement is the aim of these small gatherings; and, as a means towards the better education of the country, we need hardly say we wish them all manner of success:—

READING, "Old Mother Hubbard"	MISS BROWN.
RECITATION, "Humpty Dumpty"	MASTER JONES.
SONG, "Twinkle, twinkle, little Star"	MRS. ROBINSON.
RECITAL (in costume), "Grilling a Grizly"	MR. SMITH.
READING, "The Humours of Joe Miller"	REV. Z. SNOOKS.
COMIC SONG, {"O, did you twig her Ankle?"}	MR. LARKER.
RECITAL, "My Name is Norval"	MASTER WIGGINS.
GLEE, "The Cock and Crow"	WOBBLESWORTH WARBLERS.
READING, "The Bandit's Bride"	REV. H. WALKER.
SONG, "I seek thee in every Shadow"	MR. GROWLER.
RECITAL, "The Haunted Hottentot"	DR. BLOBS.
COMIC SONG, "Jolly Miss Jemima"	MR. LARKER.
CHORUS, "Ri fol de riddle ol"	WOBBLESWORTH WARBLERS.

The company separated at the somewhat advanced hour of half-past nine o'clock, after spending an enjoyable and instructive evening.

DUFFERTON AND BLUNDERBURGH.

SPARROWSHOOTING EXTRAORDINARY.—The annual meeting of the Dufferton and Blunderburgh Sparrow Club was held on Monday last at the Goose and Gridiron, Dufferton, the President, MR. BOORIE, again occupying the chair. It appeared from the report that, during the past twelvemonth, no fewer than 5937 sparrows had been slaughtered by the honourable members of the club. Complaints had been received of increasing devastation by fly, and slug, and caterpillar, and it was said that this was owing to the great decrease of small birds effected by the club. The Chairman, amid cheers, pooh-poohed these allegations, and, after presenting a new powderflask to MR. JONAH JOWLS, for having made the largest bag of small birds in the twelvemonth, the Chairman humorously adjourned the meeting to the supper-room, where mine host served up an elegant light supper, the menu whereof consisted of sausages, black puddings, Welsh rarebits, and pork-chops.

SCIENCE GOSSIP.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ has discovered "a fish which builds a nest." Wonders are only just beginning. Other Professors, envious of AGASSIZ's good fortune, will be stimulated to renewed study of the Animal Kingdom; and the result will be that at no distant day we shall see the great Zoological collections, here and in America, enriched by the addition of a glowworm which lives in a hive, a tortoise which hops from bough to bough, an oviparous rabbit, and a lobster whose diet consists exclusively of salad. The fable which deluded our childhood may yet be realised, and pigeon's milk take its place amongst the common articles of a free breakfast table.

NEW SCHOOL FOR NOBS.



boy who does not bring back £5 each half is set down by 'the house' as a 'duffer' and as of 'no use.' In other words, he is under the cold shade of his fellow-boarders, and is subject to constant and galling humiliation."

Very well. Let him be off, then. A first-class Public School is no place for him any more than a first-class carriage. Let the beggar who doesn't like it, leave it—go second or third class, and be taught the three R's under FORSTER'S Education Act. But now read what PAVIDUS has the insolence to say further:—

"It is not every lad that can bear lightly the gibes and jeers of the young cotton lords whose home ethics teach them to measure the quality of a gentleman by the amount of money he can spend. The result is inevitable. The 'soc' shop gives credit. A loan is soon and easily contracted, and the boy, smarting under the results of his comparative poverty, begins his career of debt and deceit in order to hold his own among his more pecunious fellows."

MR. PAVIDUS, in his pride and poverty, seems very indignant at the idea of wealthy young cotton lords treating poor young pedigree lords with contempt. I dare say he is some poor nobleman's relation himself, the HONOURABLE PAVIDUS, perhaps, or RIGHT HONOURABLE PAVIDUS.

When he wrote the above sneer at cotton lords probably he turned up his nose. That is, I mean, he tried to, for it is a nose that don't turn up by nature, I'm sure. I'll be bound it's one of those aquiline hook-noses which your bloated aristocrats are so vain of, none of your jolly button-mushroom snub. I fancy I see PAVIDUS—LORD PAVIDUS, perhaps—looking down upon myself and sniffing at me, like a footman with too strong a bouquet in his buttonhole. He and his, and such as they, had best keep themselves to themselves. If our boys are too well-off at school for theirs, and yet theirs are above being sent to regular pauper schools, why don't your Nobs and Swells get up poor's schools of their own, poor gentlemen's schools, if they like to call them so? At such schools the rule might be that no boy was to come from home to school with more than five shillings in his pocket, nor be allowed above sixpence a week.

Dress and board could be cut down to the same plain, poverty-stricken scale. Such regulations would keep the high-bred paupers what they call select enough without any necessity, which they that pride themselves so on their pronunciation might perhaps imagine, for an entrance examination to try if new-comers could pronounce their h's. And so, poor nobility and gentry, being brought up in that frugal sort of way, would continue in it, because able to afford no better, and by-and-by, I dare say, get to pride themselves upon it, and make a merit and a boast of their despicable economy; so that plain living and dressing and eating and drinking will some day perhaps be considered the particular tokens of high birth and breeding, and of class-distinction between PLANTAGENET MOWBRAY FITZ-MONTAGUE NORFOLK HOWARD and

SHODDY.

AND Mr. Punch, a happy change has come over the character of our Public Schools. The chief of them, I have been told, of what is called mediæval foundation, were originally intended to educate the sons of poor gentlemen. But now, Sir, the purpose they have come to serve is just the reverse of that. A correspondent of the *Morning Post*, signing himself PAVIDUS—evidently a mean, shabby, needy sprig of gentility, afraid, as his signature means, if I am not misinformed, which, by the tenor of his letter, he plainly confesses himself to be, of having to fork out more than he is able—writes to complain, forsooth, of "the growing abuse of 'tips' and pocket-money allowance." This contemptible indigent fellow says:—

"It is within my knowledge that at one of the chief public schools—and I am told that the same rule holds good at the other schools of this class—a set down by 'the house' as a

TICHBORNE V. LUSHINGTON.

BOYLE'S *Court Guide* is, as all who dwell or have friends in the Court District know, as accurate and convenient a book of reference as possible. No library table can be without this manual. It is with great reluctance, therefore, that Mr. Punch, in the exercise of stern duty, devotes the new volume of the *Guide* to the vengeance of LORD CHIEF JUSTICE BOVILL. But respect for the Bench compels Mr. Punch to offer this sacrifice. In the issue for January, 1872, on page 797, this may be read:—

"TICHBORNE, SIR ROGER C. D., Bart., 10, Harley Road West, Brompton, S.W."

Now Mr. Punch appeals to the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, and to the Universe to say whether the desire expressed by the former that there should be no comment on the Tichborne case, *pendente lite*, has not been scrupulously complied with. Dull as the season has been, there has been no yielding to the temptation to make smart articles out of the Australian Romance. Mr. Punch himself, who is above all laws, has set the most noble example to his contemporaries, and even when he has borrowed an illustration from the big trial, he has carefully avoided any expression of opinion as to the merits. But, in the *Court Guide*, the Claimant, or somebody else, has inserted an entry which prejudices the case. The name and title of SIR ROGER TICHBORNE are claimed as calmly as if the ownership were as well established as that of the name and title of SIR WILLIAM BOVILL, which appear in another page, or as Mr. Punch's own name and title would be cited, but that it pleases him to occupy his family mansion East of Temple Bar. This is Contempt of Court. The Attorney-General has stated his belief that the Claimant is a cunning and audacious conspirator, a perjurer, a forger, an impostor, and a villain. He may be all these things, and not SIR ROGER TICHBORNE. He may be none of these things, and be SIR ROGER TICHBORNE. He may be only so many of these things as are compatible with his being SIR ROGER TICHBORNE. No person, except an advocate, has the least right to state an opinion until the jury shall be finally locked up, and out of the way of being prejudiced. Whoever took on himself to decide the case, by sending to the *Court Guide* a statement that SIR ROGER TICHBORNE exists, and resides at the above address, did that for which he should be called on to answer at the bar of the Common Pleas. Roo-ey, too-ey, too-ey-too-ey too!

LIQUOR LAWS SUPERSEDED.

MOUTHING, spouting, declamatory, meddlesome agitation for the compulsory enforcement of total abstinence from invigorating, comforting, cheering, and restorative drinks on people to whom it would be intolerable, is the very staff of life to the United Kingdom Alliance. Therefore it is taking the bread out of their mouths to enter into combination for any purpose like that described by the *Post* in a paragraph announcing:—

"ANOTHER SOCIAL MOVEMENT.—The working-men of the West End have set on foot a new social movement, the main object of which is to enable them to hold meetings with their trade and friendly societies away from public-houses. A body of earnest working-men have been exerting themselves for some months past to raise funds for the purpose of building a central hall, in which the trade and friendly societies of Chelsea, Brompton, and Kensington may meet, instead of at public-houses. There are upwards of seventy such societies in the districts named."

If working-men generally take to courses like these, they will very soon vindicate their order from the accusation of drunkenness which LIQUOR LAWSON, DAWSON BURNS, and their followers, put forward as a pretext for soliciting the whole people to let themselves be placed under restraint, like idiots or babies. The sober and earnest working-men, drinking their beer in moderation, will show themselves to be really the same flesh and blood with the gentlemen who sip their claret soberly, and are so kind as to interest themselves in the promotion of schemes for withholding their poorer kind from indulgence in "intoxicating liquors." But then the occupation of the United Kingdom Alliance will be gone. That is to say, they will be deprived of all excuse for vociferating, plotting, and conspiring to have the pleasure of regulating the habits of others.

Parental Present.

THOUGH we have thus far entered on January, the window of a shop in Fleet Street still exhibits a card bearing the legend of "Presents for Christmas." This appears amid a lot of walking-sticks, where it is somewhat suggestive. Perhaps too many school-boys generally come home for the holidays would receive the most suitable Christmas-box a fond Father could present them with if he were to give them the Stick.

[Mrs. Punch. "Brute!"]



"HOUSEHOLD WORDS."

Young Person (on taking a Situation with Maiden Lady). "IN THE COURSE OF CONVERSATION, SHALL I ADDRESS YOU AS MISS OR MUM?"!!

THE "PHANTOM BOARD."

(See MR. VERNON LUSHINGTON'S evidence before the Megara Commission.)

A DARKLING place, of shadowy space,
Reached by a silent stair;
A skeleton clock, with a dusty face,
That marks time in the air,
To five grey ghosts, in blue and gold lace,
Each in ghost of a board-room chair.

Their red-tape is dust, their penknives are rust,
The ink in each standish is sere;
Their ghost-quills glide betwixt margins wide
Of foolscap, that blanks appear;
And their dead tongues' prose into dead ears goes,
And out at as dead an ear!

But on file and floor, and the tables o'er,
And in pigeon-holes well stored,
Are letters many, and papers more—
An ever-growing hoard!
No phantom of business, albeit before
My Lords of a Phantom Board!

So much work to be done, and, alive, but one
To utter five phantoms' will!
The hours they run, but on LUSHINGTON
The papers are pouring still—
And how record for a Phantom Board,
With a merely mortal quill?

Those letters come by messengers dumb—
A hundred thousand a year—
To this room or that, for ghost-clerks to thumb,
And be opened, here and there:
Who registers? None, all; all, some:
Who minutes? Ghost-hands in air.

So, registered or unregistered,
As haste or hap may be;
Minuted or un-minuted,
As ghost, or none, may be free;
The gathering letters have come to a head
That a Phantom Board can see!

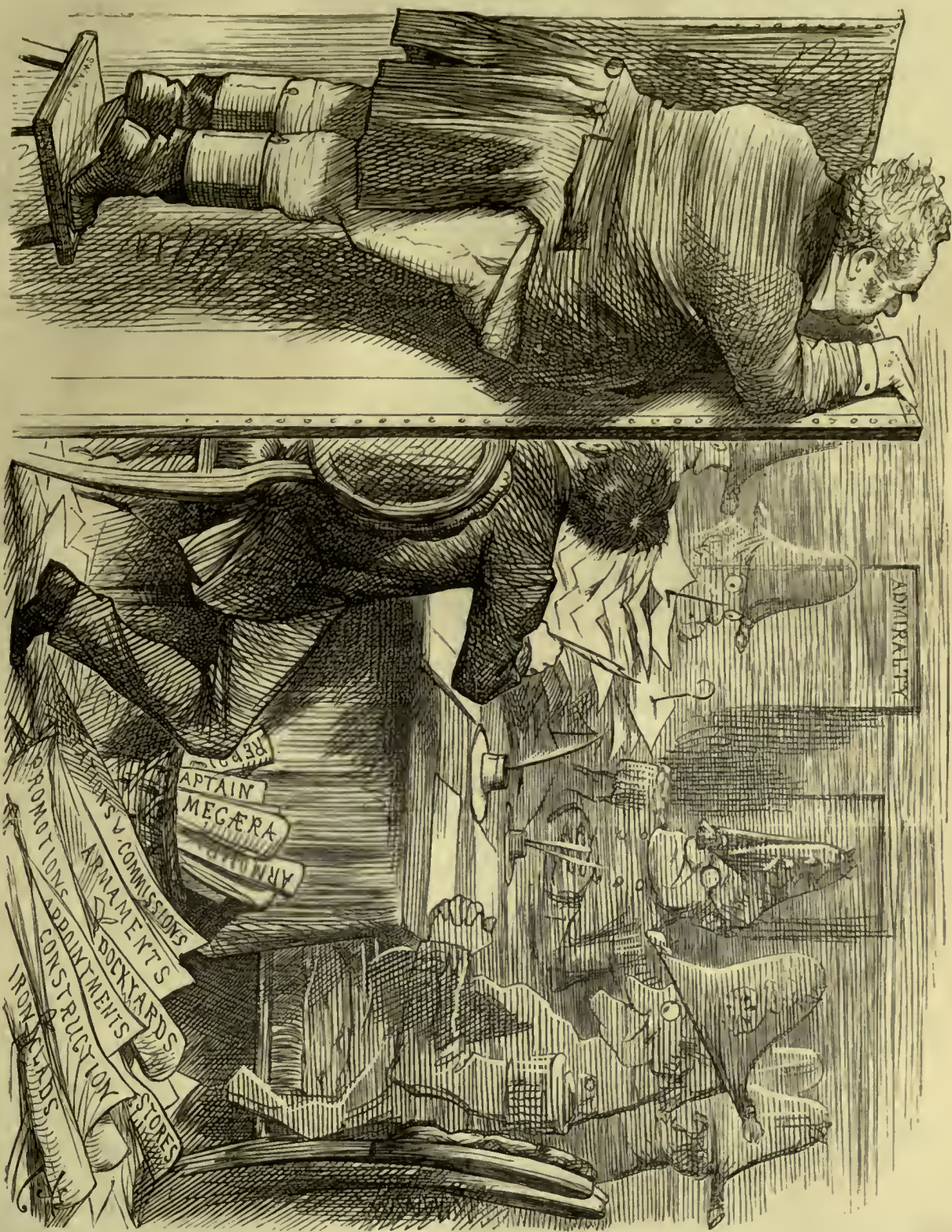
Alive but one,—Lone LUSHINGTON
Among that ghostly five,
And all this business to be done—
Needs must when phantoms drive!
"Enough to sign," he sighs, "not mine
To read, and still survive."

And while he signs, and signs, and signs,
Its ghost of work upon,
In its red-tape toil the navy to coil,
The Phantom Board sits on:
Essay to seize, your grasp 'twill foil,
Looms, shadowy, and is gone!

Gone but to meet, in order neat,
As ghost-like as before,
In the navy blue, and cock'd hat a-slue,
That ancient DUNCAN wore,
The Phantom First Lord at the head of the Board,
And, below, the Phantom Four!

Their ghosts of orders they have sped,
Their ghosts of minutes they sign;
But of ship ill-found, or fleet ill-led
The discredit all decline,
To the shrill "Not mine!" of their phantom-head,
Echoing their "Not mine."

JOHN BULL, outside, may groan and gride,
May fume and fret at will;
If he deems live heads his navy guide,



THE "PHANTOM BOARD."

MR. BULL. "GHOSTS, BY JINGO!"

[What else did he expect to see at the Admiralty, after Mr. VERNON LUSHINGTON's awful Revelation?

His sea-bcheests fulfil,
The works and the words of these Phantom Lords
No wonder he taketh ill.

For our ships we know how the sovereigns go.
Hard eash in hard hulls should end :
Why troop-ships are worked till they rotten grow,
We cannot comprehend ;
Nor why squalls that blow about REID & Co.
To the bottom should *Captains* send.

Some day, I think, with a sneeze and a wink,
Shocked wide-awake again,
JOHN BULL will make free with the Board-room key,
Grope his way to the door, and then,
Round the Board-screen peep at the ghosts that keep
The seats of living men !

We wouldn't hold posts among those ghosts—
Nor of Sea, nor of Civil Lord—
That to build JOHN's ships, and to guard JOHN's
coasts,
Have borrowed his shield and sword :
If Ghosts *can* be kicked, kicked out of their posts
Will be the PHANTOM BOARD !

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

MRS. LORIMER STACKWORTHY is busy with a new life of one of our earliest Queens, BOADICEA, based on contemporary documents and family papers, many of which are in cipher. The publishers, (SPORLE AND MUSSITT) will be glad to hear of an authentic portrait of the subject of Mrs. STACKWORTHY's interesting monograph.

The article, in the *Pedantic Review*, on "Pies and Puddings," which has caused such a stir in literary and culinary circles, bears strong internal evidence of the practised pen of PROFESSOR PORRINGER. That on "Extraordinary Ebullitions," in the *Impartialist*, is understood to emanate from DR. JULIUS TEKZER.

JEWINI's great classic Opera—*La Vecchia Madre Ubardio*—will be revived next season at La Scala.

A new weekly periodical is announced. It will be printed, published, edited, written, illustrated, stitched, and sold exclusively by women, and the type, ink, and paper, will be supplied by manufacturers who employ none but female artificers. Men will not be allowed to interfere with this journal in any way, except as purchasers. The title is *Superior Wisdom*.

SIGNOR ZAFFERANO-COLLINA has resumed his (open air) Organ performances on Campden Hill. The Signor's *répertoire* has not received any accession during the recess.

In the course of the ensuing season, MESSRS. BRANE AND BOOKER will bring to the hammer the valuable Library formed by the late JONATHAN BELL DIVER, M.A., F.A.S., F.E.L.S. It is remarkably rich in nursery rhymes, cookery books, gipsyana, and treatises on dentistry and fireworks, and includes a unique series of privately printed publications relating to the County of Rutland.

The result of more extended investigations goes to prove that the *Octopus* will not attack man, except in defence of its religion.

MR. GRANBY FUSFORTH has completed his arrangements for the delivery of a course of Six Lectures on "Winds and Windfalls," in the North of London. He will afterwards make a tour through Lambeth, Surrey, Southwark, and the Tower Hamlets, and will probably conclude his labours in the Old Kent Road.

Telegrams from Trebizond say that MADAME CORALIA VOLANTI has created a perfect *furor* there, by her extraordinary performances on the high rope.

Bertha's Black Box is the title of a new Serial Story, by a popular and prolific writer, to be commenced in an early number of *Alsatia*. It will be illustrated by BANNOCKS.

MR. WYCHERLEY BIBB has a farcical comedy in preparation which will be produced at the "Sheridan" in the course of the season. The plot turns on one of the principal characters mistaking a private mansion for an hotel. FACEY SMILES has a wonderful part in it.

MR. SALVATOR ROSE, R.A., is working hard to get all his pictures ready for the forthcoming Royal Academy Exhibition. Perhaps, the most striking is a scene from SMITH's *Classical Dictionary*, in which AGAMEMNON is represented as blowing a kiss, across the Prytaneum, to CLYTEMNESTRA, who is pacing the Bema, in the absence of her guardian on a secret expedition. *ÆOLISTHUS* appears in the background, detained by some law business, and the Chorus is endeavouring to convince him that he is in the wrong. This powerful painting, with its subtle *nuances*, its harmonious play of light and shade, its truthful rendering of the Piræus, and the

splendid drawing of the Chorus's left leg, will carry conviction to all who can reverence a conscientious manipulation of another of the grand old trilogies of the Athenian stage.

The new metal, Fluozinium, is steadily making its way against the current of scientific prejudice. It has been discovered in almost limitless quantities in conjunction with tufa and hematite; and the most delicate persons may inhale its fumes with perfect safety. In specific gravity Fluozinium is superior both to nickel and cobalt; it will ignite nowhere but on the box, and not often there; and for porosity, frangibility, and opalescence, no metal in our time has approached it.

The Dryrot Society have at the present time two more volumes of unusual interest ready for their subscribers, who, it must be said, regretfully, are much in arrear with their subscriptions. One is the *Foundation Deeds*, in abbreviated Latin, of the Monastery of St. Kilda, in Kincardineshire, dating as far back as the fourteenth century; the other, a list of all persons holding *in capite* a caruato of land and upwards, who were in fief to the Crown in the Border Wars. A few copies will be struck off on large paper, and six on vellum.

THE SPEAKER-ELECT.



HE details supplied by the newspapers give but an inadequate idea of the interesting rites and ceremonies which cluster round the election of a new SPEAKER, and have been observed, with undeviating fidelity, since those early times, when the original SPEAKER received the sanction of his Sovereign under the shade of the "Parliament Oak" in "Merry Sherwood."

From the first moment that he gets a post-card informing him he is to be proposed to the House for the vacant Chair, the SPEAKER-designate gives up the sports of the field, dinner company, and all other pleasures and amusements, and devotes him-

self, night and day, to the perusal of the journals of the House of Commons, the investigation of the Standing Orders, and the study of the Constitutional History of England, Parliamentary precedents and privileges, and the Biographies of his predecessors.

He reads a fixed portion of *Hansard* every morning and evening.

He sees no one but the Clerk of the House and his Assistants, who call to give him daily private tuition.

He forms a collection of the photographs of all the Members, that his recognition of them may be immediate and unerring.

During the week before the meeting of Parliament he visits all his old haunts for the last time, and takes leave of his friends, with whom, of course, as First Commoner, he can never again mix on the same familiar terms.

The day before his election he has his hair cut.

On the eve of the great event he retires to rest early, and on the morning of the most momentous day in his life he rises with the first streak of dawn in the east, and paces to and fro on Constitution Hill, to collect his thoughts and prepare his speech.

The Sergeant-at-Arms conveys him, attired in a full Court suit to Westminster, in a close carriage, with the blinds drawn down, and remains with him in a vault in the Victoria Tower, where he is provided with the daily papers, writing materials, and refreshments, until his proposer and seconder arrive to conduct him into the House. (There is a large looking-glass in the vault, before which he tries on his wig and gown, with the experienced aid of the Sergeant.)

The subsequent proceedings are pretty much as the papers have described them, except that the Proposer and Seconder wear nose-gays, and carry halberds; and that the SPEAKER stands up before he takes his seat in the chair, which is draped with the Union Jack, brandishes the Mace (decked with ribbons for the occasion) three times round his head, and in a loud voice, and in Norman French, invites the whole of the officers of the House to dine with him that evening at the Albion at seven.



INTERESTING DEVOTEES.

Theresa. "NO, CHARLES—NEVER! I HAVE LONG DETERMINED TO DEVOTE MY LIFE TO CHARITY; IN FACT, TO BECOME A SISTER IN AN ANGLICAN NUNNERY."

Charles. "WELL, IF YOU DO, I'LL BURY MYSELF FOR THE REST OF MY MISERABLE DAYS IN A—IN A—A MONKERY!"

THE SOUTH KENSINGTON BAZAAR.

MR. PUNCH has seldom been more disgusted—and that is saying a good deal in these days—than by the low, sordid, Philistine, anticosmopolitan agitation on the subject of the International Exhibitions.

He will endeavour to express himself calmly on the topic, but gives no pledge that he will not be induced to use strong language.

British manufacturers and vendors complain (he hates people that complain of anything) that the Foreigner is unduly and unjustly favoured by the directors of these Exhibitions. "Foreigner!" At the outset, that word is in itself offensive. All mankind are Brothers, more or less. But let that pass.

The Foreigner is allowed to bring to South Kensington whatever wares he pleases, and to exhibit them to the best advantage at handsome stalls, for which he pays no rent. To the Exhibition the British public is invited by every official blandishment—fête, flower-show, and music are among the attractions—and for several months the very best and most opulent portion of society is thus brought to be tempted by the Foreigner's productions.

Furthermore, the Foreigner is allowed to deprive the Exhibition of its character as an Exhibition, and to make it a shop. For he may sell anything which he has brought over (whether it be part of his show, or any other article which it has occurred to him as likely to be acceptable), and the purchaser may take it away at once. This is coarsely described as entirely departing from the theory that it was by the display and comparison of wares that the interests of Art were to be promoted. It is irreverently urged that the accomplished Prince who originally devised those Exhibitions would never have sanctioned their being converted into Shops and Bazaars.

The British manufacturers and vendors condescend to urge that this is not giving them fair play, that the Foreigner is helped in

JOLLY WET.

HOORAY! It rains, it pelts, it pours,
At work I shall be free from bores,
Who call and stay. The storm that roars,
The wet, will keep them all in-doors.

I've but to dread the Postman's knock,
A sharp but momentary shock,
I'll hope that it may bring no worse,
Than some attempt upon my purse.

Prospectus, Circular, or Puff,
Into the fire just won't I stuff,
And smile, as to myself I say,
"That postage-stamp is thrown away!"

INQUESTS QUITE UNNECESSARY.

ON Thursday last week, at a meeting of the Middlesex Magistrates:—

"A communication was received from the guardians of the poor of the parish of St. Pancras, stating that there was an increase in the number of inquests held upon the bodies of persons dying in the workhouse, and that a majority of them were unnecessary; but the guardians were powerless to prevent such inquests being held, and were of opinion that if the fees receivable by the medical officers of the workhouses in the metropolis were abolished, a number of such inquests would no longer be held."

The insinuation against the metropolitan Poor-Law medical officers of a charge of obtaining fees under false pretences, does credit to the shopkeepers in limited lines of business out of whose inner self-consciousness it sprang. Of course the inquests held upon many of the paupers who have died in the St. Pancras Workhouse have been unnecessary. There, not very much more particularly than in other workhouses, can the majority of paupers be supposed to perish from special neglect. Most of them, no doubt, die of mere misery.

Victoria and Hahnemann.

"THE QUEEN has been pleased to send a present of game for the patients of the Hospital for Consumption, Brompton."

Similia similibus. HER MAJESTY treats, by promoting consumption. But the First of Lady Doctors does not "exhibit" infinitesimal doses. Truly Royal practice of homœopathy.

every way to sell his goods, and that the Briton who pays rent for his own shop, and heavy taxes for the support of the State, is rendered all the less able to do so, by reason that custom is drawn away from him in favour of those who pay neither rent nor taxes.

Mr. Punch regrets to find that Leading Men of business take these narrow views, and that the representatives of some of the most eminent firms in England have met under the auspices of the Lord Mayor, also a man of business, to assert that the system is unjust. It may be thought that when such men deliberately pretest against anything, they may be supposed to have good reasons for their protest. But this is a commonplace way of thinking.

Let us try and rise above mere material views, and let the holy and genial rays of the sun of cosmopolitanism warm up our insular hearts. All mankind are Brothers, as has been already observed, and who would grudge his brother anything? Why should the British person be considered in the matter? Talk of his paying taxes—well, he does not like to pay them—and if he is ruined, he will not be called upon to pay them any more. That is a detail beneath contempt. What *Mr. Punch* is so ashamed of, is the chill and callous British nature, which refuses to recognise the holiness of universal philanthropy, and clings to old-fashioned ideas of a man's duty to his own family and his own nation. The Englishman who could see in the prosperity of the Rue de Rivoli no compensation for the ruin of Regent Street, is so low in the scale of civilisation that we blush to call him countryman.

Mr. Punch has no such sordid feelings, and his noble heart will leap with generous joy to behold the wealthy pouring out their gold on the counter or at the stall of his Foreign Brothers at South Kensington, and if his British Brother is, as he thinks, unfairly used and impoverished, let him find consolation in the thought that we are all the same "flesh and blood." Let him mention this to Mr. Lowe's tax-collector, and it is certain that the latter will, like STERNE'S angel, drop a gentle tear on the charge he was going to make, and blot it out for ever.



PLEASURES OF HUNTING BY RAIL.

JONES'S NEW HORSE—FIVE MINUTES BEFORE THE TRAIN STARTS.

PAST AND PRESENT OBSTRUCTION.

WHERE now are the Parsons, with too high a hand
 Who whilom were wont things to carry?
 The sole Clergy known to the Law of the Land,
 With charter to bury and marry,
 Whose Pluralists lazily fattened, like swine;
 Their rubicund joles bloomed like roses:
 They were used so to soak themselves full of port-wine,
 That it purpled their overgrown noses.

O where and O where are those proud Parsons gone?
 O where and O where shall we find them,
 With the waistcoat so full, and the shovel-hat on,
 As our limners in their days designed them?
 A sinecure mostly the enre of the souls
 To which for attention not giving
 They never feared being called over the coals,
 They showed forth their fruits of good living.

To the Church they were stanch; they held on with a kind
 Of a power like horseleeches' of suction,
 Intolerant, bigoted, narrow, and blind,
 They but lived to persist in obstruction.
 They evermore voted for absolute rule,
 For coercion, restraint, and repression,
 And exclusion, by tests, from each College and School,
 They opposed every kind of concession.

Those Parsons of old are no longer seen here;
 Now no more do they hamper this nation.
 They are all gone the way of HERR BREITMANN his beer;
 They have ceased to obstruct education.
 The Church has grown broad, throwing open each door,
 Which, the bigot except, each one enters,
 And we now, in the place of the Parsons of yore,
 Behold cross-grained and jealous Dissenters.

A CARD.

H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES would convey, through his friend, *Mr. Punch*, warmest thanks to all his loyal and loving fellow-subjects for their sympathy, earnest interest, and kind inquiries. In due time H. R. H. hopes to make public acknowledgment of the national feeling which has been so nobly testified.

Meantime, by advice of his friend above mentioned, H. R. H. signifies that he would be particularly obliged if all Mayors, Beadles, Corporations, Cocked Hats, Town Clerks, Silver Maces, Respected Townsmen, and other Activities would kindly allow him some respite before the flood of Conventional Congratulation is turned on. Might he ask to be allowed the quiet and peace permitted to other convalescents? Would Addressers deign to remember that though he is a Prince, "a man's a man for a' that"? A. E.

Sandringham.

RESPECT THIS!

PUNCH.
Fleet Street.

Portsmouth or Brighton.

SHALL the Easter Monday Volunteer Review be held at Brighton or Portsmouth? This question may have been decided in favour of Brighton by the Sovereign, or by the Shilling, which would have done equally well, to determine the choice by a toss-up; and sufficient for that, indeed, would have been "skying a copper." Brighton has downs adapted for the field of military manœuvres, but so has Portsmouth; and as to either place, whether you regard the neighbourhood or the inhabitants, it is hard to say which is the more downy.

No Mistake in the Name.

As "A Thankoffering from India," a contemporary announces that on account of the recovery of the PRINCE OF WALES, a charitable donation of £200 has been sent to London by MR. COWAS-JEE JEHANOLIER READYMONEY. Anybody would have given MR. READYMONEY credit for having earned his name, and now everybody must see that he well deserves it. Is MR. READYMONEY a Parsee? At any rate, he is the reverse of Parsi-monious.



THE CONNOISSEURS.

Groom. "WHEW'S BEER DO YOU LIKE BEST—THIS 'ERE HOM'BREWED O' FISK'S, OR THAT THERE ALE THEY GIVES YER AT THE WHITE HO'S?"

Keeper (critically). "WELL, O' THE TEW I PREFERS THIS 'ERE. THAT THERE O' WUM'OODS'S DON'T FARE TO ME TO TASTE O' NAWTHUN AT ALL. NOW THIS 'ERE DEW TASTE O' THE CASK!!"

NEWS FROM NAPLES.

MR. PUNCH received a letter stating that in the writer's opinion it might interest Mr. P.'s readers to know the state of the weather in Naples. If there be one thing in the world nobody out of Naples cares one farthing about, Mr. Punch supposes that thing to be mentioned above. But, *respite finem*. On examining the report enclosed by his Correspondent, Mr. Punch discovers that the subject is very interesting indeed. Here is the faithful reprint of an official document supplied to the *Naples Observer*. Emphatically we call the weather in question queer weather. We omit barometers and thermometers, and all that stuff.

STATE OF THE WEATHER IN NAPLES FROM THE 6TH TO THE 12TH JAN. 1872.

DATE.	OBSERVATIONS.
Jan. 6	Rain and p. m.
" 7	Rain right Clouded day.
" 8	Rain right off on day.
" 9	Heag rain thurdestorm rain d.
" 10	Heag rain swig right.
" 11	Clouded day.
" 12	Bright day.

Spiritualism for Sailors.

MR. VERNON LUSHINGTON, Permanent Secretary to the Admiralty, speaking of that body of naval administrators, doubtless, with knowledge and in sincerity, calls it a "Phantom Board." A Board of Phantoms may be said to be a Board of Ghosts, and a Board of Admiralty sending British seamen aloft in rotten *Megæras*, is a Board of Ghosts with power to add to their number.

EDUCATIONAL EPIGRAMS.

I.

ABOUT the Three R's views unite
As voices blend in song.
For the Fourth R, what some hold right,
That all folk else deem wrong.

Of those Fourth R's as yet while none
The right R proved can be,
To teach them all, therein where one,
Why can't good folk agree?

II.

Milk is for babes, wrote one that knew.
Sectarian Educators, you
Who dogmas teach which Doctors question,
Are you not giving babes strong meat,
So much too tough for them to eat,
The upshot must be indigestion?

AN OBJECT OF SYMPATHY.

CAN a man murder his wife? The point seems doubtful, to judge by the common experience of the Courts, and the general tone of public opinion, when a charge for this questionable offence is under consideration or comment. On the whole, it would seem to be desirable that we should cease to use the term "Murder" of Wife-killing, and create a special term for that offence—if offence it can be called. May we suggest either "Wife-icide," or "Spousi-icide," or "Uxori-icide"? It would be the correlative, in cases of feminine life-taking, of "justifiable homicide" in the case of male.

It was very touching to observe the general expression of newspaper sympathy with an individual lately convicted for having pushed a little too far, perhaps, the natural feeling of exasperation and impatience with a wife who may safely be assumed to have been a very aggravating person. "Poor monomaniac," "unfortunate gentleman," and so forth, are terms which testify to the natural tenderness of the public feeling towards one who is subjected to such painful consequences for so venial an act of temporary irritation.

We are glad to see that this touching and well-directed sympathy is confined to this unfortunate victim of a rash impulse. As for the woman who provoked him, we observe only a considerate silence, or the expression of a feeling equivalent to the well-known Cornish verdict—"Sarved her right."

A MODEST DEMAND.

THE season might be milder—it could hardly be more malevolent. But here is mildness:—

A WIDOWER of middle age, of quiet and regular habits, who has three children at boarding school, desires a HOME in the house of an independent Christian widow or single lady, whose object in letting apartments is chiefly society, who would accept merely nominal terms, and where he would be the only lodger. Nice house and servant desirable.—Address, with every particular, &c., &c.

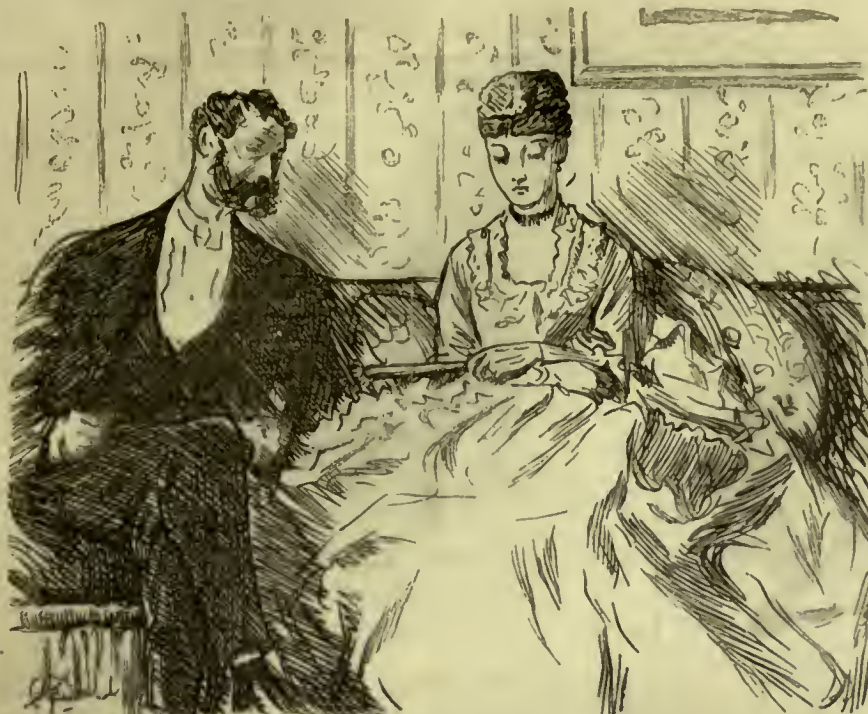
What a charming person must this advertiser be, if we may judge from the high value which he sets on his society! No doubt he has been deluged with replies to his advertisement. What independent lady could possibly decline to offer him the home which he so modestly demands, and to sacrifice her independence by accepting him as lodger, first, and finally as lord, as soon as he inclined to offer her his heart? "Beware of widows, *Sammy!*" said the elder Mr. Weller. Beware of widowers, ladies! adds the wiser Mr. Punch.

The Weather and the Paths.

FOUL weather! Come on, my Macintosh
And my Boots; we'll never mind it,
While the rain the face of the Earth doth wash,
Though the dirtier still we find it.

Freshwomen of the Future.

It is proposed to transfer the Ladies' College to Cambridge. This addition, if made, to Alma Mater will, in case of future controversy between disorderly undergraduates and other inhabitants, be obviously an advantage over Town in favour of Gown. For even the Graduates and Dons of the gentler sex will all be Gownswomen.



"BREAKING THE ICE."

Gentleman (to Pensive Neighbour during the Quarter of an Hour before Dinner). "MISS WILKINSON, YOU LOOK SAD. PERHAPS YOU'RE TIRED!"

Lady. "O NO, THANK YOU."

Gentleman. "OR UNWELL?"

Lady. "O DEAR, NO!"

Gentleman (in desperation). "THEN—YOU MUST BE HUNGRY!"

BILL AND BUDGET.

NEVER mind though in two hundred millions, or more,
We be cast by perverse arbitration,
For "the People" will have to pay none of the score;
'Twill be all raised by partial taxation.
O ye million, those millions will touch none of you,
That of Income-tax pay not a penny;
To discharge *Alabama* claims fear not the screw
Will be put on "the Masses" and "Many."

All alone had the Income-tax payers to pay
Abyssinian war's total expenses;
And the honour they have, by themselves, to defray
These incurred for the nation's defences.
Upon you, should our suit at Geneva be lost,
The untoward result of that action
Can no burden entail; they, whatever the cost,
Are doomed solely to make satisfaction.

Very likely 'twere cheaper at once to risk fight
Than to venture a ruinous payment,
Which would serve but to arm the unquenchable spite
Of the cunning, unscrupulous claimant.
For we fools having paid those 'cute Yankees in full
An indemnity heavy as France's,
A fresh quarrel they'd pick, and to war with JOHN BULL,
Go supplied by himself with finances.

We put down Ireland's Protestant Church; for Home Rule
Get a howl, of thanks Paddy's expression.
And what Statesman that's honest, not being a fool,
Ever hoped more from that large concession?
He who thinks to conciliate serpents, mistakes,
When with malice and envy they're frantic:
Deadly vengeance alone will sate such as some snakes
On this side, and beyond, the Atlantic.

SOLDIERS OR SUPERNUMERARIES?

THE late SIR JOHN BURGOYNE, in a recently published letter, expressed his opinion that the Volunteers are "a patriotic force, deserving great credit and encouragement," for the reason that "they may be of immense value among the measures for the military protection of the country." When, however, the illustrious Field-Marshal, of whom all that was mortal now rests in St. Peter-ad-Vincula, said the Volunteers might be of immense value, he hardly spoke in measured terms. For, speaking within bounds, he went on to say that "the service demanded of them should" from the nature of their case, "be of the simplest nature," and defined these services to be garrison-duty, and fighting behind fortifications.

The *Post* collates this appraisal of the Volunteers with NAPOLEON's saying that he wanted "soldiers" in the field, but that "men" would suffice for the simple service to which SIR JOHN BURGOYNE limited the use of Volunteers. Well, but if the Volunteers are no better than "men, mortal men" (as another SIR JOHN than that one described his regiment) and "food for powder," what of another branch of the British land forces, on which we have been led to place reliance; namely, the Militia? Are those gallant fellows better instructed, better drilled, and more intelligent than the other; are they equally with them able to "fill a pit as well as better," and may we venture to trust that one pit which they are capable of filling is a rifle-pit?

ANATOMY EXTRAORDINARY.

MRS. MALAPROP says she was once bled in the same place as ROGER TICHBORNE—in the temporary artery.

When we've hundreds of millions spent war to avert,
And more millions in war spent thereafter,
Forced to fight after all, having had to eat dirt,
Sight of scorn to the world—food for laughter,
Still the People may sing; the derisive contempt
Of mankind they'll put up with like sages:
From war charges to Yankee Bill added, exempt—
They can lose but their work and their wages.

NONCONFORMITY TO ANYTHING.

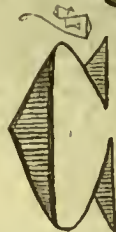
THE generality of persons consider that any religion is better than none; but those Dissenters who have now changed their old demand for "unsectarian" to a demand for "secular" education appear to be very much, on the contrary, of opinion that no religion is better than any religion, unless it be their own. But how much of any religion have those allies of educational secularists got? Nonconformists in general are commonly called "Religious Dissenters;" but those Nonconformists in particular seem to be more accurately describable as "Irreligious Dissenters." Their Dissent would seem to be Dissent *toto celo*. Those particular Dissenters can hardly include in their number any who are not altogether the reverse of Particular Baptists.

"CIVILISATION AT ST. PAUL'S."

THIS was the startling heading of an article which appeared a few days ago in the *Times*. What could it mean? men asked. What traces of lingering barbarism had been detected and effaced within the walls of the national Cathedral? Some readers surmised that the fees had been abolished; others asserted that the monuments were never again to be allowed to get dusty and dirty: while a few were sanguine enough to hope that the Corporation of London and the wealthy City Companies had undertaken the restoration and decoration of St. Paul's at their own expense. After all, it was found that nothing more was meant than the delivery, by the Dean, of the last of a series of lectures on "Civilisation" in the Cathedral.

THE UNCLE.

(An Uncle, stung by remorse, imparts terrible confidences to his favourite Nephew, whom, however, he subsequently binds to secrecy. * * * The breaks in the fragment indicate where the Uncle is struggling with his feelings.)



COME hither, boy! Come hither!

Have no fear
Of what thine Uncle murmurs in thine ear.
Thou art my Nephew!

I shall know no rest
Until my deeds of horror stand confest
In open daylight.

Dost thou love me, child?
I know thou dost: For have I not beguiled
Thy leisure hours? Hath not my half-crown
Ofttimes unlocked for thee the joys of town?
Stand where thou art, and let thy hoop unroll'd
Remain till all I have to tell be told.
O Boy!

I loved thy mother!—She, another!
Not me!—that other was my younger brother!
O beating heart, be still! down throbbing pulse!

(He resumes, after an instant's conflict.)

We had a house upon the hill of Tulse,
Within a breath of fiercely seething town;
Who sought our roof, went up; who left, went down.
'Twas ever thus. Thy father came and went.
I followed him, with murderous intent.
I was his shadow—nightly—day by day—
Ay!—year by year I saw him waste away.
A subtle poison mingled with his blood.
Yet was I what the world esteemed as good;
But loathsome all within.

Nay, do not fear—
To thee I'm harmless as the love-sick deer,
Or as the Monarch of the Beasts, who gave
His thorn-pierced paw and fawned upon the Slave.

I killed thy mother, Boy!

Thy father too!
Thy brothers, sisters, aunts, and uncles, who
Came in my way. But none I slew for hate,
And none for greed. I dealt the stroke of fate.
Of all our much-loved kindred we alone
Are left—you, Boy, and I! Shall I atone
For the irrevocable past, and be
Thy slayer, Boy?

Nay, Nephew, fear not me.
Spurn not thine Uncle!

Ah! adown thy cheek
The pitying tear-drop doth forgiveness speak.
Go to the meadows, ply thy hoop and ball,—
Hark!

'Tis the Colney Vesper bell doth call
Thine Uncle to the Hatch. So, boy, farewell!
What I have told thee—prithce do not tell!

[The Uncle disappears beneath the Hatch, and the boy continues his way thoughtfully.]



End of Fragment.

TOO MUCH ZEAL.

THE other day there appeared a letter in the *Times* which the political world should not willingly let die. In type which will keep this document from filling excessive space with matter-of-fact detail, here it is:—

“MR. LOWE AND VICTORIA PARK.

“To the Editor of the *Times*.

“SIR,—The principals of this department having informed me that they consider that my letter to the *Times*, published on the 18th inst., under the above heading, and signed by me in my capacity of Honorary Secretary of the Victoria Park Preservation Society, was entirely inconsistent with that respect and becoming behaviour which are due by all Civil servants of the Crown to their official superiors, I have to state that I had no intention of giving offence to Her Majesty's CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. I beg, therefore, to express my sorrow for having used the expressions contained in my letter, and I hereby withdraw the same.

“I remain, Sir, your obedient Servant,

“Her Majesty's Customs, Jan. 30.

“FRANCIS GEORGE HEATH.”

Thus we see that it will not do for any subordinate Civil Servant to criticise, even in the delegated capacity of a Secretary to an Association, the public conduct of a Member of the Government. If he venture upon so near an approach to petty treason, his superiors are straightway down upon him with an admonition, the consequence of which is that he loses no time in eating the words which have flowed from his pen. What would have happened to MR. FRANCIS GEORGE HEATH had he failed to attend to the suggestion which he received from the principals of his department? What if he had omitted to regale himself on the meal or mess of statement which he had been the instrument of making in reference to MR. LOWE? Is it possible that, in reparation to the Author of Budgets, the Custom-House Clerk would have been presented with the Sack? Would his refusal to feast on “matter in the wrong place” have been as much as his place was worth?

The agitation for the rescue of Victoria Park, Epping Forest, the New Forest, and other Crown Lands, from sale and enclosure, is no doubt extremely annoying and vexatious to a Minister and a Government who, with a single eye to economy, would like to see all your now wooded or open spaces crowded with dwelling-houses, shops, and factories, and to behold groves of tall chimneys substituted for groves of trees. But those Right Honourable Gentlemen, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER and his colleagues, are, even if not too Liberal, too magnanimous, to be capable of any mandate of which, primarily, the retraction above-quoted can have been the result. No; it has, of course been purely the officious work of the principals of MR. HEATH's department; his immediately superior servants, subordinate to the Queen's Head Servants, and at present out of livery.

An Easy Riddle.

WHAT Parliamentary Elections are those which are always conducted apart from the Public-house? The elections for the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and the Election of the SPEAKER.



HOME RULE.

(A WILD DRAME OF THE FUTURE, BEDAD!)

[Committee of the Whole House.]

PARLIAMENTARY INTELLIGENCE.

(New Session.)

STANDING ORDERS.

THE House of Lords shall meet at five, and adjourn not later than 5.40 P.M.

Two Peers (exclusive of the LORD CHANCELLOR and the Junior Bishop) shall form a *quorum*.

Robes and Coronets are not obligatory, and it shall be optional for those Peers who are entitled to wear badges of knighthood, to display their stars and ribbons, or not, as they please. Overcoats, waterproofs, and comforters; umbrellas, walking-sticks, and riding-whips, may be brought into the House, but not breechloaders, fishing-rods, or cricket-bats. No dogs will be admitted.

Any Peer wishing to go to sleep while the House is sitting may do so on obtaining the consent of the LORD CHANCELLOR. Leave will not be given to more than three Peers at a time. Any Peer snoring will be awakened by the Usher of the Black Rod, and on a repetition of the offence removed by that officer from the House.

Smoking will not be allowed near the Woolsack.

Peers may obtain credit in the Refreshment Rooms to an amount not exceeding one pound. This privilege will not be extended to Bankrupt Peers.

Bills sent up by the Lower House will be received with distrust and suspicion by the Upper House; and the greater the majority by which they were passed by the Commons, the greater the opposition they will encounter from the Lords.

To prevent hasty and unwise legislation, popular measures which have obtained the prompt and decided assent of the Commons, must be rejected at least three times before they are passed by the Lords.

Peers under the age of thirty will in future be required to attend lectures on Modern History, Political Economy, the Laws of England, Geography, and Elocution, and to pass an examination in these sub-

jects (to be conducted by the Civil Service Commissioners) before they can be allowed to take their seats.

With the exception of certain Members of the House of Commons, whose names may be ascertained on application to the SPEAKER, no Member shall address the House for more than half an hour.

With the exception of certain Members, a list of whose names may be obtained from the Clerk at the Table (price sixpence), any Member may address the House as often as he pleases during the Session.

No Member shall speak against time, or his own convictions.

No Member shall come down to the House with his mind made up as to how he shall vote, but he shall listen attentively to the arguments and facts adduced in debate, and be influenced by them and them alone as to the part he shall take in the Division.

No money shall in future be voted in a House consisting of less than a hundred Members.

Members presenting Petitions shall be required to make a declaration that they have read them through, that they are grammatically expressed, and that the signatures appear to be genuine and respectable.

A Book shall be kept, to be called the "Quotation Book," in which Members shall enter, at least twenty-four hours beforehand, any passages from ancient or modern authors which they may wish to introduce into their speeches; and no Member shall be permitted to make any quotation in the House against which a protest has been recorded, in the above-mentioned Book, under the hands of three or more Knights of Shires.

Stationery shall be continued to be supplied to Members, but they are recommended to be careful and economical in its consumption, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER and the Controller of the Stationery Office having it under consideration to charge each Member a fixed sessional sum for paper and envelopes, and the use of ink-stands and blotting-cases.

To facilitate business, the House, on receiving an intimation through the SPEAKER that it is the wish of a Member that a speech which he had prepared should be taken as made, will sanc-

tion such a valuable saving of time and patience; with the understanding that the Member shall be at liberty to supply the public press with a copy of the speech for publication to his country and constituents.

From the day that the Ballot becomes law all Divisions in the House shall be taken by this method of voting.

No talking will be allowed in the Ladies' Gallery.

PARLIAMENTARY NOTICES.

MR. WHALLEY. To obtain leave to bring in a Bill to establish direct diplomatic relations with the POPE OF ROME.

MR. WATNEY. To obtain leave to bring in a Bill to limit the number of public-houses in England and Wales.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON. To move for a Commission to inquire into the expediency of abolishing all customs, duties, and imposts now levied on brandy, rum, gin, and other alcoholic liquors.

SIR CHARLES DILKE. To transfer to the Consolidated Fund all charges for the maintenance and support of the Royal Household.

MR. MIALL. To move for leave to bring in a Bill for the establishment of a Central Educational Board, to consist of the Archbishops and Bishops of the Church of England, the Heads of Colleges in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, MR. BERESFORD HOPE, ARCHDEACON DENISON, DR. PUSEY, the President of the Wesleyan Conference, the REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MR. GEORGE DIXON, MR. SAMUEL MORLEY, and MR. MIALL.

MAJOR ANSON. To move an Address to the Crown, praying that a Royal Warrant may be issued, abolishing all Honorary Colonels.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. In Committee, to move a resolution to the effect that 10 per cent. be added to the salaries of all persons in Government employment.

MR. GLADSTONE. That it be an instruction to the Civil Service Commissioners to examine all future Under-Secretaries of State, Junior Lords of the Treasury, and Junior Lords of the Admiralty, and to report to the Treasury on their fitness for employment before they are allowed to take office.

MR. AYRTON. Bill to empower the First Commissioner of Works and Buildings to negotiate with the Metropolitan Board of Works for the transfer of all the Public Statues in the streets of London to Hampstead Heath.

ALDERMAN LAWRENCE. Bill for the Reform of the Corporation of London.

OUR ADMIRABLE RESERVE.

As to the decencies of journalism, in the special point of reticence with respect to pending trials, we certainly are not as those Americans are. The Claimant's case, if proceeding in America, would have been discussed and prejudged in Yankee newspapers over and over again. Fear of commitment for contempt of Court being before the eyes of our Editors, withholds them from daring to publish remarks on a case *pendente lite* such as are heard in every company, and nobody scruples to make across a table. The ability to say such things with impunity must rather tend to lessen the great advantage of enforcing reticence on journalists. The jurymen engaged on *Tichborne v. Lushington* can hardly have gone anywhere since that suit began and not have heard it canvassed without reserve. Nothing they could have read in a newspaper, probably, could have given them the slightest additional bias. They must have heard plenty of observations as likely as any they could have read to affect their judgment otherwise than the plain statements and unimpassioned arguments of counsel can. This is a very great pity. The licence of private conversation must render the reticence of the Press almost of none effect. Ought not, therefore, everyone who speaks, as well as the person who prints, a word for or against a plaintiff or defendant, be liable to be committed for contempt of Court, too? Or would it be a better plan to keep the Jury locked up from communication with the outer world, perhaps, as in the *Tichborne* trial they would have had to be already, for above half-a-year at a stretch. If this incarceration of the Jury is of any use at all in a case of felony which concerns nobody, or very few, out of Court, it would be immensely more useful in an action involving enormous interests. Only, as we always say, in commending this wise precaution, when you lock up the Jury, look up also the Judge.

Accommodation for the Army.

MR. SHEKELS says that he foresees one great disadvantage which must result from fixing the educational test for commissions in the Army too high. Young Officers have always heretofore got the greatest credit, and now in future they won't want any.

GIANTS IN THE WAY.

(Introit Sessio 1872.)

THE fight draws near—the hour is here,
The silk to doff, the steel to don;
Breathing the breath of strife to death,
Set stiffly his high horse upon,
Against the giants in his path,
Grimly Childe GLADSTONE rideth on!

The Passage Perilous before,
The Passage Dolorous behind—
'Tis hard to say which survey more
Might lame his lance, or move his mind—
Thought of the year that dogs his rear,
Or that of foes in front combined.

A good knight he, in Learning's lists,
With pens for points, and ink for blood;
Bold to face Prehistoric mists,
Or fetlock deep, through mythic mud,
To dog Teutonic critics' twists,
Or probe Earth's youth, beyond the flood.

A stalwart warrior, too, confest,
In wordy war, where tongues are swords;
Heedless what lance he lays in rest,
'Gainst Commons fierce or stubborn Lords—
The best to him is that which best
And readiest help in need affords:

But Learning's gear avails not here,
Nor tongue-fence serves this Session's need;
Ne'er yawned defile more dark and drear
More threatening before knight and steed:
Beset with giant shapes of fear,
Allied in hate, of diverse breed.

Chiefs of the crowd, big, beetle-browed,
Not so well-knit as huge of limb,
The Giant Ultramontane proud,
And Giant Nonconformist grim,
Expectant wait, their mutual hate
Postponed in common hate of him.

"ALL FOR THE PRIEST" upon his shield,
As legend, Ultramontane bears;
"NOUGHT FOR THE PRIEST," from chequered field
Of Nonconformist's buckler glares:
But cry and shield each keeps concealed,
As for joint onslaught he prepares.

Dark in their rear, more Giants peer,
Looming the larger for the shade
Through which their doubtful bulks appear,
In magnifying mists arrayed.
The Giant Bunkum, see prepare
The biggest bill e'er Bunkum made!

And Giant Job, and Giant Mull,
And Giant Muddle, and Miarule—
Giants that, by the Office-full
Find in Whitehall their home and school,—
Big brainless Giants, deaf and dull,
That botch the business of JOHN BULL.

Ere GLADSTONE quell this Giant band,
That with armed ambush lines his way,
He'll need as steady heart and hand,
As cool head, as e'er knight in fray,
And at his back a helpful band,
Of wills that hold, and wits that weigh.

I look around at foes before,
And weak or wavering friends behind;
I count the Session's chances o'er,
And more to chill than cheer I find.
But as *Punch* wished him well of yore,
Still the old "good-speed" comes to mind.

Beyond Suspicion.

OFTEN as we hear of the "City Oratory," we never for a moment suppose that this implies any imputation on the City's Protestantism.





THE WAY.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.



HE MASTERS HARRY SANDFORD, TOMMY MERTON, and MR. BARLOW, visit the ADELPHI THEATRE to see "NOTRE DAME" and "SNOW WHITE."

Harry. Sir, will you give me leave to ask a question?

Mr. Barlow. As many as you choose.

Harry. The honest persons in this entertainment call Claude Frolo the "Wicked Archdeacon," or "The Archdeacon," or "My brother the Archdeacon," as the varying circumstances may warrant.

Mr. Barlow. This is indeed the case.

Harry. But then, Sir, did you not tell us the other day, that the good gentleman in a very remarkable hat, a square-cut coat, and with no buttons on his waistcoat, an omission intended, perhaps, to counteract the effect of so many small buttons on his gaiters and at his knees,—did you not say, Sir, that he was an Archdeacon?

Mr. Barlow. Indeed, HARRY, you have correctly repeated the information I gave you on that occasion, and I cannot but praise your thoughtfulness, which would connect that eminently respectable elderly gentleman (he carried an umbrella, if I remember rightly), with the "GOBLIN MONK," for such, I perceive, is the term applied to the Archdeacon in this play. But you must know that different countries have different ecclesiastical, as well as civil, costumes, and both the novelist and dramatist, but especially the latter, will always do well to choose such a subject as may furnish him with the most picturesque materials. Therefore, the adapter, my dear HARRY, of this drama has wisely not attempted to bring down the story to our own date and country; though I admit that the temptation to exhibit an Archdeacon in his gaiters and shovel hat, running round St. Paul's after a gipsy girl, chivying her up-stairs into the whispering gallery, thence up into the ball, where he would encounter the bell-ringer, when all three might climb, one after the other, to the summit of the golden cross, whence the Archdeacon should be thrown down—I say the temptation to exhibit such a sensational incident in modern days must have been almost irresistible.

TOMMY and HARRY now both expressed their regret that it had not fallen to the lot of their revered tutor to arrange such a version of Notre Dame for the Adelphi as he had just described.

Tommy. And whom, Sir, would you have made the representative of the Archdeacon in your proposed modern adaptation of Esmeralda?

Mr. Barlow. I should indubitably have allotted the part of the Archdeacon in his shovel-hat and gaiters to that most conscientious and painstaking artist, MR. ROMER, of this theatre.

Tommy and Harry. Indeed, Sir, we are entirely of your opinion.

Harry. What you have just said, Sir, reminds me of the story of *Chares and the Contiguous Dutchman*, which, as TOMMY has not yet heard it, I will repeat to him. You must know then, MASTER TOMMY—

But at this moment, the Third Act commencing caused HARRY to postpone his instructive and amusing tale until another opportunity should present itself.

Tommy. And indeed, Sir, I do not know any young lady with whom I could sooner sympathise, under such distressing circumstances, than MISS ROSE LECLERC, who, you will see by the programme, now represents *Esmeralda* the gipsy girl.

Throughout the two last scenes of the drama TOMMY evinced considerable excitement, which, indeed, when the "wicked Archdeacon," in the exercise of functions peculiarly unarchidiaconal, chased the enticing but unhappy young person up the stairs of the bell-turret, was increased to such a point, that, being of an innately generous and noble disposition, he was for jumping upon the stage and proceeding to the rescue of *Esmeralda*, for whom he now expressed sentiments of the most profound pity. Nay, it was not until the "goblin" Archdeacon, after a severe struggle with the hunchback had been precipitated headlong from the summit of the tower, that TOMMY in any degree recovered his wonted serenity.

Mr. Barlow. You see, my dear TOMMY to what a pitch—and literally a pitch from a considerable height, as you will have already observed—your passions, if unchecked, may carry you.

Harry. I think, Sir, I perceive that you would have us remark the use of the word "pitch" in your latest observation.

Mr. Barlow. You are indeed right, and it will be well for our young friend TOMMY, who is now studying the art of skilfully playing upon words, to notice what amusing conceits can be extracted from the judicious application of this one word "pitch."

Tommy. I now see, Sir, that a dictionary and a grammar may serve as the foundation of much innocent recreation.

"Indeed," said MR. BARLOW, "I am sincerely glad to find that TOMMY has made this acquisition. He will now depend upon nobody, but be able to divert himself whenever he pleases. All that has ever been written in our own language will be now in his power, and I do not despair of one day hearing him make a jest, and of his becoming capable," added MR. BARLOW, with considerable emphasis, "of appreciating the wit of others."

"Yes," said TOMMY, something elated by all this praise, "I am determined now to make myself as clever as anybody. I know more already than most grown-up people, and though in our house there are my Grandfather and Grandmother, as well as my Father and Mother, my Sisters, my Uncle, and two Aunts, besides the twelve black servants, yet I am sure not one of them can make a joke as well as I can." MR. BARLOW looked a little grave at this, and then asked quietly, "Pray, who has attempted to teach them anything?"

"Nobody, I believe," said TOMMY, "except myself; and I protest, Sir, that I have experienced much difficulty both with my Grandfather and Grandmother, whom I have tried to instruct in such practical and verbal pleasantries as I have now, so frequently, witnessed in the most amusing pantomimes. I have, Sir, placed myself under a chair cover, and, on my knees being sat upon by either of my venerable relatives, I have vehemently embraced them with my arms, or have suddenly withdrawn myself from my concealment. I have told my Uncle that "a policeman was coming," and have lain down on the door-mat, after summoning my Aunt from the drawing-room with a loud rap at the door. I have failed as yet," continued TOMMY, modestly, "to do much with the kitchen poker made red-hot, but I trust that in time, by constant attention and untiring perseverance—"

At this moment, however, the time having arrived for the big drum (near whom they were seated) to join in the overture, with which the orchestra was ushering in the Extravaganza, further conversation was rendered comparatively impracticable. TOMMY, indeed, was highly indignant that any person should interrupt his discourse, and expressed, by signs, an earnest desire of conveying those sentiments to the honest musician who was within reach of his arm; and, indeed, he would have succeeded in his attempt, had not MR. BARLOW applied his finger and thumb so sharply to the softer portion of his pupil's arm, as for the moment to distract his attention from the object of his anger.

A few seconds after this the curtain drew up, and the Extravaganza commenced.

They were now vastly entertained by the acting and singing of MRS. JOHN WOOD, in the piece called *Snow White*, in which also MRS. MELLON performed much to their satisfaction.

On quitting the Theatre MASTER TOMMY was mightily offended with a poor and ill-clad man who refused to fetch him a vehicle, being, he said, at that moment employed by another party. He now became very passionate. In truth MASTER TOMMY thought he had a right to command everybody that was not dressed as finely as himself, an opinion which led him into some considerable inconvenience, and was now the occasion of his being very severely mortified.

"Sirrah!" said TOMMY to the poor man, "get me a cab." "I don't choose to," said the man. "Sirrah!" exclaimed TOMMY, "if I come to you I will make you choose it!" "You be blowed, my pretty little master," said the man. "You vulgar rascal," said TOMMY, who now began to be very angry, "I will thrash you within an inch of your life." To this the other made no answer but by a loud laugh, which provoked TOMMY so much that he rushed at the man, who, stepping nimbly on one side, and extending his foot, tripped up MASTER TOMMY so quickly that in another second he rolled into the wet gutter which was full of mud. His fine waistcoat was dirtied all over, his trousers covered with mire, and his shoes filled with the thick slosh.

The troop of spectators, who had attributed TOMMY's fall to cowardice, began to entertain the sincerest respect for his courage when they saw him, on rising, fly at his antagonist, and deal him a severe punch of his fist in the very centre of his body. They now gathered round the combatants in silence. After a short but severe contest, the linkman closed with his undaunted enemy, and by dint of superior strength, roughly hurled him to the ground. A second time did TOMMY rise and attack his adversary; but, alas! again was he doomed to disappointment.

While the contest was thus raging, HARRY and their beloved tutor



AN AGGRAVATED CASE.

Head Keeper (to Under Ditto). "WHAT D'YER WANT TO BE WALKING ON THE LINE FOR? WHY, THAT THERE TRAIN MIGHT 'A' SMASHED YER TO BITS! AND MASTER'S GUN IN YER HAND, TOO!!"

were standing together at some little distance from the affray, thoughtfully watching the issue.

"I think, Sir," said HARRY, "that this contest reminds me of the story I once read of *Cryos and the Perverse Basket-Maker*. If you are not acquainted with it, Sir, I will tell it to you. You must know, then, Sir—"

Mr. Barlow. I think I perceive a Constable making his way towards the assemblage. It would be as well for us to withdraw somewhat farther from this spot.

It is impossible to conceive the terror and dismay which instantly seized the crowd of spectators. They who before had been hallooing with joy and encouraging the fury of the combatants, were now scattered all about the street. The Linkman, joining the crowd, fled as fast as his legs would carry him. Not so fortunate was MASTER TOMMY MERTON, who, being the last of the fugitives, tumbled down, whether through fear or weakness, and lay in the very path of the pursuing Constable, by whom he was straightway taken into custody.

MR. BARLOW and HARRY now followed, though somewhat reluctantly, at a distance, and indeed did not lose sight of them until they reached the corner of Bow Street, when, on MR. BARLOW observing that it was time for them to retire to rest, they bent their steps once more towards the Strand, and sought the quiet of their lodgings.

"What, Sir," inquired HARRY, "will they do with MASTER TOMMY?"

"Indeed," replied MR. BARLOW, after a moment's thought, "I do not know. Perhaps they will hang him. But as he has only himself to thank for any inconvenience which may arise, I will merely read to you the story of *Pausanias and the Persistent Tortoise*, and after that we will retire to bed."

HARRY left the room, in order as he said, to find the book in which the story occurred, but at the expiration of three hours, as he did not return, MR. BARLOW aroused himself from a slumber into which he had fallen, and taking his chamber-candle entered his apartment, and was soon fast asleep.

SARCASMS CRYSTALLIZED DURING A DREARY JOURNEY
ON THE BRIGHTON RAILWAY.

HE who from London takes the Sunday line,
Can get no breakfast, neither can he dine:
The trains, moreover, are most awful slow:
Let's drink the health of SAMUEL LAING & Co.

Another.

Travel like this should be described with smiles:
"Two hours and forty minutes—fifty miles."

Another.

Of "crawlers" London does not now complain:
They now compose the Brighton Sunday train.

Another.

"Sabbath-day's journey means a short one." Bother!
LAING makes it twice as long as any other.

Wanted a Lawyer.

THE Government, we all know, has an Attorney-General in Parliament, of whose predecessor more is likely to be heard there. They appear to be sadly in need of another Attorney at the Foreign Office, one capable of scrutinising deeds and preventing any such little oversight as that which is their last blunder, whereby they have committed themselves and the country in the Treaty of Washington.

The Counter and the Bar.

THE Publicans have for some time taken to sell tea, on the plea of "Defence not Defiance." There is another article of grocery which BUNG might also vend, and that appropriately—Tap-ioca.



CHOICE OF EVILS.

WHICH IS THE WORST FOR THE MASTER?—TO SUBMIT TO MRS. MAGPIE'S PONY CONSTANTLY KICKING THE BEST HOUNDS, HER DAUGHTERS' NOISY CHATTER WHILE THEY ARE DRAWING THE WOODS, AND HER BOY'S PERPETUAL HEADING OF FOXES;—OR, TO AFFRONT OLD MAGPIE, WHOSE COVERTS ARE WELL PRESERVED, WHO PAYS A HANDSOME SUBSCRIPTION TO THE HUNT, AND INVARIABLY GIVES A BREAKFAST WHEN THE HOUNDS ARE NEAR?

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

SOME people appear to know a vast deal more about some other people than those same other people really know about themselves. For instance, hardly a day passes without one's finding in some foreign newspaper such a paragraph as this, which we venture to translate:—

"Here is a noble marriage. LORD PETRUS HOLLOWAY is betrothed to the only daughter of the MARQUIS DE BOSERY-CHARASSE, whose income is upwards of 50,000*l.* a year. LORD HOLLOWAY, by his mother's side, is the last descendant of the Lords of Ravenswood, rendered famous by WALTER SCOTT'S *Bride of Lammermoor*."

The journal whence we cite this, bears the title of *La Liberté*, and is named so rather fitly, judging from the many liberties it takes. Events in what they call "high life," and pronounce to rhyme with "fig-leaf," are continually related by ingenious French journalists, and, generally speaking, are as firmly based on fact as the story we have quoted. The paragraphs which follow are not one whit less truthful, or one atom more astounding, than those which constant readers of the Paris daily papers are invited to believe:—

The Parliaments of England have been summoned by the QUEEN, to assemble in their thousands at St. James's Palace, Windsor, for the purpose of electing a new President, or, as their official language terms it, "Mister Speaker." The Right Honorable LORD GLADSTONES has for some years held this office, and, as the immortal WILLIAMS says, has "won golden dominions from all sorts of feeble peoples." As the SPEAKER is obliged by the British Constitution to make a speech on every evening when the Parliaments are sitting, the office usually is given to a man of great loquacity, and for this reason a lawyer in good practice, like LORD GLADSTONES for example, has generally the luck to be elected to the place.

One of those eccentric pastimes which are known as "Foot Balls" took place the other evening at the rooms of Hanover, near to

Leicester Square. Foot Balls, as our readers are aware, are a kind of national dance, or sort of British *cancan*, in which he who kicks the highest wins the most applause.

A wife-auction was held on Friday last in Smithfield Market, and as usual was attended with considerable success. The LORD CHANCELLOR presided in his gorgeous robes of State, and announced the biddings with great vehemence of voice. Quotations ruled a little lower than the average of last season, but this may partly have been owing to the foginess of the morning, which prevented the fair ladies from being fairly seen.

By tables lately issued by the Board of Health Control, it is computed that exactly four-and-forty thousand Englishmen die annually of the spleen. This complaint, it would appear, has not been proved as yet so fatal to the female sex. Still, eleven hundred ladies of the very highest family are yearly ascertained to have committed suicide, by jumping off St. Paul's or else the Statue of Duke Wellington, while under the dire influence of this national disease.

An interesting marriage ceremony was solemnised last Sunday, after mid-day, at the Cathedral Church of Wapping, between SIR GILES DE SCROGGINS, youngest son and heir-apparent of the HONORABLE EARL SCROGGINS, Companion of the Baths, and Miladi LUCY KNEEL, the only daughter of SIR KNEEL, of the Order of the Garter Knight. The noble bridegroom has an income of more than sixty thousand sterling, paid quarterly by his mother, the Old Lady of Threadneedlestreet. It is said that the fair bride is a lineal descendant of the famous Miss O. KNEEL, who, for her talent as an actress, was raised to the peerage from the stage of Drurilane.

A new club of fox-hunters comes to be formed in London West-end, under the appropriate title of the Gun Club. As every British noble sportsman aims to shoot the fox, it is expected that this Gun Club will have a grand success.

Those enlightened patriots, SIR DELKE and MR. HODGER are daily gaining myriads of converts to their creed. But *la vieille Angleterre* is not yet ripe for a republic. Liberties are scanty where aristocrats abound. To bribe SIR DELKE it is proposed to raise him to the



PRACTICAL.

Hopeful. "WILL BREAKFAST SOON BE READY, MAMMA?"

Mamma. "YES, MY DEAR."

Hopeful. "WELL, PAPA, YOU MIGHT SAY GRACE JUST NOW, TO SAVE TIME."

IMMORALITY OF FOREIGN RULERS.

It is said that there are French Statesmen who actually contemplate a scheme of raising £160,000,000 towards paying off the indemnity due to Germany by means of a Lottery Loan. Dreadful! Of all financial expedients which a Government can have recourse to, there is not one so demoralising as that of borrowing money by means of sanctioning lotteries. Why it is an encouragement of gambling! What is the wrongfulness of partial taxation to that? Certainly there is something a little tending to impair the morality of taxpayers in a tax which they resent as unjust, inquisitorial, and cruel. It tends to make them try to frustrate injustice by evasion. Fiscal imposition, they think, justifies antagonism by fraud; the victims and the taxmasters are playing a game of forfeits, wherein iniquity on one side makes cheating on the other all fair. This is rather improper, certainly, but a tax which, unrighteous and extortionate, aggrieves only certain persons, does not habituate the whole of the community to the resource of lying and cheating in self-defence, but only a part of them, namely those who are overtaxed. Whereas Lotteries tempt every one possessing the means of gambling to gamble. The unscrupulous Governments of Austria and Italy, and the benighted Pope, may demoralise those who own their authority by authorising Lotteries. Our own conscientious Rulers are far above the imitation of their deplorable example. Never, never, we are sure, will they be guilty of permitting a Lottery, although they are capable of upholding an Income-tax.

Educational Crew.

UNSECTARIAN changing for secular boat,
School-Boat, same wherein Atheists row, too.
Dissenters, with such fellow-sailors afloat,
O where do you expect that you'll go to?

A Capital Workman.

SPEAKING of the custom in Germany for the members of the Royal Family to learn some handicraft, as part of their education, the *Times* Correspondent writing from Berlin says, "His reigning Majesty, if I am not mistaken, is by trade a glazier." There must be some mistake about the Emperor's trade, for none can doubt that he has proved himself to be a "top-sawyer."

DISINTERESTED DOCTORS.

THE anti-alcoholic declaration of our principal Physicians and Surgeons records the singular disinterestedness of the Medical Profession. They, of all men, are best aware of the extent to which excess in spirituous liquors is the cause of diseases. They get their living by the treatment of diseases, and yet they recommend the imposition of restraint on the consumption of those liquors which they are largely produced by. Their unselfishness, if the liquor-trade is destroyed by law, will, however, have its reward. The self-abandonment to drunkenness rendered physically impossible, will doubtless be replaced by vicious courses under the influence of some other propensity than the passion for drink. Hence we are happy to think, grist will accrue to the medical mill all the same.

Health of the Premier.

WE have great pleasure in announcing that MR. GLADSTONE is recovering, slowly but surely, from the effects of the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE's proclamation to his tenantry in North Nottinghamshire. THE PRIME MINISTER, for a time, was much stunned by the blow he felt on finding that he had lost the confidence of such a distinguished member of the Legislature, but he is now much better, and able again to transact business.

The Doctors' Paradise.

ADVICES of the progress of the Looshai Expedition report GENERAL BROWNLOW as approaching "The Tookpillalls country." The Medical Profession are unanimous in their opinion that the inhabitants of this country must be a highly intelligent and civilised people, and they hope the General and his troops will put them to as little inconvenience as possible.

peerage, by the title of LORD LESSER BRITON; and efforts are not wanting to persuade good MR. HODGER to accept the Stilton Hundreds, which will ensure throughout the Session his silence in the House.

The Great Titchborn Trial has, by order of the Claimant, been removed from Commonpleas Court to the Sessionshouse of Clerkenwell. The jury have been sitting for 180 days, and some of them have never shaved since entering the box. By Act of *corpus habeo*, they are locked up every evening directly after dinner, and their cigars are all extinguished, by law of fire insurance, at the striking of nine hours. The costs of the proceedings are a million francs a day; and as the HONORABLE JUDGE COLERIG receives a weekly fee, it is expected that his summing-up will occupy six months.

RESPECTABILITY.

CHRONICLING a fatal accident at Norwich, a daily newspaper reported that the persons killed had been "removed to the work-house." Later in the week this statement was corrected, thus:—

"We are requested to say that this was not the case, as they were respectable people, and not paupers."

Readers of CARLYLE will recollect that MR. THURTELL was described as a "respectable" person. That epithet, however, did not prevent his being hanged. Respectability at Norwich may be defined as that which may prevent a dead man being taken to a work-house. Were he living, it perhaps might fail of that effect. Yet, surely persons may be paupers, and moreover be respectable, in the truest sense.

Proverbial Philosophy.

A CURIOUS canine coincidence may, possibly, escape the reader's notice. At the recent Dog-show held in Dublin there were exactly 365 dogs exhibited, a dog for each day of the year,—illustrating the philosophical proverb, "Every dog has his day."



HIS day one hundred years, Feb. 6, 1772, did CHARLES FOX arise in the House of Commons, and being weary of the inactivity of the House, and desirous to have some sort of disturbance, that he might manifest his powers, did give notice that he should move for a repeal of the Marriage Act. When he gave this notice he had never read the Marriage Act, nor did he read it until some days after. You may like also to know that just then Town was talking of the arrest of the QUEEN OF DENMARK, sister to our King. She was charged by her husband with certain non-conjugalities. About a week later the Prussian Envoy came up to Mr. Punch, and said, with a sneer, "*Qu'est devenue votre REINE DE DANEMARK?*" Then, as now, ever prompt with reply, Mr. Punch answered, "with spirit," "*Apparemment qu'elle est à Spandau avec votre PRINCESSE ROYALE*" — who had been divorced, for good reasons. You will find all this, or about all this, in WALPOLE, not in the immortal and immoral letters, but in the "Last Journals," ably edited by DR. DORAN, F.S.A.

Mr. Punch presumes that by this time his reader, the World, knows him too well to suppose that he would hesitate at making any record or reference that occurred to him, whether it appeared to bear immediately on the matter in hand, or not. If, however, any person supposes that Mr. Punch is bound by any rule, the sooner that annihilation is dismissed the better. This delightful Parliamentary narrative will, as heretofore, be varied and enlivened by anything that he may deem it fit to interpolate. He will bring forth from his treasury things new and old, as may seem good to his generous nature. By Dodo, who was the mother of Zoroaster, Mr. Punch will be no slave to Parliament or any other authority, save that of Beauty! Now you know all about it.

To-day, as here is pictured Parliament met. HER MAJESTY was not present, being wisely occupied in acquiring, amid the pure air of

the Island of Wight, strength for the Day of Thanksgiving, about to be mentioned.

LORD CHANCELLOR HATHERLEY read the Royal Speech, and Mr. Punch reluctantly notes that his Lordship read it very badly, stumbling, and pausing, and requiring to be prompted by the EARL OF RIFON. Mr. Punch would not, of course, have mentioned this had any infirmity been its cause, but LORD HATHERLEY can read his own judgments perfectly well, and therefore it is clear that the

Speech must have been vilely transcribed for him, or he had not studied it. As it is now the fashion to make every possible charge against Government, *Mr. Punch* delightedly shies his stone, and asks what is to be said for a Cabinet that can't even get a Queen's Speech properly read?

Not that the Speech was worth much elocution, for it was composed in a style that would have made WILLIAM COBBETT (they've been erecting a memorial to him somewhere) lay about the authors with his thickest cudgel. Also, according to the PREMIER, paragraphs had got misplaced. This is the way the Nation is served. However, let us preserve our sweet temper; we shall want it all, and more.

The heads of the Speech were these:—

1. Thanks for the restoration of the health of the PRINCE OF WALES, and announcement of Thanksgiving therefor, in St. Paul's, on the 27th of February.
2. Foreign relations in all respects satisfactory.

[*With an exception, your Majesty.*]

3. The name of the British Empire is dishonoured by slave-trading practices in the South Seas, and a preventive measure is promised.

[*Dishonoured is much too "gushing" a word, MR. GLADSTONE.*]

4. France is objecting to Free Trade, but we are not to quarrel.
5. This must be given in full. The QUEEN says:—

"The Arbitrators appointed pursuant to the Treaty of Washington, for the purpose of amicably settling certain claims known as the Alabama Claims, have held their first meeting at Geneva. Cases have been laid before the Arbitrators on behalf of each party to the Treaty. In the case so submitted on behalf of the United States large claims have been included, which are understood on my part not to be within the province of the Arbitrators. On this subject, I have caused a friendly communication to be made to the Government of the United States."

[*May it be received in friendship, your Majesty.*]

6. The "EMPEROR OF GERMANY" [is that His Majesty's title, LORD GRANVILLE?] is to arbitrate on the St. Juan Water Boundary.
7. Ireland has been free from Serious Crime. [Are there Comic Crimes, and are the frequent agrarian outrages so designated?] Her trade improves.

[*Several of her Patriots are for sale, one hears.*]

8. Crime and the number of criminals in Great Britain have diminished.
9. The Estimates will be suitable to the Circumstances of the Country. [Nothing about Economy.]
10. Revenue satisfactory. Pauperism decreasing.
11. Among the measures of the Session are to be Bills for Scotch Education, Mines Regulation [at last!], on the Liquor Question [Aha! MR. BRUCE?], for improving the Superior Courts of Justice and Appeal, for establishing Secret Voting, for repressing Corrupt Election Practices, and for doing something in a Sanitary direction.
12. Parliament will be Assiduous, and the Sovereign will rely on its Energy, and on the Loyalty of the People.

[*In the latter, Mr. Punch assures your Majesty that every confidence may be reposed. The former he hopes to stimulate.*]

In the afternoon the Houses, which had adjourned, met again, and in the Lords EARL DE LA WARR (a brave soldier) moved the Address, which was seconded by VISCOUNT POWERSCOTT (a compliment to Ireland); and the DUKE OF RICHMOND, for the Opposition, was not very severe. He hoped that we should be spared all sensational and revolutionary legislation. The Foreign Minister, EARL GRANVILLE (we regret to say, leaning on a crutch, having gallantly declined the Duke's kindly advice to speak sitting) made some conciliatory remarks, but was soon obliged to resume his seat. LORD DERBY was glad that we were to have a quiet Session, thought that rose-coloured views of Ireland were taken, but supposed that Government, having alienated the Protestants, did not wish to alienate the Catholics also. He enlarged on Government "carelessness" on the American question, but distinctly declared that we are bound by nothing but what we intended to offer. Let us, however, be very courteous.

In the Commons heaps of Notices were given, but sufficient for the night is the wrangle thereof. We shall take them as they come, and as MR. THOMAS MOORE says, in *Lalla Rookh*,—

"Woe to the File that foremost wades."

MR. STRUTT, arrayed as a Leicestershire Yeoman—no, as one of the Yeomanry—moved the Address, which was seconded by MR. COLMAN, in the new court dress. Small wits might hint at STRUTT's *Sports and Pastimes*, and COLMAN's *Broad Grins*, but as both gentlemen spoke with becoming gravity, the allusion would be frivolous and impertinent.

MR. DISRAELI said that Ministers had been passing the recess in a

Blaze of Apology, so that Members had been unable to refresh their faculties by forgetting anything. He criticised several bits of the Speech, but not bitterly. He did not think the American paragraph adequate to the occasion. He himself had always sought to cherish cordial relations between England and America. The Government, and not diplomatists, were responsible for what had been done. He spoke at considerable length on this subject, and urged the Ministers to be very frank with the House, as it would be fatal to get into a Serbianian Bog of Darkness. We need hardly add that MR. DISRAELI's references to the PRINCE OF WALES were in the best taste.

MR. GLADSTONE would be ready, at the proper time, to defend everything the Cabinet had done. He alluded eloquently to the PRINCE OF WALES, and stated a firm conviction that the peril through which H. R. H. had passed would leave an enduring mark on his heart. On the American question the PREMIER spoke in a very determined way, declaring that there was but one mode in which the Treaty could be interpreted, and that at no time had Government acceded to a document under which the vast and unwarrantable claim of the States could be pressed. We shall demand to be "let off," or we shall fall back on our right to withdraw from the Arbitration. The claim is one which no nation in the possession of its senses could admit even in the last extremity.

Two Irish Members having emitted the conventional grumble, that Oireland was neglected, the first night of the Session was over.

Wednesday.—MR. DENISON, the Speaker, explained that after nearly Fifteen Years of service his health compelled him to resign. Very pleasant things were said to him, provisionally, by MR. GLADSTONE and SIR JOHN PAKINGTON.

MR. BERNAL OSBORNE spoke out, *more suo*, and taunted the Cabinet with having been outwitted by smart American lawyers, against whom they ought to have sent out a shrewd attorney. He called the Treaty "an infamous document." Not one sixpence, however, he declared, amid loud cheers, would Parliament ever vote in payment of the Indirect Claims.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON, on the Liquor question, rather neatly asked whether MR. BRUCE were going to cast in his lot with the Public or with the Publicans.

MR. GLADSTONE replied to MR. OSBORNE and sundry other Members, somewhat qualifying his language of the previous night, but declaring that we should appeal to Grammar, and to the Doctrine of Intention.

MR. BRUCE's Bill is to be as stringent as that of last year. *Mr. Punch* mildly whispers, "Hooray for a Bar-Fight."

Thursday.—In the Lords, EARL STANHOPE, intending to lead the battle on the great COLLIER Acrobatic Feat, demanded and obtained papers. MR. CROSS, a Conservative lawyer, gave notice of similar attack in the Commons.

MR. MILBANK wished to have it out with SIR CHARLES DILKE for his republican speeches, but the SPEAKER ruled that this would be irregular. However, the former intends to manage it.

To-day MR. GLADSTONE, with happy eloquence, moved the vote of thanks to the retiring Speaker, and MR. DISRAELI, with as fortunate selection of epithet, seconded the motion. MR. DENISON will become VISCOUNT OSSINGTON, but will not accept the usual pension. [We wonder what his successor, the Hon. MR. BRAND—long a popular and capital whip—will do when he resigns amid general regret. For he is heir presumptive to the title of Dacre, which dates from 1307.] The SPEAKER made brief and touching response, not forgetting a gentleman's tribute to SIR ESKINE MAY, Chief at the Table of the House. Long and loud cheering marked the passing of the Vote. To MR. DENISON, *Mr. Punch* gives Benison, and *au revoir*, up-stairs.

Some debate, with a clever and practical speech by MR. TORRENS, as to the best way of neglecting the business of the House.

The Ballot Bill was introduced by MR. FORSTER, and the Corrupt Practices Bill by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, who had begged a holiday from the Tichborne Case.

Friday.—The House of Commons received the QUEEN's gracious permission to elect a New Speaker. SIR ROUNDELL PALMER, in a speech that, for its scholarly symmetry and grace of phrase, deserves to be called an oration, proposed the RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY BOUVIERIE WILLIAM BRAND, with generous but discriminating laudation of that gentleman's public and private merits. MR. LOCKE KING seconded the motion, introducing his hope that MR. BRAND would contrive some means of abbreviating debates. At this arose some murmur. MR. BRAND, with due depreciation of his qualities and abilities, submitted to the will of the Commons, and was, according to ancient form, conducted, he gently resisting, to the Chair. Thence, the Speaker Elect returned thanks, and promised to do his duty to the best of his power. The PREMIER then formally, but earnestly, congratulated his old friend, and stated that he was to be presented on the following Monday to the QUEEN, who would ratify the choice of her faithful Commons. *Mr. Punch* will receive MR. BRAND privately, and complete his inauguration, with libation.

VALENTINIANA:



SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY and Ash Wednesday fall together this year. Such a coincidence has not happened before since the invention of printing, and will not occur again within the memory of man.

It is understood that the High Church party have held a meeting, at which it was agreed to recommend all little High Church boys and girls to abstain from opening their Valentines till the termination of Lent.

Very little is known of BISHOP VALENTINE'S history, as all the copies of the *Memoir* of him, published by his Examining Chaplain, went to the bottom in the course of a storm in the Irish Channel; but he is believed to have had a disappointment in early life. The collections in the Print Room at the British Museum

should be searched for specimens of his original productions. They will be found to offer a marked contrast to the elaborate and expensive fabrics now in vogue, and the lace borders are at least a century and a half later in date.

The Bishop never married, and it was long the practice for betrothed lovers to repair on the morning of his birthday to his statue, accompanied by one or more of the oldest inhabitants of the place, and deposit at its base attested copies of their correspondence, a crooked sixpence or some other similar silver coin wrapped up in a newspaper, and garlands made of lad's-love, maiden-hair fern, and stout twine. Hence the custom of sending Valentines on this day.

The custom itself is one which exists, in some shape or other, in every country where travellers have discovered remains of stationery; and tablets or stones rudely incised with hearts, darts, altars, flames, Cupids, nuptial rings, and village churches in the background, and a date which the best scholars agree in considering to correspond with the middle of our February, have been found amongst tribes so savage that they had no knowledge of the use of writing materials, and were ignorant of gin.

No connection can be traced between BISHOP VALENTINE and the senior partner in the firm of *Valentine and Orson*—the families do not appear to have been even distantly related.

This being Leap Year, if a single gentleman receives a Valentine from a single lady, and can trace the sender through the Post-office, he will be entitled to consider her missive as equivalent to a proposal of marriage, and to accept it, if the lady can give satisfactory references as to property, connections, temper, accomplishments, and ability to manage a modern mansion.

One of the most familiar formulas used in Valentines is so old that no authentic manuscript of it is known to exist. We refer to the genial lines, which, through successive generations, have found a conscious echo in the breasts of all who are awake to the simple dictates of the heart acting in unison with the language of flowers—

"The rose is red,
The violet blue,
Carnation's sweet,
And so are you."

In some of the later versions the third line runs—"the grass is green"—but this is looked upon as the gloss of some soured scholiast, which has crept, by a transcriber's error, into the received text.

The belief is universal, and nothing but the extension of the suffrage to women will ever overcome it, that if you are single, the first unmarried person you meet outside the house on St. Valentine's Day will exercise an important influence over your future destiny. Fortunately there is a simple way of evading the hand of Fate,

open to those who desire a greater freedom in their choice of a partner in wedlock—at least, if they are willing to remain indoors till the expiration of the spell at twelve p.m.

Another favourite dogma is, that if you dream of your sweetheart the night before Valentine's Day, you will be married before the year is out. But this insight into futurity is so fenced round with indispensable forms and observances, that it is almost impossible to fulfil the founder's intentions. To enumerate only a few of these—you must go to bed fasting, without a light, and lie due east and west between new sheets which have observed all the regulations of the Factory Acts; you must awake three times, and each time when you look out of the window, you must see a falling star, or hear the shriek of a mandrake (BLACKSTONE, indeed, lays it down that there must be a display of Aurora Borealis on the night in question, but this is disputed); and you must enclose the name of the person of whom you (thrice) dream, in a sealed envelope, with a motto outside, to the Mayor or Stipendiary Magistrate, before eight o'clock on the following morning, accompanied by a photograph and a sonnet.

It has been calculated, by a Fellow of the Statistical Society, in his leisure hours, that if all the Valentines which pass through the Post-Office during the month of February were laid one upon another, they would form a pile, four-square, as high as the Cross on the top of St. Paul's, and be equal to the cubical contents of the London Docks. But this requires verification.

PARALLEL UNDER PARLIAMENT.

In these days of gun-cotton, nitro-glycerine, dynamite, saxifrage (not to say lithofracteur), torpedoes, and Fenians, the Lord Great Chamberlain's limited service of searching for GUY FAWKES in the vaults under the Houses of Parliament is by no means an unnecessary precaution. This last time it afforded the party of explorers an opportunity, as the *Times* observes, of "turning their attention to the wonderful and admirable system of ventilation perfected by DR. PERCY." The contrast thus suggested between the incendiary and the man of science is remarkable, and yet the name of the one may in some minds be associated with that of the other. The reader needs hardly be reminded of a certain PERCY who also was the hero of a famous Plot, and whom a certain Knight, as remarkable for apt sayings as for obesity, called "Gunpowder PERCY." Thus we make out a connection between PERCY and GUY FAWKES. There is something of everything to be found in SHAKESPEARE.



"ECONOMY."

WHY HAVE AN EXPENSIVE HAT OR BONNET, WHEN A SLIGHT ALTERATION OF THE COIFFURE WILL SUFFICE!

Cocoa for Children.

THE prices at which Chocolate is retailed to small boys range very low. It has been ascertained that as many as four large cigars of the material so called have been bought for a penny. Dirt cheap.



ADJUSTMENT.

Maude (to the Colonel from India). "UNCLE, WHY DON'T YOU WEAR THIS CHIGNON ON THE TOP OF YOUR HEAD?"!!

"FROM WHIP TO M. F. H."

(BRAND soliloquises.)

So our old M. F. H. from his post is retiring!

Well—good luck attend the good fellow, say I:
May *my* temper and tact find the Hunt as admiring,
When my time for the meet and the saddle's gone by!

At least 'tis a comfort, when on one's promotion
From Whip in St. Stephen's to Master, to know
That the man for the place, in the Hunt's John Bull notion,
Is the man who the steadiest and straightest can go.

Who the coolest in crushes, the blandest in blocks is,
Who alike through the busiest or blankest of days
Meets the babble of puppies, and dodging of foxes,
With the same pleasant face, the same straightforward ways.

Who, though mild as a rule, knows the time and the season
To be sharp on a skirter, or down on a snob;
Who can double-thong, too, when for whipcord there's reason,
And then holds as one *novus homo* and *nob*.

Who, when hounds are at fault, makes his cast to a moral,
And when the right line they have hit, keeps them straight;
Counts temper with tact, in the seed nips a quarrel,
And is wide-awake still, be it never so late.

The toil of the life no one knows till he's led it;
Of that Hunt to be Master is task for a Man;
For one of the two packs I whipped, with some credit,
And know what the work is, if anyone can.

I'd enough on my hands, with the pack *I* was whip to;
Those that whipped for the other will tell you the same:
But a fellow may walk nose in air, and a-tiptoe,
Who to govern *both* packs, and their whips, is thought game!

The Kennel can count many cross-grained subscribers,
With the wit to be "nasty," and more with the will;
But in spite of both screws and snobs, bullies and bribers,
The Hunt takes its tone from its gentlemen still.

Well, here's luck! May I manage as well as the Master
Whom the Hunt has just wished its good-speed and good-bye;
For the raws I may cause good intentions prove plaster,
Till as lightly the mace as the whip I can ply!

URGENT APPEAL.

WE are told that on the day the QUEEN goes to St. Paul's, the usual ceremony will be observed of the LORD MAYOR opening the gates of Temple Bar and presenting the Sword to HER MAJESTY. We implore the City authorities to have the gates well washed and scrubbed for the occasion, if they do not wish to see their Lord Mayor with distressingly dirty hands. Our recommendation might have gone as far as a pair of new portals, if we had not remembered that the Bar itself will probably be removed before the present generation has altogether died out—or, rather, when the New Law Courts are finished.

Dealings with Dutchmen.

OUR friend MYNHEER VON DUNK says, "England desires Curaçoa and Surinam." Not exactly, MYNHEER. As regards Curaçoa, we won't say. It is very desirable, though we much prefer Pallida Brandia. But Surinam, certainly not. That produces nothing, we believe, but the most execrable toad in the world, the nastiest of all the *genus* called *Nastikreechia*. We gave you Surinam in exchange for New York, in 1774. Would you like *that* back again in exchange for any other colonies?

"CHAMBER MUSIC."—Baby!



THE OLD "WHIP."

HON. HENRY BRAND (*the New Speaker*). "MY DEAR LORD OSSINGTON, YOUR ADVICE IS EXCELLENT. BUT I RATHER LIKE 'LATE HOURS;' AND AS TO THE 'BORES,' I FLATTER MYSELF AN OLD 'WHIP' KNOWS WHAT TO DO WHEN THE 'BABBLERS GIVE TONGUE'!!"

A GOLDEN BRIDGE.

MR. PUNCH, considering it his duty to step forward at the present moment, and to suggest an easy and honourable arrangement of the American question, has prepared the following Schedule of English Claims for Compensation. It is manifest that they are all absolutely just, and he is sure that the American Government will admit that fact. Therefore, all that remains to be done is this. Let MR. HAMILTON FISH append his signature, and the words "All right" (he may add "old boss," or not, as he may think the American nation would desire) and then the two Governments have but to exchange receipts for their respective claims.

HER MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT CLAIM COMPENSATION

	£	s.	d.
For twenty years of violent abuse poured upon England by the <i>New York Herald</i> , in the interest of Slavery, and up to the date when the Editor of that paper was informed that he must really be hanged if he would not desist from treason to the United States		0	0 2½
For similar abuse, in nobody's interest in particular, since the above date		0	0 0½
For encouraging the Fenians, and putting Canada in dread of a Fenian invasion		0	0 0½
For permitting the Irish American press to abuse England		0	0 0½
For inducing many persons in England to use the word "reliable" instead of "trustworthy"	20,000,000	0	0
For allowing MR. G. F. TRAIN (our enemy) to be out of a lunatic asylum		0	0 6
For the use of the works of ancient English authors from WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE downwards, and for calling them American authors	100,000,000	0	0
For piracy on Modern English authors, and for not calling a great many of them American authors	100,000,000	0	0
For spoiling a great number of decent second-rate English actors, and sending them home with the idea that they were KEANS and KEMBLER		0	7 6½
For insulting the King's or Queen's English by speaking it, for fifty years, nasally	20,000,000	0	0
For eclipsing the harmless gaiety of nations by suddenly stopping the supply of capital nigger stories, which have now entirely ceased	1,000,000	0	0
For outraging humanity by not annexing Mexico, and putting an end to its atrocities	100,000,000	0	0
For putting us under an obligation by the graceful return of that Arctic Vessel. "Thy Love is worth——"	1,000,000	0	0 "
For attempting to destroy the monarchical principles of H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES, by treating him with so much kindness and hospitality that H.R.H. was induced to think well of Republicans	100,000,000	0	0
For persuading MADemoiselle NILSSON to leave London for America, and for still detaining that songstress	100,000	0	0
For inventing HERR BREITMANN, instead of leaving to some Englishman the honour of inventing him	100,000	0	0
For incessantly re-producing pictures from <i>Punch</i> , and never acknowledging their source		No charge	
	£442,200,000	8	4½

This is our Bill.

GLADSTONE, PUNCH & CO.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

EARLY on the following morning it arrived at TOMMY's turn to appear before the worthy Magistrate. His courage had been unconquerable, but having had to yield to fortune, he had passed the night in one of the cells attached to the court. His nose was much swollen, while his eyes presented the appearance of a well-used painter's pallet. His hair was matted, he was daubed with mud from head to foot, and his face and hands were as black as those of any chimney sweeper.

The Magistrate inquired what was the matter, and TOMMY listened in amazement to the charge brought against him of being inebriated, and in that state assaulting the constables.

Tommy. Sir, it is in vain to expect veracity from those whose interest it is to magnify their own importance at the expense of the characters of their neighbours.

The Magistrate. Is, then, what the constable asserts untrue?

Tommy. Indeed, Sir, it is. And I protest I am vastly surprised at the statement which he has placed before your Lordship.

The Magistrate smiled at this, and after informing TOMMY that he need not call him his Lordship (which TOMMY, for his part, protested he must do), advised him to be more careful for the future how he attempted to thrash people who, though poor and ragged, might be bigger than himself.

The Magistrate. Before you meddle with any person, you should make yourself acquainted with his nature and disposition, otherwise you may fare like the Athenian philosopher, who, in attempting to extract the honey from the hive was stung to death by the bees; or like the Scandinavian warrior, who, when bathing, attached a strong hook to his leg, in the expectation of thereby catching a shark, but who was himself devoured by the very fish for whom he planned this snare.

Tommy. I thank your Majesty for the two admirable illustrations which you have just given me, and I promise for the future to use more discretion in my treatment of the inferior creation.

He now expected his dismissal, but the excellent Magistrate observed that it was necessary for MASTER TOMMY either to defray the costs of this public trial with a sum of money amounting to forty shillings, or be given into the custody of the Gaoler, thenceforth to be transmitted for seven days to an adjacent prison.

At this moment MR. BARLOW entered the Court, and addressing the Magistrate, said, "Sir, no one can tell, howsoever secure his present situation may appear, how soon it may alter, and he may have occasion for the compassion of those who are now far below him. To be armed against the prejudices of the calculating infirmarian, and to extinguish real merit with those splendid vices which pass current in what is called Society, is, your Worship, one of the most difficult of problematical fallacies. What are the effulgences of justice but an ever-opposing law of rotation, formidable in effect, distempered in extirpation, and sometimes so incoherent that the noblest results of ungovernable fashion are but the inexhaustible products of a sublime and inarticulate resistance."

At this part of MR. BARLOW's address, HARRY, who had accompanied their revered tutor into Court, and had with difficulty restrained his tears, now burst out into such a fit of crying, and the Magistrate himself, and all the constables, were so much affected, that MR. BARLOW told them that perhaps he had better leave off for the present, and allow them to proceed to some other case. But the worthy Magistrate, upon whom the forcible arguments, and the majestic oratory of MR. BARLOW had combined to produce a marvellous change, now expressed his desire to hear somewhat more from him on similar subjects, and he proposed, therefore, to hand over him, and his beloved pupil, to the guardianship of the Governor of Clerkenwell until their reappearance was required at the Court.

TOMMY, who had so lately been the admiration of the brilliant circle in which he found himself placed, now appeared to have lost all his vivacity; his eyes were involuntarily turned to the ground, and silent melancholy and dejection were visible in his face.

The Magistrate remarked with sincerest pleasure these signs of humility and contrition, and MR. BARLOW, taking this opportunity, said, "Sir, the passion for revenge, which marks the character of all uncivilised nations, is certainly to be condemned. The widest rivers need the biggest bridges. The noise of musketry is no certain sign of benevolence. The copious draught may be spilt in vain, and the trammels of a perverse Society can never be for any length of time mistaken for the bandages of inefficient cultivation. I perceive, Sir, from the attention with which you have listened to my discourse, that you have never heard the story of *Zeno and the Voluptuous Weathercock*. Know then, Your Worship——"

Here the Magistrate, who could no longer repress the stirring emotions of his mind, sprang up from the bench in a sudden trans-



SEVERE ON THE PIANISTES.

Cousin Lizzy. "I DON'T THINK, COUSIN JOE, WE WERE WALTZING IN TIME."

Cousin Joe. "THINK SO? PERHAPS NOT, IF YOU WERE KEEPING TIME TO THE BASS, AS I KNOW I WAS KEEPING TIME TO THE TREBLE."

port of admiration, and addressing MR. BARLOW and his two pupils by name, said, "You have the noblest minds that ever adorned any human beings, and as for MR. BARLOW, he appears to me to be a more eligible friend and companion than noblemen or princes. If the Linkman, the unworthy cause of this happy meeting, were here, no punishment that severity could inflict would be too great for so contemptible a creature. I have the greatest desire to hear the story to which you have just alluded; but, alas! the necessities of my position constrain me to certain official duties, to the discharge of which I must now proceed. However," added the Magistrate quickly, on perceiving that MR. BARLOW was about to deliver himself of some further observations, "I will order you a certain sum from the poor-box, and the constables will now receive my strict orders to see you, Sir, and your two young friends safely bestowed outside the doors of this Court. Clerk, call the next case."

MR. BARLOW and MASTER HARRY and TOMMY were now ushered by four constables into a separate apartment, where they each received a shilling apiece, and were then led to the door, and shown politely into Bow Street before either of the three had time to offer a single observation.

On their return to their lodgings in the Strand, TOMMY thanked MR. BARLOW heartily for his assistance, without which, he said, he could however have got on much better.

It now became a matter of consideration as to how they could best lay out the three shillings with which their good fortune had so unexpectedly enriched them.

Harry. I would expend the sum in goose and champagne.

Mr. Barlow. Good. And how would you lay out your shilling?

Tommy. Nay, then, I protest for my part that I am vastly inclined towards oysters and gingerbeer.

Mr. Barlow. You are, indeed, an epicure. But suppose we do really partake of these luxuries, not in our lodgings, but in a magnificent Palace?

Tom and Harry. Where may that be, Sir?

Mr. Barlow. At Sydenham.

Harry. I understand, then, Sir, that you allude to the Crystal

Palace, to which the admission is, I see by the papers, only One Shilling.

Mr. Barlow. You are, indeed right.

Tommy. Could not I and HARRY enter the Palace for Sixpence a-piece, or could we not creep in unperceived by some opening, so that we should then still have our Two Shillings remaining to us for some other diverting purpose.

MR. BARLOW explained to his two young friends that this method of procedure was, he had found by experience, wellnigh impracticable, except at such risk to the clothes as would render enjoyment impossible, and a tailor's assistance a necessary expense.

Mr. Barlow. I think your proposition, TOMMY, a singularly foolish one.

Tommy. Oh, Sir, I am sad to think you should consider me foolish.

Mr. Barlow. Tell me, my young friend, had you rather look as great a fool as you are, or be as great a fool as you look?

Tommy. Indeed, Sir, I protest that, for my part, I would be content to look as great a fool as I am (because I should then appear not in any way foolish or absurd); but I should indeed be grieved either to look, or to be, as great a fool as, Sir, it is agreed on all hands, you are."

MR. BARLOW, who had a good stick in his hand, and was a man of an intrepid character, bade TOMMY remain quiet for one instant, and was approaching his pupil with a pleasing smile on his countenance, when HARRY, interfering, reminded him that TOMMY was greatly improved in courage and the use of his limbs, and that on the other night he had proved himself so resolute an antagonist, that had not fortune been adverse, the Linkman would have been worsted by TOMMY's impetuosity, and that with so recent an experience, one blow from his young pupil's fist might successfully level him with the earth.

To this MR. BARLOW replied that to hurt TOMMY seriously, or indeed attack him in any way, had never been his intention, and that as they now seemed to be in a favourable humour, he would at once proceed to relate to them the story of *Hamet and the Languid Blacksmith*.



A BROAD HINT.

Baby (solemnly: he has been left at Grandmamma's for a few hours, and begins to find it rather "slow.") "GRAN'MA! I WASN'T TO EAT TOO MUCH PLUM CAKE."!!

[Grandmamma feels the rebuke, and rings the bell.]

ODGER BENEATH NELSON.

THE Republican or Idiotic portion of the London Mob held a nuisance-meeting, on Monday night last week, in Trafalgar Square. The special object of this concourse was to make a menacing "demonstration" on behalf of licentious disloyalty of speech, especially as associated with the name of a recreant Barrow-Knight—as many of those who sympathise with him spell his title.

This assemblage presented some remarkable features. According to report:—

"The base and front of Nelson's Pillar facing the National Gallery were taken possession of, early in the evening, by large bodies of men, wearing pieces of white ribbon in their button-holes. These men were effectual, during the proceedings, in keeping off any pressure from without."

Have the Odgerists and Dilkeites, then, renounced and changed their colours? Meeting under the protection of men with white ribbons in their button-holes, they puzzle us. Red ribbons we could understand. White is the Legitimists' colour. The Internationals appear less tenacious of their flag than the COUNT DE CHAMBORD is of his. How odd, too, was the employment of Republicans in white ribbons to keep off pressure from without, for the benefit of a rabble met on purpose to exert it on the Legislature and the Government!

As usual at these displays, intended, however, to create terror and alarm, and not amusement:—

"The various Republican clubs, with their Republican flags and banners and mottoes, and caps of Liberty, and music, assembled at certain given points, and marched to the place of meeting through the crowded streets."

Of course. The caps of Liberty were certainly very becoming—would have been perfectly so with the addition of artificial ears and bells.

Mr. ODGER appeared in front of Nelson's Pillar at about eight

THE STATE AND THE SACK.

Lo! DENISON, by length of prate
Fatigued, vacates the Speaker's place—
He waives that Pension from the State,
Went to reward the long-borne Mace,
Blest with the fortune, which will let
Him live the rest of honoured years,
In state to suit the Coronet
Which he shall wear 'mongst England's Peers.

Yet other Speakers may succeed,
Too poor the stipend to forego;
Of service good the rightful meed;
Then, lest a precedent should grow,
For form's sake, he who doth not lack
His Pension might he not still take,
And to the country pay it back,
In ways not few to find or make?

Ah, no! The Labourer may be,
Whilst labouring, worthy of his hire;
Nought more, 'when used up, worth is he—
Let him to beggary retire.
The Speaker's Chair, 'tis not more hard
To leave, and lose outright all pay,
Than, from employ in a Dockyard,
In like sort to be turned away.

And he who now resigns that Chair,
You heard our Patriot Premier state,
His country will not cause to bear
A burden of the lightest weight.
Virtue severe, that self denies,
Henceforth renounces e'en its due;
And Ministers may sacrifice
Their own retiring pensions too.

Expelled.

"THE Elimination of Alcohol" was the title of a paper lately read before the Royal Society. If by elimination we are to understand expulsion, the Publicans have indeed cause to be out of spirits, for the trial must be going against them, when such an eminent body as the Royal Society gives its attention to what looks very like a proposition for turning that unruly spirit, Alcohol, out-of-doors.

o'clock. As if to exhibit the contrast between the Shoemaker at the base and the Statue on the summit—

"A few minutes before that hour the lime-light was called into requisition. The arrangements for the representatives of the Press were anything but satisfactory."

Perhaps the satisfaction of the Representatives of the Press was little contemplated in making arrangements for producing an effect meant to tell more particularly on the Representatives of the People. When the "lime-light was called into requisition,"—by which the Representative of the Press means when it was turned on,—a Member of the Stock Exchange present (if curiosity could have attracted any presumably so respectable a man to such an assembly), may possibly have been moved to remark that a light was now thrown on the subject. Then he laid himself open to be rebuked for his unhappy vulgarity, and told that the lime-light was meant to illuminate not any subject, but only citizens.

GHOSTLY TRAVELLING.

MR. PUNCH,—The hair on my head is still erect. My flesh yet creeps. No wonder. I have just been reading of some experiments with "a Fairlie double Bogie locomotive engine." "A double bogie!" I should have thought one amply sufficient to arouse the wildest terror. But two—I am fairly staggered by this duplication of horrors, and shall take good care to avoid the line on which such awful machines are allowed, especially in the night time.

A NERVOUS MAN.

Conscience in Man.

THE Manx Legislature has passed an Education Bill including a Conscience Clause. It is gratifying to think that the lower orders of Man can afford to keep a conscience.



IRISH GALLANTRY.

YOUNG REGINALD PARRY, AN ENGLISH OFFICER QUARTERED IN LIMERICK, IS SEEKING THE MISSES VAVASOUR, TWO OF THE LIMERICK BELLES, HOME ACROSS THE TOLL-BRIDGE. HE OFFERS THE TOLL-KEEPER HIS MONEY.

Toll-Keeper. "O, CAPTAIN, DO YOU THINK IT'S SO MANE I'D BE AS TO TAKE THE TOLL OF YOU WHEN YOU'RE ANTHEA GOIN' OUT OF YER WAY TO ESCORT THE YOUNG LADIES HOME! SURE, THIN, I'M NOT SUCH AN INFERIOR BASTE AS THAT!"

ATHLETIC INTELLIGENCE.

ON Monday last week a leading article on the great football match between Scotch and English, then to come off at Kennington Oval, appeared in the *Morning Post*. On "time" being called, during an interval in the contest, as the players were walking about together, an Englishman of their number mentioned that notice to a Scot, remarking, that, as the *Post* was specially the fashionable newspaper, football had evidently now come to be recognised as a game which our grandfathers would have called "quite the kick." When the sport was over, ARCHIBALD (not to say SAWNEY), again foregathering with his antagonist, burst out laughing.

PUBLIC MONEY AND LAND.

THE Dutch people are in great indignation because the KING OF THE NETHERLANDS has sold certain Possessions and Protectorates on the West Coast of Africa to QUEEN VICTORIA. Is it possible that, in any dealing with foreigners, the British Government have got the best of a bargain? The British Public, perhaps, would like to know whether, if the Ministers of the Crown can afford to buy land on the Guinea Coast, they cannot afford to refrain from selling Crown Lands in the New Forest and elsewhere, heretofore accessible, for enjoyment and recreation, to the People of England.

For the Fourteenth.

"It is perhaps hazardous to attempt to limit the rhyming capabilities of any word in the English language, with such a wonder-working magician as MR. BROWNING amongst us, but it is believed that there is but one rhyme to be found to Valentine. It is no contempt of Court to say the Claimant knows it well.

DETUR PULCHRIBUS.

SPEAKING in a debate at a recent meeting on the Woman's Suffrage question, Miss EMILY FAITHFULL is reported to have attributed our Premier's inclination towards the acknowledgment of the political rights of women to the evidence of their increasing self-dependence afforded by the Census. That Census has very likely impressed MR. GLADSTONE a great deal in their favour. It is probable, however, that he has been still more powerfully influenced by that *communis sensus* which forms so large an element in his mental constitution. Common sense must have taught MR. GLADSTONE that if the Roughs are fit to have votes, so still rather are the softer sex; and that, inasmuch as the elective franchise has been conceded to the working-men at large, it cannot be consistently withheld from the better half of our own flesh and blood.

Aërial Rome.

THE Correspondent of a contemporary, writing from Rome with reference to the architectural improvements there in contemplation, observes that the new quarters of the city are as yet *in nubibus*. The POPE, therefore, were he minded to promulgate a Bull which would edify the Irish College, might declare the new buildings designed by the Italian Government at Rome *Châteaux en Espagne*; or, if Infallibility had rather be accurate, he might define them castles in the air.

A PROVEEB COURTIFIED.

MR. DISRAELI said on Tuesday that everybody in the House of Commons was acquainted with the PRINCE OF WALES, and his excellent qualities. This shows that H. R. H. is, in a happy sense, the Heir with Many Friends.



"CHAFF."

Apple-Stall Keeper (to the Boys). "NOW, THEN, WHAT ARE YOU GAPING AT? WHAT DO YOU WANT?" *Street Boy.* "NOTHIN'."
Apple-Stall Keeper. "THEN TAKE IT, AND BE OFF!"
Street Boy. "VERY WELL: WRAP IT UP FOR US IN A PIECE O' PAPER!" [BOLTS.]

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCES.

IN the *Medium*, Spiritualist paper, the following story is related by a lady in a letter attested with her name. A certain clergyman being her guest, she says:—

"Every time we sat at dinner we had not only spirit-voices talking to us, but spirit-hands touching us; and last evening, as it was his farewell, they gave us a special manifestation, unasked for and unlooked for. He sitting at the right hand of me, a vacant chair opposite him began moving, and, in answer to whether it would have some dinner, said 'Yes.' I then asked it to select what it would take, when it chose *croquets des pommes de terre* (a French way of dressing potatoes, about three inches long and two wide. I will send you one that you may see it). I was desirous to put this on the chair, either in a tablespoon or on a plate. I placed it in a tablespoon, thinking that probably the plate might be broken. In a few seconds I was told that it was eaten, and looking found the half of it gone, with the marks showing the teeth."

This, in our great-grandfathers' time, would have been said by buffoons, of whom there were some even then, to have been a "bite" indeed. In a still worse vein of ribaldry, the chair's potato-eating will perhaps be represented as the act of some invisible chairman, or charwoman, notwithstanding that the latter would naturally, even though in a supernatural way, have asked for plain 'taters, if she had not preferred fried onions. But, seriously, may not the morsel of savoury potato, eaten in a chair and under a table, have possibly been eaten by the cat? Many of our readers, if not of the *Medium's*, will peradventure discern a confirmation of this surmise in the conclusion of the letter which contains the above anecdote:—

"Should any party have a gentleman's hat, liqueur bottle with silver stopper, also a small china tea-pot, which do not belong to them, I should be very glad to receive them, as they were taken from my house last Sunday evening.—Yours faithfully,
 "CATH. BERRY."

A LARK TO THE LATIN.

WHAT a joke, ye Latin Nations,
 What a spectacle for you,
 That of British complications
 Grave, with Yankee Doodle Doo!
 See these Anglo-Saxon races,
 Bloodshed much as they abhor,
 Flying at each other's faces,
 Like enough to go to war.

They who scorned your laurels gory,
 Deemed your blood-won prestige vain,
 They, who will not fight for glory,
 Are prepared to fight for gain.
 Not for Cause, or Faith, or Colour;
 No, those men of common sense!
 But for the Almighty Dollar;
 Yes; for base pounds, shillings, pence.

Hard as working bees toil, honey
 Hearing, so completely they
 Gave their minds to making money,
 Which in war will flee away.
 To make money of each other
 Striving still, they disagree.
 Brother at the throat of brother,
 For his money may we see!

Plutus is their god of battle,
 Money is their battle-cry,
 They for money slave like cattle;
 Wolves, at strife like, let them die.
 Heretics and blood-relations
 Then, more brutal and more blind,
 Than the faithful Latin Nations,
 More will also shame their kind.

An Extensive Concern.

FOR comprehensiveness, for enterprise, for pleasing variety, for an amiable desire to suit different tastes, we can confidently recommend a new company just announced, with the elastic title of "Church Bank Mill Cotton Spinning." A Society which embraces in its operations a Church, a Bank, a Mill, and a Cotton Spinning concern cannot fail to be appreciated, and to command the success which attends all undertakings based on broad and liberal principles.

Every housekeeper, if not every lodger, well knows that the cat is capable of running away with lobsters—or anything. MRS. BERRY may consider whether the spirits are really so likely to be snappers-up of unconsidered trifles as the cat is. At some future *séance* she will perhaps find that the cat has walked off with a walking-stick or an umbrella, or if not the cat, that Something has, or Somebody. If, instead of Somebody, it is some spirit out of the body, that disappears with property, of course it can be of no use for her to count her spoons before sitting down with a "circle" to a *séance*. Looking, however, to the probability of missing some of them thereafter, she might do well to secure the attendance of a Detective in plain clothes, because although the spirits who "know all mortal consequences" would penetrate his disguise and elude his grasp, for the incorporeal is not to be collared, yet *séances*, some of them, do seem attended with manifestations which might constitute cases for Sessions.

A Part for the Premier.

IT is not generally supposed that MR. GLADSTONE has any peculiar aptitude which, were he a comedian, would especially qualify him to play *Sir John Falstaff*. But there is one speech of *Falstaff's* which it may be imagined that our PREMIER, with certain late promotions and a particular remonstrance on one of them, in his mind, would deliver with full expression:—"Happy are they which have been my friends; and woe unto my Lord Chief Justice!"

Foreign Affairs.

MRS. MALAPROP is anxious to know whether this Don Juan Question between England and America has anything to do with poor LORD BYRON.

flection, and then he was elevated. People think this an evasion of the law, and the Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, SIR ALEXANDER COCKBURN, not only thought so, but said so, in a very strong letter to the CHANCELLOR. The latter and his colleagues reserved their defence till Parliament should meet.

To-night LORD STANHOPE stated the case against Ministers, and of course did so in the temperate and judicial manner to be expected in a nobleman who writes History, and writes it admirably. LORD PORTMAN, Lord Warden of the Stannaries (from *stannum*, tin, if any lady wants a glossary—and there have been Stannary Courts in Devon and Cornwall for ages), a nobleman born 1799, and to-night designated by LORD SALISBURY as "a cautious old man" (his motto is "*A Clean Heart and a Cheerful Spirit*"), defended the Government, and praised MR. GLADSTONE a good deal. LORD SALISBURY was in great force, and "sadly satirical," as the ladies say. But he did not wish to censure the Ministers in a way to necessitate resignation, as just now we were floundering in mud into which they had dragged us, and out of which it was their business to get us.

Then two very "salvage knights" did battle. The DUKE OF AROYLL called SIR A. COCKBURN's language "ribald," and LORD WESTBURY called the DUKE's unjust, indecent, and a proof of ignorance.

LORD ROMILLY defended the CHANCELLOR, and then the CHANCELLOR defended himself. He mentioned a good many interesting things, among them the fact that when at the Bar he had never had an altercation with anybody; that he was very proud of having done justice to BEALES, M.A., of whom two Conservative lawyers had spoken highly; that if he felt he had been guilty of anything degrading he would go and settle in Australia [Australian papers, please copy], and that he could not get anybody but SIR R. COLLIER, who had consented "to take the other Judges' leaveings." This highly conclusive speech did not give LORD CAIRNS much chance of showing his powers, but he managed to show that Government had made themselves absurd in the face of the world.

LORD GRANVILLE deprecated this sort of attack. Turn us out, if you like, and if you can, but do not be always censuring us.

On division, the Ministers had a majority of *Two*. But only 176 Peers voted. Nobody wants to do damage to the Cabinet just now.

In the Commons, MR. GLADSTONE said that no final decisions had been arrived at in regard to HER MAJESTY's return route on the

Thanksgiving Day. On the same day the LORD CHAMBERLAIN had announced, by a letter, that the Embankment route had been decided on for a long time. Lastly, it was settled, and wisely, that the Viaduct and Oxford Street route should be adopted, whereby there will be great defeat of Roughdom, and the garden and trees of the Embankment will be saved from destruction, besides that another half million or so of the QUEEN's decent subjects will be able to see Her. But it is delightful to observe how well our Betters work together.

There was a Ballot Debate, but nobody was in earnest; and if MR. DOWSE, the Irish Solicitor, had not been exceedingly humorous, the House would have been thinner than it was, and this would have been difficult, for at one time there were only two Members present. MR. DOWSE said one thing that was wise as well as witty, namely, that a man who had not changed his opinion for thirty years could have no opinion worth anything. Hear that, old Obstinates, who pique yourselves on having all your lives held the same opinions. A Count was tried, but men laid down their cigars (using evil language), and came in. The Bill was read a Second Time by 109 to 51.

As a delicate attention to the new SPEAKER, a little row was got up, just to give him a chance of showing that he knew his business, and he extinguished the strife with promptness.

MR. VERNON HARCOURT was emphatic on the Algerine character of the Parks Bill, and wanted to know why those who were "our flesh and blood" the other day were now called "roughs." MR. AYERON praised his own civility, and MR. GLADSTONE deprecated "the heroic style." You are not to laugh at your superiors, or quote *Quis tulerit?* or anything else that might be thought rude.

Friday.—The DUKE OF RICHMOND reduced the Thursday majority by one-half; that is, he discovered that the Government had only 88 supporters, not 89. LORD SALISBURY said that two Lords had been brought from Italy to vote. LORD GRANVILLE wanted the names of those Peers, as he would be very glad to see them.

It was announced in the Commons that the American Reply to our "Friendly Communication" would come on the First of March. 'Tis the day of Saint David. May it be omen that our American friend and *Pistol* means to "eat the Leek."

Those ill-treated Slaves, Coolies, and Jurymen, had their wrongs pleaded. SIR JOHN COLERIDGE has some pity for the latter, and thinks of doing something for them. The Coolies must take things as coolly as they can, but they are atrociously treated.

"SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST."

BULL had made terms for a match

With UNCLE SAM:
Glad the first fair chance to catch,
An old quarrel up to patch,
Without coming to the scratch
With UNCLE SAM.

Close kinship BULL must own

With UNCLE SAM:
The same breed in blood and bone,
By good points and bad they're shown,
Both a *leettle* overgrown
In UNCLE SAM.

Among other points of BULL

In UNCLE SAM,
Debts to him he'll have in full,
But his purse-strings asked to pull,
In his ears sticks cotton-wool,
Does UNCLE SAM.

Like BULL, hard to persuade

Is UNCLE SAM,
When once down the law he's laid,
One word *contra* can be said,
That a moment should be weighed
By UNCLE SAM.

Like BULL, apt to forget

Is UNCLE SAM,
Rules for others he has set,
He is somewhat given to let
A good deal broken get
By UNCLE SAM.

BULL is wise and strong enough—

So's UNCLE SAM—
Though on points of honour tough,
Loud of speech, and even gruff—
To feel talk of war sheer stuff
'Twixt BULL and SAM.

"With Jews deal like the Jews,"

Says UNCLE SAM.
"The best rule of play to use,
Is, if allowed to choose,
'Heads I win, and tails you lose.'"
'Cute UNCLE SAM!

So if BULL a game begin

With UNCLE SAM,
It could scarce be thought a sin,
If for his rule he brought in,
"Heads you lose, and tails I win,"
Eh, UNCLE SAM?

But as Christian, not Jew,

Is UNCLE SAM,
While JOHN BULL is Christian, too,
Such sharp practice he'll eschew,
And his cards play frank and true,
With UNCLE SAM.

But if ere the first card's played

With UNCLE SAM,
BULL finds blunders have been made,
As to what is to be paid,
Why to say so be afraid,
To UNCLE SAM?

Whatever chance of row

With UNCLE SAM—
Who like BULL can't bear to bow—
Better deal with that chance now,
Than a minute's doubt allow
To UNCLE SAM.

As his stake BULL means to pay

To UNCLE SAM,
Should SAM win—as p'raps he may—
'Ere the game is under-weigh,
He must know for what they play—
He and SAM.

If BULL's penny points seemed pounds

To UNCLE SAM—
How'er strange the blunder sounds—
Better own it, than give grounds
For renewal of old rounds
With UNCLE SAM!

That *we*'re fools, 'tis hard to write

To UNCLE SAM;
That *his* claims are Bletherumskite,
SAM mayn't relish owning quite—
But aught's better than a fight
'Twixt BULL and SAM.

BULL has d——d good-natured friends,

And so has SAM,
Who regret each feud that ends
In peaceable amends;
Hail each scratch, to raw that tends,
'Twixt BULL and SAM.

But if JOHN BULL is wise

And UNCLE SAM,
They'll not black each other's eyes,
But their honest friends surprise,
By proving no allies
Like BULL and SAM.

If we cannot fix our stake

With UNCLE SAM,
Let's off match, and no mistake,
Nor such fools of ourselves make
As peace and heads to break—
Eh, UNCLE SAM?



HOBSON'S CHOICE.

Ethel. "ISN'T IT SAD, ARTHUR? THERE'S THE DRAWING-ROOM CLEARED FOR A DANCE, AND ALL THE DOLLS READY TO BEGIN, ONLY THEY'VE GOT NO PARTNERS!"

Arthur. "WELL, ETHEL! THERE'S THE FOUR GENTLEMEN IN MY NOAH'S ARK; BUT THEY DON'T LOOK AS IF THEY CARED VERY MUCH ABOUT DANCING, YOU KNOW!"

Richard Southwell Bourke.

EARL OF MAYO, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA.

Born in Dublin, Feb. 1, 1822. Assassinated at Port Blair, Andaman Islands, Feb. 8, 1872.

"DEATH levels all!"—Untruth! half truth, at best:
Death, with his scythe and hour-glass, well might show
Touchstone and chemic tubes, wherewith to test
The qualities of those whom he lays low.

"Let nought but good be spoken of the dead"—
Happy the dead of whom that good is true:
And they most happy, on whose lifeless head
Death sets the crown which life proclaims their due.

Of whom, as they lie shroned, stark and still,
Looking upon them in their marble sleep,
Men say, with bated breath—"We gauged him ill:
How large his worth, whom once we rated cheap!"

Of these is he, for whom laid, sudden, low,
By darkling knife and brooding sense of wrong,
Truest regard sets genuine tears aflow,
That from the roots of love well, swift and strong.

We took his gauge, as did the common fool:
By Report's shallow valuing appraised,
When from the Irish Secretary's stool
To the great Indian throne we saw him raised.

That throne, from whose height One had then stepped down,
Whom all revered, as Soldier, Statesman, Sage:
A stern, plain, King of men, within whose frown
No lie could live, who knew all work's due wage.

"Can dwarf," we asked, "in giant's armour fight?"
Painted his sovereignty as an eclipse
Enshrouding India in a sudden night;
And most men's scorn, like ours, was on their lips.

How should the slight man fill the strong man's place?
Rise from his small routine of petty toil,
A vast and various Empire's needs to face,
And move, unhampered by the mighty coil!

They gauged him better, those who knew him best;
They read, beneath that bright and blithesome cheer,
The Statesman's wide and watchful eye, the breast
Unwarped by favour, and unwrung by fear:

The wit to choose, the will to do, the right;
All the more potent for the cheerful mood
That made the irksome yoke of duty light,
Helping to smooth the rough, refine the rude:

Bidding the dusty paths of daily toil
With flowers of gladness and good-feeling glow;
On rusty wards of office pouring oil,
Making work's hinges with strange smoothness go.

Nor for this cheeriness less strenuous shown,
All ear, all eye, he swayed his mighty realm:
Till through its length and breadth a presence known
Felt as a living hand upon the helm.



SMOKING THE "CALUMET."

JO-SA-THEN (*The Downy Bird*). "COME, MY COUSIN! LET US SMOKE THE PEACE-PIPE!"
WU-YU-EW-ART (*The Cheerful Rock*). "THAT IS NO PEACE-PIPE! THY COUSIN CANNOT SMOKE THAT!"
ROO-TI-ROOTI (*The Wise Buffalo*). "HATH NOT OUR COUSIN 'THE DOWNY BIRD' BEEN AT THE FIRE-WATER OF THE PALE FACES?"

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

1625-1649

1649-1651

1651-1658

1658-1660

1660-1665

1665-1668

1668-1671

1671-1674

1674-1677

1677-1680

1680-1683

1683-1686

1686-1689

1689-1692

1692-1695

1695-1698

1698-1701

1701-1704

1704-1707

1707-1710

1710-1713

1713-1716

1716-1719

1719-1722

1722-1725

1725-1728

1728-1731

1731-1734

1734-1737

1737-1740

1740-1743

1743-1746

1746-1749

1749-1752

1752-1755

1755-1758

1758-1761

1761-1764

1764-1767

1767-1770

1770-1773

1773-1776

1776-1779

1779-1782

1782-1785

1785-1788

1788-1791

1791-1794

1794-1797

1797-1800

1800-1803

1803-1806

1806-1809

1809-1812

1812-1815

1815-1818

1818-1821

1821-1824

1824-1827

1827-1830

1830-1833

1833-1836

1836-1839

1839-1842

1842-1845

1845-1848

1848-1851

1851-1854

1854-1857

1857-1860

1860-1863

1863-1866

1866-1869

1869-1872

1872-1875

1875-1878

1878-1881

1881-1884

1884-1887

1887-1890

1890-1893

1893-1896

1896-1899

1899-1902

1902-1905

1905-1908

1908-1911

1911-1914

1914-1917

1917-1920

1920-1923

1923-1926

1926-1929

1929-1932

1932-1935

All men spoke well of him, as most men thought,
Here as in India, and his friends were proud :
It seemed as if no enmity he wrought,
But moved, love-girt, at home or in the crowd.

What, then, our woe and wonderment to hear
Death had found way to this well-guarded life !
Love, Honour, State were there, but Hate, hid near,
Struck through their triple shield with felon knife.

If true regret and true respect have balm
For hearts that more than public loss must mourn,
They join to crown this forehead, cold and calm,
With laurel, well-won as was ever worn,

Only the greener that 'twas late to grow,
And that by sudden blight its leaves are shed :
Then, with thy honoured freight, sail, sad and slow,
O ship, that bears him to his kindred dead !

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

ASTERS HARRY SANDFORD
and TOMMY MERTON,
with MR. BARLOW, visit
the CRYSTAL PALACE.

Tommy. Why, Sir, is it
called a Palace ?

Harry. Did you not
say, Sir, the other day,
that a Palace was a residence
for Royal Person-
ages ?

Mr. Barlow. Indeed,
my young friends, I did ;
and I confess myself un-
able to account, with any
degree of precision, for
this building having been
so styled, unless indeed
it were intended to convey
to the vulgar mind some no-
tion of its vast proportions.

Harry. I have heard,
Sir, that it was opened by
the QUEEN.

Mr. Barlow. You are
right, HARRY ; and the
worthy Archbishop in-
voked the blessing of
Heaven on this under-
taking, which was in-
tended to promote the
noblest purposes of recrea-
tion, to be combined with
instruction.



Harry. The Shareholders, Sir, must have indeed experienced vast gratification on that occasion ; and I protest, Sir, both for myself and MASTER TOMMY, that we shall be vastly pleased at being now able, under such especially exalted patronage, to witness a Pantomime, and a Ballet, which I perceive, Sir, form the chief attraction at the Palace during this season of the year.

TOMMY now evinced considerable surprise and astonishment at all he saw and heard. It seemed to him that ravishing strains of music were proceeding from pianos in various parts of the building, craftily concealed from view by various evergreen shrubs and artificial rock-work. He could not overcome a certain impression of awe, which at first prevented him from giving vent to his feelings in adequate expressions of delight, and it was some space before he perceived that there were any other persons in the Palace besides themselves.

TOMMY, who was of a bold and courageous disposition, now took the lead, and had scarcely preceded his companions by a few steps, when the attention of MR. BARLOW and HARRY was attracted to their young friend, who uttered so loud an exclamation of terror as to occasion considerable dismay to the occupants of a neighbouring refreshment-stall.

On coming up with MASTER TOMMY, they found him standing almost paralysed with affright in front of a group of the most hideous savages, entirely naked, and armed with formidable weapons.

When they approached nearer, MR. BARLOW, who, though an intrepid man, had been somewhat disconcerted by this unexpected exhibition, discovered that the savages were, after all, only models skilfully formed of wood.

TOMMY, who had never before seen anything like these creatures, was now much surprised and entertained, and commenced to ask his

beloved tutor for some information respecting these outlandish persons.

Mr. Barlow. They are a people totally unlike all you have been accustomed to in London, and, indeed, I cannot consider without a certain degree of admiration, the savage grandeur of man in his most simple state.

Harry. I perceive, Sir, that these honest folks are accustomed to very little clothing.

Mr. Barlow. They are, my dear HARRY, unacquainted with what we call the conveniences of life, and are utterly ignorant of running accounts, bill-stamps, and the new procedure under the Bankruptcy Act. But they dwell on the boundless prairies, where the finest horses run about wild.

"Dear !" said TOMMY, "that must be a fine country, indeed. I would have a horse for nothing."

MR. BARLOW now explained that, in order to do so, the art of catching, and then of riding the horse when caught, were, in the first place, absolutely necessary to be acquired.

TOMMY made no answer to this rebuke, but at once determined that he would seize the first opportunity of cultivating these arts.

Harry. I think, Sir, that TOMMY is hungry.

Tommy. Indeed, I have fasted so long that I think I could eat anything.

MR. BARLOW now summoned the waiter, who, with much civility, desired the two little boys to seat themselves at one of the numerous small tables near a screen representing the figures of all the Queens and Kings of England. Their revered tutor now bade the honest fellow to bring for himself and his two young friends a supply of the most nourishing food. MR. BARLOW contented himself with the leg and wing of a cold fowl, accompanied by half a bottle of the best Bordeaux, while TOMMY, who had hitherto enjoyed all the good things of this life, entertained himself and HARRY with a variety of cakes and agreeable liquors.

When they had thus finished one of the heartiest meals they had ever made, they proceeded to inspect the amusements provided for them.

They were, however, only in time to witness the last scene of the Pantomime when the organ commenced playing, and MR. BARLOW informed them that, if they wished to see the Aquarium by gaslight, they could not in the whole evening find a more favourable opportunity.

Tommy. Sir, are there any whales in this Aquarium ?

Mr. Barlow. Your question reminds me of the story of *Alfonso and the Volatile New Zealander*, which, as HARRY is acquainted with it, I will tell you another time when we are alone. The whale, however, will not be found in the Aquarium, it being somewhat too large and cumbersome a creature for so restricted a space.

Tommy. If he cannot be exhibited (and I notice, Sir, that we are charged Sixpence for our visit, and Sixpence more for the programme which you requested me to purchase), of what use is the Whale ?

Mr. Barlow. He is eaten by the Greenlanders as a vegetable.

Tommy. But surely, Sir, a Greenlander is one who resides in a land of greens ?

Harry. You will observe, Sir, that MASTER TOMMY wishes us to remark his diverting use of the word *green*.

Mr. Barlow. I am indeed gratified with this new proof of TOMMY's progress, and I do not doubt but that if he attends to the silent workings of his mind, and adheres closely to the study of his grammar and his dictionary, we shall, from time to time, remark, with sincerest pleasure the improvement in his general conversation.

As the evening began to advance, the lights were turned on to the full.

TOMMY now expressed the greatest admiration for the Codfish. And indeed when their silvery scales were illuminated by a gaslight from above, no spectacle could have been witnessed more gratifying to the numerous spectators who had by this time assembled in the Aquarium.

Tommy. Ah, Sir, the impressions I now feel are such as I shall never forget. See, Sir, how happy these beautiful creatures appear, and how admirably fitted they are both by their habits and dispositions for their present residence.

Mr. Barlow. Remember, then, my little friend, that, since chance, not merit, too frequently allots the situation in which men are to act, you should at least aim at appearing to all mankind as worthy of the advantages you enjoy as do these members of the finny tribes to the spectators whose moderate subscriptions go towards their support. From the spectacle presented by this Aquarium, those who have been placed in exalted positions may learn a valuable lesson.

Harry. Indeed, Sir, that is very true ; and what you have just said reminds me of the story of *Araces and the Obtrusive Athenian*, which, as TOMMY has not yet heard, I will proceed to tell him. You must know, then, MASTER TOMMY—

At this instant the Octopus issuing suddenly from its concealment, displayed its form after so startling a manner that the crowd, who had been up to this time vehemently pressing against the iron rail



A VALENTINE TRAGEDY.

Head of Select Establishment (awfully). "MISS MARY CAROLINE PSYCHE, THIS WAS FOUND UNDER YOUR PILLOW.—(Reads.)—'I do avow that I am thine, O wilt thou be my Valentine?—From your Spooner Cousin, G.'—SPOONER COUSIN! ODIOS VULGARISM! WHAT WILL BECOME OF YOU—INDULGING IN SUCH PERILOUS AND DISREPUTABLE PRACTICES?"

Miss Psyche. "PLEASE, MISS BACBOARD, A SPOON IS INCLUDED IN THE LIST OF ARTICLES REQUIRED BY PUPILS COMING TO THIS ESTABLISHMENT."

in front of the glass case, now drew back in consternation, shrieking aloud, and exclaiming that the Octopus had broken loose, and was sallying forth to devour them.

Taking advantage of this momentary panic, MR. BARLOW and his pupils placed themselves in front of the tank, close to the rail, and in the best position for witnessing the gambols of the Octopus, which MR. BARLOW now began to explain to his young friends.

Mr. Barlow. You must know, then, that—

(This visit to be continued next time.)

HERETICAL HOAX.

WELL might His Holiness the POPE, in Consistory, addressing his assembled Cardinals in an Allocution, have made the remarks subjoined and relative to the following telegram, which appeared the other day in the *Daily News*:—

"ROME, Sunday.
In consequence of the refusal of the KING OF SPAIN to agree to the proposals of the Holy See, the POPE has ordered the Spanish Bishops to oppose the Government at the forthcoming elections."

We cannot, Venerable Brethren, deplore with too great a superabundance of most sorrowful tears, the malicious, perfidious, monstrous, and altogether unheard-of fabrications, which, forged by the inveterate enemies of this Holy See, concerning Us, are daily transmitted by the afar-off-writing instrument of instantaneous annunciation, to the ends of the Earth, and especially to the flourishing kingdom of England. To such a pitch of audacity have some of these impious wretches arrived, that they have not scrupled to belie Us by the calumny that We, with a view to the attainment of Our Own ends, have been so far unmindful of justice towards our neighbour, as to enjoin our most faithful Spanish Bishops to oppose the

Government at the political elections now about to take place in the constitutional kingdom of Spain. Of which entirely false report, and, so to speak, most thundering bounce or banger, the malicious motive is seen in readiness. For it is manifest that these foul slanders, deservedly to be named most wild ducks, are calculated to damage and discredit, so as, were it possible, to destroy our spiritual authority in all countries whereof the people rejoice under a Constitutional Prince and Government. Particularly, if that People are of the Protestant heresy, must those wicked forgeries be the more likely to produce the most pernicious effects. For what, the Heretics will naturally inquire, they being falsely persuaded by atrocious defamations of Us, if We have not hesitated, with designing subtlety, in endeavouring to upset a Catholic Government approved by both King and People? How much the less likely then are We to stick at any machinations or intrigues by the abuse of our spiritual influence on our subservient Bishops presiding in a Protestant State? Nothing, then, can be more natural, and rather to be expected, than that the English People, believing that Our Bishops, instigated by Us, have been stirring up disaffection in the dominions of an alien Prince, will consider for themselves whether there are not certain similar Bishops nearer home, ready, on occasion, to do, if indeed they have not sometimes already done, the same. Which mistaken persuasion may chance to make things bad for our Bishops, and cannot but tend to confirm JOHN, surnamed BULL, in the pestilent, heretical, execrable, and detestable error of thinking that the more completely, securely, and utterly all Temporal power is dis severed from Our Spiritual authority the better.

Duty Made Easy.

THE Royal Parks Bill, now in progress, expressly legalises Public Meetings in the Parks. This provision, should it become law, will, whenever, in future, Revolutionists assemble in them for treasonable purposes, take a deal of responsibility off the hands of Government.



STATUE AT LARGE.

SOMEBODY HAS AT LAST MADE UP HIS MIND TO INTERFERE IN THE NEXT DISGRACEFUL TRAFALGAR SQUARE MEETING.

PUNCH'S NOTICE PAPER.

(For the Middle of Next Week.)

MR. WHALLEY to ask the PRIME MINISTER what arrangements, if any, are projected by the Government for the purpose of affording an asylum to His Holiness the POPE, in the event of his desiring to remove from Rome: and also whether there is any foundation for the rumour that the Government have determined to place Lambeth Palace at the service of His Holiness, and, so long as he resides there, to sanction the collection of what are known as "Peter's Pence" to be made once a month or so in Westminster Abbey.

COLONEL TOMLINE to ask the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER what is the daily average amount of the loose silver which he carries in his pocket; and whether he, the CHANCELLOR, considers it sufficient to enable him with certainty to lend a couple of shillings, or a florin, and a sixpence, whenever, through the scarcity of silver coinage in this kingdom, he, the Colonel, may be brought to the necessity of borrowing them, in order to defray his cab-hire to the House, or to purchase some refreshment in the course of a long sitting.

LORD ELCHO, on behalf of his brother connoisseurs, to inquire of MR. AYRTON whether any and what measures he, as an admirer and kind patron of the Arts, had it in his generous contemplation to propose, with a view to the improvement, or, if not, the destruction of, the frightfully mis-shapen structure which, to our disgrace, is called the National Gallery; and, likewise, whether any and what steps are likely at his suggestion to be taken by the Government with a view to the removal of the ugly public statues which disfigure London streets.

MR. BERNAL OSBORNE, in his office of Prime Punster, to move for a return of the quantity and value of the coals, over which the Government have been hauled, in the matter of their COLLIER.

MR. VERNON HARCOURT to ask the Secretary-of-War whether, in the event of the old Martello towers being put into complete repair, which would thoroughly insure the perfect safety of our coasts, he would be prepared to bring a Bill in to disband the British Army,

SOMETHING LIKE A NAME.

MR. PUNCH, during a long and brilliant career, has had the satisfaction of immortalising in his columns many illustrious, many remarkable, many appropriate, many lengthy names, but he does not remember ever to have incurred so large an outlay for printing ink as on the present occasion, when he deems it his duty to recommend his readers at once to begin to master the whole name of the KING OF SIAM, as a visit from that Monarch to these shores is not an improbable event. His Majesty's card will bear the following inscription:—"PRA BAT SOMDETCH PRABARAMAIN TARAMAH CHULALONKON KLAO PRA CHAO PEN DIN SIAM." The effect of this magnificent name, reverberating from flight to flight in some great mansion in the West, can hardly be exaggerated. Mr. Punch's fear is, that the British footman will sink under it; that the British butler will make it an excuse for an advance of salary.

STRANGE PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDING.

ACCORDING to a statement in the *Globe*, the election of the new SPEAKER was marked by an occurrence which is believed to be unprecedented in the Annals of Parliament—at any rate, the journals of the House are silent on the point in their account of the ceremonies attending previous similar interesting occasions. The statement we refer to is as follows:—

"At the same instant the Sergeant-at-Arms ascended the House, and placed the Mace reverently on the table!"

We venture to hope, for the sake of those who may hereafter be called upon to fill one of the most important posts in the House of Commons, that this addition to its laborious duties will not be regarded as a precedent to be strictly followed in all future elections of a Speaker.

The most remarkable feature in the case is that, although we have caused the most careful inquiries to be made in the neighbourhood, not one of the many persons who must have been in Palace Yard or on Westminster Bridge at the time appears to have seen the Sergeant-at-Arms (with or without the Mace) on the roof of the House.

and for our national security, to rely upon our Navy and our glorious Volunteers.

MR. MIALI to inquire of the Prime Minister if there be any solid foundation for the rumour that the REVEREND MR. SPURGEON had, under pressure of the Government, accepted the position of Chaplain to the House, with a view to his election to the next vacant bishopric.

MR. DISRAELI to move for leave to introduce a little Bill on the behalf of British novelists and dramatic, as well as other, writers, setting forth their losses, direct and indirect, occasioned by American pirates of the press; and to move that this same little bill shall be presented by the Government to the Government at Washington.

THE HOME SECRETARY to ask the Ladies in the Gallery whether they are advocates for Home Rule here in England, it being understood that the lady of the house is to be considered as the ruler of the home, where the practice of Home Rule is by Parliament established.

MR. NEWDEGATE to ask the SECRETARY FOR EDUCATION if he is prepared to move that a grant be yearly made by Government for the purpose of extending a knowledge of the classics beyond what is at present to be gained in parish schools; and, if so, whether he considers that, for scholars in low neighbourhoods, it would be needful to appoint and pay Professors of Thieves' Latin.

THE HONOURABLE MR. PUNCH to ask his most right honourable friend the newly-elected SPEAKER whether the Board of Works have had his chair re-stuffed, and whether other due arrangements have been made for the promotion of his comfort and convenience, and for the enabling him to take the needful refreshment of a nap in the course of a long sitting.

Diocese Extraordinary.

THE *Times*' Special Correspondent at Paris the other day stated that:—

"Yesterday, at the Church of St. Sulpice, the BISHOP OF BELLEY was consecrated."

The diocese over which this prelate will preside must be distinguished from a mere corporation.



OUTBREAK OF HUMANITY.

Jarvey (who has been well treated during the Drive). "'IT A 'ORSE ABOUT THE 'EAD? I'D GIVE A MAN A MONTH FOR 'ITTIN' 'ORSE ABOUT THE 'EAD! (Hic!) 'EAD'S PRINCIPLE MEMBRAN' 'UMAN BODY! IF 'MAN GOT'S 'EAD, 'CAN CARRY'S LEGS, BUT IF 'MAN AIN'T GOT'S 'EAD, CAN'T CARRY'S LEGS, DON'T CARE 'OO 'TIS!!'"

THE THEATRICAL BALLOT-BOXES.

SINCE the opening of Parliament we are informed that the following suggestions have been dropped into the ballot-boxes at the Queen's Theatre:—

"Play *Measure for Measure*. Yours, H. A. BRUCE."

"I vote for *The Tempest*. G. J. GÖSCHEN."

"My idea is *The Merchant of Venice*. B. DISRAELI."

"I should say *The Comedy of Errors*. W. E. GLADSTONE."

"Try *Much Ado About Nothing*. SIR C. W. DILKE."

"*First Part of Henry the Fourth*, and I'll come and direct the supers at the Battle of Shrewsbury.

"EDW. CARDWELL."

"*A Midsummer Night's Dream*. By the way I hear it's likely to be a hot summer.

"H. BRAND.

"(Vice DENISON resigned.)"

"We think the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* is best."

{ G. H. WHALLEY.

{ C. N. NEWDEGATE."

"Ah, Sir, *Tim of Athens* is your man. J. F. MAGUIRE."

"*Taming of the Shrew*, for example, or *Love's Labour's Lost*. If not, try *Twelfth Night*, or *What You Will*.

"PENZANCE."

N.B. The Management, in reply to several inquiries, begs to inform its numerous Correspondents, that, having searched the works of the immortal Bard, no such work can be found as the Tragedy of *Mustard and Cressida*.

FRIGHTFUL SAVAGES.

WE read in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, with a distaste not often caused by the contents of that capital paper, that there is in India a sect which holds the following monstrous doctrines:—

"According to RAM SINGH, the cardinal virtues of the believer are meekness, patience under provocation, and resignation to the will of Heaven. He denounces lying, stealing, and impurity as deadly sins, excluding all guilty of them from the sect, and forbids the selling of daughters in marriage. Men are enjoined by him to work for their livelihood; and Brahmins, Sodis, Bedis, and other priestly orders, who live on the alms of others, he declares to be impostors."

Revolted! Why, these people are no better—not one whit better than the early Christians. Here is a sect that must be extirpated. Imagine such a faith spreading! The sooner guns are got out and these pestilent heretics are blown away, the better.

Malapropiana.

OUR good friend, MRS. MALAPROP, is surprised to hear that a little children's story she remembers in her childhood should have become a subject of the gravest political discussion. She says she never dreamed, when she was reading the *American Nights Entertainments*, that such a fuss as she hears talked of would be ever made in Parliament about the Ali Baba case.

"Over the Sea."

THE man of all others whose name and countenance the promoters of improved Channel communication between England and France should at once secure is undoubtedly—M. JULES FERRY.

HEAVY READING.—A Ship's Log.



"THE UPPER TEN."

Stationary Cabby. "HULLO! WHERE ARE YE OFF TO?"

Second Cabby. "HOME, OF COURSE. A FOUR-WHEELER IS QUITE RESPECTABLE ENOUGH FOR ANYBODY THAT WOULD BE OUT ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS."

"THE " TUESDAY.

ADVICES from Venice state that the trade and manufactures of that city had received a remarkable impetus, in consequence of the extensive orders received from London for the far-famed Venetian masts. In our own port, the stevedores and dock-labourers were employed night and day, for several nights and days, in discharging the gondolas which arrived from the Adriatic, laden with these ornamental poles. They were the invention of an early and artistic Doge—the one who has left a pleasing account of the hospitality he experienced from the LORD MAYOR, in the Venetian Parlour at the Mansion House, when he visited London on business connected with the heavy import duty then existing on Venetian blinds.

We are glad to be able to announce that no opposition will be offered to the payment out of the Corporation funds of the bill for riding lessons, incurred by those members of its body who took part in the procession on horseback. The manager of the Riding School which they honoured with their patronage, speaks, with honest pride, of their condescension and good humour in the midst of the most trying circumstances; and declares that he cannot remember ever to have had more docile and assiduous pupils. He takes credit to himself, and deservedly so, for dissuading them from engaging circus horses for the occasion.

Urgent private business has compelled the LORD CHAMBERLAIN to quit town. In the hurry of departure he omitted to leave his address: no letters, therefore, from unreasonable people, especially those addressed in a feminine hand, can be forwarded to him.

The police executed their difficult and delicate duties in a manner which, we are sure, cannot fail to have attracted the notice of their superiors. At one moment it was feared that a misunderstanding, arising out of a perambulator which evinced a disposition to defy the carriage regulations published in the papers several days previously, might have led to awkward complications; but, happily, it blew over without assuming any more serious proportions than the loss of a little temper and some varnish.

"WOMAN! SPARE THAT BIRD."

MEN would not be what they are but for women. Great men have mostly been the sons of gifted mothers. The progressive improvement or deterioration of Man will essentially depend upon the continued ascent or decadence of Woman. Elevation, in ideas of ornamental art, from the absurdities of savage finery ever upwards towards the expressions of perfect grace, is a visible criterion of rising intelligence and morality. Chignons, and many other embellishments which ladies have adopted of late, are ominous of a noble Posterity. Among prognostics of this kind may be mentioned certain objects of natural history, which have recently, as the *Globe* observes, come into use by way of decorations for valentines, pincushions, and ladies' hats. To wit, the skins of divers and sundry song and other little English birds, namely, chaffinches, greenfinches, ordinary and golden-crested wrens, hedge-sparrows, robins, yellow-hammers, linnets, tomtits, and kingfishers; whereof the last-named have been threatened with extermination, owing to the demand for them by ladies' hatters. But though these newly-fashionable and favourite garnitures are certainly the tokens of a most hopeful rise in civilisation, that benefit is attended with this disadvantage, that our beautiful small birds are in course of being improved off the face of the earth. Therefore, it is to be wished that our fair countrywomen would vouchsafe, whilst not ceasing to cultivate zoology with taste, to exchange the ornithological specimens now in vogue for another sort, which, whilst involving no sensible loss, would be equally becoming; as, for example, hats, toads, frogs, lizards, efts, snails, moths, dragon-flies, chafers, grasshoppers, crickets, cockroaches, and beetles.

Songs on Solemnities:

STERNHOLD and HOPKINS both were poets great;
NICHOLAS BRADY, too, and NAHUM TATE:
Compared with Minstrels, in these latter days
Who pen, occasionally, songs of praise;
Great relatively, by the like degree
Of bulk with those from mites which distance fleas.

NEW TITLE FOR OLD COUNTRY DANCE.—"Just like ROGER—DE COVERLEY."

The animals in the Zoological Gardens were fed twice.

The strict limitations under which ladies' tickets were issued to the two Houses of Parliament have, we regret to learn, brought a host of troubles in their train which only the hand of time can allay. Several matrimonial engagements have been broken off, and letters and presents mutually returned; and one Member writes to tell us that a breach has arisen between himself and his aunt, the possessor of vast property, unencumbered, and entirely at her own disposal, which he fears can never be healed.

The Tichborne Jury would have enjoyed the day immensely, but for the untoward circumstance that one of the shorthand writers engaged on the trial occupied a seat close to those they had secured. This so painfully reminded them of what they have still to undergo, that even the sight of the Common Councilmen on horseback, in their mazarine gowns, failed to kindle a smile on their jaded faces.

Statistics, carefully compiled, leave no doubt that the greatest amount of contentment and satisfaction, on the twenty-seventh, was experienced by those loyal subjects who enjoyed "an uninterrupted view of the whole length of the Old Bailey."

Mr. *Punch* regrets that in the pressure of business last week, it did not occur to him to supply some trustworthy information respecting St. Paul's. He has been distressed beyond measure to learn that in the conversations of well-dressed and seemingly refined persons (many of them in high-priced seats) on Tuesday last, an amount of ignorance broke out which he has thought it his duty to communicate to the Committee of Privy Council on Education. He will, therefore, content himself in this place with remarking that St. Paul's is not a noble specimen of Gothic architecture, that it was not the work of SIR INIGO JONES, that SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN was never a Royal Academician, and that the Cathedral was not burnt to ashes by the Puritans under the command of OLIVER CROMWELL, and rebuilt by QUEEN ANNE'S Bounty—an act of munificence on the part of that Sovereign which the people of London commemorated by subscribing for her statue, still a conspicuous ornament of the area in front of the sacred edifice.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, February 19.

—His Grace of ARGYLL, having heard through a "mutual friend" (a common friend, *Punch* assumes that his Grace meant) of himself and the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE that some words in the Duke's speech on the Collier business were personally offensive to the Judge, apologised by saying that he had a perfect right to discuss the Judge's letter, and its publication, and that there were several words in SIR ALEXANDER's letter that were open to objection. Then it seemed to occur to the Duke that this was not exactly an exhaustive apology, so he regretted having used the language in question.

On a Bill of LORD SHAFTESBURY's for punishing misbehaving clergymen,

the BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH made a most humorous speech. He pictured "the three greatest fools in a district" resolving to indict a parson, and three old women in the Channel Islands conspiring against a clergyman at Westminster. He fairly laughed the Bill out of the House, though the grave ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, while smiling at his episcopal brother's wit, supported the measure.

The idiotic allegation of the Republican folks, that the land of the country is in the hands of only 30,000 people, was exploded by LORD DERBY, who puts the number at 300,000. The DUKE OF RICHMOND said, that if the same rate of blunder that had been made in counting the landowners of Herts had been followed in regard to the whole kingdom, the number really would be about 900,000.

Members were very bothersome to MR. AYRTON all the week about getting tickets to St. Paul's for their wives and other ladies. Of course the screw was put on at home, and nobody can blame an unfortunate M.P. for being pertinacious, in such circumstances. But it is difficult to see that a Member's wife has any more right to a ticket than any other lady. The State knows nothing about Members' wives. MR. AYRTON, for an amiable man and a bachelor, was very forbearing, but there were dreadful groanings at him.

MR. GLADSTONE admitted that he had written a letter to the London Correspondent of an American paper, on the Treaty question, but humbly pleaded that the gentleman had offered to "interview" him. The excuse was felt to be ample.

Then we had the Collier business over again, this time in the Commons. *Mr. Punch* declines to hunt this hare twice. MR. CROSS moved a vote of regret, doing it with moderation, and being ably supported by MR. GOLDNEY. Then SIR ROUNDELL PALMER defended the Government, and contended that the appointment was strictly legal, and that being so, it ought not to be challenged on the ground that acts were to be judged by anything outside the statute affecting them. *Mr. Punch* was like the butler of the *Brothers Cheeryble*, "unconvinced." There was a prolonged debate, but what was chiefly to be noted was, that the Hon. MR. DENMAN opposed his Liberal friends, and said that he could not look his children in the face if he could he thought to have supported his party at the expense of his conscience. The PREMIER "mounted the elevated courser," and was very emphatic and eloquent. But on division the Government got but 268 to 241, majority 27. Yet it was a grave question, and Ministers have a working majority of upwards of 80.

Tuesday.—There is a great plan for boring through London, underground, from Kilburn to Limehouse, and it is known as the Mid-London Railway. It was opposed by MR. BERESFORD HOPE, but the

BRUCE sent it to a Select Committee, where the Metropolitan Board will also oppose it.

CITIZEN SIR CHARLES DILKE gave notice that next month he means to call attention to the Civil List.

MR. COWPER-TEMPLE procured the Second Reading of a Bill for enabling Clergymen to permit anybody to preach in their churches. MR. GLADSTONE, however, thought that the plan must be jealously watched, as a National Establishment could hardly sanction teaching in its places of worship by men who owed it no allegiance, might not believe its doctrines, and could not be subject to its rules.

Wednesday.—A Game Laws debate, but as the subject is referred to a Select Committee, that is, shelved for the Session, no more need be said about it now. The same papers that reported this, reported one of the most brutal outrages that even poachers have committed, six or eight having fallen on one keeper (LORD VERNON's), and beaten him nearly to death.

Our pen trembles at the words, yet we have written them often enough. The Deceased Wife's Sister's Marriage Bill came in again. Weary of the old arguments, some Members used harsh language instead, and though we do not commend this sort of thing, it was a relief. The Second Reading was, of course, carried; the numbers were 186 to 138.

Thursday.—The Lords gave the Chancellor leave to join the Thanksgiving procession, HER MAJESTY's approbation of his presence having been signified by LORD SYDNEY.

A Bill for giving Tramways to Manchester was rejected, at the wish of the inhabitants, as signified by their representatives. *Mr. Punch* knows that such roads exist in some of the plebeian localities of the Metropolis, because he has read of quarrels between the conductors and omnibus men, but not having demeaned himself by examining such vulgar conveyances, he is unable to say whether they are meritorious or not. But if Manchester objects to them, no doubt they are not wanted there. Indeed, he hardly understands how they can be, for Manchester has a system of mammoth omnibuses which carry about ninety people inside and a hundred and eleven out, and are pleasing objects to behold, except when they are going to run over you.

More bother about Ladies' Tickets. The trouble the Fair Sect give, when there's anything or nothing to see, is perfectly fearful. Poor MR. AYRTON said that the CHAMBERLAIN would do his best, but there were seats for only "870 odd persons" of the Parliamentary sort—(why he called them odd we know not)—and manifestly, if every Member of the 658 brought a lady—what was the use of his talking like that when it was a case of sight-seeing? These lines will not be read until all is over, but *Mr. Punch* much wonders whether, for the sake of accommodating one another, any ladies will have left their crinolines at home. He supposes not, being aware of the highly considerate nature of feminine humanity when other folks' comfort is concerned. Does he appear to write savagely? Ah, my dears, if you only knew what he has been bearing ever since the day was fixed.

Excelsior, to use an American Poet's indifferent Latin. To-night did the Secretary for War, MR. CARDWELL, expound his plan for the Reorganisation of the British Army. Briefly, these be its heads:

1. United Kingdom to be divided into Military Districts, to which *Mr. Punch* has, in another of his columns, given a name so obviously the right one that it is sure not to be adopted.

There will be Forty-nine in England, Nine in Scotland, Eight in Ireland, in all, Sixty-six.

2. Each District is to hold a Brigade.

3. Each Brigade is to be composed of—

Two Battalions of the Line,
Two Battalions of Militia,
The Volunteers of the District.

4. One of the Line Battalions is always to be on Foreign Service.

5. The other is, like the pig that did not go to market, to stay at home, and to be a Dépôt to its foreign brother.

6. Qualified Militia officers to be nominated to Battalions.

7. Volunteers to be trained with the rest of the Brigade, and to be under exclusively Military Control.

8. Buildings to be erected in every District, for Staff Quarters, Barracks, and Dépôt.

9. Each Brigade to be commanded by a Lieutenant-Colonel.

10. The Guards to be deprived of their Privileges.

11. Cost, about £3,500,000.

12. The whole of our land forces, if complete, would give us 467,000 men; but of course we have nothing like this, at present.

Now, the leading idea of this scheme is perfectly sound and good. The House received it with satisfaction. But until after the Thanksgiving Day, it is impossible for *Mr. Punch* to bring his giant mind down to the consideration of details. He must, however, express the joy with which he beholds the Volunteers, the Household Guard, taken in hand by the State, and about to be



SUNDAY MANNERS IN HUMBLE LIFE.

JIM BATES goes out for a Walk with his Young Woman: his pal, JOE NOBBS, happens to be walking with his Young Woman in the same direction. "ULLOA, JIM," says JOE, "OW ARE YER?" "WHY, JOE," observes JIM, "'OW'S YER-SELF?" And instead of introducing their future Wives (whom they leave standing apart), the two Friends gaze at each other with the sheepish grin of conscious imbecility. Then, having nothing more to say, they part, and resume their respective walks with their Young Women as before.

treated as a grand institution, instead of something at which Regulars may smile—good-humouredly or not.

Good behaviour is always rewarded in this world, if we wait long enough. Sometimes, certainly, the "wait" (as the actors say) is considerable, but we should never be discouraged, never be weary of well-doing. This night the Members who had sat patiently to listen to MR. CARDWELL's important but somewhat elongated Army Lecture, were richly repaid. For after that there was a splendid gladiatorial encounter between the two great champions. Roused by some observations of MR. HARDY's in connection with the Parks Bill, but in much closer connection with MR. GLADSTONE's conduct in the Park Rail-breaking days, the PREMIER "let into" the other gentleman with a fire and a fury delightful to all but himself. Hot and Hot MR. GLADSTONE gave it to MR. HARDY. But PELIDES was not to have it all his own way. MR. DISRAELI rose, and in his best tone of deliberate sarcasm, accused MR. GLADSTONE not only of having done nothing to assist the Conservative Government against the disorderly, but of having addressed a tumultuous mob from his own windows. Well, it was too good fun to be lost, though there are, happily, so many ways of saying the same thing, that some of them depict it as a very different thing from the fact, and MR. GLADSTONE's proceeding on the occasion referred to was of the most harmless kind. He bowed, we believe, to a crowd that was cheering him. In a way, this is an Address. Remember the song in *Rejected Addresses*—

"MR. JACK, your Address," says the prompter to me,
 "So I gave him my card." "No that ain't it," says he,
 "'Tis your Public Address." "O," says I, "never fear:
 If a dress you are bothered for, only look here."

It was a pity that MR. GLADSTONE did not think of this as a retort upon his gay assailant. Had he quoted it, however, it is to be hoped that he would have given the exquisite lines more accu-

rately than the reports made him cite the "Some Tall Cliff" passage the other day. Could W. E. GLADSTONE have forgotten his GOLDSMITH?

Friday we shall dismiss with deserved brevity. The Commons had a long debate on the case of the NAWAB OF TONK, of whom we hear at irregular intervals. The Indian Government deposed TONK in the interest of his subjects, and he considers that he has a grievance. The House, by 120 to 84, considered that TONK had been served rightly.

MR. GLADSTONE made a careful, but satisfactory answer on the subject of Irish Education. He will not disturb the National System. *Bon*. If any furious Roman Ecclesiastic fulminates in consequence, it would be most improper for the PREMIER to answer in the words of the stout old Scottish Knight, in one of JAMES HOGG's ballads—

"I'll take my chance, thou Priest of sin,
 Thy absolution I disdain;
 But I will noose thy shaven chin,
 If thus thou talk'st to me again."

There! No more quotations, no more politics, no more nothing until after the Day. We mentally "shut up."

The Fair and the Unfair.

THE University of Edinburgh still refuses to allow Ladies at that seat of learning to graduate in Medicine. An Act of Parliament is requisite to compel its ruling Trades' Unionists to do them justice. If Ladies, Medical Students or other, do not obtain that, it is perhaps because they are unrepresented. This is a consideration which seems rather to entitle Women to the Suffrage, which they may obtain in time, although the authorities of Edinburgh University seem determined not to let them win their rights by degrees.



"BEAUTIFUL FOR EVER."

(OR, AT LEAST, FOR EVER SO LONG AFTER "THE TUESDAY.")

TO TEMPLE BAR.

O, TEMPLE BAR, a prouder Monument
Art thou than all, though some their heads far higher
Point to the sky, through London's whole extent:
Ev'n than the tall Memorial of her Fire.

Beneath thy festooned arch ere now hath passed
How oft a Monarch with a pageant gay,
Or a Lord Mayor in glory doomed to last,
But to the next November's thrice third day!

And when, upon a visit of high State,
Approached thee has the Monarch of the Land,
How many a City King hath, at thy Gate
Attended, to his Liege thy Keys to hand!

On top of thee famed Rebels' heads, by Love
And Mercy cut off in the days ago,
Have Loyalty commended from above
To crowds that gazed on Royalty below.

And now hast thou been whitewashed, Temple Bar,
But not as catiffs plunged in hopeless debt;
Not as poor penniless insolvents are:
No, thou, though whitewashed, art not bankrupt, yet!

And when some Hero, not perhaps unborn,
Is borne, through thee, to his Cathedral tomb,
A coat of blacking may thy face adorn:
But we rejoice; we will not discount gloom.

And are there those who fain would pull thee down—
Thou that maintain'st thy Westward crossing free?
Linked, as thou art, anew with England's Crown?
They shall not, Temple Bar. Perpetual be!

Moral Reflection.

"ONE half the world doesn't know how the other half lives."—*Reflection.*
Lucky for the *Demi-Monde*.

Thanksgiving.

FEBRUARY 27, 1872.

CURL thy lip, Cynic; Scoffer, whet thy wit,
On this mixed mob of London, drawn one way;
Content, for wearying hours, to stand or sit,
The while a Queen and Prince ride by to pray.

E'en this poor pageant falls with such rebound
Into our stagnant lives of toil and gain,
The creaming mud-pool breaks in ripples round,
And all its whirl of mud-life seethes amain.

A Queen, and Prince, and Princess, and their Court,
And coaches, passing to St. Paul's to prayer;
To settle scores with Heaven, in stately sort:—
A Show for once! and *our* shows are so rare!

So crowd up, Cockney small-fry—sit or stand,
As empty or full purse the chance affords:
Upper ten, to St. Paul's!—*Your* seats are planned:
Streets for street-folk: the Church is still the Lords'.

How Heaven must thrill! a Queen! a Prince! in State!
And London's millions gaping while they kneel!
No Papists we, our faith in gew-gaw *fête*
To blazon; hiding most, where most we feel.

Or if, by order, now and then we pray,
And fast, with Primate for our fogleman,
It is to point the world the narrow way—
What land pays e'en Heaven's debt, as England can?

* * * * *

So twangs the old sneer, so flies the old shaft,
Sharp but innocuous, shrilling through the air:
The keen Satanic laughter has been laught:
Yet the Prince prays, and England joins in prayer.

Is not ashamed, is prond, to line the ways
While her QUEEN passes, and, before the crowd,
Vassal for once, at her Lord's footstool lays
Her Crown, and bows her knee, not elsewhere bowed.

Happy the Queen that can, love-guarded, go,
Still, through a prayerful capital, to pray;
Happy, among these million hearts to know
Not one but beats in tune with hers to-day.

Happy the nation that the nation's self
Honours, so symbolised, with loyal will:
For whom—Plantagenet, Tudor, Stuart, Guelph—
The Sovereign is embodied England still.

Happy the nation, that the wholesome leaven,
Temp'ring command, doth in obedience own;
And, while Earth's Sov'reigns are viceroys of Heaven,
Bows to the self-same power, on either throne.

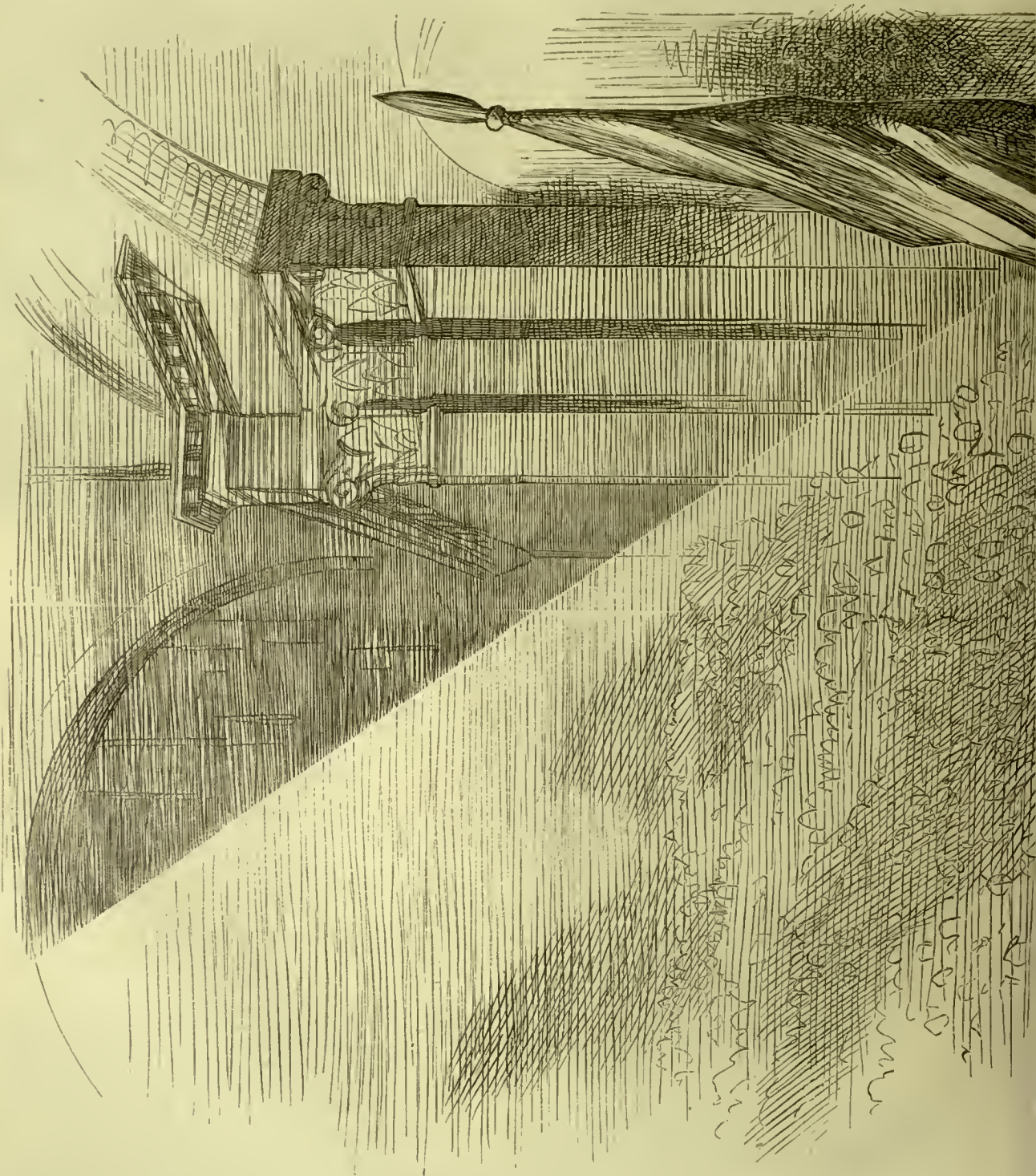
Happy the Prince to whom the lot betides,
Leaning across the grave's unfathomed gloom,
To touch the hem of the dark veil that hides
The portals of the world beyond the tomb.

To touch that veil, yet come back to the light
Of mother's love; wife, babes, again to see;
And learn the sorrow of the long-drawn night
By the glad morning's prayerful ecstasy.

Happy, to whom the lesson comes so soon,
How weak the barrier that parts life and death,
How small the time for toil 'twixt night and noon,
How ill life's work for playing can spare breath.

Happy all three—in spite of scoffing wit—
Queen, Prince, and Folk, that can kneel side by side,
In one love, faith, allegiance, mutual knit—
A triple cable, strong through storms to ride.







“THANKSGIVING.”

FEBRUARY 27th, 1872.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

(Visit to the Crystal Palace continued.)



SIR," said TOMMY, "I hear many persons around us calling this strange creature the Octopus, while others say Octopus. Will you teach me, Sir, which is correct?"

Mr. Barlow. You are aware that I am always ready to improve you. You must know, then, TOMMY, that the Greeks, who were remarkable for their intelligence, possessed an alphabet with two o's in it, the one being short, the other long.

Tommy. This is, indeed, wonderful! and I protest I should consider this to be the long and short of the matter.

MR. BARLOW laughed heartily at

this sally, and professed himself much struck with his young friend's progress in this sort of entertaining conversation. "You are now," said MR. BARLOW, "beginning to practise those quips and quaint conceits which have rendered the great wits of other times so justly famous. When the Roman people—"

"Indeed," said TOMMY here to MR. BARLOW, "I am sorry to interrupt the story, but I shall be much obliged to you if you will tell me something further with regard to the two kinds of o's, and this extraordinary creature."

Mr. Barlow. This is not so easy to make you understand at once: I will, however, try to explain it. The Greeks, my dear TOMMY, called their short o, *omicron*, and their long o, *omega*. Now the word *octopus* is thus written in Greek—

Here the honest Secretary to the Crystal Palace Company stepped forward, and bowing to the company with an air of dignity which surprised them all, addressed himself to MR. BARLOW, only requesting to be informed if he would like to be furnished with a pencil for the purpose of illustrating his instructive remarks on the wall of the Aquarium. "For," said the excellent gentleman, "I can refuse nothing to persons to whom I am under such extraordinary obligations." MR. BARLOW was much charmed with the generous conduct of one, who, till then, had been to him in no other relation than that of an entire stranger, and hastened to accept the offer with every expression of esteem and gratification.

While this conversation was passing between the worthy Secretary and the beloved tutor of MASTERS HARRY and TOMMY, an innumerable crowd of men, of women, of children, had surrounded the place, waiting with eager curiosity for the instructive entertainment which MR. BARLOW was preparing to afford them.

Mr. Barlow. The word *Octopus* was written by the Greeks thus—

ὀκτώ-πους,

and signified "eight-footed;" the *ὀκτώ* being eight, and *πους* being a foot. Now the final *ω* of the first word is an *omega*, and as long as my arm. Therefore, TOMMY, you will be correct in pronouncing this word *Octopus*.

The Secretary. Indeed, Sir, your remark is very just, and, in future, I, for my part, will as readily call *Octöber*, *Octöber*, as *Octöpus*, *Octöpus*.

Tommy. I perceive, Sir, that the *ω* in front of the foot is long; the big toe is undoubtedly meant, and not the little toe.

Mr. Barlow. You are, indeed, right, and as you have discovered that a grammar and a dictionary will afford you much harmless diversion, you need now only add a Lexicon to your bookshelf in order to obtain such a facility for making jests in the Greek language, as shall leave no doubts on the minds of your auditors as to the extent of your scholarship and learned research.

Tommy. Then, Sir, I perceive that in future I must call this creature the *Octöpus*, and not the *Octöpus*.

"That," said HARRY, "I could have told you before; but I had a mind you should find it out for yourself. The longer the o is, the more correct will be your pronunciation."

MASTER TOMMY thanked his young friend heartily for his advice, and protested that, for his part, he would be glad if he could make HARRY himself utter an emphasised "o"; to which his companion returned that he should vastly like to witness such an attempt, in order that MASTER TOMMY might have some experience of what he (HARRY) anticipated would be the result. TOMMY now said that he had only been jesting, and begged him to think no more of the matter.

Mr. Barlow. As to the Octopus, it is the Marine Humpty Dumpty, or Aquarian Mister Nobody. He has an eye ever open for business, and, when not otherwise engaged, he sits with his eight legs in his mouth, as a matter of purely personal convenience. His powers of suction would astonish Ma. Bawck, horrify the teetotalers, and delight the publicans.

Tommy. Can this strange creature be tamed?

Mr. Barlow. All animals can be tamed by kindness. And I do not doubt but that were the right method of being kind to the Octopus discovered, he would prove a most diverting and affectionate companion. When domesticated, I am convinced he would be agreeable to visitors, suspicious of strangers, playful with children, and formidable to burglars.

The Secretary. Has this interesting animal any further peculiarities with which you are acquainted?

Mr. Barlow. Yes, he is the Marine Anonymous Libeller, who sneaks away under cover of the venomous ink which he has discharged in the face of his enemy.

The Secretary. We are much obliged to you, Sir, for these curious particulars, which are perfectly conformable to all I have heard and read upon the subject. And, indeed, much of this may be found in our Catalogue of the Aquarium, price sixpence, which I recommend all persons who are anxious for their own improvement at once to purchase.

Mr. Barlow. Your advice, Sir, reminds me of the story of *Phar-nabazus and the Posthumous Venetian*, which, as no one here has probably heard it, I will proceed to narrate. You must know, then, MR. Secretary, Ladies and Gentlemen—

Here one of the officials entered, and signified to the honest Secretary that the evening was so far advanced as to render the partial extinction of the gas necessary as a preliminary step to the departure of the visitors. It was not, however, until the Secretary had explained that the last train for London would leave in ten minutes' time, that the delighted crowd broke up and hurried towards the transept.

On the platform of the Railway Station, HARRY availed himself of the few minutes' leisure which the late arrival of the train permitted, to go round to the various persons in the crowd who had listened to MR. BARLOW's instructive discourse, with his hat in his hand, in order to collect such subscriptions as the gratified audience might feel disposed to bestow. But in this attempt he soon discovered he had been already forestalled by his young friend TOMMY, to whom the honest folks professed they had given all that their scanty means permitted, or their generosity prompted.

The arrival of the train put an end to further discussion, and though their revered tutor endeavoured five times during the journey to recount to them the story of *Leonidas and the Insipid Dutchman*, he was invariably interrupted by the shrieking of the engine, the motion of the carriage, the rattling in the tunnel, the cries of the porters, or the demand of tickets. It was late when they arrived at the terminus, whence they immediately sought their lodgings, where they were soon wrapped in sound and healthy slumbers.

FATHER THAMES' TEA-URN.

DR. M'CORMACK, Medical Officer of Lambeth, has signalled his translation from Southampton to the other Borough by analysing the Lambeth Water, drawn from the main at Kennington Cross. He has also tested the Southwark and Vauxhall Companies' water. According to the *South London Courier*, the result of DR. M'CORMACK's researches on the South London water is a report that it is "totally unfit for human consumption," contains "moving organisations," which swim in so much filth besides, that, in fact, "both Companies are supplying to their consumers extensively diluted sewage." By this our South London contemporary appears to mean sewage extensively diffused. This is as it should be, in as far as some of those consumers are concerned. The South London water is just the very right stuff for the fraudulent South London Grocers to make their own tea with, and drink it.

The Kingdom is to be Divided into Military Districts.

So announces MR. CARDWELL, Oxford Druid. In compliment to him, we propose that they should be called Druidical Circles.

NEW CIVIL SERVICE REGULATIONS.

(As recommended by the "National Chamber of Trade.")

THE whole time of a Civil Servant must in future be given up to his official duties, with such concessions for meals, exercise, and sleep, as a Medical Board may consider absolutely necessary.

He will be required to reside within fifteen minutes' ride or walk of his office; and any time, over and above this maximum, which may elapse between leaving his home and seating himself at his desk, will be deducted from the time allowed for exercise.

He will be entitled to fifty-four days' vacation in the year; namely, every Sunday, Christmas Day, and Good Friday.

A Staff of Policemen, in plain clothes, will be engaged to make frequent visits to the different public offices (on plea of instituting inquiries, seeking information, exhibiting new inventions, &c.), to see that the Clerks and other individuals in Government employment are seated at their desks and absorbed in their duties. These detectives will make a daily report to the Lords of the Treasury, embodying the results of their surveillance.

No Civil Servant will be suffered to devote any portion of the time allowed for meals, exercise, and sleep, to any business, calling, or avocation, mercantile, literary, or otherwise, for profit, emolument, or gain, without the consent in writing of the Head of the Department to which he is attached, countersigned by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

It is the duty of all Civil Servants first to think of the London tradesman, then of themselves and their families. No person, therefore, in the employment of the State can be permitted to deal with any Co-operative Stores, Society or Association, Wholesale House or Establishment, on the plea of limited income, large family, the benefits of cash payments, the advantages of genuine goods, or any other such specious pretext; but must confine himself to retail tradesmen and shop-keepers, showing a preference for those who give credit,

or at the utmost, five per cent. discount for ready money, and are the possessors of country residences, carriage-horses, conservatories, and a choice cellar of wines.

Any Civil Servant, who may have the good fortune to find himself with a surplus in his pocket at the close of the year, when all rates, taxes, and other claims upon him have been discharged, will be expected to lay it out at once in jewellery, plate, porcelain, engraved glass, articles of *luxe* or *virtù*, liqueurs, new drawing-room furniture, or in some other way which may be beneficial to his tradesmen; but on no account is he to indulge the selfish instincts of his nature, by investing the money for the good of himself, his wife or his family.

No Civil Servant is so far to forget the dignity of his calling and the reasonable expectations of the shareholders, as to travel in a third-class railway carriage. If alone, he may avail himself of second-class accommodation; but when accompanied by a lady, he must enter no carriages but those of the first-class. The practice of taking return-tickets is one not to be encouraged.

The substitution of electroplate for silver, the consumption of low-priced wines, the resort to the cheaper seats at public entertainments, the wearing of imitation seal-skin apparel, and the use of omnibuses in lieu of cabs, by Civil Servants, their wives and families, are all degrading practices which, though, in the present defective state of the law, they cannot be positively forbidden, will in future be regarded with grave suspicion and distrust.

From and after the passing of these regulations, it is hoped that no Civil Servant, who remembers the duty he owes to his tradesmen, their wives and families, will so far demean himself as to wear any article of clothing for a longer period, at the outside, than six months—tailors, hosiers, hatters, boot-makers, &c., being creatures of delicate susceptibilities, who would feel very acutely any decrease in their annual returns and profits, and the slightest consequent diminution of those enjoyments which await them, after the cares and labours of the day are brought to a close.



ÆSTHETICS OF DRESS.

Customer (he has been Bidden to a Wedding, and can't make up his Mind in the Matter of Trouser Patterns, but at last says). "O, THERE! THAT 'LL DO, I SH'D THINK!"

Tailor. "PARDON ME, SIR; IF YOU ARE GOING TO BE 'BEST MAN,' THE SHADE IS HARDLY TENDER ENOUGH!!"

tailors, hosiers, hatters, boot-makers, &c., being creatures of delicate susceptibilities, who would feel very acutely any decrease in their annual returns and profits, and the slightest consequent diminution of those enjoyments which await them, after the cares and labours of the day are brought to a close.



THE "NIMBLE NINEPENEC."'

City Gent (after a critical inspection). "WHAT DO YOU WANT FOR THAT 'MOONLIGHT'?"

Picture-Dealer. "I'LL SELL VER THE TWO A BARGAIN, SHIR! CHEAP AND DIRT, SHIR! SHEVENTY-FIVE GUINEASH APECSHE, SHIR! I'LL WARRANT 'EM UNDOUBTED SMETHERS'S. SHEVENTY-FIVE—"

City Gent. "O, COME, I DON'T MIND GIVING YOU—THIRTY SHILLINGS FOR THE PAIR."

Picture-Dealer (closing with alacrity). "DONE! WITH YOU, SHIR!!"

[*City Gent is in for 'em!*]

A DOUBLE MEANING, INDEED.

A DEPARTMENT should be added to Her Majesty's Mint, and placed under the direction of an Officer duly qualified to superintend the coinage of the Queen's English. Some smashers have lately been trying to pass the base word "Cablegram," meant to signify message by submarine cable. Such another "rap," as a name for instantaneous photograph, "Pistolgram," when some barbarians tried to put it into circulation, was immediately nailed to the counter.

MR. KARSLAKE, in the *Times*, has proposed to replace the jumble "Cablegram" with the concord, "Haligram" or "Thalassogram." In preference to either of these two expressions the term "Onogram" is suggested by a gentleman dating from the Reform Club a letter signed "Nominalist." Whether or no "Nominalist" would be quite a fit and proper person to be Master of the Etymological Mint, some judgment may be formed from his following statement relative to the formation of "onogram":—

"I have not by me here a Suidas, or even a Liddell and Scott; but every schoolboy knows that *ovos* is Greek for (among many other things) a good stout rope or cable."

It may be doubted whether amongst the various meanings of *ovos* that of cable is one verily and indeed known to every schoolboy. But thus much is certain, that every school-boy who knows the Greek letters, knows, or may know with the help of a Lexicon, that the primary meaning of the word *ovos* is simply Ass. Further comment may be deemed superfluous, unless it may be remarked that Onogram might, and most naturally would, be understood to mean anything, for instance a letter, written by a donkey.

A CRYING EVIL.

"SIR," said DR. JOHNSON, with a significance doubtless apparent to his hearers, "comparisons are odious. Sir, the Whigs make comparisons." So they do still, but perhaps not more particularly or habitually, and for less cause, than the Tories or than the Radicals, or than the Party of Treason. It is impossible for any railway traveller, of what politics soever, who is in any measure endowed with the perception of difference and resemblance, and with the sense of hearing, not to compare the enunciation of railway attendants, in calling out the names of stations, with that of newaboya who simultaneously cry the papers. Nor can the least reflective passenger, even if belonging to the less thoughtful sex, fail to connote the probabilities that,—whereas the Boys, who name every separate paper audibly, with laboriously distinct intonation, are interested in effecting their papers' sale,—to the Men by whom the stations are announced, in a low voice and inarticulate abbreviations, the exit of every passenger from the train at his proper destination, is not a matter of as much concern.

Queer Bargains.

"SALE of Incubus Stock!" He must be a hopeful draper who expects to allure purchasers by such a horrifying announcement. Ladies would, surely, shun a shop which makes no secret of having a surplus stock of nightmares to dispose of! An advertisement headed "Great Sacrifice of Skeletons in Cupboards," could hardly be more startling.



OUR REPLY.

"YES, DEAR, NO DOUBT IT IS A RELIEF TO BE FREE FROM ABSURD INCUMBRANCES, BUT WHY DID NOT THIS OCCUR TO YOU ON THE 27TH FEBRUARY?"

AN AWAKENING CONSCIENCE.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER will not encourage any inquiry with a view to the abolition of the Income-tax. But, he told a deputation the other day:—

"He certainly believed that the administration under Schedule D might be improved. But the real remedy was to keep the tax as low as possible; and, in order to keep it low, taxes ought to be put on other things."

Excellent. The lower the Income-tax, the better. Its perfection would be zero. In order to reduce it to that point, could not taxes be put on other things—of which MR. SHERIDAN has mentioned some? The delegates from the Chambers of Commerce respecting the Income-tax obtained from Mr. Lowe the very best answer they could possibly have expected, next to a promise to provide for the repeal of the Income-tax in his next Budget.

Shakspeare for Schoolboys.

In the tragedy of *Macbeth*, a question is asked by *Malcolm*:—

"What is the newest grief?"

To which *Rosse* makes answer:—

"That of an hour's age doth hiss the Speaker."

Such grief was awfully unparliamentary.

Black and White.

OUR other great explorer of Africa, SIR SAMUEL BAKER, is now engaged in labouring to suppress the Slave Trade in the very heart of that island, as M. LESSERPS has rendered it. This enterprise is opposed by the Powers of Darkness, both material and spiritual. It is altogether a case of Pull BAKER, pull DARKEY. Success to BAKER.

MELIORA.

THERE is said to be nothing more sensitive than Capital, but Patriotism appears to be equally so—Patriotism, that is, as defined in conversation by DR. JOHNSON. The other night, a meeting of Patriots, delegates to the number of 200 or so, from sixty political and social organisations of Republicans and Revolutionists, held, under the presidency of MR. OPPER, at the White Horse Tavern, Castle Street, Oxford Street, to arrange measures for opposing the Parks' Regulation Bill, unanimously voted the following resolution:

"That, considering the conduct of the Government, a demonstration to protest against the Parks' Regulation Bill be held in Hyde Park on Sunday, the 3rd of March."

These Patriots are particularly alarmed at a clause of the Bill which they credit with virtually prohibiting public meetings in the Parks. They will probably find that they have been too nervous. In the meantime, however, the PREMIER and Government are to be congratulated on the menace of a demonstration to be held in Hyde Park for the purpose of denouncing one of their measures.

Hopeless.

A PARAGRAPH in the Parliamentary Intelligence of the *Times*, headed "Occasional Sermons," and referring to a Bill MR. COWPER-TEMPLE has obtained leave to introduce, led many persons to hope that Parliament was at last about to interfere to protect us from the young, the inexperienced, the inefficient, the injudicious, the tedious preachers, by prohibiting them from delivering more than a limited, a very limited, number of discourses in the course of each year. These sanguine dreamers are now suffering from the reaction of disappointment, for they find that MR. COWPER-TEMPLE'S Bill has an entirely different object in view, and that it leaves us all still at the merey, alike of the youngest Curate and the oldest Archdeacon.

Kleptomania.

A SAN ease of depravity, which has come to light within the last few days, is causing great distress to a most respectable family long resident in the neighbourhood of London. One of its members, a Lady hitherto of irreproachable character, has lately taken to *steel pens*.

A GENIAL NOTION.

As the Waterside business would be virtually suspended on Thanksgiving Day, and the Banks (that is to say, banking-houses) would be shut, the *employés* in the Custom-House, COLONEL BERRISFORD was kind enough to suggest in the House of Commons, should be allowed a holiday. This benevolent proposal would doubtless have been acceded to if the Government had only been certain that there was no fear that, in the absence of Custom-House officers, any smuggling would go on in the river. And then, because it might be believed that Thanksgiving Day would be respected equally by smugglers and by thieves, a holiday might also have been given to all the Policemen.

AN AWKWARD FLATTERER.

In an article in the *Débats*, relative to Legitimism, attributed to M. EMILE DE BONNECHOSE, the historian, occurs a statement that VILLEROI, the tutor of the Grand Monarch, "showing from an elevated site to his royal pupil, LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH, the villages and landscapes spread out before him, said, 'Sire, all that is yours.'" Something like this had been spoken and done elsewhere some time before, to far another than the King of France; but perhaps MARSHAL VILLEROI was not a conscious plagiarist.

Drums and Fifes.

MR. CARDWELL proposes, in re-organising the Army, to unite all the forces of the country in "one harmonious whole." Hitherto, in military affairs, that description has only been applicable to some of the bands.

"El Eco de Ambos Mundos."

A HANDSOME-LOOKING journal, with this title, has been sent to Mr. Punch. He wishes it all success. But he thought that the above words meant PUNCH FOR EVER!



FAINT RECOLLECTIONS OF THE 27TH.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

(From a Specially Incompetent Correspondent.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

WHEN, in your charmingly courteous way, you allotted to me a front seat on your beautifully decorated Leads, that I might witness the Procession on Thanksgiving Day, you gracefully said that you hoped I would favour you with some sort of report of the proceedings. On my representing that my share of the proceedings would probably be limited to entertaining the ladies around me with brilliant conversation, and to partaking of your hospitality in the way of refreshments at every possible opportunity, you epigrammatically replied "Shut up!" I assumed this to mean that you were unconvinced by my argument, and I intimated this. You rejoined that an account by a single close and accurate observer of incidents that came under his own eyes was worth more than any general description, which would be amply supplied by the newspapers. When you pointedly added, "No 'copy,' no card," I felt that the discussion had terminated.

I will therefore inform you, with as much brevity as is consistent with exactness, of what I did and saw on Thanksgiving Day.

My suburban residence was quitted by me at 9.30. I had previously partaken of a moderate breakfast, consisting of several chops, a few sausages, and some marmalade, with admirably strong coffee. Kindling an excellent cigar (your own gift, or at least taken from your own box), I entered an open carriage, and proceeded towards Hyde Park. I was accompanied by a member of the Royal Academy, whose companionship I had solicited, partly for the charm of his variegated conversation; partly because I thought that his artistic eye would detect any pictorial combinations which might deserve my notice. In the first respect I was not disappointed, for he con-

versed with as much liveliness as could be expected from a person who had offered his family £10 if they would let him stay away from the Show, but his only artistic remark was, that some crows in one of the Park trees looked very black against the sky, and that they had got up there to see the Show for nothing.

Little that was interesting occurred as we crossed the Parks, except that my friend threw an empty cigar-light box away, and it hit a policeman, who at first looked at him in a savage manner, but then seemed to recognise him, from which I drew inferences of my own.

When we had got a good way along the Embankment, we were stopped by a group of police, and informed that we could go no further. Why, we could not comprehend, as there was no other vehicle between us and Blackfriars Bridge. But on my displaying your credentials, the officers became most polite, deeply regretted that we could not go on, but we had reached the City, into which no carriages must pass. But they offered to carry us forward on stretchers: such was their courtesy. This proposal we declined, not liking to take them off duty. Therefore we walked on, and threading divers sinuous lanes, found ourselves at the foot of St. Bride's Tower.

St. Bride's Church was destroyed in the Great Fire, and the present building, one of WREN's master-pieces, was completed in 1703 at the cost of £11,430. The steeple was struck by lightning in 1764. WINKIN DE WORDE, the famous printer, was buried in the old church. So was MARY FRITH, better known as "Moll Cutpurse." CURLE's *Corinna* is here. But doubtless you know all these things, and many others. I have but just discovered the facts, in a scarce volume called the *Handbook of London*, published by MR. MURRAY.

As my friend could be of no further use to me, I here lost sight of him, and obtained the delightful sitting which you had allotted to me upon your Leads. Like the Claimant, I am delicate about alluding

to ladies whom I have danced with, or sat by, and therefore I shall merely remark that your Leads presented a Galaxy. Grace and good-humour presided over the scene, and the dry sherry was as good as any I ever tasted. I did not confine myself to a cursory investigation into this question.

There was a very dense crowd below. I could see part of the Ludgate Arch on my right. There was a great many flags, none handsomer than your own. I saw several Special Correspondents, stalking along the guarded line, "monarchs of all they surveyed," and I was pleased to see literature so venerated. The day was fine, but rather cold, and it therefore became necessary to recruit nature at no distant intervals. I recruited her.

My own conversation, and the consequent cheerfulness of those around me, sped the hours, and there was the great satisfaction of feeling oneself comfortably seated, while thousands of other persons were being hideously squeezed, pushed by policemen, and backed into by horses. I then understood the Scotch Calvinistic idea of the happiness of another sphere. But let me observe that the police and soldiers behaved exceedingly well, and were always ready to rescue some idiotic woman, or some unfortunate child, that got frightened in the press. I regretted the loss of my artistic friend at one moment, when he might have made a clever sketch (he is clever, though an Academician) of a little girl, with drapery in extreme disarray, hoist horizontally over the crowd into the arms of a gallant soldier, and received into those of an unreasonably furious mother. 'Twas a picture, but artists never see these things.

At length HER MAJESTY'S beauteous cream-coloured horses came by (I omit all other processional details), and they drew a carriage in which were our QUEEN, our PRINCESS OF WALES, PRINCESS BEATRICE, the little ALBERT VICTOR, and the Heir Apparent. I need not chronicle the mighty shout that greeted them, or speak of the pleased face of the Sovereign, the gentle smiles of the Princesses, or the genial look of the PRINCE OF WALES, pale from illness as he was. But *this is what I saw* and must note. As the carriage drew near, Sir, to your office, the PRINCESS OF WALES remembered the greeting she had received there when she made her entry into London. H.R.H. looked up, and beheld the sculptured effigy of yourself, fatuously waving a lovely bouquet. The Princess touched her Royal Mother (I am sure H.R.H. has forgotten the word mother-in-law) and pointed out *Mr. Punch*.

THEN, SIR, YOUR SOVEREIGN AND MINE LOOKED UP, AND LAUGHED A RECOGNITION.

I remember no more. I extracted myself (if with too little ceremony I humbly apologise to the ladies who were beside and near me), and I rushed into your chamber, where a splendid lunch awaited your guests. To knock off the top of a bottle of exquisite champagne, and to quaff a tumbler thereof at a draught, to swallow a few dozen of the most delicate natives, and to quaff much more of that dry and fragrant nectar in honour of the QUEEN, of the PRINCE, of the Princesses, of the ladies, who I felt at that moment were all Princesses, and of yourself, was the work of a moment.

It is possible that you may know better than I do how the rest of that great and glorious day was passed by

Your faithful Contributor,
THE FRUMIOUS BANDERSNATCH.

"THAT'S GOOD."

IN the House of Commons "Paper" for Leap Year Day was the following amazing item:—

"PUBLIC COMMITTEES FOR THURSDAY, 29TH FEBRUARY, 1872.

Hour. Room.
"2. Habitual Drunkards (to choose Chair-
man, and consider course of proceeding) . at three 16

Mr. Punch forgot to look into Room 16, to see how the Habituals were getting on. He wonders whom they chose. Their course of proceeding, of course, was to lay on messengers to the Refreshment department, with orders of more or less coherence. Well done, Collective Wisdom.



XXIX FEBRUARY.

"YES, THIS WAS THE WAY. AND WHAT'S MORE, IF THIS SORT OF THING CONTINUES, MR. P— WILL BE OBLIGED TO REFUSE ALL PARTIES THIS YEAR."

OUR BRUTAL CUSTOMS.

AN "ANGLO-INDIAN," in the *Times*, complains of the vexatious detention which he, and a lot of other passengers who arrived, the other Saturday night by the *Malta* at Southampton, endured owing to the brutality of the Customs' authorities of that port. From what "ANGLO-INDIAN" says, it certainly does not appear that those officials are accustomed to execute their odious office more offensively and injuriously than the rest of their tribe, who, however, everywhere, are well known to make a point of inflicting on travellers, whom it is possible for them to impede and plague, no less of delay, trouble, and annoyance than they possibly can. A competitive examination in civility is desirable for candidates for place in the Customs' department of the so-called Civil Service. If existing Custom-house officers had to undergo that ordeal it is to be feared that they would be nearly all of them plucked.

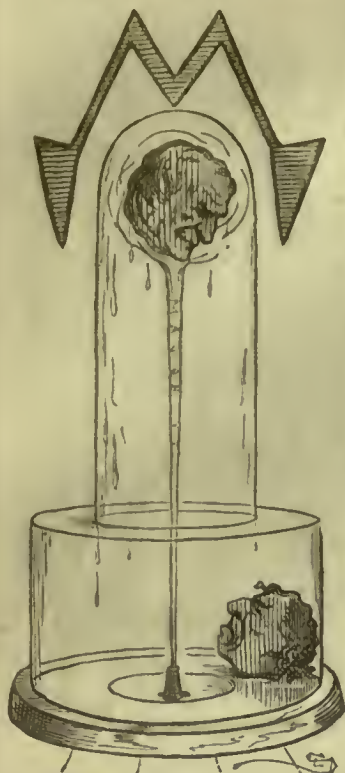
YOKES FOR YOKEFELLOWS.

How pleasant to impose, or to maintain,
Restrictions which our own wills nought restrain;
Laws binding, to be sure, on me and you,
Their hardship who don't feel, whilst others do.
To wed their late wives' sisters some men want.
We, if we might, would not; we say they shan't.
Teetotallers, strong liquors we eschew
To please ourselves; would force our neighbours to.
Niggards or meddlers, fain mankind to school,
Thus, under moral aims, mask lust of rule,
And Acts to curb the People whilst they scheme,
Cloak with benevolence their self-esteem.

Slightly Confused.

MRS. MALAPROP, on Thanksgiving Day, was charmed with the Common Councilmen in their Magazine gowns. The same mistress of the English language much admired the appearance of the soldiers, especially the Lancets, but felt greatly disappointed that the Prince's doctors were not in the procession.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



"SPEAKER'S List," lately invented, a paper prepared by the Whips, who set down the names of the Members to be invited to speak, of course to the exclusion of others. And if a Liberal Member spoke or voted wrongly, he was "gagged by MESSRS. GLADSTONE, GLYN, and DENISON."

The new SPEAKER said that he had never seen anything of the kind, and that he should always call on Members with the utmost impartiality.

MR. GLADSTONE, for himself and MR. GLYN, said that they had no knowledge of the practices of which they were accused.

MR. GLYN, for himself, broke a fifteen years' silence to state that the late SPEAKER had often asked him who wanted to be heard, and he had handed in some names, but he denied all the rest. He thought that MR. BENTINCK might have made his charges when the present LORD OSSINGTON was in the Chair to answer him.

MR. NOEL, Conservative Whip, gave a similar disclaimer.

MR. DISRAELI said that the late SPEAKER often made inquiries, in order that every section of opinion should be represented. For himself, he had always been anxious to develop Conservative oratory, and any young Member had always found a friend in him. He thought that Members below the gangway should be encouraged to relieve their smouldering emotions by expression.

The subject dropped, MR. BENTINCK, if not clever himself, having enabled clever men to speak adroitly. This, perhaps, is the extent of MR. BENTINCK'S mission.

Then we talked till half-past one about the best way to get on with the business of the House.

Tuesday.—Thanksgiving Day. Neither House sat.

Wednesday.—The Commons talked about Salmon. This noble fish is greatly ill-treated, and considering what a glory and a charm to a table he is (at least early in the season), it is a base thing that he should be oppressed. The way he is hindered by Millers and their Weirs from getting up to the spawning-ground is atrocious. Why can't the millers pull down their water-mills, and have steam-mills, which do the work much better? There are 500 weirs through which the Salmon cannot get. Would we had a Mermaid-Rebecca to do their business! A Bill, in partial emancipation of the poor Salmon, has been sent to a Committee. We never respected Meg-o'-the-Mill so much as during the debate:—

"She's gotten a earle wi' a poek full of siller,
And broken the heart of the Barley Miller."

And very right too, if he had a weir that insulted our finest fish.

Thursday.—In the course of a debate on the Bill on Ecclesiastical Courts, EARL GRANVILLE was fetched from the Chamber. The QUEEN, with her invariable consideration for the feelings of her subjects, had despatched an Equerry to inform Ministers, that they in turn might inform the House, of what had occurred at Buckingham Palace. It may be best to give the Earl's own words:—

"Your Lordships will excuse my interruption of this discussion. I have just been informed that a boy of eighteen or nineteen ran into the court-yard of Buckingham Palace as the QUEEN entered, followed the carriage to the door, which is at a short distance from the entrance gates, and presented an old-fashioned pistol within a foot of HER MAJESTY'S head. The QUEEN turned her head, and the boy was seized. I am informed that the pistol was not loaded, and it is believed that the object of the boy was to compel HER MAJESTY, by fear, to sign a Fenian document which he held in his hand. The QUEEN showed the greatest courage and composure." (*Loud cheers.*)

The DUKE OF RICHMOND replied:—

"I hope I may be pardoned if I say one word about the attack made upon HER MAJESTY by this miscreant. From what my noble friend says, that attack was one of the most contemptible character, for I gather from his statement that there was neither powder nor shot in the pistol. At all events, my Lords, this incident has had one good effect—that of giving an additional proof to the country of the magnificent conduct and courage displayed by HER MAJESTY on this as on all other occasions. Perhaps I may also be allowed to express my gratification at the splendid display of loyalty on the previous day, and to say how much I rejoice at the reception which HER MAJESTY met throughout this great city from the enormous concourse gathered together." (*Loud cheers.*)

The business of the House was then resumed, and it should be noted that when similar announcement had been made in the Commons by MR. GLADSTONE, the Members, having signified their feelings by the loudest cheers, at once applied themselves again to their work. Lords and Commons thus testified that while their warmest sympathies were with the Royal Lady, the act which had roused them, and the wretched creature who had committed it, were regarded as too despicable to be worth a single indignant speech.

In the Commons, question was raised about the summary execution of sixty-five Kookas in India. MR. GRANT DUFF said that there was nothing irregular in the act, whether it were justifiable or not. Considering what a melancholy exhibition of themselves was made by certain philanthropists of the cosmopolitan sort when GOVERNOR EYRE, as MR. CARLYLE says, "saved Jamaica," people at home do well to inquire, this time, before denouncing what may seem oversteering dealing with rebels.

A Ballot debate followed, and MR. FAWCETT objected to pushing on a measure for giving the Secret Vote, of which he approved, unless the Bill for preventing Corrupt Practices should also be forwarded. There was much discussion hereon, and MR. GLADSTONE promised something which MR. DISRAELI said was fair. SIR GEORGE JESSEL (he will accept our best congratulations on his knighthood) spoke.

MR. CAVENDISH BENTINCK proposed that divisions in the House of Commons should be taken by Ballot. He made a speech, and said that OLIVER CROMWELL had opposed this, because he wanted to be a Dictator. The House treated the proposition as a bit of farce and this brought up in wrath the other MR. BENTINCK, who abused the House in language which the SPEAKER caused him to retract.

Friday.—MR. GLADSTONE informed the House that the American answer was to leave Washington that evening. We are ready. *Nunquam non parati*, and so forth.

Another Post-Office Reform. Thanks again, MR. SCUDAMORE. We are to be allowed to fix the halfpenny stamps to private cards. We shall make all our calls this way in future.

SIR ROUNDELL PALMER proposed to establish a School of Law. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL opposed this, and the lawyers had nearly all the talk to themselves for the rest of the evening. Finally, the Palmerian proposal was rejected by 116 to 103.

The QUEEN'S beautiful letter to her people, thanking them for their demonstrations of loyalty, and for their remarkable order on Thanksgiving Day, appeared on *Saturday*, and delighted us all. HER MAJESTY'S womanly *Itaies* gave an additional charm to the letter. VIVAT REGINA!

A Legitimate Crown.

ON Leap Year's Day, the 29th of February, a Telegram arrived from Amsterdam, informing us that the COUNT DE CHAMFORD, with his suite, had left Dordrecht, and arrived on that day at Breda, where he had alighted at the Crown Hotel. The COUNT DE CHAMFORD does not abdicate the Crown of France by stopping at the Crown of Breda, which, however, he may by this time have discovered to be the Crown for his money.

VOLUNTEER WORK FOR APRIL.—To review the March Past.



THE NEW CURATE.

Orthodox Elderly Spinster. "WHAT A HEAVENLY SERMON, MARIA! THERE, IF YOU'D HAVE ONLY SHUT YOUR EYES, I DECLARE YOU MIGHT HAVE THOUGHT IT WAS A BISHOP!!!"

PETER QUINCE HIS BALLAD OF BOTTOM'S DREAM.

"I will get PETER QUINCE to write a ballad of this dream; it shall be called *BOTTOM'S DREAM*, because it hath no bottom."—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iv., Sc. 1.

'Tis of Bully Bottom, a cobbler stont
As ever wax-end drew,
To patch a hole in a damaged sole,
Or set up a down-trod shoe.
Till from fair work to frothy talk
He fell, in evil day,
And to the "Hole-in-the-Wall" must walk,
To hear the asses bray.

Then, "Why," thought he, "contented wait,
Botching at sole and heel,
With holes so great in Church and State
Such rents i' the common-weal?
With a wax-end shall he contend,
That in talk might wax high?
And upper-leathers only mend,
With upper classes by?"

The more he talked the less he toiled,
And as the less he earned,
His blood 'gainst Capital it boiled,
Against employers burned:
Of stool and strap he would no more;
Away his awl he cast:
And by St. Crispin stontly swore
Not to stick to his last.

And all the less grew common sense,
The more grew self-conceit;
On weekly papers went his pence—
Their wind to him was meat:

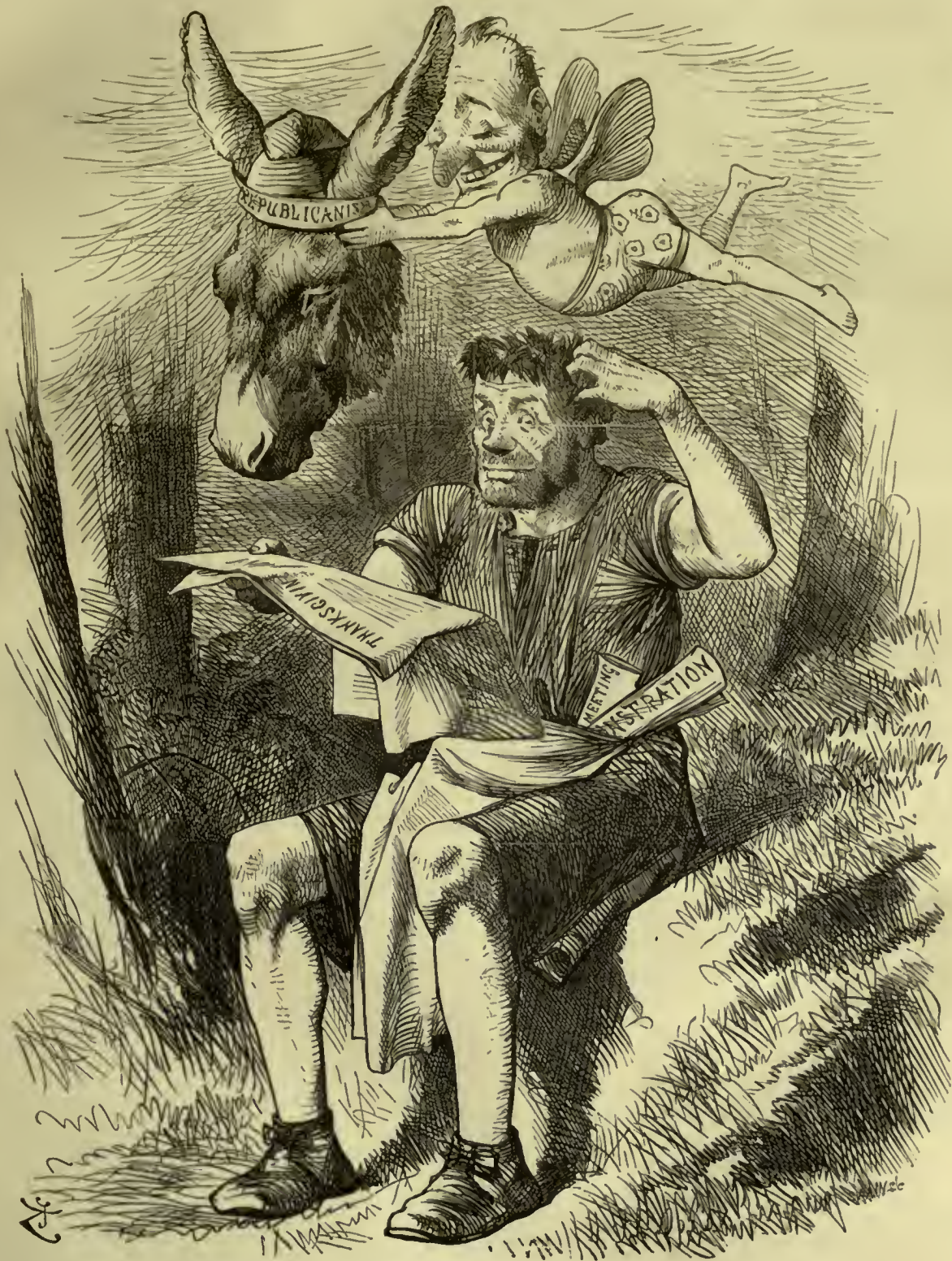
And when of his own froth at last,
Report in them began,
He to the wind his apron cast,
And started Public Man!

Demonstrated: sent round the hat:
Raved in Trafalgar Square,
While still the British Lion sat,
And stared with quiet stare:
Talked fustian stuff, while rogue and rough
Shouted, and shoved, and stole;
And JOHN BULL tame failed to inflame
With a red cap on a pole.

Till reason strayed, and Bottom brayed,
Yet deemed not sense had fled:
Nor knew, poor owl, his jobbernowl
Had grown an ass's head!
So, to Fool's-Paradise a-whirled,
He dreamed a wondrous dream,
Wherein the world an asses' world,
And he its Lord, did seem.

There everything is upside down:
Highest to lowest drops:
Crowns serve but to be stood upon,
Pyramids rest on tops.
Reason is under Folly's feet,
Ignorance Knowledge schools;
The Cook is basted by the meat;
Workmen ruled by their tools.

And in this topsy-turvy row
Sits Bully Bottom crowned;
About his ass's ears and brow
The *bonnet-rouge* y-bound.
And, asinine, from throats of brass,
The chorus rises free,



BOTTOM'S DREAM.

NICK BOTTOM (*the Working-Man*). "I HAVE HAD A DREAM - "

"I will get PETER QUINCE to write a ballad of this dream : it shall be called *BOTTOM'S Dream*, because it hath no bottom."—SHAKESPEARE.

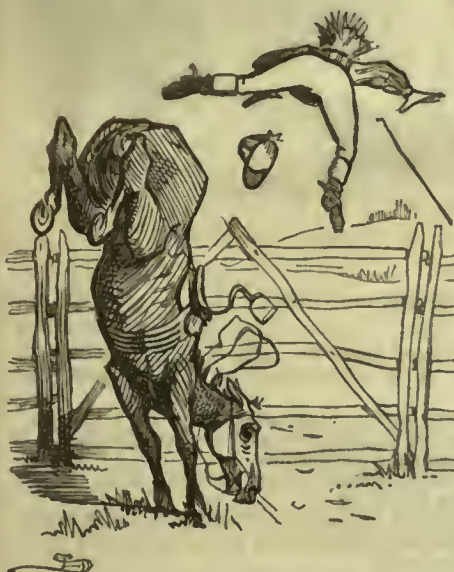
"For President we'll choose an ass,
And Bottom top shall be!"

Sudden a tile of monstrous size
Upon his ass-head hurled,
Shocks him from his Fools'-Paradise,
Back to the waking-world.
And lo, things are not upside-down,
Heads have not all turned tails:
Cobblers have not assumed the Crown,
Nor Roughts smashed *all* the rails.

All is serene, for PRINCE and QUEEN
JOHN BULL cheers as they pass;
And Bully BOTTOM, feeling mean,
Suspects himself an ass.
And *Punch* lest he the lesson miss,
Plucks off his ass's jowl,
And shows him how he looked in this,
Adorned with Phrygian cowl!

And PETER QUINCE for QUEEN and PRINCE,
And for his gossip's good,
This ballad-scheme of BOTTOM's dream,
Hath writ, and cut in wood.
Whence the Queen's Lieges all may learn
How such dreams read should be,
Their lack of bottom may discern,
And plain truth through them see!

THE PARKS BILL.



THIS Bill is to be reprinted with amendments. By a fortunate combination of circumstances, with which, we are bound to add, the Queen's Printers have not the remotest connection, we are enabled to satisfy public curiosity and to give an outline of the alterations which will be submitted to the House of Commons.

No Public Meeting will be permitted to be held in any of the Parks, without the presence in the Chair of the Ranger, the First Commissioner of Works, the Prime Minister, the Lord Mayor, or

one of the Sheriffs, the Chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works, or Mr. W. VERNON HARCOURT. The resolutions to be proposed must previously be laid before and approved by the two Houses of Convocation, the Committee of the Carlton Club, or the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt.

No Appointments for Private Meetings in the Parks will in future be allowed to be made, without the permission in writing of the Ranger or the First Commissioner, who will require satisfactory proof that the parents or guardians of the lady are aware of the attachment, and give their consent to the proposed congress.

Any Deputy-Ranger, Park-keeper, or Policeman, who may observe a female domestic servant in charge of children, with or without a perambulator, seated on a bench or on the grass, and talking to, laughing with, or smiling on a young man wearing a military uniform, is empowered to interrupt their proceedings, and to demand from him his name and the name and station of his regiment, and from her the name and address of her employer; and to caution them that they will not be suffered to renew the acquaintance in any of the Royal Parks or Gardens, without the production, on the part of the soldier, of an authority signed by his commanding officer, and, on the part of the nursemaid of a letter from her mistress sanctioning the intimacy.

In consequence of the high price of provisions, the fee for the hire of a chair provided with arms will be reduced to three-halfpence.

The charge for a chair without arms will remain as at present fixed, but the occupant will not be allowed to retain it beyond two hours, except in cold weather. When the present contract with the lessees of the chairs expires, the First Commissioner will take them into his own hands.

To promote the study of natural science amongst the upper classes, once a week, during the months of May, June, and July, the First Commissioner will hold an afternoon Botanical Class in Hyde Park, and lecture on its trees, plants, and flowering shrubs, with the aid of the descriptive labels belonging to them. Ladies and gentlemen attending the class will have the option of taking notes, and passing an examination in the lectures at the end of the London Season, when prizes will be awarded to the most proficient students.

Within twelve months of the Bill receiving the Royal Assent, the group of Achilles at Hyde Park Corner, and the equestrian statue surmounting the Arch on Constitution Hill, will be removed to the middle of Hampstead Heath and Epping Forest respectively; unless, in the mean time, a requisition signed by the Presidents of the various incorporated Art Societies in the Metropolis, be presented to the First Commissioner imploring him to retain these memorials of a nation's gratitude in their present positions.

The estimates for the financial year 1872-3 will include a sum for replanting Primrose Hill with primroses, crocuses, snowdrops, and other Spring flowers. To lessen the expense to the nation, contributions of plants and bulbs are solicited. They will be thankfully received and officially acknowledged.

The design for any drinking fountain proposed to be erected in a Royal Park or Garden, must be approved by a Committee of Taste, to consist of a Royal Academician, a Fellow of the Institute of British Architects, an official of the Science and Art Department, the Editor of the *Art Journal*, LORD ELCHO, MR. BERESFORD HOPE, and a prominent Teetotaller.

Smoking will be permitted in the Parks and Gardens, and encouraged in the Conservatories; but samples of the tobacco and cigars must be sent, ten days beforehand, to the Office of Works, which will submit them to the Customs, which will confer with the Exchequer, which will report upon them to the Treasury, which will consult the Board of Trade, and a decision will be given before the Parliamentary Recess.

No alteration will be made in the existing arrangements for the custody, preservation, and maintenance of the birds on the ornamental waters, but that the expense of keeping up the Parks may be reduced to the lowest point consistent with the national honour and dignity, as the present fowls die off, their places will not be filled up.

Calculations having been made by the Government Actuary that an important addition to the Revenue may be derived from sources of income hitherto unaccountably neglected, young gentlemen and ladies sailing their own boats on the Serpentine and other navigable waters, will, from the passing of the Act, be charged a small fee for the accommodation. In addition to the usual payments, boat-money will also be levied on all persons hiring pleasure vessels or availing themselves of the ferries. A charge of one penny will be made for every dog thrown into or allowed to enter the water. Kites may be flown as at present, free of expense.

Flirting in the Royal Parks and Gardens will be strictly prohibited. The deputy-rangers, park-keepers, and police have orders to enforce with the utmost stringency the regulations laid down for the prevention of this reprehensible practice.

As the country contributes towards the cost of the military bands, and the taxpayers enjoy but rare opportunities of hearing their music gratuitously, a regimental band will play in each of the Royal Parks and Gardens on one day in the week during the Summer.

A CONVINCED CORRESPONDENT.

MR. PUNCH has certainly succeeded in editing One Correspondent into a sense of the fitness of things, though the language in which he conveys that sense is somewhat familiar, not to say vulgar. He says—

"For years I've sent in things to *Punch*,
And this was all I got;
The things came back, '*Declined, with Thanks.*'
Which meant, '*They're awful rot.*'"

No, the word is coarse. But the idea does not lie very remote from it. Perhaps some other Correspondents will take note of the suggestion—and save Mr. *Punch* trouble.

Wanted.

PEOPLE in the country seem to be very moderate in their wants, and easily satisfied. We are led to make this reflection from seeing an advertisement from some modest person in Yorkshire, residing, too, in one of its largest and most important towns, who would be quite content with "a London second-hand Milliner."



HUNTING IN 1872.

CHARLES AND EMILY DECLARE THE RAIN IS ONLY SHOWERS—WHICH ARE SOON OVER!

MOVEMENTS IN LOW LIFE.

(Perhaps as interesting to Some People as other Social Movements may be to Other People.)

MR. and MRS. BAWLER, wandering street-minstrels, accompanied by their only son and heir, aged eleven weeks, arrived in town last Tuesday week, in order to be present at the National Thanksgiving.

MR. JEREMIAH SNEAK has left his East End residence, and is at present on a visit, for a period of six months, to the Governor of Newgate.

MR. JOHN MUGGINS has removed from Seven Dials to Blackman Street, Whitechapel, and has opened an establishment for the development of chimney-sweeping upon scientific principles.

MR. CRAWLER, four-wheel cab-driver, having received fifteen shillings for conveying two distinguished foreigners from Leicester Square to Temple Bar, treated his wife and family to a drive in Oxford Street, to see the pretty Chinese lanterns on the evening of Thanksgiving Day.

MR. SOLOMON SWAGG has, for certain precautionary reasons, quitted his abode in Dark Alley, near Houndsditch, but may be heard of upon cautious application, after nightfall, to the potboy of the Golden Fleece, Cadger Court, Whitechapel.

MRS. TUBBS, of Islington, having lately sold her mangle, has closed her clear-starching establishment, and retired to a neat cottage in the neighbourhood of Hounslow.

MR. and MRS. BUGGINS, Junior, of Pie Court, Drury Lane, have arrived at the Blue Dragon, Hornsey, with the intention of there spending the first week of their honeymoon, in company with the mamma of MRS. BUGGINS.

MESSEIERS BONES and SAMBO, Ethiopian Serenaders, having belovved themselves hoarse in the back-streets on Thanksgiving Day, have retired for a week from the exercise of their profession, and are planning, for health's sake, a short tour in the provinces.

MR. GOLLORS, having recovered from his recent fit of drinking, will resume his work as bill-sticker in Hammersmith next Monday.

MRS. CURDS has retired from her milk-walk in Camberwell, having disposed of it by private contract to her neighbour, MRS. WHEYFACE.

MR. GOUGE, Garotter, having been presented with a ticket-of-leave, is paying a round of friendly visits to his pals, previously to his resuming his professional engagements.

MASTER JONES, Crossing-Sweeper, has removed from Regent Street to try his luck in Piccadilly.

MR. CLYFAKER has arrived in London for the season, after having passed the winter in seclusion, having been prescribed a daily round of exercise upon the treadmill.

MRS. BIDDY MALONEY has, in consequence of her rheumatics, removed from her old apple-stall at the corner of Charles Street, after disposing of her stock-in-trade, and the goodwill of her business, to her husband's second cousin, MRS. MOLLY O'SHIVER.

MR. GRUBBRINGS, Costermonger, having come into a small fortune by the death of his wife's uncle, MR. SLOBBERS, Rag and Bottle Merchant, Borough, has sold his meke and barrow at an alarming sacrifice, and is going to the dogs as fast as drink can carry him.

MR. CADGER, Professional Mendicant, finding business slack in the suburban districts, owing to the hateful anti-street-begging societies, is at present on the tramp in the Eastern Counties.

SIGNOR SQUEAKI has arrived in town, with his menkey and his barrel-organ, after a successful tour about the Midlands.

MR. CHALKS, Street Artist, has designed a new cartoon for pavement decoration, which he exhibits every evening in the neighbourhood of Islington.

MESSEIERS TAGG, RAGG, AND BORTAIL, have returned to their usual avocations, after being out upon the spree for nearly a whole fortnight, thanks to the Thanksgiving.

Increase of Practice.

THE Aurists have been very busy ever since the 27th of last month—the natural result of the “deafening cheers” on Thanksgiving Day.



"THE HARP IN THE AIR."

Irish Gentleman (who has vainly endeavoured to execute a Jig to the fiftful Music of the Telegraph Wires). "SHURR! WHOIVER Y'ARE YE OAN'T PLAY A BIT! How OAN A JINTLEMAN DANCE—(hic!)—IV YE DON'T KAPE THIME!"!!

THE CHANCE OF A CRUSADE.

Is there piety enough in France to encourage the Ultramontanes in hoping for another European religious war, even now, at this time of day? They seem to flatter themselves there may be; apparently are not at any rate praying for peace in our time. Some of them are said to have petitioned the National Assembly that "France should protest against the territorial spoliation of the Church." These Ultramontanes do not need to be told that those whom they invoke to turn Protestants on the Papal behalf would protest to little purpose unless their protest were backed with big battalions. Big battalions being chargeable, query, whether, if France had as much piety, of the Popish species, as pluck, the French could afford to exhibit the former in exerting the latter, and whether M. THIERS would be willing just now, before he has as yet paid off the Germans, to plunge his country in war for the idea of reinstating the Pope in his temporal sovereignty? That would obviously depend on his continuance, as the case may be, in the opinion that such piety is the best policy; or his adoption, also possible, of the thought that honesty is. He has reason for coming round to the proverbial view. It were too illogical, he may perceive, for Republican Frenchmen who have chosen their own Government, to reimpose a despotism on their neighbour twice. Perhaps it would be more prudent, in his eyes, to secure the friendship of Italy, than to attempt, and perhaps not succeed in, undoing the accomplished fact of Italian Unity.

If, however, the prosperity of Ultramontane intrigues should crown the COUNT DE CHAMBORD, could the faithful of that denomination repose any trust in the likelihood that HENRI CINQ will start a Crusade for the purpose of putting the Holy Humpty-Dumpty together again? Perhaps KING HENRY would think twice, and once more, like MR. GLADSTONE in another case supposed, before engaging all the King's horses, and all the King's men (who would be wanted) in such an enterprise. And might not the legitimate Eldest Son of the Church perchance remember that the Holy Father

SAD FACT OF SOBRIETY.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Morning Post*, under the name of "SOBERSIDES," expresses his hope that "SIR W. LAWSON, SIR R. ANSTRUTHER, &c., took the opportunity of seeing" that the statement of a certain clique that their fellow-countrymen are drunken "was inapplicable to the dense masses in the streets of London on Tuesday night." It is not to be expected that ocular evidence of the sobriety of the multitude, even upon an occasion of festivity, would have the slightest effect on the minds or intentions of "SIR W. LAWSON, SIR R. ANSTRUTHER, &c.," tho " &c." including the REV. DAWSON BURNS and the rest of the agitators for a Prohibitory Permissive Democratic Despotio Liquor Law. The " &c.," as the Teetotal Gentlemen of the Platform may be called after the Chinese manner of denoting all foreigners by the letter "I," do not clamour for the closure of public-houses simply or even principally in order to the prevention of the drunkenness which they allege to prevail amongst the people. It is not so much to abate drunkenness that they want as to forbid drinking, that is to say, the use of drinks which they have renounced themselves. No doubt, in fact, both the " &c." and their leaders would, instead of being at all gratified, on the contrary, have been very much disgusted at a remarkable indication of the decrease of drunkenness presented to them by the conduct of the crowd in the London streets, rejoicing, but spontaneously sober. Proof of sobriety growing voluntarily amongst the people deprives the " &c." with LAWSON and DAWSON, and ANSTRUTHER to boot, at their head, of all excuse for demanding a statute to make it compulsory.

Shocking Fellows.

OFFENDERS diverse, on pretences
Equally false, commit offences;
Some rogues in office malversation;
All hymnists malversification.

WHISPER THIS.

THE American Government persists. Hm! We know the American advice tendered to the Tiebhorne Jury. Our Yankee friends are smart. Can it—can it be that they mean to "square the Arbitrators."

not only did not ever excommunicate, or even signify that he so much as dreamt of excommunicating, usurpers of that title, but did not hesitate to bless them over and over again, and bid them prosper. One indifferent turn his Most Christian Majesty would perhaps deem sufficiently well requited by another. The heir of St. Louis, moreover, may possibly consider that the interests of the Papacy altogether would be best left to be promoted by other wonders than those which were for a season worked in its cause by Imperial Chas sepôts.

CHANGING OUR MIND.

WE saw this in the *Times* the other day, and had intended to remark upon it, that the advertiser's friends might do well to take affectionate care of him:—

"CONSCIENCE MONEY.—THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER acknowledges the receipt of £3, in £1 Scotch bank-notes, for Income-tax, from MR. CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS."

But, on second thoughts, MR. CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS was the inventor of America. On the whole, just now, we think that he ought to be in a penitent state of mind, and if the above be evidence that he is, we are inclined to believe well of him.

An Eye to Business.

SHIRTMAKERS, haberdashers, hosiers, and others interested in the retail linen trade, felt great satisfaction at the public announcement that Tuesday, the 27th of February, was to be a "Collar Day," and looked forward to a large demand for an indispensable article of clothing. Our aristocracy, at all events, seem not to have disappointed their expectations, for the *Echo*, in its account of the scene in St. Paul's, expressly mentioned that "LORD RIFON and LORD HALIFAX" were "conspicuous with their white collars," which, no doubt, had been purchased for the occasion.



UNAPPRECIATED LOYALTY.

SCENE—The Town Residence of Captain Gruimmel of the Mercantile Marine.

First Bystander. "HULLO, BILL! HERE'S A GAME! WHAT DO YOU CALL THIS?"

Second Ditto. "O, THIS IS SOME FLAG-MAKER, YOU MAY DEPEND. THEY'VE BEEN AND SHUT HIS SHOP UP BY ACT O' PARLIAMENT, AND HE'S A BLOWIN' THE MOTH OUT OF HIS STOCK"!!

[Now the Captain had refused a Trinity House ticket to view the Procession, that he might stop at home and "Dress Ship" for the occasion, and overhearing this misrepresentation, as he stood at his garden-gate, was considerably riled.]

All the World in the Park.

WE live and learn. Even those who are best acquainted with London must realise how little they know of its vastness, and especially of the immense area of its principal park, when they read that "another of the four quarters of the globe which surround the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park has been placed in position." Their feeling will be one of amazed incredulity, until they go on and find that "the subject is 'Asia,' and the Sculptor, MR. FOLEY, R.A."

ODE ON A MENTAL PROSPECT OF THE NEW LAW COURTS.

YE Courts of Law, about to rise
On site of former slums,
A vision bright before mine eyes
Of future glory comes,
The glory of due justice, done
As now it is to every one,
But done in more commodious halls;
Justice that perfect is, and cheap,
Doth at a snail's pace never creep;
Ne'er for revision calls.

Time was, long since, when any thief,
Who wished by Law to prig,
Could, by supplying with a brief
A partner in a wig;
A quack, exposed to public scorn,
Legal assistance could suborn,
And so his scoundrel's action bring:
A mercenary quean, and base,
By trumped-up breach of promise case,
Cash from a fool could wring.

All that is changed; no venal tongue
Now pleads a caitiff's cause,
For plunder fee'd, by knave unhung,
To work the British laws.
No rogue can Counsel find, as mate,
To keep an heir from his estate,
Or help him to dislodge the rightful heir,
And plunge him into huge expense,
And mental misery immense,
As in the days that were.

Who will Contempt of Court commit,
So gross, as to deride
A Court which scarce a day can sit
Out ere a cause is tried?
No advocates there, day by day,
Protract the suit which yields them
pay,
With altercation's lengthy jaw;
Whilst both the parties' means do go,
Melted, in sunshine as is snow,
Among the Men of Law.

Such wrongs once were; have passed
away,
As all men will allow
To whom the papers news purvey
Each morn; ne'er happen now.
New Courts of Law, you'll not behold
Poor barristers who shall have sold
Their tongues to work the same intent
As that which plies another Bar
Whereby strong chests wrenched open
are:
The Burglar's instrument.

Beneath one roof united, yon
Palace of Justice hight,
Piled in masonic order due,
Will set forth Legal Right;
Law which exists but to enforce
Right at least charge, by briefest
course;
Law fairest, simplest, that the mind
And wit of man did e'er devise:
The admiration of the wise,
And envy of mankind.

Hard Words.

MRS. MALAPROP read a paragraph about shaving by aid of Euxesis. Wishing to intimate to a clergyman who wore a beard, her opinion that he would look better without it, she told him that she should recommend him an Exegesis. Best of it is, he didn't know the word.

SONG BY A SOUTHERNER.

(To PRESIDENT GRANT.)

DOWN upon JOHN BULL, ULYSSES!
Bring the Britishers to book!
Statesmanlike of you, now, this is.
They'll repent the line they took
When, in hostile camps divided,
We were fighting; we and you;
And with neither part they sided,
But stood neutral 'twixt the two.

They'll repent not having taken
Counsel tendered for their good,
And, with constancy unshaken,
'Gainst some pressure having stood.
They might have, instead of letting
Alabama slip, of course,
In a fix by that means getting,
Taken quite another course:

Might, as then in no condition
Two to one were you to meet,
Us have granted recognition,
And have backed it with their fleet,
Of our ports to make swift clearance,
In event of war, at hand—
They'll repent non-interference,
Which has cost them your demand.

But two hundred millions under
Put your claims, or you'll have made,
Pressing that surcharge, a blunder;
Yes, Sir, for you'll nought get paid.
England will to fight count cheaper
Than to pay all that for peace;
Moderation will be deeper,
With a view JOHN BULL to fleece.

Soul and Shoe.

AN "eminent Spiritualist" writes that the means by which tables are caused to make noises are what he calls "Psychics." Is this a misprint for "Sly kicks"? If so, the Eminent and *Mr. Punch* are agreed.

CLERKS OF THE WORKS.—Watchmakers' Assistants.

SATISFACTORY.

"DINING AT LADY LABURNUM'S TO-MORROW?" "YAAH."

"SO AM I." "SO GLAD!"

"SO GLAD YOU'RE GLAD!!" "SO GLAD YOU'RE GLAD I'M GLAD!!!"

ANCIENT ROMAN REVIVALS.

IN a letter signed "SELLERIM," the *Morning Post* publishes an account of a *trapèze* performance at the Alhambra Theatre exhibited by two girls, respectively sixteen and twelve years old. The entertainment afforded by these children to an intelligent British Public essentially consists in risking their lives. The "apparatus" which they employ to afford our Kind this pleasure is "nearly twice as high and dangerous as that used by LEOTARD." One of their feats, indeed, according to "SELLERIM," is "technically and expressively termed 'a leap for life.'" The mere perusal of its description is enough to turn any moderately nervous person, who is in the least degree imaginative, delightfully giddy.

Among the series of splendid Peep-shows at the Crystal Palace illustrative of Pompeii, is a representation of the sort of sport shown by gladiators on the arena of an ancient Roman amphitheatre. Why should not British managers be at liberty to revive this sort of spectacle for the amusement of the humane and enlightened persons who rush to witness *trapèze* performances? Only because we have no "Dacia men," or other captives or slaves, whose lives are of no consequence, so that they can be killed without being murdered in the eye of the law. If gladiatorial combats were only legal, like *trapèze* feats, they would be not at all less elevating morally and intellectually than those other dangerous and possibly, if not necessarily fatal displays. On the contrary, perhaps the sight of savages slaying one another would, in comparison with that of innocent children incurring the peril of death, be considerably the more gratifying to the benevolent spectator. Moreover, *trapèze* performers, in case of tumbling, may possibly fall on the people below, and even children of twelve years old falling all the way from the gallery to the pit would drop down upon them with a weight quite great enough to hurt those good people's heads. No inconvenience of this sort could be caused by falling gladiators. The legislature might be petitioned to give the LORD CHAMBERLAIN the power of licensing such real tragedies as those which used to be

enacted in the Colosseum. Advertised by the appellation of Sanquinary Scenes in the Circle, no doubt they would draw crowds of those sightseers who delight in scenes as like them as is possible in the present state of civilisation. The revived scenes of slaughter would exceed the original if enriched with the superaddition of a comic element in the person of a Fool in the Ring, whose drolleries should, of course, be entirely of that practical kind which alone in their simplicity would be appreciable by beholders as richly endowed with thought and imagination as our *trapèze* performance-goers.

As we conclude these profound remarks, we observe that a poor boy, of fourteen, has just been killed by a fall from a *trapèze* at the Alhambra Music Hall (but this is an imitation Alhambra), at Nottingham. Certainly we do not cancel the above paragraph.

A COUPLET FOR A KING.

HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF SIAM, now on a visit at Bombay, has been showing himself a highly civilised monarch there. He was, according to the *Bombay Gazette*, received by the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF at the station; but there is reason to doubt that he announced himself to that gallant officer in an extemporaneous couplet of macaronic verse, saying:—

"Ego sum, I am,
THE KING OF SIAM."

For, indeed, nobody has stated that he did any such thing. Somebody, however, may have been reminded of one of GAR'S Fables, in which a bookseller invites a wiser elephant to become literary.

"Learned Sir, if you'd employ your pen
Against the senseless sons of men,
Or write the history of Siam,
No man is better pay than I am."

The animal had not the elegant manners displayed by literary men, especially when they receive such invitations from publishers.

"Then, wrinkling with a sneer his trunk,
'Friend,' quoth the elephant, 'you're drunk.'"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, March 4.—What an odd world it is! Or stop, let us be classical. HORACE is always welcome to the English gentlemen.

Quisfit, MÆCENAS, ut nemo, quam sibi sortem, Sea ratio dederit, seu fors objecerit, illa Contentus vivat: laudet diversa sequentes?

MR. THEODORE MARTIN, you are always happy to oblige a lady, we are sure. There may be one lady who desires an interpretation. Sing: "Tell me, MÆCENAS, if you can, How comes it that no mortal man Is with his lot in life content, Whether he owes it to the bent Of his free choice, or fortune's whim, And why is there such charm for him In the pursuit his neighbour plies?"

These Lords, who might do nothing but walk about the Squares with golden coronets on their brows, patronising the plebeians, are already clamouring for work. They envy the Commons, and demand Bills. LORD GRANVILLE promised them something, perhaps a Cattle Bill, as if the Nobles were those "whose talk is of bullocks."

As numbers of the Peers came up to that Lord, and congratulated him on the birth, that morning, of a son and heir, *Mr. Punch* may surely add his gratulatory compliment. There is no lady in the Peerage, or out of it, who has two prettier names than LADY GRANVILLE. "CASTALIA ROSALIND" makes perfect music. By the way, the Earl gave a large dinner-party the same evening. The aristocracy, it is true, do not shout and sing after dinner, like cads, but still—

In the Commons, MR. PENDER took his seat for Wick. Do you know that this gentleman hath a town-house that must be dear to every lover of English literature? 'Tis the house in which HORACE WALPOLE spent the earlier part of his life, before SIR ROBERT moved to the other house in Arlington Street, over the way.

The French Government are obligingly deporting to England batches of Communists. Twenty were sent from Dieppe. We believe that at least half of them are no worse than other people, and that a great many are much to be pitied, but the remitting them here is not a friendly act.

COLONEL TOMLINE got on his silver coinage again, and MR. LOWE explained that Government was not bound to keep a certain quantity going about. When there is a demand, the Mint coins. What is the reason that the Mint has not struck a graceful Thanksgiving Medal, to be procured at various prices? A collection of French medals is a history. Do we never do anything worth commemorating?

We went into Committee on DRUID CARDWELL'S Army Scheme. MR. HOLMS, of Hackney (hard words for most of his constituents), moved to reduce the Army by 20,000 men. There was a debate on this, and *Mr. Punch* observed with satisfaction that SIR HENRY HOARE (hard words for most of his constituents) rebuked those who would, unpatriotically, weaken our land force. He begged MR. CARDWELL not to listen to Rodomontade—that is the way to spell the word, which is derived from the name of the great old hero whose deeds were, however, not so great as fools said they were. *Here*, the aitch is to be dropped out.

MR. GÖSCHEN said that Government and its workmen were on the best terms with one another, and that it would be a good thing if Members and others did not come meddling between them. We rather incline to hold with him.

Tuesday.—LORD LANSLOWNE said that the Public Offices in Downing Street would be ready in 1874, and in the mean time he should not pull down the houses in front of them. Very well, but will he mind having the road thereabouts occasionally cleaned? It was complained of to Parliament by CHARLES THE SECOND, who said that his bride had to come to him through the mud there, and we are not sure that it has been swept since.

In the Commons MR. DIXON led on his League to battle against the Education Act. MR. FORSTER met him full front, and defied him, and carried a resolution to the effect that the Act has not yet had fair play, and ought not to be meddled with. The Conservatives stood by the Cabinet, and the meddlers, who are inspired by a vehement and doubtless conscientious hate of Church influences, and who prefer hindering education to letting the Church educate, were twice defeated, by 355 to 94, and by 323 to 98. *Observe*.—MR. FORSTER is accumulating golden opinions from all sorts of men, and one day he will stand on the

auorous heap, and then you'll see how high he'll be, if he only minds his business and reads his *Punch*.

Wednesday.—This was a great day at Westminster, if not in the House. On Monday, the jury in the Tichborne case had said that they did not want any more evidence, meaning that they were convinced that the Claimant was an Impostor. To-day, the sponge was thrown up, and, a few hours later, Claimant CASTRO, or ORTON, or whatever he is, was safe in the care of MR. JONAS, the excellent Governor of Newgate. The CHIEF JUSTICE declared his opinion that CASTRO had been guilty of wilful and corrupt perjury. So that those who warned the Australian butcher that at the end of the trial it must be "Tichborne or Portland," warned him wisely.

Mr. Punch joyfully records the collapse of an audacious attempt at robbery, supported by one of the most cruel and dastardly slanders ever devised by rogues in council. He also rejoices in the thought that the folks who lent money in aid of the scheme have lost it all.

MR. CHARLEY carried the Second Reading of a Bill for the protection of "Infants" whom it is not sought to rob, but to kill, from the practices of Baby-Farmers. The penalties imposed are "rough and ready;" and yet MR. WINTERBOTHAM, for Government, did not admire the measure. If that be its worst fault, we earnestly hope that it will pass.

MR. MUNTZ carried the Second Reading of another good measure, one for preventing the Adulteration of Food. It is to increase the penalties for this kind of rascality, but LORD E. CECIL thought it not stringent enough. Perhaps Government, this time, did not admire it on that account. Your Minister is a wonderful being.

Thursday.—Well said, LORD MALMESBURY. We have not had the frequent happiness of applauding your Lordship, and therefore have the more pleasure in assuring you of our present respect and esteem. You complain that the traffic in London is incessantly impeded by coal-waggons. Yes, and by all sorts of other abominable Juggernaut cars, which ought not to be allowed in the streets during the hours of business. But the Railway element is too strong in the House of Commons to let us hope for redress. Yet those who pretend to study the wishes and comfort of the people should note the frantic joy of the population when a Van comes to grief, and the pleasure with which we all receive the news that a Van-Demon is sent to jail. Life and limb are in danger every minute of the day from the vans and waggons. A League of Country Members, who are not afraid of certain influences, might come to our aid.

MR. GLADSTONE said the Government held themselves bound to pay the costs incurred by GOVERNOR EYRE. It will be remembered that he had to defend himself against fanatic prosecutions. To MR. M'ARTHUR, who absurdly brought up the case of GORDON, a coloured Baptist preacher, hanged for his share in the Jamaica riots, MR. GLADSTONE quietly replied, that there was no analogy between the cases, and that no compensation was due to GORDON'S representatives.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL informed MR. EYKYN that the perjured CASTRO would certainly be prosecuted by the Crown, and that it was under consideration whether certain other persons should not receive the same attention. We fear that they have accepted notice to "bolt."

Scotch Education occupied the rest of the evening. MR. AUBERON HERBERT has been taken to task for saying that Parliament should decide questions without reference to the temporary opinion of the constituencies, yet MR. ORR EWING, one of the gravest and most sensible men in the House, said just the same thing later—"we were to vote on our convictions of what was right, irrespective of the feeling out of doors." Are we Legislators or Delegates? The Scotch Bill was carried by an enormous majority—238 to six!

Friday.—The Cape Colony gives more trouble to the Colonial Office than all the other colonies put together, complained Ministers, in answer to some pertinent inquiries by LORD SALISBURY. Hm! There is a story in SYDNEY SMITH'S memoirs about a pugnacious person who related that a dog had rushed out and bitten him. SYDNEY said that he should like to hear the dog's account of the matter.

In the Commons we heard that PRINCE ALAMAYHEW, son of THEODORE of Abyssinia, was to be carefully educated, as a private young gentleman, in England. He is too young and delicate for a rough public school. He

might have been re-christened *RASSELAS*, in honour of the literature of his adopted country.

Debate on question whether a Welsh County Court Judge ought to be able to understand Welsh. Members for Wales were very courteous, if urgent, in their representations that he ought; and Mr. BRUCE, who is "half a Welshman," promised that, in future, attention should be paid to their desire. Justice should be blind, but not virtually deaf.

We are tired of the Ewelmo Rectory business. It came on again, and Mr. GLADSTONE defended himself with a great deal of ability, but Mr. HENLEY summed up the proceeding in what he stated to be the way the "country folks" described it. "It ain't right, and we wouldn't have expected it from Mr. GLADSTONE."

The Parks Bill made much progress, in spite of Mr. VERNON HARCOURT and the mob meetings, at which persons in mock canonicals chant profane parodies on the Litany, by way of proving that the assemblies are desirable.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

MR. BARLOW, and MASTERS TOMMY MERTON and HARRY SANDFORD, visit the HAYMARKET THEATRE.



"I am indeed glad," said TOMMY, "to have been a spectator of this marvellous exhibition of enthusiastic loyalty. I had thought that Queens and Princes never did anything but wear crowns on their heads, and eat sweetmeats all day. I see that I was wrong. As for the LORD MAYOR and the Sheriffs, I protest I am so delighted with their grandeur and beauty, that I could spend the whole day in observing them."

"It was indeed fortunate," observed Mr. BARLOW, "that the weather was so uncommonly fine. But were we denizens of a more northern region, we should be compelled to dwell in a climate where, during winter, darkness reigns for several months."

Tommy. Pray, Sir, stop. What! are there countries where it is night continually for several months together?

Harry. Indeed, TOMMY, Mr. BARLOW is right.

Tommy. Why, then, Sir, I protest such a country should be filled with theatres. For my part, I would not care how long the night was, so that I could be continually diverted with some entertaining spectacle. Truly, Sir, in such a climate as you have been describing, a run of one night for any theatrical exhibition would indicate a great success.

Mr. BARLOW now produced three tickets for the Haymarket Theatre, and proposed that, should his young friends not be overcome with fatigue, they should forthwith set out for that place of amusement.

"Dear heart!" said TOMMY, "what a number of plays we shall have seen before our holidays are ended! And, indeed, I begin to be of opinion that it is impossible for a person of elegance to live anywhere except in London."

HARRY smiled at this, and Mr. BARLOW observed, that if he felt tired he could go to bed at once.

"O pray, Sir," said TOMMY, "do let us visit the theatre to-night! I think I could now attend a theatrical entertainment for ever without being tired."

After listening to some excellent melodies with which the honest

TOMMY and HARRY were much diverted with the ceremonies of the festive Tuesday, which they witnessed partly from a convenient situation in Fleet Street, and partly from a prominent position near the Marble Arch, whither they repaired in all haste after cheering the QUEEN at St. Paul's. On this occasion TOMMY was not a little gratified with the high respect with which he found himself treated, as well by the admiring populace, as by the honest soldiery, and the chiefs of the intelligent police.

musicians seated in the orchestra for that purpose had regaled them, they now turned all their attention towards the stage, having been informed by their beloved tutor that they were now about to witness a mythological comedy entitled *Pygmalion and Galatea*.

Harry. As I am alive, here is Mr. BUCKSTONE. Now, MASTER TOMMY, we shall indeed be vastly diverted.

During the progress of the play the young people showed by their attentive demeanour how pleased they were with everything they saw and heard.

"There is," continued Mr. BARLOW, "a certain freshness in the treatment of this story, and an easiness in the versification, which entitle the honest author to a larger share of commendation than I am, in most cases, able to bestow."

Harry. This is intended for a Greek piece.

Mr. Barlow. Without doubt.

Harry. Is, then, Sir, *Leucippe* a correct name for a Greek soldier?

Mr. Barlow. You may remember, HARRY, that, at the Queen's Theatre, when "*Apocides*" was pronounced "*Appy-cides*," I told you, perhaps there existed some authority for these quantities with which we were unacquainted. And in this case I do not doubt but that the honest writer and the sturdy comedian to whom this part has been intrusted, had each sufficient warrant, both for the appellation and the costume which closely resembles that of the illustrious JULIUS CÆSAR. But where all is so good, there are small matters; and my dear TOMMY and HARRY, I would warn you, as strongly against excessive and indiscriminate praise on the one hand, as against such useless hypercriticism which, in examining, with one eye, certain faulty details through a microscope, shuts the other to the better part of the picture. And, indeed, for my part, I would as soon blame the entire work for this oversight as charge upon the worthy author the selection of the Euston Road Statuary which adorns Pygmalion's studio, or the Egyptian costume of the lady who plays the Greek wife, *Cynisea*. I trust, my dear TOMMY and HARRY, that you will be ever able to distinguish sound from sense, and to discriminate between what is merely verse, and what is really poetry. I do not think that I have, for some space, witnessed any theatrical representation where, as in this case, the merits so far outweigh its demerits, that one can pronounce a verdict of almost unqualified commendation upon the whole performance.

Tommy. I protest, Sir, for my part, that, being unable to form any clear opinion of my own, I shall repeat, in company, all that you, Sir, have just said with so much discretion.

Mr. Barlow. Whether, then, MASTER TOMMY, do you consider it more honest to use your own faculties, or those of others?

TOMMY was much abashed at this rebuke, and owned that he had hitherto preferred to come to an agreement with those who might be discussing any matter, than, by expressing a contrary opinion, to incur a diminution of friendship.

Mr. Barlow. Then would you sacrifice honesty to personal ease? Is it not more noble to assert one's own views with sufficient modesty?

Harry. Your remarks, Sir, call to my mind the story of *Leonidas and the Conceited Pedlar*, which, as TOMMY has not yet heard it, I will now proceed to relate. You must know, then, MASTER TOMMY—

At this moment, the curtain rising upon the afterpiece, precluded further conversation.

On quitting the Theatre, Mr. BARLOW sent his card to the Manager, and on which he had written, that "he wished him continually increasing prosperity, and that if Mr. BUCKSTONE would like to hear the story of *Pizarro and the Virtuous Shrimp*, he would attend him forthwith in the *Kuffy* next door."

No message, however, being returned, Mr. BARLOW, after waiting for two hours on the steps of the *Café*, buttoned up his coat, and followed his young friends to their lodgings in the Strand.

A GOOD DAY'S WORK.

"The Paris Correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* telegraphs that an English deputation waited on M. THIERS yesterday morning, with a view to obtaining the abolition of passports, improved international travelling, and the support of the French Government for improved harbours and the proposed tunnel under the Channel. M. THIERS received the deputation most graciously, and went over the whole ground."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

ALL the wonderful things now-a-days are done by the old men. What middle-aged man, what young man, would have had strength, to go "over the whole ground," like M. THIERS? The friends and admirers of the President of the French Republic must be delighted to know that he is so hale and hearty. For a man of his years to accomplish such a long and fatiguing journey, shows a vigour of Constitution which we are not accustomed to find in France.



SUNDAY MANNERS IN HUMBLE LIFE.

Sam Coster. "ERE! 'AVE TWOPENN'ORTH O' DONKEY RIDE, MARIA?"

Maria (his Missis). "THANK YER, SAM! BUT I'D RATHER TAKE IT IN LIQUOR, IF IT'S ALL THE SAME TO YOU!"

AN OMNIBUS TAX.

THE simple abolition of Schedule D alone of all the Income-tax Schedules would, as the *Times* demonstrates, be unjust; but, if a suggestion made by the *Times* were adopted, Schedule D would probably be abolished very soon. Undoubtedly—

"Nothing can be more unjust than that an artisan who receives weekly wages to the amount of £250 a year should escape taxation, while a clerk who receives £200 a year in quarterly stipends should pay 6d. in the pound Income-tax."

As this partiality of taxation is perfectly unjust, of course nothing can be more so. But there might be other inequalities equally unjust. If an artisan earning £250 a year in weekly wages were forced to pay sixpence in the pound Income-tax, it would be quite as unjust that a crossing-sweeper who earns a shilling a day should be charged nothing at all. Were the Income-tax distributed over all incomes whatsoever, large and small, without exception, the injustice of its incidence would be greatly diminished. But that would be even more unpopular than taxing the People's tea and sugar. The masses would much rather have a morning's meal subject to insensible taxation than a Free Breakfast Table procured by an Income-tax shared by themselves.

Mortal Immortals.

OUR notions of mortals and immortals, which, we admit, are merely those of everyday commonplace sort of people, are thrown into strange confusion when we read that "M. DUVERGIER DE HAURANNE was officially received into the French Academy yesterday," and that "the new immortal delivered the customary panegyric of his predecessor." The only apparent solution of the puzzle wrapped up in these words is to suppose that the general instability of things in France has affected even its immortals.

THE WAGGAWOCK.

FIRSTLY, behold the Cartoon opposite! As QUARLES asks,

"Is not this type well cut, with Zeuxian art;
Filled with rich cunning?"

Of course it is. "That goes without to say," as the French elegantly put it. But there is something which *Mr. Punch* means to say.

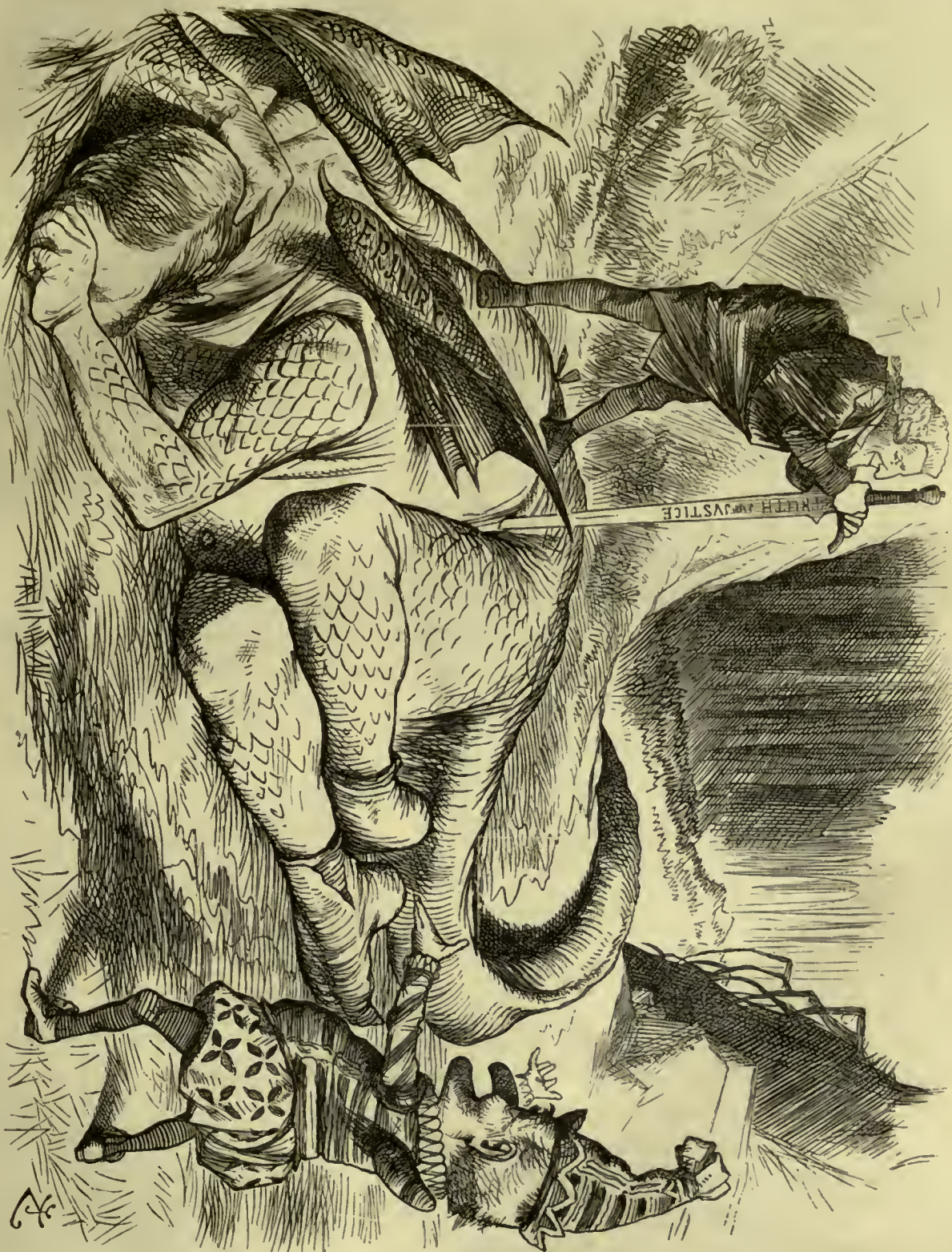
He makes his best acknowledgments to LEWIS CARROLL, author of the delightful fairy lore extant, for the idea of a Mysterious Monster. Everybody worth thinking about has read the sequel to *Alice in Wonderland*, the new book called *Through the Looking-Glass*. Everybody can recite the marvellous poem therein, entitled "Jabberwocky." It is a household hymn among the cultivated classes, and its new and Chattertonian words are the delight of society. *Mr. Punch* very nearly cried out to the PRINCE OF WALES, on meeting H.R.H. again, "Come to my arms, my Beamish Boy!"

But poets are also prophets, *vide* MR. CARLYLE, *passim*. The Author of "Jabberwocky," when long ago revolving that grand idea, in his scholarly seclusion, was preparing a type, the full merit and value of which now bursts upon the world, at a touch from *Mr. Punch's* magic wand. The Jabberwock meant the Waggawock, over whose merited overthrow all honest persons are rejoicing. The poem sets forth the story of the slaying of the Australian Monster.

Listen to a dream, and to the interpretation thereof:—

Jabberwocky.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe,
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.



“THE MONSTER SLAIN.”

“AND HAST THOU SLAIN THE *WAGGA-WOCK*?
COME TO MY ARMS, MY BEAMISH BOY!”

[Vide “The Jabberwock,” in *Through the Looking-Glass*.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jub-jub bird, and ehun
The frumious Bandersnatch."

He took his vorpal sword in hand,
Long time the manxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the Tum Tum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgy wood,
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my Beamish Boy,
O frabjous day! Cullooh! Cullay!"
He chortled in his joy.

Merely interpolating the note that the word "wabe" is explained by the Poet to mean "a grassplot round a sun-dial," but that it also means a Court of Justice, being derived from the Saxon *waube*, a wig-shop, Mr. Punch proceeds to dress the prophetic ode in plain English:—

Waggaworky.

'Twas Maytime, and the lawyer coves
Did gibe and jabber in the wabe,
All menaced were the Tichborne groves,
And their true lord, the Babe.

"Beware the Waggawock, my son,
The eyelid twitch, the knees' incline,
Beware the Baigent network, spun
For gallant Ballantine."

He took his ton-weight brief in hand,
Long time the hidden clue he sought,
Then rested he by the Hawkins tree,
And sat awhile in thought.

And as in toughish thought he rocks,
The Waggawock, sans ruth or shame,
Came lumbering to the witness box,
And perjured out his Claim.

"Untrue! untrue!" Then, through and through
The weary weeks he worked the rack;
But March had youth, ere with the Truth
He dealt the final whack.

"And hast thou slain the Waggawock?
Come to my arms, my Beamish Boy!
O Coleridge, J.! Hoorah! hooray!"
Punch chortled in his joy.

CAN A LADY KEEP A SECRET?

THIS startling scrap of news we recently have stumbled on, copied from our trustworthy contemporary the *Graphic*:—

"A lady has found the principle which differentiates the finite from the infinite. She asks the Academy of Sciences a million sterling for the secret."

It has been said that a lady cannot keep a secret. But this, perhaps, depends on whether or no the secret is considered worth its keep. A secret that is valued at a million sterling is certainly worth keeping, if there be any likelihood of getting such a sum for it. At the same time we should hesitate, if the seller were a lady, to buy it at that price, and should rely on human nature with a pretty strong persuasion that the secret, after all, being in a lady's keeping, would not very long be kept.

Misleading Title.

To prevent a natural mistake, it may be as well to explain that the "Pacific Islanders' Protection Bill," now before Parliament, is not a measure to guard us poor peaceable English against Foreign Invaders, Americans, Irish, &c.

UTILISATION OF VICE.



REPEAL of the decree of 1836, which made gambling illegal in France, is advocated by not a few thinking Frenchmen. The necessity of raising the wind to pay off the German indemnity has opened their eyes. Why tax all manner of commodities, and even talk of imposing an Income-tax on honest people, when by licensing gaming-houses, you might tax gamblers, and these, chiefly, foreign. M. HENRI DE LA PÈNE computes that "the six German watering-places where roulette and trente-et-quarante reign realise sixty million francs a-year." His arguments for a revision of the anti-gambling laws deserve our own consideration. Among us these laws have not suppressed gambling, but only confined it to certain forms. Instead of dice there are stocks and shares, and the horsey betting-ring for all persons disposed to gamble. Why should they not be as well allowed to play at roulette, trente-et-quarante, and blind-hookey? If they were, then they could choose their several games, and there would be all the less gambling on the Turf and the Stock Exchange. There would be fewer speculative fits, and panics. No doubt gambling is a bad thing; but the way to deal with a bad thing which you cannot prevent is to make the best of it. By legalising and licensing all manner of gambling-houses, inclusive of betting offices, and imposing a tax on wagers, which would make them recoverable, you could raise much revenue. Those who supplied payment to it would not feel it, the loser would be untouched by an impost on his loss, the winner insensible of a duty on his mere luck. A gambler at present is simply a good-for-nothing fellow; if his gains were taxable and yielded tribute, he would be good for something. Gambling is a vice: granted. Suppose that all gambling were permitted, from lotteries to pitch-and-toss, under a duty; in so far, the expenses of the country would be paid by the vicious. The virtuous would go scot-free. Put down vice in preference to taxing it if you can. But if you can't, you can't; and wouldn't it be comparatively jolly for Virtue if Vice had to bear the national burdens?

A MYSTIC NUMBER.

It is much to be wished that every cell in Newgate were empty, but, next to vacant cells, arrangements for their future vacancy are the most satisfactory. The following brief extract from a contemporary is calculated to afford some satisfaction:—

"THE CAT-O'-NINE-TAILS.—Nine felons convicted of robbery with violence are at present in Newgate awaiting punishment by the lash."

Nine felons together, with the Cat-o'-Nine-Tails in store for them, form, considered in their mutual relation, an arithmetical coincidence. Nine times nine are the square of nine, and when the nine felons are multiplied by the nine tails, their accounts will be squared.



COMPLAISANT.

Artist (after trying for half-an-hour to get the Expression he wanted). "No, no, it won't do, SMITHERS! THE POSITION IS CONSTRAINED. YOU DON'T STAND EASY ENOUGH: I WANT YOU TO LOOK DRUNK, YOU KNOW."

Model (and he'd done his best, too). "WELL, IT IS DIFFICULT TO, 'MAKE BELIEVE,' SIR,—BUT—IF YOU SHOULD 'APPEN TO 'AVE 'ALF A BOTTLE O' SPERITS IN YOUR CUPBOARD, WE COULD MANAGE IT IN NO TIME, SIR—I SHOULD BE MOST 'APPY!!"

"FROM BETWEEN TWO STOOLS."

Up, in the cloud-lands of High Church,
Down, in the mud-flats of Low,
Hark to *your* Chapel and *my* Church,
At it, with word and with blow!
Minister girding at Rector,
Rector on Minister down,—
A white-tied Achilles and Hector,
With National School for Troy-town.

Through a longer than ten-year-long leaguer
That fortress the Church-Hector held,
And with orthodox lance, keen and eager,
The Chapel-Achilles repelled.
But Achilles found allies and backers,
Who seemed, for the time, of his mind;
Olympus was with the attackers,
And the scale against Hector inclined.

Awile, those who'd backed up Achilles
Rejoiced to see Hector give ground:
"When he thrust from Pergamus Hill is,
Free way to 't," they thought, "will be found.
Then, at last, thirsty souls may have entry,
To draw of those fountains so clear,
With no jealous clerical sentry,
To tax and toll all that come near."

But scarce is the Church-Hector driven
From the gate he so struggled to hold,
Than Achilles, who so long has striven
To oust the Church Champion bold,

Himself to his foe's place advances,
And takes his foe's weapons to wield:
As sharp-pointed rancour his lance is,
As sev'n-fold intol'rance his shield.

And stubborn, in front of the gate, there,
Where for entrance the thirsty ones pray,
He proclaims "If I please, you shall wait there;
None shall pass, but by *my* will and way.
If Churchman once crowed o'er Dissenter,
Now 'tis turn of Dissenter to rule;
Not an urchin a free-school shall enter,
Unless 'tis a school of *my* school.

"If Hector once drove you like sheep on
The pathways to *one* Church that run,
Not less *my* road now you shall keep on—
The pathway that leadeth to *none*.
On these points there *must* be one mind, Sirs:
'The point is, 'whose mind shall it be?'
Once you settled with *him*, but you'll find, Sirs,
Henceforth you've to settle with *me*.

"My least finger, soon I will teach you,
More heavy than *his* loins doth weigh;
If the teeth of his whips once could reach you,
I have scorpions ready to flay.
You have yearned from Church-yoke to be free, Sirs,
On your necks that lay heavy as lead;
Now I'll give you a trial to see, Sirs,
How you like Chapel-yoke, in its stead."

So Chapel, loud echoing Church-cry,—
Bass and treble, but both to one air;

While the small unwashed, left in the lurch, cry,
And BRITANNIA is driven to swear—
"I'm sick of your Low and High Churches,
'Twixt their two stools let down, like a fool:
'Plague o' both of your houses!' The birch is
More wanted in them, than in School!

"A truce to sectarian war-cries,
By MIALl or DENISON pealed,
Their slogan while Ignorance e'er cries,
And points to her plague-spots unhealed.
For I feel, 'Quicquid reges delirant,
Plectuntur Achivi,' nor smile,
That 'tis Chapel, not Church, would play tyrant
O'er young England, school-less the while."

A FINE FOR A BEATING.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* says that:—

"In a case which came before the Magistrate at Wandsworth, a greengrocer at Putney, named GROVES, was fined £3 for assaulting his wife; in default he was to go to prison for a month. He asked his wife to pay the money, which she did."

So the wife was fined for the beating which her husband had given her. What a pity, one may think, it is that the punishment for beating a wife is not such as necessarily to fall solely on the wife-beater's shoulders. If the latter had simply to be flogged for his offence, the former would not be liable to be fined.



"SWEET GIRL GRADUATE."

Charles (reading, succinctly). "AND HE'S GONE TO QUOD."

Laura. "NOW, HE'LL KNOW WHAT A 'QUADRANGLE' MEANS."

WHO ARE THEY?

Who are the lucky people who can buy the guinea pears and twenty guinea pine-apples paraded in the fruit-shops?

Who are the still more lucky people who, without the cost of buying, get the privilege of eating them?

Who are the shabby people who nefariously bring their old umbrellas to their clubs, in the hope of profiting by casual exchanges?

Who are the curious people who buy the "curious old sherries" advertised at fifteen pence a bottle, or the "fine old crusted ports" at one and six?

Who are the clever people, who, now that it is over, have not all along predicted the failure of the Tichborne case?

Who are the credulous people that believe in *Zadkiel's Almanack*, or the tips of sporting prophets?

Who are the weak-minded people who buy the comic sheets which are hawked on penny steamers, and nowhere in the world else?

Who are the young ladies that pay their bets at races, when unluckily they lose them?

Who are the young gentlemen that never call their father "governor," even to their closest chum?

Who are the social people that would not much prefer a steak and pint of wholesome beer to the banquet *à la Russe* which is served by a cheap pastrycook, washed down with the champagne which has been bottled at the grocer's?

Who are the foolish people so credulous as to fancy that war will be the upshot of the Alabama business?

Who are the vicious people that pay organ-fiends and German band-its to molest their quiet neighbours?

Who are the weak people that put their faith in quacks, and so encourage the outpouring of their advertisements?

Who are the wondrous people who buy the wondrous garments one sees ticketed by cheap tailors as "the Style!" "the Latest Fashion!" "the Ticket!" or "the Cheese!"?

Who are the virtuous young ladies that never lose their dance card, in order to throw over a bad for a good waltzer?

Who are the virtuous young gentlemen that can give up football in order to escort their sisters for a duty-walk?

Who are the odd people who in their hearts prefer the costly, tasteless, long white-stalked asparagus to the cheap and toothsome green-stalked, which, alas! is not deemed fashionable?

Finally—Who are the wicked people who read *Punch* at the shop-windows to save the cost of buying it?

THE HOOGLY AND THE ITCHEN.

THERE is a river at Calcutta and a river at Winchester; it is called the Hooghly at Calcutta, and there are salmon in one, namely the Itchen, which is the Winchester river, and from whose source was derived the ancient and noble name (De Itchenbourne, TICHBORNE) pretended to by the Wagga-waggawack. *Vide Cartoon.* But the salmon are only to be found in the mouth of the Itchen at Woodmill, and they sell in the immediate neighbourhood for as much as two and sixpence per pound.

Nevertheless, we hope that LORD NORTHBROOK on Saturday last relished the Itchen salmon which we dare say he partook of at the dinner given to his Lordship at St. John's House, Winchester, on the strength of his appointment to the Viceroyalty of India. If he did not happen to taste Itchen salmon, he surely tasted Itchen trout, among all the delicacies of the season deservedly provided to celebrate the self-sacrifice of a nobleman who goes out to govern Indians, when he might stay at home and enjoy himself. In giving LORD NORTHBROOK a dinner upon a Lord Mayor's scale, a just appreciation of merit has been displayed by ROBERT FORDER, Esq., Mayor of Winchester, duly mindful of the dignity of a City once not inferior to that of London.

TAKE CARE OF THE HALFPENCE.

"HOUSE OF COMMONS.—At question time, MR. BAXTER, in reply to MR. GREENE, stated that it was intended for the future not to sell less than one dozen of halfpenny postage cards, for which an extra charge of one halfpenny would be made, and that a saving would in consequence be effected of £13,000 a-year."

Most of us are content, if we can turn an honest penny, but Government thrift outstrips private carefulness, and will be satisfied with nothing less than turning an honest halfpenny.

Cricketing News.

THE TICHBORNE ELEVEN AGAINST THE AUSTRALIAN SQUAD.—This long-protracted match has been decided, all the Squad being bowled out. Curiously, their champion player has been trying (vainly) to find his bail.



MORE POSITIVISM.

Confidential Housekeeper. ("That young Person" having called about the Under-Housemaid's Situation.) "BUT SHE SAYS, M'M, SHE HAVEN'T A CHARACTER FROM HER LAST PLACE—"

Mistress. "AND EXPECTS ME TO TAKE HER WITHOUT A WRITTEN CHARACTER? GOOD GRACIOUS, MRS. ROBERTS, HAS THE WOMAN HER INTELLECTS?"

Housekeeper. "WELL, MUM, SHE HAVE SOMETHING TIED UP IN A BUNDLE."!!

THE PRESENT AND THE PILLORY.

OUR bluff old English ancestors,
To rogues they so unkind were!
O dear, how such as TITUS OATES
The cart's tail whipped behind were!
A rogue, who naughty stories swore,
Not only did they beat
Sometimes once, sometimes twice or more,
Until his back was hurt all o'er,
To teach him not to cheat.
Sing, formerly, O formerly,
Rogue made to stand in Pillory!

Besides, to an impostor they
Did other things than those, too,
They cropped his ears and bored his tongue,
And slit up his poor nose, too.
Likewise they burnt him in the hand,
And on his face, or brow,
They stamped him with a red-hot brand.
A scoundrel, then, they would not stand,
As we, mild friends, do now.
Sing, formerly, O formerly,
Rogue made to stand in Pillory!

The perjured knave, who purse had none
To forfeit for false sning,
In person they adjudged to pay
The damage of his doing;
And, since they could not make him good
For any other thing,

A scarecrow to his tribe he stood,
Whilst at his visage, framed in wood,
The People had their fling.
Sing, formerly, O formerly,
Rogue made to stand in Pillory!

NEARLY THE LAST OF THE CLAIMANT.

WILL SHAKESPEARE'S lines on the Tichborne Case:—

"What!
An Advocate for an Impostor?"
Tempest, Act I., sc. 2.

MR. CLAIMANT to MR. BAIGENT,

"You make my bonds still greater."
Measure for Measure, Act V., sc. i.

On Another Occasion:—

"If it should come to the ear of the court how I have been transformed."

Merry Wives of Windsor, Act IV., sc. 5.

His Evidence:—

"I had been drowned You may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking."

Merry Wives, Act III., sc. 5.

To the ATTORNEY-GENERAL—

"Thou art clerklly, Sir John"
Idem, Act IV., sc. 5.

On One very Important Point:—

"And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady will suddenly break forth."

As You Like It, Act I., sc. 2.



EARLY BRITISH FRENCH FROM THE NURSERY.

Ethel. "JE SUIS FASHAY DE VOUS DONNER TANT DE TROUBLE, PLANTAGENET!"
Plantagenet. "O! NE LE MENTIONNEZ PAS!!"

MARK LEMON.

LAST Year, a Memorial, stating the circumstances in which the family of the late MR. MARK LEMON had been left by his unexpected death, and presenting the claims which it was thought that his Widow had upon the consideration of Her Majesty's Government, was laid before the PREMIER.

The signatures to that document it would afford us justifiable pride to reproduce here, but, in the absence of express authority for so doing, we merely mention that they comprise the names of a group of Noblemen and Gentlemen of the highest distinction in politics, art, poetry, and literature. With these names were associated those of fellow-workers with MARK LEMON.

The document was promptly and courteously acknowledged on the part of MR. GLADSTONE, who made some special inquiries on the subject. These were duly answered.

HER MAJESTY has been graciously pleased to approve the grant of an annual pension of £100 to MRS. MARK LEMON, who was last week, by MR. GLADSTONE's direction, apprised of the fact.

It appears proper that the kind act should be recorded in the columns of the journal which was conducted for so many years by MR. MARK LEMON, and which was the chief occupation and pride of his life. On the part of those among the Memorialists who are connected with that journal, and of all others who are engaged in its production, most humble and respectful thanks are tendered to HER MAJESTY for her gracious approval of the grant, and their warmest acknowledgments are made to MR. GLADSTONE for his compliance with the solicitation in favour of the family of their

REASONS FOR GOING TO THE BOAT-RACE.

BECAUSE it is right to encourage all athletic exercises which tend to produce manly vigour and calm self-control.

Because it is right to take part in a scene in which all classes of society can meet and mingle on common ground.

Because we wish to make ourselves better acquainted with the beauties of our glorious River Thames.

Because we are anxious to see whether the manners and habits of the lower orders are undergoing any improvement.

Because we are desirous to form some estimate, from personal observation, of the number of people present.

Because the village of Putney is dear to us, as having been the birthplace of the author of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

Because we wish to compare the present style of rowing with what it was when we were at *No Souls*.

Because we take pleasure in watching the gradual progress of spring vegetation in the country.

Because we have a relation from the country staying with us who has never seen the Boat-Race.

Because it gives us the opportunity of meeting so many old college friends.

Because the girls want to go.

Because we want a holiday.

ATHANASIUS AND WILLIAMS.

A DAILY paper announces that the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY has directed the convocation of his province to meet on the 23rd of April, in order that the Lower House may discuss the subject of the Athanasian Creed. The 23rd is late. Would not the 1st of April have been much more eligible? *Nemo saltat sobrius*. Neither does any rational creature, except upon All Fools' Day, attempt seriously to discuss the Athanasian Creed until a very late stage of conversation after dinner. One thinks that the excellent ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY could have found his Clergy something better to do than discussing the divinity of St. Athanasius on the birthday of the divine WILLIAMS.

NATIONAL SECURITY.

WHAT of Army Reorganisation?
 Nothing certain there is but taxation.

lamented friend. To the other signatories, whose influential names were most readily and cordially given, we would express our deep sense of the value of their assistance, and our certainty that the announcement of the grant must have given them the utmost satisfaction.

THE JURY-BOX OF THE FUTURE.

A TERRIBLE trial, according to a Note in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, awaits "twelve gentlemen of the county of Gloucester, whose names are, happily for the peace of mind of those concerned, at present unknown." It is a trial which will try the triers:—

"Much sympathy has been expressed for the Tichborne jury, but their labours were as nothing when compared with the prospective duties of a jury that will be required to grasp the details involved in a statement and counter-statement of a grandfather, a father, a son, and a widow, with the particulars of a bankruptcy, of three or four Chancery suits, an appeal to the Lords Justices, and an appeal to the House of Lords to follow."

Who is sufficient for these things but a compound of a practised accountant and profound lawyer? How could any other jury than one composed of such compounds be empanelled, or, anyhow, sworn? Can any man be compelled to swear that he will "well and truly try" to do that which he knows himself incapable of even attempting? If juries are to discharge duties such as those above instanced, a new qualification will be necessary to render gentlemen eligible for jurors. They will have to be required to pass an examination, and then, unless by passing it they secure large salaries, what shall we do? The candidates for liability to serve on juries will be involuntary, and all plucked.

OUR "CIVIL LIST" (AND MAY IT SOON BE ABOLISHED!)—Persons on whom we must call.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



AST MONDAY, March 11.—Debate in the Commons on DRUID CARDWELL'S Army Scheme. MR. HOLMS'S proposal to weaken our forces by taking away twenty thousand soldiers, was again discussed. LORD ELCHO described the Militia as ghastly-looking creatures, with feeble frames and seedy uniforms. MR. JACOB BRIGHT called the Government "spend-thrift." MR. VERNON HARCOURT was quite certain that we should never be invaded, and he knows everything. The Druid declared that neither the House nor the people would ever agree to Compulsory Service. MR. HENLEY was emphatic against a peace establishment that cost fifteen millions *per annum*. The Government then triumphed over MR. HOLMS by

234 to 63. MR. MUNTZ then made a proposal, which reminded *Mr. Punch* of the gentleman who tried to sing "*If I had a Thousand a Year*," and, breaking down, was advised to try again at Five hundred. He asked that only Ten Thousand men should be taken away. "And that," said the House, in *Mr. Pecksniff's* words about the loan of eighteen pence to *Mr. Tigg*, "would be equally objectionable." Vote, 216 to 67, and Retreat of the Ten Thousand cutter-down. The Commons were resolute to-night, and when MR. LEA wished to take out of the Estimates £15,000 for Army Agents, he was beaten by two to one—87 to 43, and

"The Druid heard—crowed, lowly, o'er the Lea."

Tuesday.—THE DUKE OF SOMERSET described our tremendous fortifications at Alderney as awfully expensive, and utterly useless. He asked for a Committee on the subject. LORD COWPER, quoting his own motto, replied, "*Trum est*." His Lordship is a Gold Shell, if you know what that means, and if you don't you should ask. It means a distinction in the corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms.

Complaint in the Commons that it is difficult to get Scotch business attended to, and we need hardly add that an Irish Member instantly urged a similar wrong to Oireland. MR. GLADSTONE admitted the difficulties, but laid them at the door of the evil of too much legislation. With some humour he begged to put in a word on behalf of another country which had not been mentioned, namely, England. SIR WALTER tells, in his diary, a story of a Scotch minister, who prayed for his parishes, the Greater and Lesser Cumbrays, "two miserable islets off the Scotch coast," and added petition that Providence "would not forget the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland." MR. GLADSTONE said he should not be shocked at the idea of any considerable changes in the machinery of the House. There was more discussion, but at last the torch was handed to MR. MACFIE. We have no idea how this gentleman's name is pronounced, but the moral was [the same either way. Members either sang, individually,

"Stop and listen to MR. MACFIE!
No, not I, no, not I;"

or collectively,

"Stop and listen to MR. MACFEE,
No, not we; no, not we."

And then there was a Count Out, at 8:15.

Wednesday.—MR. MACLAGAN, whose name is PETER, and he is a wonderful man, for he was born in Demerara, and he knows all about Hypothec, which is rarer still, moved the Second Reading of an excellent Bill. It is the result of the deliberations of a Committee on the best means of preventing Fires. MR. MACLAGAN spoke capably, and gave us heaps of information. It is proposed that the Coroners shall conduct inquiries in cases of fire. The number of houses fired for the sake of the insurance-money is remarkable, and thieves do a good deal in the same way in order to conceal thefts. Malice, also, is an active incendiary. The Bill was read a Second Time, but—

Mr. Punch was shocked to hear a Member—he will not name him—say that smokers caused many fires, and also that they, as a class,

were very unmindful of the comfort of others. These allegations are unfounded, at least in the case of those who smoke good tobacco,

"Divine tobacco, that from East to West
Cheers the tar'a labour and the Turkman's rest."

as LORD BYRON observes. We, of course, agree with COWPER, that if the baccy is bad, 'tis a

"Pernicious weed, whose scent the fair annoys."

But the wretch who sells and the slave who smokes bad tobacco should be executed on the same gibbet. The pure fine article (also noun) that sends up a gracious incense, makes the smoker a better and a kinder man, and induces him to listen tolerantly even to the cackle of the unwise, or, if it be unlistenable to, aids him to noble thoughts in other themes. *Fumus gloria Mundi*, and of every other day in the week.

Nothing but the gentling whiffs which he is taking at present writing could restrain *Mr. Punch* from now breaking out into language of the most frightful violence. Though such utterance would be perfectly just, he abstains from it. Yet he would like to denounce those by whose criminal negligence (or worse) in the matter of the Albert and European Life Assurance Companies thousands of excellent and thrifty persons have been robbed of all provision for their families, or have themselves been brought to wretchedness and ruin. A Bill for an inquiry into these things was read a Second Time, but unhappily it makes no provision for Pillory and Scourge. When the guilt, however, shall be apportioned, it shall be *Mr. Punch's* fierce pleasure to supply both.

MR. SALT promoted a Bill for enabling a Bishop to license clergymen to perform service in other buildings than churches. This proposal is described as a blow at the Parochial System, and MR. BERESFORD HOPE was very amusing about filibustering parsons coming into an incumbent's parish, and preaching sermons for the conversion of Patagonian Washer-women. The ground-work of the Bill, said MR. HARDY, is opposition to the regular minister, and he predicted innumerable local schisms. MR. HENLEY, on the other hand, thought that the interests of the people ought to be studied, as well as those of the clergy. MR. BRUCE but half approved of the Bill, but the Second Reading was carried by 122 to 93.

Thursday.—In a debate in the Lords on the Ecclesiastical Courts Bill LORD SALISBURY remarked that in a country speaking the same language as our own (wall, Siree, we reckon not quite right away the same) the experiment of Cheap Judges had been tried, and they had been found not to answer. There is no doubt that a good many of the "simple Archons" are great rascals, and it is certain that money can buy some highly placed American judges. But *Mr. Punch* believes that a good deal of very excellent justice is done over the water, at a comparatively low figure. Still, he does not want to see cheap law and free-and-easy judges here. He goes in for Majesty and Dignity, knowing "our flesh and blood."

In the Commons a lot of questions were asked, but they were mostly of the sort to which belonged the question the little boy did not put. "Why didn't you ask, my dear, how your Aunt JANE'S headache was?" "Because I didn't want to know." COLONEL HOGG stated that he could do nothing to Leicester Square without an Act of Parliament. Then, Colonel, why in the name of all that is—inflammable (said *Mr. Pickwick*) don't you get an Act of Parliament, and turn that dismal, squalid waste into a charming nook which the French call a *place*?

We then had discussion on the Ballot Bill, in Committee, and the details of the arrangements for elections were very assiduously discussed, and it was pleasing to see how thoroughly well up to all kinds of dodges our admirable representatives showed themselves. Doubtless, unlike the Jupiter of SHELLEY, they are those who have "suffered, not done, wrong." The Commons were resolute against letting election expenses be paid out of the public money, and the plan was rejected by 362 to 54. Speaking of the working-man, who, it was alleged, was kept out of the House by the present system, MR. DISRAELI said:—

"Let a working-man be a man who, by his character and his talents, deserved the regard of his countrymen, and he would as certainly be returned as any gentleman of great social influence and large estate. Therefore this proposed change, founded on the case of the working-man, was one of those gimsy pretexts which vanished in the heat of Parliamentary discussion."

Friday.—What advantages the children of the poor have over those of the children of the rich! While the latter go out to crowded and unhealthy parties, or are taken to hot theatres to see dull plays, the former are invited to Night Schools, where they receive, in properly-ventilated buildings, pleasant and improving instruction. That they are glad to accept the invitation is proved by LORD RIBON'S statement this evening that in 1870 the number presenting themselves for examination was 83,512.

The Lords talked of Steam Coal, and the DUKE OF SOMERSET stated that when he was in office the Northern coal-owners came to him and urged the use of their coal instead of Welsh, which is far

the best, and "he told them that they ought to be ashamed of themselves." We have no doubt that His Grace did, and in the plainest and most wholesome language.

In the Commons it was asked whether Statutory Declarations could be placed under certain restrictions. Everybody has been indignant with a fellow called ALEXANDER CHAFFERS, an attorney, who made a declaration charging a lady with immorality, and who, being brought before a Magistrate, defended himself by asking the poor lady a long string of most offensive and indecent questions. SIR JOHN COLERIDGE, however, said that the Declaration system was very useful, and must not be altered because it had been abused by one "Seoundrel." The gentlemen of the Parliament vigorously applauded the epithet thus affixed to CHAFFERS.

MR. DONSON proposed a revolutionary and excellent plan for getting rid of the private business of the House, and we then had the first great personal row of the Session. It arose out of an implication that by reason of MR. BAXTER being in the Government, a fine inflicted on a firm with which his relatives are connected, in reference to a contract for Navy Duck (not birds) had been remitted. It was shown that the fine had been paid, and so the whole implied imputation fell to the ground, and was trampled out. Which was well, and it would have been better had the mare's nest never been discovered.

Touching the Washington Treaty, the PREMIER stated that the formal dispatches having arrived, the question was to be considered in Cabinet Council next day. It was hoped that the result would be a Minute embodying in diplomatic language the idea set forth by Mr. Punch's Cartoon in his present admirable number.

REAL FRIENDS TO GOVERNMENT.



THAT MR. OGER will not be created a County Court Judge is probable for another reason than because he is not qualified for the appointment. If MR. OGER were promoted from his stall to a seat considerably higher than that which he occupies therein, a seat of judgment concerning matters proportionately above an instrument which he is accustomed to make special use of, he would cease to render the Cabinet of our PREMIER the service which he has begun really doing it. Another demonstration against the Parks Bill was held on Sunday last week, in Hyde Park, under MR. OGER's presidency, when MR. OGER made a speech, wherein,

according to report, he said, denouncing the above-named proposal of legislation:—

"The Bill was at once unconstitutional and contemptible, and its introduction was a disgrace to a Government calling itself Liberal. (Cheers.) . . The fact was that the Government felt that they were tottering to their fall—(cries of 'The sooner they do so the better!')—and they hoped to get a longer term of power by pandering to the Conservative party. (Cheers.) He denounced MESSRS. STANFELD, FORSTER, and AYNTON, as a trio of renegade Radicals, who had betrayed the working classes, by whose means they had climbed into power. (Cheers.) The whole conduct of the Government to the working classes showed that working men must now form a party of their own, and preserve their own interests regardless of what party are in power. (Cheers.) They must form a labour party, and throw overboard once and for all the sham Radicals and sham Liberal Government by whom they had been so infamously betrayed."

The unqualified abuse which MR. OGER, cheered by his followers, now heaps on the politicians whom he and they were only the other day extolling to the skies, can fail to strengthen the present Government very much only through some doubt which may possibly be entertained whether the Parks Bill will, in practice, really effect the abatement of those nuisances, Sunday intimidation meetings, in Hyde Park. If the QUEEN's loyal subjects are only assured of that, the language above-quoted, as from the mouth of MR. OGER, will very much tend to renew, or to increase, their confidence in Her Majesty's Ministers; who are further indebted to MR. OGER and his rabblement for a very particular demonstration to their advantage. After some other speakers had followed MR. OGER,

a resolution was proposed and carried authorising the Chairman of the meeting "publicly to burn the Bill in its presence." And so—

"The Chairman then fixed the printed copy of the Bill to the end of a stick, and setting it alight, held it aloft until it was consumed, amid loud cheering and waving of hats."

From burning the Parks Bill in substance, MR. OGER and the Gentlemen of the Pavement and Reformers' Tree will next perhaps proceed to burning the People's WILLIAM in effigy—Bill after Bill, as some of them perhaps may say. Thereby they will do about the best thing they can to prolong MR. GLADSTONE's lease of power.

In the meanwhile let us hope that the Ministerial Parks Bill will prove to have been really worth MR. OGER's burning.

FIENDS OF THE FIRESIDE.

THE London Correspondent of a provincial journal mentions that

"What is called spiritualism is exciting more and more attention in London. But I think that the belief in the spiritual nature of the manifestations is decreasing in proportion as the belief in the reality of the manifestations themselves increases."

Yes, Sir, your Sadducees refer them to "unconscious cerebration," and "muscular action," as if cerebration, conscious or unconscious, could play a tune on an accordion, even through the action of muscles not connected with fingers touching keys. But if the Sadducees are out in one way as to these phenomena, the Spiritualists are abroad in another. In GLANVILLE's story of the *Demon of Tedworth*, you know, amongst the "manifestations" which occurred in MR. MOMPESON's house we are told that "in sight of the Company the chairs walked about of themselves," just as they do now, at Spiritualist séances. Could this have been the work of cerebration or muscular action, voluntary or involuntary—apart from trick and from mediums such as the medium of an invisible wire. At the same time, I doubt if tricks of this kind are played by the spirits of our defunct relations. They seem to me to have another origin, which is clearly elucidated by mythology and etymology, hand in hand. Your KEIGHTLEY, speaking of the *Lares*, says that they were regarded as the souls of deceased ancestors, but adds, that "The statues of the *Lares* were usually placed at the hearth." You recollect MILTON's account of the "drudging goblin," how, after having done his cream-bowl's worth of farm-work—

"That ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength."

Thus both Classical and later antiquity combine in asserting the existence of demons or goblins whose haunt was especially the domestic hearth. It is natural, assuming the supernatural, to suppose that they would be disposed, on occasion, to actuate the fire-irons, and, from making the shovel, poker, and tongs, dance and spin, go on to cause chairs and tables to toddle and walk about the room. Now consider the relation of the hearth to the hob, and, consequently, that of the hob to the goblins; there you get at once to the good old English word "hobgoblin," which is a noun-substantive, the name of a thing which exists, mark you that! Sir, I beg, then, to contend that the "manifestations" of spiritualism are really the pranks of peculiar spirits out of the body if not in it. If out, then I say spirits are hobgoblins; if in, why then, Mr. Punch, spirits of another denomination. In short, Sir, I believe that the spirits of Spiritualism are either Hobgoblins or Humbugs. Among those of the latter order you will not class yours truly, WIERUS, Junior.

P.S. In MR. HOME's presence Something is accustomed to play *Home, Sweet Home*. Some think it is Old Nick. I should rather say it is Old Joe. (Subaudi MILLER.)

BETTING BOOK-WORMS.

DISCOURSING of the imminent University Boat Race, the "Special Correspondent" of a morning paper truly observes, that there are "tens of thousands who are willing to bet and speculate upon the chances of either crew, and gravely to descant upon their merits and shortcomings, without having ever set eyes on either boat, or being able to distinguish the one from the other if they did see them." He subsequently mentions that, on the first appearance of the Cambridge crew on the Thames, "No. 7—RANDOLPH—was eager and absent." One would like to know what any one of those betting-men, whose sole business is betting and who, alike prepared to bet on a boat's-crew or a race-horse, understand, and except for betting purposes care, nothing about either, made, if he read, in the foregoing connection, (and he may possibly have read a sporting notice), of the word *eager*. He probably took it for eager, without taking it for a misprint.



FLOWERS OF FASHION.

Lady. "AND WHY DID YOU LEAVE YOUR LAST SITUATION?"

Coachman. "WELL, MA'AM, ME AND HER LADYSHIP 'AD A DIFFERENCE ABOUT A BOKAY. WE WAS GOING TO A DRAWING-ROOM, AND HER LADYSHIP WANTED TO PUT ME OFF WITH A BOKAY MADE UP IN THE 'OUSEKEEPER'S ROOM! WELL, I COULDN'T STAND THAT, SO I WENT AND ORDERED A BOKAY AT COVENT GARDEN; AND, WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT, MA'AM, ME AND HER LADYSHIP 'AD A DIFFERENCE ABOUT THE PAYMENT? SO I GIVE WARNING!"

Giuseppe Mazzini.

BORN AT GENOA, 1806: DIED AT PISA, MARCH 10, 1872.

"LET no man be called happy ere his death."

So ran the wisdom of the antique world.
How shall we rate him who draws dying breath
On work unfinished, high hopes backward hurled?

Such the first thought of most a thought that give
To one whose course has closed on weary days,
Where Pisa scarcely can be said to live,
And sleepy-seeming Arno seaward strays.

But not more shallow they that laugh to scorn
The thought that this slow stream to flood could leap,
That they that wasted deem this life outworn—
Not reckoning what men sow but what they reap.

Enough, that no Italian can doom
A life as poorly lived, or lived in vain,
Than which none ever better earned a tomb
Within the Holy Field * by Pisa's fane.

The greater still *his* right to such a grave,
That Death of honour owes him large arrear,
To whom Life, taking much, so little gave
In payment from the land he held most dear,

* The Campo Santo, the ancient and famous burial-place of Pisa, filled with earth from Jerusalem, and decorated by the greatest painters and sculptors of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

But exile, poverty, and long farewell
To Genoa's blue sky and sunny sea
And sunny hearts, in northern cold to dwell,
Hated and hunted by the powers that be.

Slowly to gather strength but to be foiled;
To hurl young lives on desperate emprise,
Only to fail in fight, or, treason-coiled,
To waste in ling'ring count of prison sighs;

To keep the sparks of hope and faith alight
In failing hearts, and not let fail his own:
To read "ITALIA UNA" still writ bright,
Through mists of blood, and clouds of tempest blown;

To learn faith can turn false, and friendship cold;
To be called dreamer, Quixote, coward, fool:
Nay, lest such pillory-pelt friends' trust out-hold,
Branded as tyranny's decoy and tool;

And—bitterer than the bitterest of these griefs—
At length to see hope to fruition grown,
And echo, chief among the nation's chiefs,
Italy's shout o'er Austria overthrown;

And standing high-crown'd in the Capitol,
Chief triumvir of a regenerate Rome,
To mark the glow of the old conquering soul
Come back from long trance 'neath St. Peter's dome;

And having thus topp'd highest reach of hope,
Suddenly to be hurled down to despair;
To feel young right weak with old, wrong to cope,
See alien arms Italian overbear;



“YANKEE DOODLE.”

“YANKEE DOODLE CAME TO TOWN | ON A LITTLE PONY!”

Worse still—the bearers of those arms to see—
Still red with blood of Rome's Republic slain—
Hailed as the Saviours of Italy,
And crowned with honours Saviours scarce attain.

To see the Austrian yield each guarded hold,
And sadly, from across the salt sea-stream,
Watch Italy's rent robe, fold after fold,
Grow strangely to a garment without seam,

Yet raise no voice to bid the foe depart;
Yet lift no hand for the rent robe's repair:
With strangers' bitter bread to stay his heart;
Watch the work doing, nor be called to share;

Though feeling faith, soul, spirit still the same
As screened from quenching gust and choking air
The spark that now, grown to a lusty flame,
From Northern Alp to Southern Isle burns fair.

And when Italian ground once more he prest
With feet urged by home-sickness o'er the foam,
Italy had a gaoler for her guest,
Could find a prison for him—not a home!

Open at length his prison doors he found:
"Go forth; the score is cleared, even for *thee*."
VICTOR EMMANUEL in Rome sits crowned,
And so MAZZINI is forgiven—is free.

O mockery of human lots and lives!
Was this the stroke that stabbed him to the heart?
Nay, who can say what shocks such faith survives,
What strength such bitter tonics can impart?

None, e'en for this, saw wavering of his trust,
None, e'en for this, saw doubting of his way:
Stern only to himself, true, noble, just,
"God and the People!" still he made his stay.

To seal that pact, glorious, if less fulfilled
In their lives whom he trusted than his own,
His seed of faith, by fact's worst frost un-killed,
Though for no visible harvest, still was sown.

Was sown, and seeming, though but seeming, dead
Has quickened, and will quicken still, and swell,
Till, haply, when the fields laugh, harvest-red,
Men shall own *his* the seed that yields so well!

THE BOAT RACE.



I have this telegram from our Oxford Correspondent:—The special train conveying the Oxford crew to London en route for Putney has this moment (9.3 A.M.) glided out of the Station amid the cheers of the crowd, the good wishes of the University authorities, and the handkerchiefs of the ladies who thronged the platform from an early hour in the morning. The engine (the "Bulldog") was gaily decked with evergreens, flowers, and flags, and the driver, stoker, and guard all wore dark blue scarves, and cloth caps of the same distinguishing colour.

The "Bulldog" was driven by MICHAEL PROCTER, who has been in the employment of the Company for upwards of eleven years, and bears a high character for reticence, complaisance, and intelligence in the discharge of his professional duties. He had the honour of being introduced to the crew before the train started.

Our Paddington Station Correspondent writes:—The special train from Oxford has arrived in safety. The men showed no symptoms of fatigue after their journey, and expressed their determination to push on at once to Putney. They were attired in ordinary modern costume, and the majority of them wore light overcoats. Great excitement was manifested as the moment approached for their luggage to be removed from the van in the rear of the train, and it was observed, as a somewhat remarkable coincidence, that the labels which had been affixed to the portmanteaus, hatboxes, &c., at the Oxford Terminus were printed on dark blue paper. Three of the crew carried silk umbrellas of various colours, green predominating, four of them made use of walking-sticks or canes, and the rest of the party had cases slung over their shoulders, apparently containing powerful field-glasses.

By mounted express from Putney we learn that the Cambridge crew established themselves in their accustomed quarters at twelve minutes past two this afternoon. The National Standard was immediately hoisted on all the public buildings, the bells of the parish church rang a merry peal, and the fire brigade were under arms. The crew were met at the Station by the resident policemen, the relieving officer, the collector of rates and taxes, the postmaster, the reporters, the photographers, and other local magnates, and received quite an ovation. The sky was a lovely light blue. No addresses were presented, in deference to the well-known wishes of the crew, but the fife-and-drum band of the Sixty-sixth Surrey preceded them

to their quarters, playing the usual loyal and patriotic tunes. At the hotel they received a respectful but hearty welcome from the landlord, the landlady, and the whole of the staff attached to the establishment, with the one exception of Boots, who did not return in time from a confidential mission with which he had been entrusted to a dairy on Barnes Common. The crew inquired for their letters, and then retired to the privacy of their own rooms. It was noticed that they were all young men, and mostly wore valuable rings and breastpins. Later in the day they were weighed and stared at.

Monday.—Both the Oxford and Cambridge crews were called at an early hour this morning. They are understood to have passed a good night, and to have partaken of breakfast with considerable appetite. Afterwards they received a reporter for one of the leading daily papers, but the particulars of the interview did not transpire through the keyhole. Precisely as the village clock chimed the hour of eleven, the Oxonians went out for the first time in their new boat, which is three-quarters of an inch longer and proportionately narrower than the one in which they rowed the year before last. The smell of the fresh paint, which was still perceptible, and a little uncertainty about one of the rowlocks, created a momentary unsteadiness, too slight, however, to exercise even a transient influence on the betting, which, after various variations, remained in favour of Cambridge; but the odds were both given and taken freely, and an impression got abroad at the Soap Works, that if Oxford made marked and daily progress, and Cambridge remained stationary or at all lost ground, the Dark Blue might yet be triumphant.

Tuesday.—The water was rather lumpy, and the tide at the top of the slack, but the Cantabs, favoured by a breeze from the S.S.E., settled steadily to their work, and by the time they reached the Eyot were pulling 46 to 46½ strokes per minute. Their catch was thought superior to the Oxford swing, and the style in which they took the flood at the turn elicited general admiration from the crowd on the banks. The Oxonians shot Hammersmith Bridge, but we have not heard of any other accident.

Wednesday.—Both crews were photographed this morning, but recovered in time to go out for a paddle in their new jerseys. The Cambridge boat continue to lift their oars out of the water evenly and harmoniously, and there is a smoothness about their manipulation which augurs well for their final triumph, but we should like to see a little less raggedness in feathering, and a longer and steadier sweep when the men are all well together at the thwarts. They were accompanied by a coach in a steam gig. Some of the Light Blue's backers seemed rather out of heart and inclined to change colour at Craven Cottage, but they rallied at the Brewery.

Thursday.—There is increased buoyancy in the practice of the Oxonians, and at Crab Tree Reach this forenoon they were going in a way (and on a neap tide, too) which looked vastly like winning on the great day. Their pace quickened, and became still greater as they approached home about luncheon time. The betting has undergone various ups and downs, and in quarters where money is not a medicinal article, a disposition is evinced both to give and take florins instead of half-crowns, so that we may expect more significant fluctuations. Both crews are in good health and spirits, and their appetite is excellent. On the whole their hair is darker than it was last year: perhaps Oxford is a trifle the lightest.

Putney, Friday, 4 p.m. (By Telegram.)—A rumour is afloat, but we cannot trace it to any authentic source, nor is it current in the best aquatic circles, still we feel bound to give it, that shortly after three o'clock this afternoon, one of the crews, some say Oxford, others Cambridge, caught something which looked suspiciously like a crab.



THE RUN OF THE SEASON.

Heavy Old Groom. "COULDN'T HA' BEEN VERY FAST! WHY NOT?"

Priggish Light Weight. "WELL, DIDN'T YOU SAY AS YOU AND YOUR GOVERNOR WAS IN IT?"

A CASE OF COCKLESHELLS.

LET us hope that PRINCE BISMARCK is mistaken in his supposition that the Ultramontanes are conspiring against the unity of Germany as well as Italy. There is reason for confiding minds to trust that those pious persons are seeking to compass the political and religious objects which they meditate by means far other than the plots and intrigues whereof they are suspected by a cynical and worldly Statesman. On the evening of Monday last week (the vigil of S. Gregory) a party of travellers, bound for the Holy Land, set out from Paris. According to a statement in the *Patrie* :—

"Among the party are English, French, and Swedes, and also several families from Alsace and Lorraine, who are making a pilgrimage to Jerusalem in order to pray for the restoration of their country to France."

There can be no doubt that the devotees who pray for the restoration of Alsace and Lorraine to France are of a solidarity with those by whom prayers are likewise offered for the disintegration of Germany in order to the restoration of the POPE's temporal power. The latter object will, questionless, be prayed for by the pilgrims who pray for the former, and of course they will pray for both purposes when they have got to Jerusalem. All the difference between their prayers and those of their fellow-believers throughout the German Empire and Europe, will consist in locality; but though the efficacy of such petitions may not depend upon circumstances of latitude and longitude, BISMARCK has no right to complain of, if he has cause to dread them. Nevertheless, probably, he would be glad if all his Ultramontane adversaries, who pray against him, would go to Jerusalem, and he would be still better pleased if they went to Jericho.

As to the party of saintly Pilgrims bound, like DUNOIS the young and brave, for Palestine, but on a different errand, and having so much farther to travel than the "fifty long miles" before PETER PINDAR's "brace of sinners," bound for Loretto, the *Patrie* omits to mention whether or no they were supposed to have any peas in their boots, raw or boiled.

GOSPEL WITHOUT GUNPOWDER.

DOUBT has been expressed as to the veracity of the following telegram which appeared the other day in the *Times* :—

"Her Majesty's sloop *Rosario*, COMMANDER CHALLIS, has shelled and destroyed the native village on the island where BISHOP PATTERSON was murdered."

If the shelling and destruction of that native village is a fact, it was doubtless a measure which some insufferable outrage committed by the natives had compelled a British Officer to execute. Savages may be improved off the face of the earth or on it, but the latter improvement cannot be combined with the former to any purpose; and let us hope that the bombardment of those natives was not inflicted in aid of any missionary enterprise. Preachee may have its effect upon natives, and so may shellee, but the effect of the former is incompatible with that of the latter; try either preachee or shellee separately, but not preachee and shellee too.

Plea for Patent Medicines.

WITH reference to the proposed Utilisation of Vice by the licensing of Lotteries, Gambling-Houses, and Betting-Offices, it should be observed that the State does already to some extent license Folly, and Vice too, inasmuch as it licenses humbug. There is a duty on certain Patent Medicines. The contributories to it are the dupes who buy and the quacks who sell them. It yields much money, and *pecunia non olet*.

Reaction.

THAT amusing fellow, JOLLEY CHEDWORTH, like most men who have a great flow of spirits, admits that he has his "corresponding moments of depression," especially when there are arrears of letters to clear off.

A CAD'S WORD FOR THE CLAIMANT.

YER say the Claimant's lost his cause;
There warn't no verdict, you forget.
And, mind yer, by the British laws,
There's nothin' proved agin him yet.

Ah! whether he's the man, or no,
A plucky feller he must be,
In for a Barrerknicht to go
'Gainst all them aristocracy.

And this is what yer can't deny,
That arter havin' kissed the Book,
If he was swearin' to a lie,
In tellin' it he never shook.

One of the People, never mind
His birth, he would, if he 'd a' won.
Have took the pride down of his Kind
Which said he was the Butcher's son.

And then a lesson they'd ha' learned,
Which would have made 'em dreadful sad,
One of their own blood havin' turned
To what they calls a Rough and Cad.

But O, the Jury stopped the case!
Yah! Much that there agin him tells.
The fact wot stares yer in the face
Is that them Jurors all was swells.

Before a Jury of his Peers
He've now to go; to twelve plain men,
Oath agin oath, if his appears
The more reliabler, wot then?

The Judge was down upon 'im 'ard.
The 'Turney-Gen'ral's Guv'ment plan
Of persecution, I regard
A dead set made agin the man.

But, Englishmen, with feelins strong,
Won't see 'im crushed by power and spite
Because he spells his writin' wrong,
And don't pernounce his aitches right.



BREAKING THE ICE.

Sprightly Lady. "MR. DORMERS, WOULD YOU OBLIGE ME WITH——"
Bashful Curate (who had scarcely spoken to his fair Neighbour). "O, CERTAINLY.
WHAT SHALL I HAVE THE PLEASURE TO OFFER!——"
Lady. "——A REMARK!!"

DISTRRAINT UPON PETTICOATS.

THE *Brighton Daily News* has been informed "that the Church Association has, in the suit of 'HIBBERT v. PURCHAS,' acted on the writ of sequestration of the REV. J. PURCHAS's goods by employing four bailiffs to seize the rev. gentleman's property." By what follows this announcement, however, readers may be somewhat mystified:—

"The officers were, it is said, instructed to examine every wardrobe and chest of drawers in the house except those containing the property of the servants, as well as the drawers in the library. MR. PURCHAS's property is protected by deed of gift, but a special warrant has, it is said, been applied for to seize and sell the wearing apparel of MRS. PURCHAS and family and also the rev. gentleman's clothes. We are authorised to state that this rumour is unauthentic; that the above proceedings have been taken because a compromise submitted to the incumbent of St. James's had been rejected by that gentleman."

If the above proceedings have, indeed, been taken, to what extent is the rumour which describes them unauthentic? In case it is true that four bailiffs were employed by the Church Association to ransack MR. PURCHAS's wardrobe and drawers, and even to seize and sell the wearing apparel of MRS. PURCHAS and family, a reason quite creditable to that Society is assignable for that rigour. The bailiffs may be conceived to have been sent hunting for mock Roman Catholic sacerdotal vestments, the feathers in which PARSON JACKDAW is wont to prank himself in order to pass for Priest PEACOCK. This supposition is confirmed by the statement that those officers were directed to seize and sell not only the contents of MR. PURCHAS's own wardrobe, but also the wearing apparel of MRS. PURCHAS and family—presumably of daughters. The Church Association would naturally suspect that some of the reverend gentleman's ecclesiastical millinery might be concealed amongst the ladies' things.

THE REPUBLIC OUT OF DOORS.

A TREMENDOUS stoppage has unexpectedly occurred, not, however, in the commercial world, but only in the political. The Hole-in-the-Wall has been stopped—that is to say the public-house of that name in Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, the Patriots' House of Call, is closed against the Patriots. Its total closure was threatened by the tyrannical licensing justices of the Holborn division, but would have been really, in a measure, the Patriots' own fault. The Patriots were intemperate, not, indeed, in their consumption of "intoxicating liquors," but rather after the manner of total abstainers from drinks so called, who are wont to declaim against their use with a fury closely resembling the effects of their abuse. For:—

"The house was so well conducted in its general business by its landlady—a widow—that the police had no complaint against it of the usual character, but a few of the neighbours were induced to sign a memorial alleging that the noise made by the political meetings held in the house was a nuisance to the neighbourhood."

After a period of grace vouchsafed "in order to see whether the alleged nuisance was abated," their Worship, seeing it was not, refused to renew the licence of the Hole-in-the-Wall, which would then have been bunged up, yet so as to have no Bung. Now the place of Bung was supplied by a widow-landlady, and since her public-house was respectably conducted as such, it would have been hard that she should have to suffer for the annoyance created by the braying and bleating of the Patriots, some of whom made a Republic-house of it. But those noisy Republicans have had the grace not to lose the poor woman her livelihood. They have betaken themselves elsewhere. As somebody in SHAKESPEARE says, somewhere, about somebody else, (we can't be bothered to verify,) "we would do them what grace we can."



"BOOTS AND CHAMBERMAID."

Robin (the Morning after the Cricket Supper). "WHAT DOES THIS 'B' AND 'C' MEAN, DICK?"

Richard (with a Headache). "O, BRANDY AN' SODA, OF COURSE. RING 'EM BOTH, THERE'S A GOOD FELLOW!"

A PORTENT AT ROME.

A CONTEMPORARY'S Own Correspondent at Rome informs us that—

"The meeting of the Italian Biblical Society on Sunday evening at the Sala Argentina attracted a vast concourse of people, natives as well as foreigners, comprising ladies, especially English and American, as well as gentlemen."

The speakers at this assembly included Fathers HYACINTHE and GAVAZZI; and ADMIRAL FISHBOURNE occupied the chair. Why, here is Exeter Hall on the bank of the Tiber, and under the very nose of the POPE. And his Holiness apparently smells a sweet savour. FATHER HYACINTHE said that "he was encouraged to attend the meeting from the recent praiseworthy act of the Pontiff in permitting, almost with a benediction, the dispute which had taken place so short a time before on the subject of St. Peter ever having been in Rome. Is Pro Nono in the way of being converted to Protestantism, and will that be the consummation with which Infallibility is going to crown its edifice? Possibly. The logic of facts may prove inexorable even for a Pope; and the times we live in are strange enough for anything."

"ALLIANCE" PROGRESS.

THE agitators who constitute the United Kingdom Alliance appear to be possessed with the fixed idea that all the rest of the community besides themselves are habitual drunkards. Men old enough to remember the days when some persons did occasionally drink too much, know what to think of such people as those who keep on saying that their companions are drunk. An illustrated paper lately started bears a title which would have served admirably for the name of an organ representing that class of people—the *Zig-Zag*. That would signify the United Kingdom Allies' Progress in their course of agitation for a Liquor Law—straight as they can go.

THE AMERICAN ARGUMENT.

THERE is one question touching the *Alabama* Claims which, perhaps has never occurred to the Claimants, and that is whether they could have claimed more than they claim if the Government of this country had distinctly sanctioned the equipment of the *Alabama* as a Privateer. But certainly they have right to claim "consequential damages" if any at all. One wonders that numerous Yankees do not see that their demand of two hundred millions reduces their entire claim to an absurdity in point of argument, whilst it is numerically a *multiplicatio ad absurdum*.

Arrest in the Avon.

THE river named in the subjoined extract from the *Hampshire Independent* is only a Southern namesake of the mere celebrated one in a Midland County:—

"SALMON.—MR. SLOMAN captured a very fine salmon last week in the River Avon, weighing upwards of 26 lb."

We congratulate MR. SLOMAN on the act of sportsmanship above recorded, which reflects new credit on his name. There have been SLOMANS who may, with a slight lisp, be said to have had other fish to catch than thammonth.

"Tempus Fugit."—Fudge.

BANDERSNATCH says that he cannot endure the common cant about the Value of Time. Does Nature value it? Does she not ordain that one-third of every twenty-four hours shall be wasted in sleep? A man of sixty will at her command have wasted twenty whole years. Let us follow Nature, and be as idle as we choose, says BANDERSNATCH.



DUTY AND PLEASURE.

Rural Butler (deferentially). "AND WHAT DO YOU THINK OF OUR COUNTRY QUALITY DOWN HERE, SIR?"

Town Gentleman ("in waiting" to Lord Marybone, who was visiting the Squire). "WELL, 'F COURSE, YOU SEE, SMITHARS, I DON'T MIND WAITIN' ON 'EM,—BUT—'CAN'T SAY I SHOULD CARE TO SIT DOWN WITH 'EM.' !!!

QUESTIONS IN PARLIAMENT.

THE practice of asking private Members questions connected with the position they hold outside the House of Commons seeming to be well established, notice has been given that the following interrogations will be addressed to Members when the House re-assembles after the Easter recess:—

ALDERMAN SIR J. C. LAWRENCE will be asked as to the probable saving which might be effected, if the Corporation of London were to substitute at all their banquets (except that given on the ninth of November) mock turtle for real.

LORD ELCHO will be asked, what is the average cost of the uniform of the London Scottish, and whether any complaints have been made by recruits of the inconvenience they suffer in severe weather through the insufficient protection of their nether limbs.

COLONEL HOGG will be asked, whether there is any truth in the report that the Metropolitan Board of Works intend to give a dinner to the Vestrymen, at the Crystal Palace, on the Queen's Birthday, at the expense of the ratepayers.

MR. WALTER will be asked, what are the profits of the *Times*, and particularly how much is annually derived from the Births, Marriages, and Deaths, and who receives the proceeds.

MR. BASS will be asked, whether there is any secret ingredient or process in the brewing of bitter beer.

SIR T. CHAMBERS will be asked for an estimate of the number of deceased wives' sisters who intend to marry their deceased sisters' husbands, when the Bill of which he had charge shall have passed the House of Lords.

MR. CARDWELL will be asked, what are the rites and ceremonies observed at the initiation of a Druid.

MR. CHAPLIN, or MR. MERRY, will be asked to favour the House with some private information as to the respective merits of the leading horses engaged in this year's Derby.

MR. DISRAELI, as one of the Trustees of the British Museum, will be asked, whether it is intended to resume the practice of supplying refreshments to visitors to that great national institution.

SIR ARTHUR GUINNESS will be asked whether all the bottles labelled

"GUINNESS'S Stout" may be relied on as containing that beverage in a genuine, unadulterated, and wholesome condition.

MR. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN will be asked, whether he is writing another volume of charming Fairy Tales.

MR. NEWDEGATE, as one of the Trustees of Rugby School, will be asked, whether he is aware that an under housemaid, professing the Roman Catholic faith, has recently been engaged at one of the boarding-houses in connection with that Foundation.

MOTHER BRITANNIA'S NEW NURSERY SONG.

Ain—"London Bridge is broken down."

SEBASTOPOL was battered down—
Dance to the tune of £ s. d. !—
It cost a Czar his sceptre and crown,
And a half-million lives cost armies three.

Sebastopol was a threat, we were told—
Dance to the tune of £ s. d. !—
At Turkey flattered by Bear so bold;
And that JOHN BULL wouldn't stand—not he!

So with JOHNNY CRAPAUD an alliance he made—
Dance to the tune of £ s. d. !—
And—a fig for outlay or stoppage of trade—
JOHN, JOHNNY, and Bear went a-clawing, all three!

JOHN and JOHNNY so touzled the Bear—
Dance to the tune of £ s. d. !—
His poor old body was one big tear,
And out of his eyes he scarce could see.

Though, thanks to Old Bruin's teeth and claws—
Dance to the tune of £ s. d. !—
We were forced to own that his hug and his jaws
Too strong and too sharp to be pleasing could be.

But all is well that well doth end—
Dance to the tune of £ s. d. !—
And JOHN, for BONO JOHNNY his friend,
Sebastopol's forts blew into the sea.

And what if with them JOHN BULL flung in—
Dance to the tune of £ s. d. !—
A good many tons of his own hard tin,
And life that in cash ne'er reckoned can be?

And what if we learn by the latest mail—
Dance to the tune of £ s. d. !—
That the old Bear turns what should be his tail
To JOHN BULL's face, contemptuously—

And proclaims to all his intention plain,
Dance to the tune of £ s. d. !—
Of building Sebastopol up again,
With the forts JOHN BULL blew into the sea?

JOHN BULL may bluster, JOHN BULL may blush—
Dance to the tune of £ s. d. !—
But old Bruin for neither cares a rush,
For he knows JOHN's not in the fighting key.

And JOHNNY CRAPAUD is down on his luck—
Dance to the tune of £ s. d. !—
And in want of pence, if not of pluck,
So Bruin from fear on that side 'a free.

So JOHN must see his work undone
Dance to the tune of £ s. d. !—
And whistle, "O, where is my money gone?"
With the Russian forts flung into the sea!

And the Bear may laugh at the Lion's beard—
Dance to the tune of £ s. d. !—
And flout JOHN BULL, whom once he feared,
When life and money he risked more free.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, March 18.—Asked by LORD MALMESBURY when the American despatch would be produced, LORD GRANVILLE answered that he did not know. If there is one thing more than another that we admire in a man, it is always speaking the truth.

LORD COLVILLE, of Culross, one of whose supporters is a Rhinoceros—that has nothing to do with the present question, but any general information should always be acceptable to the candid mind—ventilated a grievance on the part of twenty young officers in the Guards. They had been gazetted as ensigns and lieutenants, but under the new arrangements would lose their rank. The DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE said that it was all right, and therefore we decline to go into the subject. But several Peers were very irate. It must be allowed that a parent who, like *Sir Balaam*,

“For his son a gay commission buys,”

may be allowed to feel wrathful if the young gentleman is afterwards placed in probation. But somebody must suffer when reforms are made; and this fact explains, to the credit of our common humanity, the general reluctance to reform anything.

LORD HALIFAX announced a fortnight's holidays, from the following Friday. Therefore the pensive Public will be good enough not to faint away on finding no Essence next week.

In the Commons the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, referring to the case of the “scoundrel” CHAFFERS, said that a Magistrate might use his own discretion in regard to taking Statutory Declarations. Beaks, please copy.

MR. GLADSTONE, interrogated as to the Indian grant to LADY MAYO, £1000 a-year for the Countess herself, and £20,000 for the family, a sum considered by many persons to be small, contended that it was really more than was given to LADY ELGIN. Without needlessly dwelling on a painful and delicate subject, we must say that we fail to see the exactness of the parallel.

The PREMIER had been asked on the Friday, by MR. DISRAELI, for information as to the American answer. He said to-night that it did not accept our views, and it demanded a rejoinder. This was handed to GENERAL SCHENCK on the following Thursday. MR. GLADSTONE has the happiest facility in turning English poetry into Latin, and at the conclusion of his reply was heard by *Mr. Punch* to be murmuring as follows:—

“*Ad urbem ivit Doodlius cum
Caballo et colone,
Ornavit phœnâ pteum,
Et dixit, ‘Macaroni.’*”

Which shows that though the day was Monday, MR. GLADSTONE had seen *Mr. Punch's* Cartoon, given to the Universe on Wednesday. The fact is—but that is nobody's business but the PREMIER's and *Mr. Punch's*. Vulgar curiosity is very childish.

An Admiralty Debate, in which MR. CORRY, MR. CHILDERS, and MR. GOSCHEN did all they knew. Nothing could be more satisfactory

than the defence of the way in which our Navy is managed; and, indeed, we heard the same day that the *Lord Clyde*, which had run aground, had got off with only her rudder and stern-post lost, and her machinery damaged. Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves.

“‘What are they feared on, fools, ‘od rot ‘em?’
Were the last words of HIGGINBOTTOM.”

The last words of MR. WINTERBOTHAM this evening were even more worthy to be recorded than those of the glorious Fireman in *Rejected Addresses*. The UNDER-SECRETARY moved the Second Reading of a Bill for securing to the workman that all his wages should be paid in money, and for abolishing the Truck system. An admirable measure, for the benefit of thousands, yet we hear no recognition of this act of real statesmanship.

Tuesday.—This was the night of the great DILKE row. SIR CHARLES DILKE was to move for an inquiry into the Civil List, and the House and Galleries were crammed, a scene being expected. For it had gone forth that the Republican Baronet was to be smitten by no meaner hand than that of the First Minister of the Queen whose private affairs it was proposed to inquire into. Before SIR CHARLES could begin, LORD BURY demanded of the SPEAKER whether a profession of Republicanism were consistent with an oath of allegiance. MR. BRAND did not consider it his business to decide that question.

Noises began, and some of them were disagreeable. But the Baronet was heard through his long speech fairly enough. He brought out a great many details, and on the whole sought to show that the Royal Income was not properly spent. Then did MR. GLADSTONE arise in his righteous indignation, and went smashing into the Chelsea baronet as if he had been Chelsea china—though, by the way, that is about the last thing that MR. GLADSTONE, who hath fine taste in such matters, would smash. He certainly did let SIR CHARLES “have it hot.” *Mr. Punch* does not compare SIR CHARLES to Thersites, but insists on remembering what Ulysses said to that party:—

“Curb that impetuous tongue, nor rashly vain,
And singly mad, asperse the Sovereign Iteign.”

Having demolished his man, our Ulysses sat down amid astounding cheers from the Opposition as well as from his own party. Then another Aristocrat followed in the wake of the Baronet. The Honourable AUBERON HERBERT announced his preference for a Republic. The row then set in fiercely, and *Mr. Punch* inclines to draw a veil over proceedings that did not greatly redound to the credit of the House of Commons. It is true that they were an index of public opinion in the matter, but Parliament is expected to be decorous, and not to allow cock-crowing as an argument. Even the Gallic Cock could not have behaved worse. The SPEAKER said that the scene gave him great pain. Counts were attempted, and then strangers and reporters were excluded for an hour, and then there was a division on an attempt at adjournment—negatively by 261 to 23. MR. FAWCETT opposed the motion in a spirited and sensible speech, and denounced the mixing up the question of Republicanism with “huckstering and haggling over the cost of the Queen's household.” Finally, there was division on the motion itself, and the voters for it, including Tellers, were three Aristocrats, namely, BARONETS DILKE and LAWSON, and MR. HERBERT, son of an Earl, and they had one friend, MR. ANDERSON, of Glasgow. Against these Four were, without Tellers, Two Hundred and Seventy-Six. The House roared with laughter, and soon went away. The Republican attack on the QUEEN was about as contemptible as that by the lad who presented the flintless and empty pistol the other day; but in the later case as in the former, the affair was one for the police, and Constable GLADSTONE, A 1, was quite equal to the occasion.

Wednesday.—Again questioned on the American topic, the PREMIER made an answer which was, even for him, a miracle of elaborate verbiage, yet his meaning was plain enough, and the case was one in which exceeding tact in diction was essential. But as LORD JOHN MANNERS failed to apprehend the orator's point, the PREMIER said,

“I think my words convey a perfectly distinct and irrevocable pledge that if there were any alteration in the spirit, aim, and direction of the policy of the Government, it would, in my opinion, be a primary matter of duty that we should take care not to allow Parliament to remain in the dark on the subject.”

The day was occupied with a debate on the Dublin University Tests Bill; but as it was talked out, and cannot be heard of again this Session, we need say no more than that MR. ISAAC BUTT made his re-entry into the House, and spoke against the measure, as insufficient. When we think of our ISAAC's eloquence in other days—did not H. B. depict the Great Duke as led in triumph at MR. BUTT's chariot wheels?—we should exclaim, *Quantum mutatus ab illo!* only that, as an Irishman, he might think we said “taters,” and meant personality, which we abhor.

Thursday.—LORD NELSON expects every man to sit down in Church, but he will explain himself after Easter. We can wait.

The MARQUIS OF SALISBURY defeated the BISHOP OF LONDON about a clause in the Ecclesiastical Courts Bill, which clause the lay peer said was unfair to the clergy. The Marquis having thus protected the Priest against the Bishop, the Bill passed. Is it not in *King John* that it is asked—

"What wilt thou do, renowned SALISBURY,
Succour Vest-milliners and Ritualists?"

MR. BAXTER said, that one of the Record keepers had spilt ink on nine documents in his charge, and had torn out leaves to conceal his crime. But, as he had been awfully penitent, and had a wife and children, it was thought that Vengeance might be satiated without actually ruining him by dismissal, but he is to be under tremendous surveillance for two years. We approve the Clemency of BAXTER, of "Bonny Dundee," where, by the way, the best Marmalade is *not* made—now then. Still, we have "filled up our can" with worse, and used language to match.

We had the Navy Estimates. MR. GÜSCHEN asked for 61,000 men and boys, and for £2,674,145 for their wages. Both requests were granted, of course, with just so much discourse as gives grace to a favour, which it is vulgar to fling at a person's head the moment it is asked. These delicacies indicate the English gentleman who reads LORD CHESTERFIELD; better reading, by the way, than is generally supposed.

Friday.—American question raised by the EARL OF DERBY, and guarded answer given by LORD GRANVILLE. We send in our counter-case, "without prejudice" to our declaration that we recognise no preposterous claims.

The Commons sat till one, chiefly amusing themselves with a debate about Irish Party Processions. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL for Ireland was witty, as usual, and MR. DISRAELI was, as usual, happy with a retort—he apologised for having by mistake accused LORD HARTINGTON of doing a gracious thing, but was quite sure that his Lordship would take an early opportunity of deporting himself in the way MR. DISRAELI had imagined.

HOT CROSS BUNS.



"REALLY, the subject is hardly worth—" Strong-minded Woman, hold your tongue, M'm. Confine yourself to your legitimate themes, general scepticism, resistance to sanatory policy, abolition of restriction on marrying one's grandmother, and the like. Leave culinary matters to superior people. The Hot Cross Bun is an Institution, and in spite of its Catholic pedigree, we believe that MR. NEWDEGATE himself would hand a Bun to MR. WHALLEY. In youth, one vied with one's compeers in regard to the number of buns one could devour on Good Friday—eight or ten was a low figure. The ambition of numerical superiority has passed away, with good digestion. Yet a bun may agreeably diversify breakfast—and alas! how difficult a thing is that. Split, and a layer of marmalade introduced—and that article is palatable. But hearken to an inspiration. A Catholic himself may listen. Open your bun, and lay several anchovies, not too much washed, inside. Make it a fish-sandwich. This is from the autograph recipe of an eminent

nobleman in Warwickshire, who is justly jealous of the fame of that other nobleman and mankind-benefactor who is mentioned outside the bottles of nearly the best sauce in the world. Let everybody try this experiment in fasting.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

THE MORNING.

PEOPLE were up early looking out of their windows at the weather, fully prepared for a sultry day or six inches of snow on the ground. Ladies had parasols and sealskins alike in readiness. Clouds were about, and policemen, and postmen. The milkman's clients were not surprised to learn that his prejudices were in favour of Light Blue. The transactions in newspapers were enormous, as the Board of Trade returns for the month of March will presently show. The eyes of all London, and a large section of the country, were fixed upon two river-side inns and eighteen muscular young men occupying their state apartments.

THE JOURNEY.

The steamers had their hundreds (judging by the appearance of the Umpire's Boat, the race must have required the assistance of many umpires), the railroads their thousands, the turnpike roads their thousands also. These seem round numbers, but they may be relied on, and quoted hereafter in historical documents as correct within ten or twenty, for our enumerators were men of vast experience, Fellows of the Statistical Society, and had been in all the great crowds of modern times.

The tide of human existence never ceased flowing from morn till noon, and in some instances even later, in and out of vehicles of every description and quality of springs, to the River and its romantic banks; to Soapworks, Breweries, and Aqueducts; to piers and commons; to platforms and pavilions; to church-towers and boat-house tops; to public hosteleries and private residences; to bridges which are trophies of modern ingenuity and capital, or relics of bygone times and traditions; to episcopal lawns and grassy gardens sloping down to the water sedge; to gravel walks and towing paths; to late breakfasts or early luncheons; to win or to lose, to shout or to cheer from the signal gun to the winning barge, from the moment of departure to the minute of victory; from pensive Putney to 'musing Mortlake—Mortlake enshrined in song, Putney embalmed in story, and both, Mortlake and Putney, now immortalised in *Punch*.

THE RIVER.

FAR as the eye could see or the binocular could scan, an innumerable concourse of men, women, and people of both sexes, of horses, carriages, and domestic servants, of flags, streamers, and ribbons of every shade of blue. The New Cut barrowman cheek by jowl with the Norman baron; the sturdy mechanic elbowing the sublime *millionnaire*; the proud possessor of a hundred quarterings shouldering the proprietor of no quarters at all; the extreme of society and the mediums of the spirits; beauty, fashion, birth, and brain; powder, paint, and wigs; a majority of the ratepayers of Middlesex, Surrey, and Kent; large deputations from every other county in the United Kingdom; representatives of the Press and all foreign powers; men bronzed with the fierce glare of a tropic sun, or familiar with the icebergs and preserved meats of Polar seas, others who had travelled many miles that morning by excursion trains; brothers who were rather in the way;—all these fused and blended into a noisy, niveous scene, which only the pen of a FROISSART or a PHILIP DE COMMINES, the pencil of a CANALETO or a CARAVAGGIO, could describe or depict, and which, therefore, as these eminent men have been dead some years, must be left to the fancy, the imagination, the evening and morning daily papers.

THE RACE.

Had we not gone down to the Thames every day for a fortnight to see the two crews paddle, and apin, and apurt? Was not Corney Reach as familiar to us as Hyde Park Corner? Did we not know No. 5 in a scratch eight? Had we not made ourselves thoroughly acquainted with the Theory of Rowing? Had we not read "The Coming Race?" Had we not, with severe impartiality, bought the favours of both Universities, so as to be able to assume the winning colours at the triumphant moment? Had we not hired a chronograph especially to time the race? Had we not paid seven-and-sixpence for a seat amid osiers within sight of the goal of Victory?

Then, why did fate, fortune, and destiny, in league with dilatoriness, delay, and procrastination, conspire against us, and cause us to miss the train, and to forfeit the seven-and-sixpence, and to lose the seat in the osier-bed, and to arrive only in time to hear the last reverberation of the last shout, and to be told that Cambridge had won, and to know that we had lost our little all in backing dear old Oxford?

Snow! Unmanly to complain of a little congealed rain at Lady Day. Has not the Derby, which is much later in the year, been run in a storm of crystallized rain?



FOR BACHELORS THINKING OF MARRIAGE.

Mrs. Jones. "O, MALCOLM, LOOK! THAT'S THE VERY MRS. BROWN WE MET AT THE ROBINSONS' LAST WEEK! I SHOULD LIKE TO SINK INTO THE EARTH!!"

Mr. Jones. "WHY, DEAREST? WHY?"

Mrs. Jones. "O, MALCOLM, JUST THINK! I WORE THE SAME DRESS I 'VE GOT ON TO-NIGHT!"

ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY FALLING ON A SUNDAY.

(MARCH 16TH, 1872.)

AIR—"St. Patrick's Day in the Morning."

WHAT'S to be done, when a national festival,
Meant to dance jigs o' nights, and to quench thirst o' days,
Happens to fall on a day that, though best of all,
Isn't so fitted for fun as the worst of days?
Some, for that reason, 'ud wait for next saison;
And some, for the Sunday, 'ud keep it on Monday;
And some 'ud like Saturday more than the latter day—
But—

Take my advice, whin you come to a holiday
Chancin' to fall, by mistake, on a Sunday,
If you've a doubt in decidin' the jolly day,
Keep it on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday!

Love's patron-Saint, t' other day, in despondency,
MONSELL and all the Post-Office subornin',
Slyly agreed—to curtail correspondence—he

For once 'nd be born on Ash-Wednesday morning!!*
Did he succeed, thin? He didn't indeed, thin;
Each Ash-Wednesday cindther we used up for tindhther
To light twice the matches the Saint mostly hatches—
So—

Take my advice, and whenever a holiday
Thries to slip past unbeknownst, to your sorrow,
Keep it, if doubtin' the date o' the jolly day,
Yesterday, sure, and to-day, and to-morrow.

* Who has forgotten how St. Valentine's Day perversely fell this year on the day of sackcloth and ashes?

Ah, what's the odds, if our Pathron's nativity
Falls on a Sunday, or even Good Friday?
Who but a sowl in Kilmainham captivity,
Ever would let Pathrick's Day be a dry day?
If you drown wid delight your green shamrocks to-night, you're
Only preparin' thim, arrah, for wearin' thim
Sunday and Monday through, reckoned as one day—
Through—

Takin' advice, whin you come to a holiday
Chancin' to fall, by mistake, on a Sunday,
And, for the fear you 'd risk missin' a jolly day,
Keepin' it Saturday, Sunday, and Monday!

SPEAKING BY THE CARD.

SIR,—Can you inform me, if, when stating anything injurious of another person on a postal card, I am guilty of a libel? It strikes me that if I were to tell you in this way that our friend BANDER-SNATCH was not to be trusted, it would be a confidential communication, being strictly between you and me and the post.

To Mr. Punch.

Yours respectfully,

A. BAWBEE.

Not "Right About—March!"

MARCH scarcely is verifying the proverb of "coming in like a lion, and going out like a lamb." The lion, at any rate, was too fond of turning on his main, and the lamb's fleece is objectionably snowy. Cold lamb is all very well, but a little later on in the season.

THE BALANCE OF COMFORT.—An American Chair.



ANOTHER EMPTY WEAPON.

LITTLE CHARLEY DILKE. "PLEASE, SIR, THERE'S NOTHIN' IN IT!"

GLADSTONE, A 1. "NOTHING IN IT, INDEED! I'LL TEACH YOU—!"

THE HEIGHT OF FASHION.



JOYS of Spring are now returning. Violets and prim-roses once more blossom in the hedgerows. New potatoes and asparagus appear again upon our dinner-tables. The lilac and horse-chestnut expand their budding petals; and the fashion-books again put forth their vernal leaves. Whereof we oull a specimen:—

“Throughout the winter the prevailing style has been to pile feathers, flowers, lace,

and bows upon the crown of the chapeau, so as to form a kind of pyramid: but it is now becoming the fashion to place the trimming at the side, and to allow the feathers to curl round the crown. The chapeau is thus reduced to a moderate height, and certainly presents a more graceful appearance.”

For gentlemen of small stature this is indeed a delightful piece of news. By the help of high-heeled boots and towering, heaped head-gear, ladies have overtopped them for many a month past, and have made them look still smaller than they really were. Even husbands of fair growth have seemed pigmies by their wives, and the filial reverence of their children has in consequence decreased. Small men, sensitive to ridicule, and vain of their appearance, must have wished that women generally were of the species “whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders,” while at least the fashion lasted of wearing high-crowned hats. May your shadow soon be less! must have been their aspiration as they found themselves eclipsed by every lady that they met. Surely, women must have had a slate loose in their upper storeys when they took to building such enormous structures on their heads. However, now there is to be a downfall of these monstrous headpieces; and although their stature will be sensibly diminished, surely ladies, for their sense in discarding such monstrosities, will, in a mental point of view, be far more to be looked up to.

SACERDOTAL SPIRITUALISM.

Is there another Spiritualism than that which is concerned in the elongation of MR. HOME and the introduction of MRS. GUPPY into a room through a closed door, or a wall, or a ceiling, if not down the chimney, or through an open door? Or is this all one with that of which oases are related by the *Times'* Special Correspondent at Paris, who says:—

“As I am on clerical ground, I may mention a curious piece of news, which reaches us from Nancy. It appears that a Nun there has been having visions. The Holy Virgin has announced to her that if France would repent, great events would be accomplished before the end of next month—the territory would be evacuated by the enemy, and the advantages of a monarchical form of Government would be conferred on France. . . . The 24th of April is, I understand, the day fixed for the consummation of these events.”

To the foregoing announcement we are enabled to add the assertion of our confident expectation that it will come true. Monarchy may verily be re-established in, and the Germans withdrawn from, France on the above-named day ensuing All Fools'. In that case France will certainly have repented—of Republicanism at any rate. But more probably France will not repent at all; and then the prediction delivered by the conventual medium will be fulfilled by the continuance in France of the present state of things. Either way the medium can hardly prove to have been out.

A case of “seeing mediumship,” comprising no less than four seers, is attested by a French prelate:—

“Not long since the Bishop of Laval wrote a pastoral letter on the subject of the miraculous appearance of the Virgin to four children in a village in Mayenne, and was so convinced of the reality of the fact that he has decided to erect a chapel in honour of Mary upon the ground upon which she descended to appear.”

To that end the Bishop may possibly have solicited the contributions of the faithful. If, however, he has announced that the chapel which he has decided on erecting will be built at his own expense, his own belief in the “manifestation,” for whose reality he vouches, will at least be credible. Sincerity is presumable on the part of one who goes even further to demonstrate it than those do who “back their own opinions with a wager.” By the way, given any instance of alleged spiritual or supernatural fact or phenomenon capable of proof or disproof by investigation, and given possibility of investi-

CANDID, IF TRUE.

Fas est et ab hoste doceri, M. THIERS seems to think. Has he not taken a lesson in outspokenness from PRINCE BISMARCK? The subjoined telegram from Versailles announces a declaration which looks as if he had:—

“At the reception of M. THIERS last night, the President of the Republic entered into a long conversation with several deputies on the Roman question, maintaining that the true interest of France was to remain a nation protecting Catholicism. It was in Catholicism that lay the traditions and strength of France. Germany rallied around Protestant interests; France must rally around Catholic interests.”

This Presidential Allocution must have been intended to reach PRINCE BISMARCK's ears, even if M. THIERS addressed it only to those of his reception-room walls. It is, evidently, a notice to apprise the Chancellor that he had better, as schoolboys say, mind his eye with respect to Catholicism. Will this admonition frighten him into abandonment of his policy of thwarting the Ultramontanes, or rather determine him in the resolve to put them completely down? M. THIERS is a politician, and may have profound reasons for threatening Germany that, on behalf of Catholic interests, she will have France to reckon with. The last reckoning between them was in Germany's favour, and it may suit BISMARCK and his EMPEROR to let her run up another, or they may prefer swooping down and stopping that incipient process at its first start. Instead of giving out that France must rally around Catholic interests, one would have expected M. THIERS to announce that France should devote herself to prosecuting commercial interests, and use every endeavour to secure one ally by establishing a cordial understanding with United Italy.

The Public and Republic.

A LICENCE has been granted to the Hole-in-the-Wall, permitting it to subsist under the sign of the Crown. So much for the Republic and Republic-House. The Crown, that was the Hole-in-the-Wall, is a sign of the times.

gation satisfactory to let us say, PROFESSOR TYNDALL, PROFESSOR HUXLEY, and the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE of the Queen's Bench, is there any one Spiritualist, of what creed soever, who would be willing to bet that it would be proved true?

Will DR. MANNING now take ten to one against the demonstrated objective reality of any alleged supernatural appearance, however well authenticated, which has, in his belief, occurred to any Nun, or other person whomsoever?

BISHOPS BEHEADED.

In the discussion of “the Desns and Canons Resignation Bill,” the other night, the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY complained that—

“The sixth and seventh clauses of the Bill (giving power to remove lunatic Canons) would affect certain members of the Universities who, in addition to other offices, held that of Canon. He thought there were two heads of Colleges at Oxford and one at Cambridge in that position, and those Colleges viewed with apprehension the power which the Bill would give the Bishops to make away with their heads, by declaring them lunatics.”

But did it need this Bill to give power to the Bishops either to suffer, or perform, this kind of Happy Despatch?

We have surely seen a good many of these venerable Fathers of the Church losing their heads in Convocation, and apparently none the worse Bishops for the privation—

“For a' that, and a' that,
And twice as much as a' that;
Without a wig, without a head,
A B. 'a B. for a' that!”

Not Weber's.

MR. AUBERON HERBERT, on rising to second SIR CHARLES DILKE's motion for an inquiry which every gentleman in the House of Commons regarded as implying an insult to the QUEEN, was assailed with a storm of groans and hisses, mingled with cries of “Divide!” imitations of cock-crowing, and (as MR. O'BRIEN said) other noises of dumb animals. This was the Parliamentary Overture to AUBERON.



BLOSSOM AT THE BOAT-RACE.



A VALUABLE ACQUISITION.

Dutiful Nephew. "O, UNCLE, I THOUGHT YOU WOULDN'T MIND MY BRINGING MY FRIEND, GRIGO, FROM OUR OFFICE. HE AIN'T MUCH TO LOOK AT, AND HE CAN'T DANCE, AND HE DON'T TALK, AND HE WON'T PLAY CARDS—BUT HE'S SUCH A MIMIC!! TO-MORROW HE'LL IMITATE YOU AND AUNT BETSY IN A WAY THAT'LL MAKE ALL THE FELLOWS ROAR!!!"

OUR BOAT-RACE AND BROTHERS.

COME, foreigners of Europe, in England who behold
A nation ever on its knees before the Calf of Gold,
A moody, melancholy race that never can be gay,
JOHN BULL, the dull boy JACK that's made by all work and no play.

Come to the bankside of the Thames, O most mistaken friends,
When year by year the Cambridge Crew with the Oxford Crew
contends;
Behold the British multitude in their glory and their glee,
Of eight youths 'gainst eight other youths a boat-race come to see.

Lo, that enthusiastic crowd immense on either hand,
How closely packed in steamboat, and in balcony, and stand!
In muslins of the lighter and the darker shade of blue
There are beings well your coming worth from e'er so far to view.

What! are we not lighthearted? See what smiles are on each face!
Hark to the joyous buzz and hum of the British populace!
List their warm-hearted cheering as the gallant lads pull by,
And don't keep calling Britons cold with constant cuckoo-cry.

What happier people can you show at Carnival or fête,
In temporary little things with interest keen and great?
O 'tis a sign of happiness, above all other, to
Enjoy a mind intent upon what much concerns not you!

There are, that for the morrow cannot cease from taking thought,
For this world or the other who with cares are ever wrought,
They're a small miserable set, poor creatures, who belong
To another kind of Englishmen than that unselfish throng.

TOWNS ON THE THAMES.

A SUMMARY OF DR. FRANKLAND'S analytical examinations of the somewhat different Fluids supplied by the several Metropolitan Water Companies respectively to the Metropolitan people contains a statement especially interesting to the inhabitants of the districts, S. and S.W. :—

"The Chelsea and Lambeth Companies draw their supplies from the Thames after it has received the polluted Mole and the sewage of six hundred thousand people, including the filth of Oxford, Reading, and Windsor."

The rest of the Water Companies' Fluids or Liquids are described by DR. FRANKLAND as tarred, so to speak as we are wont of solids, with the same brush as the Chelsea and Lambeth, more or less, all but the Kent Company, which "is the only one of the Metropolitan Companies which draws its entire supply from chalk-wells, and does not distribute any water from polluted rivers."

We know that:—

"Kent in the Commentaries Caesar writ,
Is torn'd the civillest place of all this isle."

And, as regards water for drinking purposes, civilisation in Kent is unaccompanied by the results of civilisation elsewhere, namely the admixture imparted to rivers by tributaries from towns to which a name is given above. "Cometh up as a flower" is a saying applicable to all the other Londoners than those supplied with the Kent Company's water, since that on which the former are reared is of a quality which renders it appropriate for horticultural purposes. Of them, also, it is especially true that all flesh is grass, since that which they drink is about the same with what is better utilised in irrigation. According to DR. FRANKLAND:—

"Living organisms were found in 1871 in most of the turbid samples delivered by each of the Companies drawing their supplies from the Thamea, excepting only the West Middlesex, which on all occasions sent out well-filtered water."

But the most perfect filtering will only strain the water off the rest of it, and leave all that is soluble in solution. An Act compelling householders to incur heavy expense for the means of being supplied with the Water Companies' admixture has come into force. Let us hope that it will be allowed to sleep until the Law or the Legislature shall have stopped the contributions from Towns to Thames.

You fancy, whilst those Masses in the Outward you survey
Absorbed, that they no taxes have, no rates, nor rent to pay;
Yet laden with an Income-tax, e'en they, the chosen few,
At most are anxious but about their bets on either crew.

Do not, however, you whom to this Isle hath travel brought,
Yon People's objectivity ascribe to lack of thought;
No, Monsieur, no, good management of care has made then light,
And every one of them, mein Herr, has solved the Infinite.

There's not another country in the world that you can show
Whose natives more on pastimes and on games their minds bestow
Than Britons, whom with all the rest of men if you compare,
You'll find the reason why is that they've more of mind to spare.

What though the bitter North-east wind this year brought cold and
snow?

The People still in their thousands went to see the scholars row.
For Englishmen, when sport's in view, heed neither snow nor rain.
Can France boast that? Can Germany, or Italy, or Spain?

Their Most Sweet Voices.

THE political friends and supporters of the PREMIER will rejoice to learn that, whereas, at a meeting held in St. James's Hall, to protest against the Parks Bill, SIR CHARLES DILKE and the Honourable AUBER-ROBIN HEBBERT were received with "a storm of cheering" each; "MR. GLADSTONE's name was hooted and hissed when mentioned." The Republicans and Revolutionists have found MR. GLADSTONE out. The discovery will be most advantageous to the People's WILLIAM in the estimation of the majority of the people.



THEOLOGICAL MENSURATION.

Severe Churchwoman. "I DIDN'T LIKE THE SERMON AT ALL. IT WAS MUCH TOO 'BROAD.'"

Lively Niece. "WELL, AUNTIE, I'M SURE YOU CAN'T SAY IT WAS AS BROAD AS IT WAS LONG!"

COLOURS OF THE SEASON.

THE East wind blows cold, and Jack Frost lays his hold
On noses and fingers and toes,
In dull leaden grey scowls the sky all the day,
And at last weeps its sulks out in snows.

And the pretty pink blossoms of almond and peach,
And the apricot's petals so pale,
Of cruel Jack Frost vainly mercy beseech,
Or of crueler Easterly gale!

And they piteously cry with a shudder and sigh,
As they shrivel and shrink on the wall,
"Poor fools to be lured by a blink of blue sky,
But to flush, and to fade, and to fall!"

And though tougher my mettle than peach-blossom's petal,
This cold makes e'en my temper hot:
Was it KINGSLEY wrote drivel to East winds too civil?
May East winds in his teeth blow his rot!

One thinks with a shiver of lads on the river,
As it rolls, cold and lumpy and rough;
And mad as March hares the crew reckon that dares
In such weather to strip to the buff!

And scarcely less frantic the public, old antio!
For Oxford or Cambridge *entêté*,
That, in spite of this weather, a million together,
Crowds bridge and shore, tow-path, and jetty!

Side by side, rival blues, unlike roses of hues
Lancastrian and Yorkist of old,
In the same field displayed—dark, in noses half flayed,
And light in fair cheeks pinched with cold!

THE LATEST "HAPPY THOUGHT."

WHAT makes a happy home? A good wife? A cheerful baby? An affectionate family? Ample means? Sound digestion? No bills? Excellent servants? These are all old-fashioned notions, not worth a moment's consideration, when compared with the grand discovery of the enthusiastic philanthropist who instructs us that there can be "No happy home without its Easter egg." Perhaps he is right. The most amazing pun which even *Mr. Punch* ever read was made on the subject of eggs, and is attributed to DEAN SWIFT. Macedonia's Madman, "PHILIP's warlike son," disliked the article so much that when he came into a room where his friends were eating "demnition eggs," there was a cry, "All eggs under the grate." "Yes, it is just AWLEXANDER THE GREAT," replied the deceived despot, smiling, and complimenting his Macedoniana on their excellent Scotch. If this anecdote and an Easter egg together will not make a British home happy, "our brains are addle."

Shade of Cervantes!

THE New York *Evening Post* considers SIR CHARLES DILKE's resolution for an investigation into the Crown expenses as simply a Quixotic attack upon Royalty. Quixotic? What a libel on the loyal and gallant DON QUIXOTE!

An End of a Sinecure!

THERE is no intention, we are told, to fill up the vacant office of Queen's Advocate. HER MAJESTY does not want one.

LATEST FROM NEWGATE.

No fools are found the Wagga-wock to bail;
So he who lied in Court still lies in Gaol.



PURSUIT O' KNOWLEDGE!

First Agricultural (quite a Year after our Branch had been Opened). "WHAT BE THEY POST-ES VUR, MAS'R SAM'L?"

Second Ditto (Wag of the Village). "WHY, TO CARRY THE TELEGRAPH WOIRES, GEORGE!"

First Ditto. "WHAT BE THE WOIRES VUR, THEN?"

Second Ditto. "WHAT BE THE WOIRES FUR? WHY, TO HOOLD UP THE POST-ES, BART'N'Y, GEORGE."!!!

FROM CAPTAIN DYNGWELL.

(Our Own but Long Lost Cockalorum.)

DEAR PUNCH,—

My Old Cockalorum, how goes it! Have you cast your eye over an awful tip, which is a warning by a Milington Cove, that the Easter Volunteers had better try no "Dangerous Manœuvres." Not likely, says yours truly. But did you think it was me round the corner? Eh, my young Cassowary? Not me, GEORGE! Perhaps, I don't mean bustling 'em a bit, O, no, not at all. I've just knocked off a little poem on "A dangerous manœuvre," which you can chaunt. It goes to something like the tune of *Nae Luck about the House*, with second part out, and admits of any number of notes being put in when you want 'em, and a *tol de rol* coal-box to finish up with. Do it, and you'll be quite the Mario.

Yours ever, D.

If you know a man what keeps a van,
As a furniture remover,
To break his head with a warming-pan,
Is a "Dangerous Manœuvre,"
Tol de rol.

If you're a walking with another fellar,
All about the Louvre,
To smash the pictures with your umberella,
Is a "Dangerous Manœuvre."
Tol de rol.

If your lady-love, you chance to meet,
And think you can improve her,

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

THE eyes of provident young bachelors may with profit be directed to this elegant description of some articles of toilette, which they will doubtless be expected, if they marry, to provide:—;

"The coiffure consisted of a LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH puff, composed of blue feathers, Alençon lace, and a bouquet of flowers; while LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH shoes of blue faille, with rose-coloured heels, trimmed with lace, blue bows, and a rose-coloured puff, completed the toilette."

Ex pede Venerem. One may judge of the extravagance of all the rest of the costume of this Venus of the period, merely from the costly decoration of her feet. Shoes trimmed with lace, and beautified with blue bows and adorned with roseate heels, would be sadly out of keeping with a simple muslin dress. So we are told that lace and feathers were worn upon the head, to match the lace and ribbons that were lavished on the feet, and we further are informed that—

But no: in mercy we forbear to finish the account. What costly furbelows and flounces, what prodigious puffs and paniers, what amazing silks and satins, and what innumerable flowers, feathers, fringes, filagree, and flummery, were further spent in the adornment of this fashionable Venus, we leave to timid bachelors in their innocence to guess. Wary husbands will not thank us for further revelation of the wonders of the fashion books, which, being perused by feminine intelligence, may lead to imitation rather than disgust.

Foreign Finance.

THE Committee of the French National Assembly on the Customs' Tariffs, though it has agreed with M. THIERS to impose duties on "skins, wool, oil, and oleaginous seeds," is, we are told by telegram, still adverse to taxation of textile fabrics, with or without drawback. As a case of textile fabric with drawback, MR. PILGAR-LICK instances a blister plaster spread upon linen, to be applied between the shoulders.

Eh? our Well-informed One?

At Nice, the PRINCE OF WALES went to the French Theatre, where the Orchestra saluted his Royal Highness with *God Save the Queen*, whilst, says a Newspaper Correspondent, "the audience, amongst whom were many British subjects, gave the Royal Party a warm ovation." What, pelted them with omelettes?

By standing on your head in the middle of the street,
It's a "Dangerous Manœuvre."
Tol de rol.

If you want to swagger and would act,
In Adrienne Lecouvreur,
To walk in on stilts with your face all blacked,
Is a "Dangerous Manœuvre."
Tol de rol.

If you are walking in the Zoo,
And looking at the Puva,*
To go in the cage, and say how d'ye do,
Is a "Dangerous Manœuvre."
Tol de rol.

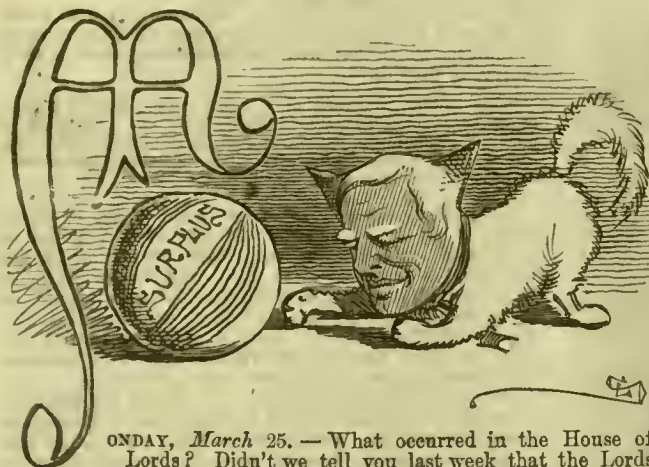
No more at present. D.

"Milk Below!"

A BILL to prevent the Adulteration of Food (really almost as necessary as the Ballot) is at the present time before the House of Commons. In Committee it will be proposed to allow milkmen to sell the white fluid with which they supply their customers mingled, as now, with water, on condition that they make it clear to the public, by an inscription painted over their shops and on their carts, cans, and pails, in large and legible characters, that they are Milkandwatermen.

* Some animal—know him well. D.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, March 25. — What occurred in the House of Lords? Didn't we tell you last week that the Lords meant to rise, and that you would have no Essence of Senate? Did we not tell you not to faint at finding none? If you feel inclined to such weakness, hold a bottle of Ess. Bouquet to your nose, and you will find that delicious perfume, which was christened after *Mr. Punch's* Essence, a pleasing substitute for it, once in a way. And yet the Lords did meet for a few minutes, and heard the Royal Assent given to some Bills, especially the Consolidated Fund Bill, regarding £5,411,099 3s. 3d. "The three-penny-bit be demd," said MR. MANTALINI.

MR. LOWE said that the Wellington Monument in St. Paul's had passed out of his hands. He believed that it would be completed within the contracted time. It occurs to *Mr. Punch* that the time has been anything but contracted. Of the Great Duke it was said, in Sanskrit, on September 14, 1852, *Paralokam gato*, that is, *abijt ad plures*. That is nearly twenty years ago, yet hitherto the progress of his monument "has been rather architectural than sculptural." To be sure, no man's Fame can better afford to wait beside her pedestal.

A very long question and a longer answer about a most trumpety case of search for liquor in the house of one GOODERED, in the Haymarket, on which case MR. A. A. KNOX gave, as usual with him, a rational decision, were allowed to delay the House. MR. OSBORNE hinted at the small character of the topic, and the SPEAKER "was bound to say that the Home Office descended to very minute particulars."

In answer to a question about Life-Boats, the highly satisfactory answer was given, that such things were not supplied to vessels except on demand of the Captains. The *Ariadne*, a name now connected with as sad a casualty as ever happened to a group of brave young officers and men, had no Life-Boat, nor had she either of the contrivances by which boats can be instantaneously and safely lowered.

MR. GLADSTONE said that the Parks Bill should be pushed on, and that he could recognise in the demonstrations against it no reason for stopping it. Further, he refused to see a deputation of its enemies. They are growing very savage, but truculency will probably fly from truncheons, should the *ultima ratio legum* be needed.

Then did ROBERT LOWE, Esquire, Chancellor of Exchequer, produce his

Budget.

1. He had a Surplus of more than £3,500,000. How he obtained it will be in the remembrance of Mr. and Mrs. J. BULL.
2. So he makes some sort of Restitution, being, like Cupid, "a child of conscience," as well as of Bingham, Notts. He takes off Two-Pence from the Income-tax. JOHN BULL is now JOHN O'GREAT.
3. Income-tax payers under £200 were exempted to the extent of £60. This is extended to payers under £300, and the exemption is £80.
4. Half the Coffee duty comes off.
5. Half the Chicory duty comes off. The Grocer's duty, not to adulterate, is of course unrecognised.
6. House-tax to be modified, so as to relieve shops and offices.

Such is the Budget of 1872. "Not once or twice in our famed island story" has *Mr. Punch* felt inclined, like *Master Slender*, to say "Mum" to a Chancellor's "Budget;" and on the present occasion it need only be said that our friend MR. JEREMY DIDDLEWEE pays us back the two-pence he owed us, and we hope he does not mean to borrow again in a hurry. We have no objections to make

to the rest of the Budget, and the House of Commons made none worth noting.

MR. LOWE said that he was "really shocked by the letters he received from persons in the position of gentlemen, begging time to pay the tax-money on which they did not know how to lay their hands." We dare say. He is not naturally unamiable. But does he think that those letters represent one-hundredth part of the misery caused by unfair taxation?

"Had we a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,
And throats of brass, inspired by iron lungs,
We could not half its odious crimes repeat,
Nor half the punishments it ought to meet."

With which Virgilian—that is, Drydenian citation—we dismiss our friend (not without some plaudits) to the contemplation of one of the most remarkable Cartoons ever executed.

The Elections Bill went into Committee, and the clause which knocks Public Nominations on the head (the words are singularly happy, considering the proceedings at such nominations) was agreed to, after some struggle for postponement.

We also considered Oysters and Mussels. The first are horribly dear, and the second are, always were, and ever will be, horribly nasty.

Tuesday.—The Druid CARDWELL said that he was deliberating whether cavalry should be employed at the Brighton Review. The DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE calls this force the eyes and ears of a real army, and it seems absurd that an imitation army should be blind and deaf. By the way, it is in excellent keeping with Druidical tradition for the Autumn Manœuvres to take place on Salisbury Plain. We presume that the principal encounter will be called the Battle of Stonehenge.

MR. MACFIE and friends in the North are desperately afraid lest a hostile fleet should attack Leith and Edinburgh, and they have been frightening themselves by reading about PAUL JONES and what he was going to do in 1779. We rather forget what this was, but have a strong recollection of seeing in childhood (about the year just mentioned) a flaming coloured picture in the shop windows. "PAUL JONES shooting the Lieutenant who dared to strike the bloody flag." In fact, for many years we always ran home screaming when we saw it, and we can sympathise with MR. MACFIE. The Druid ably answered that PAUL JONES lived a long time ago. However, he said that the defence of Edinburgh should not be forgotten.

Finally, MR. FAWCETT gained a victory, and deserved it. For it was thought that his Dublin University Tests Bill was shelved for the Session. He cleverly manœuvred it into a place again, and carried the Second Reading by 94 to 21.

Finally, and lastly, as the old preachers used to say, we rose for Easter, and hoped that the Sun would do the same thing (though not likely) even if he did not dance, as SIR JOHN SUCKLING reminds us that Sol does on that anniversary—

"Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light;
But O, she dances such a way,
No Sun upon an Easter-Day
Is half so fine a sight."

We should have been much obliged to hear if he had been able to spare enough time from his other luminous engagements, to give the poor holiday people a dance out of doors on Good Friday. It was the hottest day of the year, *vide* thermometer register, and rather more disagreeable than the Boat Race day. But we believe that the fault is with the foolish persons (as silly as those who fought for Old Style), who will not let Easter be fixed properly, instead of tying it on to some moon or other.

Natural Hesitation.

(By An Ulster True Blue.)

GIVE Trinity College to CARDINAL CULLEN!
Dumbfounded sits WHALLEY—and NEWDEGATE sullen!
And as for the person whose measure would cause it,
No wonder, if speaking, "*vox hasibus* Fausit."

Combining for an Advance.

THERE is a saying which, though of sacred origin, is of such trite usage as to save any reference to it from profanity, viz., "The labourer is worthy of his hire," which some people quote mistakenly "The labourer is worthy of his wage," confounding it with the popular saying "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work." Our rural population seem inclined to blend both readings together, and to set up as a principle, that the "labourer is worthy of his higher wage."

A RECENT ANNIVERSARY.



and paid for it, nations which added to their national debt, dandies who increased their tailors' bills, the young, the old, and the middle-aged, the rich, the poor, and the moderately comfortable, the blondea and the brunettes—all were faithful to the traditions handed down to them from their forefathers, and showed by their actions that they were not unmindful of the obligations of that great festival kept from time immemorial by the human race—All Fools' Day.

Mr. Punch's special correspondents have forwarded him surprising accounts of what took place on the first of April in every part of the globe, duly attested by Her Britannic Majesty's Ambassadors, *Chargés d'affaires*, and Consuls, but so much of interest happened at home, that he can only touch on occurrences within the four seas.

Parties were formed to inspect the progress of the new Law Courts and Natural History Museum, and to view the improvements in the centre of Leicester Square.

MR. ROBERT SPIVITT, with a wife, five children, and a salary of £230 per annum, increasing ten pounds a-year, became security for his brother-in-law, a gentleman who attends races.

A purchaser (name and previous history unknown) was found for a novel in three volumes at a guinea and a half.

MR. JOSEPH ANDREWS ADAMS paid a call on his shares in the Bubbleton and Swindleby Railway.

OLD LITTYGATE instructed his lawyer to commence an action to establish his right to some ancient lights.

MRS. WIDMEPOOL laid in a stock of LOBBISON'S celebrated Lumbagofuge, on the faith of a printed testimonial from a retired timber merchant in North Wales, who had found instantaneous relief, after sixteen years' constant suffering, from using a single bottle.

YOUNG DE GOSLING gave fees to the attendants at a theatre where they were positively prohibited.

MISS MAIDA DALLAWAY, having just recovered from a severe cold, went to MRS. GOLDIE DYVES'S ball in a dress of thin material, and open construction, and cooled herself repeatedly during the evening in airy halls and corridors.

SILLIMAN bought some wonderfully cheap Amentillado, a remarkable bargain—for the vendor.

Several very young men (Members of the House of Commons) spent a considerable portion of the day in perfecting themselves in the imitation of the crowing of cocks, the bleating of sheep, the braying of donkeys, &c.

A visitor from the country, an elderly man in old-fashioned garb, went to Covent Garden and Drury Lane, expecting to see SHAKS-PEARE enacted at one or other of these great national theatres. Disappointed, he refreshed himself with oysters, and was surprised at the bill.

The Annual Report of the Metropolitan and Provincial Prawn and Periwinkle Delivery Company was issued to the Proprietary. It entered into an elaborate account of the prospects of the undertaking, and held out a hope that, if the Company did not avail itself of the Winding-up Act, the shareholders at no very distant day might receive a dividend on their investments. A further call was announced.

hy, it was kept everywhere all over the world, in all latitudes and longitudes, and by every nation, race, creed, colour, clime, class, tongue, temperament, and temperature. Great kingdoms and empires celebrated it; small country towns and rural parishes observed it.

Ministers of State, maids of all work, city magnates, country bumpkins, rich merchants, poor hucksters, acenates and servants' halls, colleges and coterie, thrones and taprooms, people who wore their own hair but dyed it, people who wore other people's hair

A report was prevalent that the great Livery Companies had undertaken to complete the decoration of St. Paul's.

MR. FREDERICK SAWDER SUDDERBY speculated in soft soap, of which he knew nothing, and lost.

YOUNG LORD DROPSHINERS backed *Shuttlecock* (a dark horse) heavily for the approaching Derby.

MISS LUCINDA ROUGEEMORE (age 48, income £2,500, payments ready money) accepted the HON. PARLEY PAUNCEFORT (age 29, income £250, liabilities extensive).

MARY DISLEY gave her mistress warning: no fault to find with her place, but wanted a change.

HUSBANDS AND HEARTS.

DURING the last twenty years, says the *British Medical Journal*, speaking of death from heart-disease as greatly on the increase—

"There is no change in the per-centage of deaths from this cause in males under twenty-five years of age. Between twenty and forty-five years of age it has risen from .553 to .709, and that almost exclusively in males, for there is almost no increase in the per-centage of females dying from heart-disease during the twenty-five years of life from twenty-one to forty-five."

To the foregoing statement our medical compatriot and contemporary subjoins the following observation:—

"These figures convey their own lesson, and warn us to take a little care not to kill ourselves for the means of living."

Yes, certainly. We must take every care not to kill ourselves by incurring heart-disease. One principal cause of heart-disease is excessive muscular exertion; we must avoid that. Another, and a more common one, is anxious effort, especially the effort to keep the wolf from the door, as the saying is, and pull the devil by the tail. No wonder that the deaths from heart-disease have much increased of late years between the ages of twenty and forty-five, but not at all under twenty-five, and that the increase between maturity and middle age has been nearly confined to men. That period is the period of a man's struggle to maintain a wife and family; and wives and families are much more expensive than they used to be. If the *British Medical Journal* will further investigate heart-disease, it will probably find that the increase thereof has coincided with the increase of the expensiveness of feminine dress and ornamentation.

Moral.—Let no man marry unless he is liable for a very heavy Income-tax, and certain to be liable for it all his life. A husband is the partner of his wife's joys and sorrows. If she cannot follow the fashions, and enjoy herself to her heart's content, she has only sorrows to share with him; whereas, not being rich, he has more than enough of his own. Though her sorrows may not absolutely break his heart, yet they tend to disorganise it, the rather when they vent themselves not only in a discontented demeanour, but also by positive "nagging." If, then, men would not contract heart-disease, they should not contract matrimony unless they can well afford it. They ought not to rush to the Hymeneal altar, or the Registrar's Office, and marry on the strength of a rise in the price of bread, as, according to statistics, is the manner of the People.

The almost total exemption of females between a marriageable age and a certain age from heart-disease, is perhaps to be accounted for by the freedom of the confiding heart of woman from anxiety so long as she has a husband to confide in.

THE DIGNITY OF PLAY.

In a serious leading article on a recent foot-ball match, a contemporary described that particular match as constituting the Blue Riband of Foot-ball. Play is looking up. We shall soon hear talk of the Blue Riband of Prisoner's-bars, the Blue Riband of Stag-out, the Blue Riband of Rounders, the Blue Riband of Hockey, the Blue Riband of Leapfrog, and the Blue Riband of Hopscotch. Even marbles (which we hear have again become fashionable among young gentlemen) will perhaps have more than one Blue Riband, and newspapers will contain glorifications of the Blue Ribands of Shoot-ring and Lob-out, and the Blue Riband of Gobblehole.

Following Suit.

To the Alabama claims it seems that we have a counter case to be submitted to Arbitration at Geneva. Suppose we ask, not only direct, but also consequential damages for the Cotton Famine, and leave the Arbitrators to decide whether our own demands or those of the Yankees are the more preposterous?



JUSTLY GRATEFUL:

"ISN'T AUNTY KIND, MAMMA! SHE'S LET ME BLOW MY OWN NOSE MYSELF!"

BOS LOCUTUS EST.

THE LABOURERS' STRIKE.

"AN OX SPOKE"—so the record in Roman annals ran,
Whene'er a year more big than wont with great events began.
And is not an ox speaking now, when the call to *strike* goes round
Our diggers and our delvers, and our tillers of the ground?

Balaam wondered when his ass, so patient, strong and slow,
Found speech to bid his master hold his hand and spare his blow:
And not less worthy wonder our *adscripti glebe*, wrung
By bitter pinch of poverty, at last, to giving tongue.

Untaught, ill-fed, thin-blooded, thick-witted, heavy-heeled,
Whose words drip slow and scanty, as from thought's fount half-congealed,

Turners and treaders of the clay, till the clay seems to have ta'en
Possession in joint-tenancy of body, heart, and brain,

Till scarce one gleam of thought, you'd say, or spark of manly fire
Beyond the clods he works in bade the human clod aspire;
Till the team that he has groomed and driv'n, the kine that he has fed,
Seem by his side but brethren, better housed and fuller fed.

E pur si muove: even this mass inert the will commands
To draw to centres its slow strength, and knit its clumsy hands;
And magistrates and guardians and farmers stand aghast,
At the breath of life that, sudden, o'er these dry bones has past.

"Let town workmen strike, and welcome: better fed than taught
are they,
Have a margin to fall back on: reserve for rainy day
But that those, who have no butter, should quarrel with their bread,
These clods, of whom 'tis hard to say, if they're worse taught or
fed—

That these serfs should cast the collar, what they'll work for
dare to say—

Villeins in gross, turn villeins regardant their week's pay;

Heresy and sedition! Treason—Socialism—What, ho!
Man the engines! Swear the constables! The globe is on the go!"

If the upper-ten stand startled, 'mong the tens of tens beneath,
What sharp thoughts must be fretting in many a clayey sheath!
Starvation aye at arm's length; shop-bills and nought to pay!
Pale wives and hungry young ones—and the bread-winners at play!

Well may they wait and waver, and doubt and doubt again,
If the way to better wages by the strike's road be so plain;
Hard not to wish these kickers well, who have such cause to kick,
Yet hard to counsel kicking, against points so keen to prick!

Are wages small? What profit has the farmer for his pains?
Are rentals high? What figure represents the landlord's gains?
"Nay: landlords' rents can spare their pound, and farmers' gains
their crown,
But labourers' earnings *must* go up—they've no room to come
down."

So says HODGE, as half afraid, half amazed at his own pluck,
He insists on living wages, and learns that he has struck:
And Capital that long for equal foe Town-Labour owns,
Finda Country-Labour up in arms, and o'er the alliance groans.

And all that pray for the blest hour when this ill war shall end,
And Capital and Labour each the other hail as friend,
Feel hopeful, now the struggle has ta'en up this larger ground,
That the way to reconciliation may more easily be found!

A New Benefactor.

THE height of stinginess might be said to be exemplified in the
parsimony of a person who would grudge a steam-engine its fuel. It
is not, therefore, the less certain that the man who should make one
pound of coal generate the quantity of steam which two pounds had
to be consumed in generating before, would be considered a bene-
factor of mankind.

AN AGRICULTURAL STRIKE.—A Strike of Wheat.



“JEREMY DIDDLEWE.”

MR. BULL. “YES, JEREMY, YOU CERTAINLY OWED ME THE *TWOPENCE*; BUT I HARDLY LIKE TAKING IT—IT LOOKS SO UNCOMMONLY LIKE YOUR BORROWING *FOURPENCE* NEXT TIME!”



2.0000101 - 7/11/50

MUSIC AND MUSCLE.



DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I wonder why it is you men call ours the weaker sex. The weaker sex, indeed! I wonder who of yours could stand the wear and tear and worry we young ladies have to go through. Just look at us, for instance, in the middle of the season. See how we have to dress, and dine, and dance till daylight doth appear, and then get up again to dress, and ride, and drive, and "drum," and dress, and dine, and dance till daylight doth again appear! And this not once in a way, but day by day and every day, excepting only Sunday, from May-day till the dog-days. The weaker sex, indeed! one had really need to be a Samsoness to stand it.

Besides, you know, young ladies always have to practise the piano, and have you the least notion

what prodigies of strength are demanded for that exercise? I confess, myself, I had not, until I read in the *Pall Mall* that at a concert lately PROFESSOR SCHMIDT had counted up the notes (just fancy what a bother!) in a piece that he heard played, and had tested the force requisite to press the keys in playing it, and that he then sat down and made this dreadful calculation:—

"The force exerted by the pianiste in playing the piece of 62,990 notes he calculated to amount to nearly ninety-four hundredweight and a-half."

I can't do sums a bit, but I dare say the Professor can, and I'm sure one ought to be exceedingly obliged to him for making such a very useful calculation. Certainly I had no idea one's fingers were so powerful, although I knew that one of them (I won't say which) is strong enough to hold a man for life, if he will only put a ring on it. But the idea of my ten fingers having actually the force of more than ninety hundredweight! Really, girls who play pianos must be as strong as steam-engines. Music ought to be regarded as an athletic exercise, fit for only people of the strongest constitutions. To play a composition of some sixty thousand notes, a girl must have a hand of nearly five ton power! No light matter this for her future husband to take into reflection: and I should recommend you gentlemen to bear the fact in mind, when you talk about the weaker sex, as you are fond of doing. It is the fashion to accuse women of having a strong mind, but it is well that you should know that they have strong muscles also.

As you have the happiness to be a married man, you possibly ere now may have ascertained this fact: and so, with my best compliments to Mrs. and Miss Punch,

Believe me, yours most truly,

SOPHONISBA SMITH.

Camellia Cottage, Tuesday.

VERBUM SAP.

THE young gentlemen from Cam's side who travelled up to London to witness the aquatic triumph of their fellow-students from Thames' bank, and after emerging from the crowd with which they had perforce to come into uncomfortably close quarters, found themselves minus a watch, a portemonnaie, a stock pin, or other portable property, would have done well to remember, ere they thus exposed themselves, JUVENAL's reminder *à propos* of contented poverty, giving it this triflingly altered reading:—"Cantab-it vacuus coram latrone viator."

Sad Deprivation.

THE Nation will learn with profound regret that one of its most distinguished lawyers is not in the full possession of his senses. In a recent debate in the House of Commons SIR ROUNDELL PALMER confessed "that he had no taste at all!"

SIMON LE SIMPLE.

BRATO, M. JULES SIMON! You would have the five chief Theatres of Paris supported by Government principally "for the influence they exercise over the artistic taste of all Europe." Truly all Europe ought to feel itself highly honoured by the compliment you are so good as to pay it in so saying. As to England, we know that the multitude of the pieces which our dramatic authors have taken from the French is exceeded by their merit, and that for the matter of artistic taste, all those who have any among the British Public prefer that kind of pieces infinitely to SHAKESPEARE. As to music, Monsieur, you are really too modest in propounding a criticism so very sparing in glorification of your country (supreme in that art as well as every other) as this:—

"For the genius of Italy itself bows to the genius of France, and the music of ROSSINI, VERDI, and MEYERBEER never reached its maturity till they obeyed the influence of Parisian audiences."

This, to talk in musical language about music, is really, Monsieur, singing comparatively very small. What is the musical genius of Italy to the musical genius of Germany? Unhappily HANDEL, HAYDN, MOZART, BEETHOVEN, and WEBER failed to develop their style by going to live in Paris, and, in the production of their masterpieces, obeying the influence of Parisian audiences. But, if they had only done that, what much higher degrees of spirituality, grandeur, and beauty they would have attained to in their wonderful yet still imperfect compositions! What an improvement we should have had on the *Messiah*, and the *Israel in Egypt*, in the *Seasons* and the *Creation*, in the *Figaro*, the *Don Juan*, the *Zauberflöte*, the *Requiem*; also in the *Fidelio*, the *Pastoral Symphony*, the *Heroic ditto*, and the *Mass in D*. SEBASTIAN BACH should have sojourned some years in Paris, learning to obey the influences of Parisian audiences, and then we should have heard a considerably more solemn and pathetic specimen of *Passions-musik* than what we have been lately listening to. "*Suoni la tromba intrepida*" (was not that composed for the Théâtre Italien?) blew away, only a little louder, and more courageously, if you please, good Monsieur.

A TRAVELLERS' STRIKE.

THE French Government has re-established the old passport system of France in all its stringency. The animal of the canine species has returned to the rejected substance, and the porcine pachyderm to volutation in lutulent matter. This, however, is not a sudden stroke of suspicious impolicy. In July, 1871, they had agreed to accept, in lieu of a passport and visa for the convenience of British subjects intending to land in France for a few hours, a simpler and less troublesome "*laisser-passer*." *Nemo repente fuit stultissimus*. But now the LORD MAYOR has been informed by the British Consul at Calais that these "*laisser-passer*" will not be accepted in future, "but that every person now landing in France, for however short a time, must be furnished with a passport duly *visé* by a French Consul in England." This regulation would perhaps be revoked if it were found to have the effect of preventing British money from being spent in France; an effect which would very soon be produced by a general strike, against that country, of British travellers. Nobody now, unless on business absolutely necessary, should go to France, as long as the reimposition of the passport plague continues. Countrymen, therefore, all you who can, and do not want to go abroad elsewhere than across the Channel, for the present stay in your own country. "Britons, strike home!"

ALLEVIATION OF MOURNING.

PERSONS about to depart this life in narrow or moderate circumstances, and leave wives and families behind them, will derive some solace from the following announcement:—

"The *Kentish Observer* states that at a recent meeting of the clergy at a Bishop's house, it was determined that for the future they would decline to accept the scarves and hat-bands at funerals."

At the time when the State pounces down on the widowed and the fatherless for Probate and Succession Duty, Society, by obliging them to add excessive mourning to their sorrow conspires with the Inland Revenue Office and the Undertaker to beggar those who are bereaved of their bread-winner. Honour to the Kentish Clergy who have resolved on ceasing to remain parties to that conspiracy.

Traitors.

A SOCIETY exists in London calling itself "The Union." We confess to a little surprise at finding that a society bearing such a name could have a discussion, and decide "that early marriages are undesirable."



PLEASANT SUGGESTION.

"I'M NOT A BIT HURT, PAPA, DEAR! AND, IF YOU'LL JUST TAKE HOLD OF THAT HIND LEG, I SHALL GET ROUND HIM!"

THE TWO THUNDERERS.

"Now, Mercury, what news from Earth below?"
Said Jupiter. Him answered Hermes, "O
King of the gods and men, these papers say
A Ship was launched at Pembroke last Moon's day,
A Ship of War, and, thy celestial right
How mortal men usurp! the *Thunderer* hight;
A Turret-ship, and she will carry guns,
No less than four, of five-and-thirty tons."

"Hey, what!" exclaimed the Monarch of the Skies,
And, staring, wide as saucers opened his eyes;
How many? Thirty-five tons saidst thou, eh?
I wonder what the bolts they hurl may weigh;
That *Thunderer's* thunderbolts, for all this throne
And acceptre, must be monsters to my own.
None such couldst thou forge, Vulcan, or I fling.
This is a most insufferable thing!
By Styx! By Jove—myself that is—I swear,
There's a nought those British mortals will not dare!
As for Salomoneus and his rumbling brass,
He only mocked my thunder—they surpass."
So said, he nodded; his ambrosial locks
Shook out, and shaking gave Olympus shocks,
Which Ocean's breast in ripples threw afar—
He then for nectar called, and a cigar.

Seasonable Compliments.

THE POPE, when visited by our Heir Apparent, in the course of the pleasant chat that then took place between these two rival defenders of the Faith—one present, the other future—congratulated H.R.H. on the religious spirit of the English people. *Punch*, in turn, congratulated the Italians, who after all that has been said against them, have so interested the world, and confounded their detractors by turning out Prus.

ALL PAY AND NO WORK.

THE good old times seem not to be so remote as we have been in the habit of regarding them—indeed, they may be said not yet to have come to an end. Pickings and perquisites are still to be had without much trouble or exertion, and imaginary services, or rather services which have not even existed in intention, do not go unrewarded.

A Treasury Minute has been issued regulating the future remuneration of the Law Officers of the Crown; and it is comforting to those of us who are under the vulgar necessity of doing something for the money we earn to find from it, that amongst other desirable reforms, it has been resolved that "All complimentary briefs and payments for services not intended to be given shall be abolished." Lucky lawyers, to have been paid for services which there was not even the intention to render! Unlucky people, out of whose pockets these payments have come for a good many years past! A question suggests itself—Are these the only "payments for services not intended to be given" which called for abolition? Are they the last and worst of such venerable abuses? This is an inquiry with which SIR CHARLES DILKE might fairly charge himself.

An Act of Authority.

THE *Speranzo* of Madrid, according to the *Osservatore Romano*, according to the *Post*, says that His Holiness the POPE having been requested by the DUCHESS OF MADRID to contribute to a lottery which she is getting up for the benefit of the poor Carlists of Spain, has sent a magnificent cameo. Now, then, who will say that lotteries are immoral, and insult the belief of his Catholic fellow-subjects?

A Bright Idea.

WHY should such a fuss be made about "a free breakfast-table," as if the first meal were the only one that contributed to help MR. LOWE to a surplus? If it were so, then the French proverb might be thus amended:—"Ce n'est que le premier re-pas qui coûte."

ECCLESIASTICAL ATTITUDE.

A CAPITAL subject for a Pre-Raphaelite picture, or a memorial-window in a "pro-cathedral," is suggested by a telegram from Berlin, which follows:—

"The German Catholic Bishops will assemble in April to concert a common attitude towards the Government."

It is well known that the German Catholic Bishops have nearly all of them accepted the Dogma of Papal Infallibility; and, in so doing, many of them eaten their own words. It is also known, to some perhaps by whom it is denied, that the Dogma of Papal Infallibility is a pretence first put forward in the Middle Ages. Furthermore it is evident that the attitude which those Bishops will assume towards the Government will, whatsoever one they adopt, be an attitude which will have been determined by the promulgation of that Dogma. The attitude, therefore, of the German Catholic Bishops, pictorially represented, should correspond to the mediævalism which it will signify, and be very stiff and angular; the Bishops being delineated all more or less wry-necked, standing on tip-toes, and holding their crooks between the palms of their open hands, as *Mr. Punch*, in his street drama, wields his cudgel. Thus they will be portrayed in a mediæval attitude of menace towards their Government, intended to frighten it.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

"WOMEN'S DISABILITIES REMOVAL BILL. — MR. JACOB BRIGHT'S Bill proposes to enact that in all Acts relating to the qualification and registration of voters in the election of Members of Parliament, wherever words occur which 'import the masculine gender,' the same shall be held to include females for all purposes connected with, and having reference to, the right to be registered as voters."—*Times*.

We give this without note or comment, except the expression of a hope that at last the strong-minded females will be satisfied. The Italics are ours, nobody else's.

A Suggestion to Secretaries.

Do not ask a poor Curate to subscribe to Charities. It is quite as much as he can afford to put down his subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles.

DECORATIONS IN DOUBT.

LE FOLLET, which *Le Punch* studies with unrelenting avidity, continues to be as instructive as usual; only there is an ambiguity in certain of its statements which makes them uncertain. In describing a "Dinner dress, of black faille, with long trained skirt," our elegant contemporary says of the flounce:—

"In front it is looped up to about half its width in two wide scalloped by three bunches of gold wheatears—one in the centre and one on each side of the front breadth."

As to the tunic also:—

"It is edged all round with gold lace, slightly full at each side; where the back breadths are full to the front, is a handsome bunch and trailing spray of wheatears and gold grass."

Lastly, as touching body and head-dress respectively, that they are decorated with:—

"Bouquet of wheatears in front. Tiara of wheatears with black feather, spangled with gold."

Wheatears? What does *Le Follet* mean by wheatears? Not necessarily ears of wheat. For there is also a bird named a Wheatear (*Saricola arvanthe*), and *Le Follet* may be well enough supposed to mean that, now that ladies have taken to wear stuffed birds. The context of "wheatears" in the foregoing quotations by no means makes it clear that they are intended to be taken for cereal and not passerine. What are we to make of "wheatears with black feather"? An image quite naturally suggested by "a bunch of wheatears" is similar to that which we picture of a bunch of larks. Some ornithologists class the Wheatear among the *Sylviadæ* or warblers; and it is said to sing away finely, in custody, all the year round. But the gift of song has not protected the rest of the pretty warbling choir from being hushed, and stuffed to embellish chignons, or damsels' wigs. For aught, therefore, that appears to the contrary, *Le Follet* may really mean to tell us that the "Fashions" do, in point of fact, include, amongst the ornaments of female



ZOOLOGICAL.

Little Tommy Trout (who has never seen a Respirator before). "DOES THAT OLD GENTLEMAN BITE, MAMMA?"

dress proper to the present time, stuffed specimens of the bird common during part of the year on our South Downs, and called the Wheatear—very good eating. This supposition is all the more likely for that the Wheatear is a bird of passage, which visits these shores early in the spring. Now the present spring is remarkably early.

LITTLE BETHEL AND LORD BYRON.

A LATELY published Life of LORD BYRON has revived the controversy as to the Noble Poet's principles and opinions. It is too commonly supposed that BYRON was a heathen. *Childe Harold*, however, contains a passage which clearly proves him to have been a mystic, a recluse in the bent of his inclination, and a Dissenter:—

"O that the Desert were my dwelling-place,
With one fair spirit for my Minister!"

It thus appears that LORD BYRON was a Nonconformist; only, instead of a STIGGINS or a CHADBAND to sit under, he wanted an Angel.

Royalty at Rome.

THERE were, last week, at Rome, no less than a dozen Royal Personages, including the EMPEROR and EMPRESS OF BRAZIL, the QUEEN OF HOLLAND, and the KING and QUEEN OF DENMARK, besides the GRAND DUKE OF NASSAU, and many other "mediatised" Sovereigns of German States. In the Eternal City what a glut of Sovereigns! The POPE, however, would probably prefer one single Sovereign, with several Triple-hatfuls of Peter's Pence.

Verily O!

THE prevalent supposition that Quakerism is on the decline, appears to be disproved by the frequent obituary request that "Friends will please to accept this information."



"NEVER MORE!"

SHE USED TO COME EVERY DAY WITH HER AUNT ("THERE WAS NO DOUBT HE WAS A VERY CLEVER YOUNG MAN," THE OLD LADY HAD SAID), AND ADMIRE BROWN'S SKETCH OF THE JETTY; BUT ONE MORNING WHEN SHE SENT HER NEWFOUNDLAND DOG INTO THE SEA, AND HE SHOOK HIMSELF ALL OVER THE FINISHED DRAWING, OUR ARTIST MOMENTARILY FORGOT HIMSELF, AND UTTERED "STRANGE OATHS." THEY LEFT BY THAT AFTERNOON EXPRESS, AND HE SAW HER NO MORE.

ON AND OFF.

LOWE, Treasury-magician,
Exchequer statistician,
Most rare arithmetician!

Whose crisp, curt surname "BOB,"
Alike to swell and snob,
Suggests twelve-pence in one's fob!

Bright thy physog—and who'd smudge it?—
Great thy cackle—and who'd grudge it?—
When delivered of thy budget!

After twelvemonths ta'en to hatch tax—
Though last year produced a Match-Tax
(And that *not* a Colney-Hatch tax)—

Till, warned by *Punch's* show-up
And the universal blow-up,
You were glad that tax to throw up:

This year more happy, BOB LOWE,
Thank his surplus, escapes oblo-
'Quy, of stooping thus to rob low,

To saved pounds at last can screw pence:
And dock Income-tax the two-pence
Last year added to 't as new pence!

And asks BULL's congratulation
For this alleviation
Of the burden of the nation!

But how can BULL be grateful
For a spoonful less in the plateful,
When the *dish* is so distasteful?

Thank you Income-tax for making
More light, by four-pence taking.
Who last year were six-pence "faking"?

For the two-pence off that's gone,
We'll be grateful, when you've shown
By what right you put it on.

Till then Britons must say No,
When bid bow down to LOWE:
Meanwhile, their thanks they'll owe;

And at compound interest leave 'em,
Till BOB LOWE—keen to receive 'em—
Of *all* Income-tax relieve 'em.

Should e'er that millennium come,
Who their gratitude shall sum?
Till then—patient JOHN—be dumb!

Natural and Manly Response.

SIR,—Am sure that the Pityous apeal of the Pore fellow wich is in Trubble in Newgate will be ansered jenerous by all Hatters of tirany and oppression Sir i rite to say if a Frendly Leed could be got up at the Monster tavern wich busses pass reglar and is most respectable hotell only name most appy to His size or elsewhere no dout oasts of Simpersizing gents and swells would attend and Chareman mout be faced by mr. bajant by inserting wich and obldige

Your obedt. servt.

EDWARD NIMMER.



A REMINISCENCE OF EASTER.

"'F Y' SHEE ANYTHING SHTRORDINARY ABOUT ME, YER WON'T MIND—(hic!)—ITSH'OLIDAY TIME, YER KNOW."

EASTER MONDAY MANCEUVRES.

(HAWFINCH sings.)

EASTER MONDAY, unto Brighton
What fer went ye out to zee?
Volunteers' Review—sham-fightun'—
Too fur distant sight fer me.
I, if 't'adn't ben no furdur
Off nor Poachmouth, med ha' gone,
'Gainst invasion, robbery, murder,
Curens how our 'fence gits on.

Thee, I says, young man, that larnest
How to vight for native land,
In sham-fightun', as in earnest,
Always thee obey command.
Dwun't now, dwun't, on the contrary,
Useless powder blaze away,
All the moor unnecessary
When thee 'st got no foes to slay.

If they wun't obey their tasker,
Scellards must at times break down;
Make what some calls a flasker
In your linge up in Town.
There! the mess warn't so distressun'
As 'tood be in reglar fight.
Next time they repates their lessun,
Very like they 'll do un right.

Wust of all neglectun' order
Is not mindun' where to stop,
Breakun droo forbidden border,
Tramp-a-raavun o'er a crop.
For they sham-fights no improvers
Of the land be, to be sure;
Wuss than sarius war's manoevers,
Laves no cepes for manoor.

Foreigners, if they attacked us,
Fellers as 'ood wish to beat,
Stands to rason they must practus;
'Tis a pruttly zight to zee 't.
Now, too, they 've britch-loaders, bolder
Folks can view 'un nor afore,
'Cause they can't shoot no beholder;
Fire no ramrods off no more.

JURY REFORM.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL has promised to look to the amendment of the law relative to Juries, which at present renders a man who is away from home, and possibly gone abroad, liable, if summoned to serve on a jury in his absence, and thereby prevented from attending, to be fined from one to ten pounds. This liability is a remnant of oppression imposed by absolute tyranny on the middle classes, and never repealed because those classes have not been accustomed to hold intimidation meetings in Hyde Park and Trafalgar Square.

For one thing in the reform of Jury Law, SIR ROBERT COLLIER will doubtless propose a due extension of the obligation of serving on Juries over other persons besides those now alone subject to it. Among these persons it may be suggested that he should include persons of the other sex. His best plan would be to make service compulsory for spinsters, allowing married women the privilege of being represented by their husbands: a husband, also, if summoned, to be permitted to send his wife as a substitute.

There is no reason to suppose that twelve women in a box would, whatever verdict they might return in any case, not acquit themselves at least as well as twelve men of corresponding average in point of intelligence, or that if any number of women were empanelled on juries there would ensue any increase whatsoever in the present per-centage of ridiculous decisions and failures of justice.

The rights which women quite reasonably demand of a Legislature which has enfranchised almost every fool in the Kingdom out of a madhouse or a gaol, they might obviously claim with additional justice if at the same time they offered to undertake the correlative duties. A deputation of ladies will perhaps wait on MR. GLADSTONE, conjuring him, by his respect for the dignity of his own flesh and blood, and in order to their attainment of their due political rights, to make his Attorney-General effectually provide for their subjection to the sweet yoke of service as jurywomen. It may then be expected that, before next Michaelmas, the Jury Lists on the church doors will include the name of every lady in the parish of full age, under sixty; that will be, probably, without exception.

FOLLIES OF THE FASHIONS.

COMMON sense is the last thing we should expect to find in any book of fashions. So we are not a bit surprised by the following announcement:—

"*Toilettes de promenade* are now made to touch the ground, and at times are even worn with a *demi traine*."

A pretty foot and ankle are by no means the least admirable parts of female beauty, and we cannot but regret that dresses should be made to render them invisible. Short skirts permitted feet and ankles to be decorously seen, and, moreover, allowed ladies to walk cleanly and in comfort. Dresses made to touch the ground, and even trail upon it, will not merely conceal what is delightful to behold, but will draggle in the dirt, and be a little unseemly. Whene'er they take their walks abroad, ladies will perform the work of crossing-sweepers; and when they reach their homes will need, ere they go in, to clean their skirts upon their door-scrapers.

President Pussy.

THINKS on Rome Priest-Rule, would, if he could,
Refix; meanwhile holds France from domineering,
Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"
"Like the poor cat i' the adage," fain, but fearing.

Mordecai.

At the Pomona Gardens' demonstration, Bacup enjoyed the proud distinction of exhibiting the most attractive banner. The portrait of MR. DISRAELI which adorned it was made more memorable by this inscription "The man whom we delight to honour"—an appropriate motto, but one which might have been improved by the alteration of one word, causing the legend to read, "The man whom we delight to Backup."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



THURSDAY, April 4.—

Her Majesty's faithful Commons met again, that is a few of them met, after their short holiday. Perhaps they were depressed by returning to work. Anything more dull than their first evening could hardly be. But let us see whether the magic touch of genius can vivify an inert mass. Though 'tis a parlous experiment, shepherds, for what says MILTON?

"No falsehood can endure
Touch of celestial temper."

(Remember that, dear Madam, when He comes home and humbugs about having been detained by business. Smile sweetly, and after a time he will get so cross you can't think. Then you'll know what sort of "business" it was.)

After some unprofitable talk, the discussion of the Budget was resumed. MR. VERNON HARCOURT proposed we should vote that the Na-

tional Expenditure ought to be reduced, in order that Taxation might also hide a diminished head. He made several very good points, and quoted, effectively, several *dicta* of distinguished men. But, *cui bono*? We must keep up appearances. What happens in private life happens in public. SIR BALDWIN was small, and had only one dish on the week-day, but "an added pudding solemnised the Lord's." SIR BALDWIN grew great, and

"Live like yourself, was soon my Lady's word,
And lo! two puddings smoked upon the board."

Lady Britannia has long insisted on MR. J. BULL'S having Two Puddings, and all he can now demand (which he often does in vain) is that their proof shall be in their "eating handsome," as MR. PEPPY would say.

MR. RICHARD, of course, was strong for stinginess. Perhaps he is a descendant of the famous Poor RICHARD. But as he is a professional Peacemaker, much as we respect him, we can no more argue with him than we could play at draughts with him if he kept all his men on the blacks and we ours on the whites. Perhaps, however, he would not play at draughts, as it is a kind of fighting, and worse, of fighting for crowns. We must pray, with *Falstaff*, "Evans defend us from this Welsh Fairy, lest he transform us to a piece of cheese;" i. e., to a meal for foreign Rats.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK spoke wisely, as usual. No doubt, there had been reduction of taxation, to please the House, but it might not be for the benefit of the country. The poverty of the country, like the poverty of an individual, depended much more on character than income or taxation. Do not fidget over temporary shifts, but do something towards reducing the National Debt. A word, SIR JOHN LUBBOCK. Your respected name, says the *Patronymica*, is possibly derived from Lubeck, a city in Lower Saxony, but that is not to the point—this is. "Base is the Slave that pays." Yes; and "Britons never, never," &c. "Trouble me no more about that matter," as RABELAIS remarketh.

MR. R. N. FOWLER agreed with SIR JOHN, but did not see how, in the face of the strong feeling (which *Mr. Punch* had caused to be) manifested all over the country, Ministers could help taking off that Two-Pence from the Income-Tax. No, dear Sir, nor do we. Excuse the facetiousness, but the more we have looked at that tax

"The Fowler grew its goblin hue."

MR. RYLANDS did not want to talk about the National Debt then. He was for retrenchment. 'Tis a good word, immediately French, but possibly from the Spanish *atrincheramiento*, also a very good word, better than Mesopotamia.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER began by announcing that he should not take off the half-duty on Coffee until the First of May. This delay is to please the trade. Not in the interest of the public. "O no, MR. JEREMY," as MRS. BLAND used to sing at Vauxhall, in our younger days. He then said that the observations about paying off the Debt commanded his cordial esteem, but practically the operation was impossible. As for reducing expenditure, the proposal was an abstract one, and that was not the way to do things. Economy was a matter of detail. He had been abused as much as most mortals (we are glad that he admitted his being a mortal, as we are saved the trouble of writing him a letter with that information), but nobody had ever called him extravagant. Then, he said, fairly enough, that as regards the attitude of England, she means to hold the good things she has, and also to hold, towards other nations, such a face as will keep them civil. Incidentally he quoted the clever remark, that a Paternal Government means a Childish people. Clever, dear J. D., but childish and child-like are two things, and Gushing Governments get into a roaring rage if confidence, of the second sort, be not extended to them. Then, if they don't behave "paternally," they ought to be wopped—we forget whether there's a word that jingles to the quadrisyllable. He opposed MR. HARCOURT's resolution, adding, "Our business is to do our business, and leave you (the Commons) to do yours."

MR. FIELDEN reminded the House that MR. GLADSTONE, when stumping Lancashire in 1868, had dwelt emphatically on the extravagance of his opponents, and by implication, on the economy of himself and his friends. Yes, those were days of excellent good Lion-roaring, but this week another Lion hath been roaring in the same region.

MR. J. B. SMITH remarked on the courage with which the Americans had grappled with the reduction question. They had saved in interest eight millions in six years. He advised MR. LOWE to screw up his courage to the work. He will not. His tool-chest lacks but one screw-driver, but that happens to be the one wanting for the purpose indicated.

On division, MR. HARCOURT had 35 votes and the Government 78, so the Income-Tax resolutions were voted, as were the tea and coffee arrangements. Now, British grocer, how much dearer do you mean to make the articles, in consequence of the reduction of duty? Be gentle, or we may take to claret at breakfast—and not your claret, by any manner of means, but real wine, such as is called Clary in the naughty old comedies.

A debate on a Bill for a certain treatment of Chancery Funds (we need hardly say that it has nothing to do with handing them to the rightful owners) and MR. HENLEY said that the habit of Grabbing other people's money was catching. The grabbers, however, led by MR. BAXTER, triumphed by 89 to 37.

Then we had final discussion of the Parks Bill in Committee, and a beautiful Ayrtonianism was let off. Speaking of a certain clause, the *Edile* said, that it was perfectly matter of indifference to him, for he had not prepared it. However, he defended the measure very sensibly, and said that if it passed he should assuredly enforce it against the friends of Republicanism, Internationalism, and Revolution. The Bill passed through this stage, and poor MR. AUBERON HERBERT, who wanted to hinder it, actually could not find a supporter.

What in low fighting slang is called a smeller

To AUBERON HERBERT (on the Parks Bill) fell:

The young man could not find a second Teller—

Hard, as he thinks himself a second TELL.

Friday.—MR. GÖSCHEN promised to reconsider the question whether it shall be left to the Captain of a ship to have a boat-lowering apparatus or not. The making this voluntary is an implied recognition of a gallant officer's good sense, as it supposes that he would certainly demand whatever is good for his ship, but we can't afford to pay compliments when lives may be lost by a crotchet.

MR. NEWDEGATE demanded explanations as to what had passed between the POPE and the PRINCE OF WALES, in Rome. MR. GLADSTONE replied that His Holiness had been very kind and courteous, and that his observations on the religious character of the English people were not at all calculated to destroy our Protestant institutions. But MR. NEWDEGATE had not then heard that the POPE had said to the PRINCESS OF WALES, "Get thee to a Nunnery;" that is, had given H. R. H. leave to visit any convent she might desire to inspect, a favour rarely accorded. If His Holiness's gentlemanly good-nature do not produce another question from MR. NEWDEGATE, we shall take an early opportunity of despairing of the religion of these realms.

But all our time was not lost, for we read a Second Time the Sanitary Bill.

Manchester is not Parliament, but statesmen's utterances are Parliamentary history, and it shall be set down here that there has

been a Monster Conservative Demonstration in Lancashire. Mr. DISRAELI has been received there with unbounded enthusiasm, and he has delivered, in the Free Trade Hall itself, a long and brilliant oration, in which he clearly proved that the British Constitution was a "sweet boon," that all who would destroy it are venomous cusses, and that the Conservatives are not yet ready to go in for a fight for office. He likened the Ministers to a row of Extinct Volcanoes. The PREMIER's probable sentiments on the oration are illustrated in *Mr. Punch's* Cartoon.

AT LAST!

THE moment has arrived!

Let us say that

We have burnt one Bishop—

We have smashed one Director—

We have run over one Member of Parliament—

We have poisoned one Peer—

All this by way of bold metaphor,—meaning, let us suppose, that we have offered up the precious sacrifice, which, in this practical country, will have to be waited for before the abolition

Of locked railway-carriage doors—

Of train-running without block-telegraphing—

Of furious driving and unprotected crossings in London streets—

Of the making up of prescriptions by unqualified chemists and druggists.

But now we have so handsomely drowned two officers and a boat's-crew of the *Ariadne*, we may hope that the sacrifice has been performed which was necessary to drive into the heads of the Admiralty the expediency of enforcing the use, in men-of-war, of CLIFFORD'S Boat-lowering apparatus; or some better, if there be a better, which, as advised, we doubt. They have already taken the first step to this desirable result—which has not been urged upon them for much more than twelve years—by giving Naval Captains the option of fitting their ships with CLIFFORD'S apparatus or one, as we are assured, though Mr. SHAW LE FEVRE tells a different story, admitted by all who have tried both to be in every point its inferior—KYNASTON'S. KYNASTON being an Admiral, and having a brother at the Admiralty, of course his apparatus had every claim to precedence over CLIFFORD'S, which possessed only one merit—efficiency.

Let us hope that the question, if there be a question, of relative merit between these contrivances, will, at last, be settled, if there be a better and a worse, that henceforth option between better and worse will be withdrawn, and that GÖSCHEN will have the use of the best boat-lowering apparatus made compulsory and universal, or JOHN BULL will know the reason why. We have surely offered up lives enough to Admiralty prejudice, or Admiralty interest, or Admiralty supineness and stupidity, whichever it be, that has stood so long between the British man-o'-war's-man and the most perfect plan possible for diminishing his chances of drowning.

TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE.

KNOWING an amateur performer on the ophicleide, or bagpipes, who feels himself insulted, if, when he is asked to dine with you, he is not begged to bring his music!

Being asked to execute your country friend's commissions, from a eradle to a erinoline, or a banjo to a baby-jumper, because you, who live in town, of course know best where to buy things.

Knowing a funny fellow who mimics all your little eccentricities of manner, not behind your back merely, but before your very wife.

Being perpetually pestered by your friends to get them boxes at the theatres, because you happen to know the managers, or possibly the authors.

Knowing a clever fellow of an artist, who takes advantage of your hospitality by making you a study for his wildest caricatures.

Knowing a fine lady, of the family of Snobs, who, because you happen to have mentioned that you have once met a lord, persists in prattling "Peerage" to you every time you meet.

Being ordered to get up and make a circuit of your premises at two o'clock A.M., because your wife says that she *knows* that thieves are in the house.

A Long Time Ago.

DISQUIETING rumours of the existence of a "King of Rüm" (in connection with a paper read at a recent meeting of the Asiatic Society) having reached the ears of the "National Alliance," that body caused inquiries to be made on the subject, and were relieved to learn that whatever baneful influence such a dissolute monarch may have exercised on society, it was confined to the Eleventh Century of our Era.

THE GROCER'S FRIEND.



HAT excellent M.P., Mr. J. G. T. SINCLAIR, has written the *Times* a letter epitomising his arguments for a "free breakfast-table"—the table to be freed at the Income-tax payer's expense. The following one is the basis of all the rest:—

"That tea, sugar, and coffee are necessities because they are universally given in workhouses and gaols; that it is contrary to the Constitution to tax those who are not represented for necessities."

Whatever things are universally given in workhouses and gaols are necessities; but tea, sugar, and coffee are univer-

sally given in workhouses and gaols: therefore tea, sugar, and coffees are necessities, quoth ARISTOTLE? No, Mr. SINCLAIR. But in saying that it is contrary to the Constitution to tax those who are not represented for necessities, he states that which nobody can deny without braying. On the contrary, everybody but a Moke must admit that he has spoken very much within bounds; for we all feel that taxation without representation is tyranny, whether levied on necessities or luxuries. So at least all feel who are taxed and misrepresented. See how much this maxim has to do with the question of a free breakfast-table. Every man almost who consumes tea, coffee, and sugar bought with his own money is represented, if he is taxed, particularly if taxed on little else but his intoxicating liquors; and all prisoners and captives, whether immured in a gaol or a workhouse, if unrepresented, are untaxed. Their breakfast-table, such as it is, stands free for them, having been emancipated by the rate-payers, who pay for the entire banquet, whether including tea, coffee, and sugar, or limited to skilligolee. Women, to be sure, are taxed without being represented; but this wrong is to be redressed by the emancipation of Beauty, not of the breakfast-table. The freedom of the breakfast-table, moreover, concerns only a few old maids and widows; probably the ladies in general would very much prefer a free boudoir.

Perhaps Mr. SINCLAIR would argue that oakum is a necessary because it is universally given in workhouses and gaols—to pick.

The reason, furthermore and finally, says Mr. SINCLAIR, why I protested against the reduction of Twopence in the Income-tax in preference to the remission of taxes on the breakfast-table, was that—

"I thought it astonishing and distressing to hear rich Members of all parties in the House of Commons, over their turtle and champagne, cordially sanctioning the confiscation of the entire surplus for the benefit of their own class, and doubting whether it would not be a violation of the Constitution to allow the wretched out-door pauper, the helpless widow, or the poor seamstress of Spitalfields, a cup of untaxed coffee with their crust of dry bread."

Pathetic, pitiful, compassionate, condoling Mr. SINCLAIR! As feelingly, at least, as you, Mr. *Punch* commiserates poor people who can afford nothing for breakfast dearer than dry bread—though they who can afford that can afford nice oatmeal-porridge; can't they? But would our poor brothers and sisters, now able to afford nothing above dry bread for breakfast, really be enabled to afford anything better by a free breakfast-table? Alas, no! The breakfast-table would be none the cheaper; on the contrary, for reasons of which the grocers would give a most satisfactory explanation, there would be an immediate rise in the prices of tea, coffee, and sugar, sweet Mr. SINCLAIR.

Inns of Court Head Quarters.

OPINIONS differ about the style of Architecture which would be the most appropriate for the New Law Courts in their proposed combination ironically called by some people the Palace of Justice. There are some hints of the best design for that Building to be found in *Paradise Lost* where MILTON describes Pandemonium.



"WHAT NEXT?"

Mistress (to New Housemaid). "JANE, I'M QUITE SURPRISED TO HEAR YOU CAN'T READ OR WRITE! I'M SURE ONE OF MY DAUGHTERS WOULD GLADLY UNDERTAKE TO TEACH YOU —"

Maid. "O, LOR', MUM, IF THE YOUNG LADIES WOULD BE SO KIND AS TO LEARN ME ANYTHING, I SHOULD SO LIKE TO PLAY THE PIANNER."!!

RESULTS.

(Manchester, Easter Week, 1872.)

BAD colds.
Enthusiasm.
Hoarseness.
Damage to wearing apparel.
Mishaps to flags and banners.
Misfortunes to umbrellas.
Six columns of the *Times*.
Delight of young people called upon to read the whole of MR. DISRAELI'S speech aloud to elderly relatives.
Enormous sale of London and local papers.
Great demand for MR. DISRAELI'S novels.
Brisk traffic in MR. DISRAELI'S *cartes*.
Researches into the history and antecedents of Pomona.
Dinner-parties.
Excitement about "CAWLEY and CHARLEY."
Projected new room at Hughenden Manor to hold the Addresses.
Stern determination of "boys between 14 and 20,"* to take care of the English Constitution and their own, to be careful and Conservative, to save their money and their country, to eschew tobacco, and to resist the allurements of malt and spirituous liquors, so as to become householders at the very earliest opportunity, and supporters of MR. DISRAELI and the House of Lords.
Inexpressible weight on the minds of those to whom MR. DISRAELI delivered "the cause of the Tory party, of the English Constitution, and of the British Empire."
Consternation, confusion, distraction, and dismay in the Ministry.
Frequent Cabinet Councils. MR. GLADSTONE unable to eat, drink, or look at old china; LORD GRANVILLE attacked by gout; the

* "I am far within this mark when I say that one-half the people present in the Pomona Gardens yesterday were youths—literally and actually boys between fourteen and twenty."—*Special Correspondent of the Daily News*.

MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON discovered insensible in the Phoenix Park; MR. STANSFELD moaning in his sleep and shouting, "ADDERLEY! ADDERLEY!" and MR. CARDWELL threatening to enlist in his own Army.

The House of Lords breathing again.

Manchester, Saturday, 6 p.m.

(BY TELEGRAPH.)

Hoarseness abating, likewise enthusiasm.

SANG BY SAWNIE.

THERE 's ae question I wad speer,
Ere I loupit intil marriage;
Hech, noo, lassie, luve an' dear,
Cou'd ye live on airméal parritch?

Cou'd ye wear a cotton gown?
For the Sawbbath keep aane plaidie?
Be content wi' Nature's crown,
Nae fause chignon cost your laddie?

Wad ye, Doo', your gizzard fret?
Wad ye nae ith' sullens linger
For a' trinkets gin' ye'd get
Bit o' gowd on wee fourth finger?

Mutato Nomine.

OUR Republican and Socialist friends of the Patriotic Society, now the "Hole-in-the-Wall" has been blocked against them, have found a refuge, we are told, at the "Crown and Can." Considering the result of their attacks on royalty, we would suggest a slight change of sign—the "Crown and Cannot."



THE LANCASHIRE LIONS.

"SO HAVE I HEARD ON INKY IRWELL'S SHORE,
ANOTHER LION GIVE A LOUDER ROAR,
AND THE FIRST LION THOUGHT THE LAST A BORE."

Bombastes Furioso.

FLOURISH ON THE FRENCH HORN.



DURING the late siege of Paris by the victorious Germans, the inhabitants of that beleaguered city were reduced to eat strange flesh—the least strange being that of swans. Forty of those birds have now been distributed in pairs amongst the Tuileries, Parc Monceaux, Buttes Chaumont, and other public gardens of the French Capital, to replace the swans which the Parisians devoured. Swans are institutions which Paris replaces. France will, at any rate, not find that all her swans are geese.

Shoddy and Sand.

FROM a discussion which lately occurred at a meeting of the Manchester Chambers of Commerce, it appears that the adulteration of American cotton with sand has come to be practised extensively. The

authors of this fraud deserve being doomed perpetually to fabricate ropes of sand; or, which would answer the same purpose, to manufacture that material into cotton twist. As duly, with justice only rather less poetical, they might be sentenced to picking oakum without end.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

[N.B.—MR. BARLOW, for himself and his young friends, takes the earliest opportunity of contradicting the report that he, attended by his beloved Pupils, has interviewed either MONSIEUR CLAIMANT, at Antwerp, or the Monster Claimant in Newgate.]

A ROUND of unexampled gaiety in London having somewhat impaired the usual excellent health of MASTER TOMMY MERTON, MR. BARLOW proposed that, as the time had arrived when the Holidays were fast drawing to a close, he should take his young friends for a change of air to the South of England. TOMMY MERTON now insisted upon defraying the expenses of the trip, and after MR. BARLOW had judiciously written for and obtained apartments in the *Abbey Boarding House* at Torembe, the party set out for their destination, their high spirits being somewhat damped by the remembrance that in a very few days they would have to return to the routine of their ordinary studies.

Travelling by the night-train they beguiled the time with conversation, which naturally turned upon the diversions of which they had so largely partaken during their sojourn in the Metropolis. MR. BARLOW now desired to hear HARRY's opinion upon Pantomimes in general.

"Why, Sir," answered HARRY, "I am very little judge of these matters, but I protest that it seems to me that all honest folk can but be of one mind with regard to this sort of theatrical entertainment."

Tommy. I vow that I have always considered a Pantomime a vastly comical and diverting performance.

Mr. Barlow. Your sentiments, my dear TOMMY, remind me of the story of *Arsaces and the Unnecessary Infant*, which, as neither of you has heard it, I will now proceed to narrate. You must know then—

Here HARRY, with much modesty and compunction, informed their beloved tutor that he had himself already recounted the tale to MASTER TOMMY, a statement which his young friend hastened, with no little warmth, to corroborate.

Harry. As, MASTER TOMMY, you appear to have a somewhat high opinion of a Pantomime, let me ask you whether you consider it a benefit for the uneducated to witness a virtuous, or a vicious, example?

Tommy. Indeed, it appears to me that to have perpetually before our eyes such an exhibition of virtue as our revered tutor affords us is vastly beneficial.

Mr. Barlow. Softly, TOMMY, softly. For although your candour and penetration do you infinite credit, yet I would rather be assured that this frank and generous acknowledgment were made equally in the absence, as in the presence, of the person to whom, you would have us believe, you are so deeply indebted.

MR. BARLOW was then going to descend and enter another carriage, but TOMMY, with many tears and protestations, begged him to remain and hear HARRY's answer to the question which he had put to him.

Harry. A Pantomime, then, Sir, appears to me to be filled with little else but cheating, dissimulation, treachery of the grossest kind, and cruelties of the most revolting and barbarous nature, practised, I regret to say, upon those whose helpless condition, either by reason of their sex or age, demands our utmost consideration and most chivalrous protection. The babe is remorselessly torn from its nurse's, or its mother's, arms, to be brutally doubled up, in order to accommodate its shape to the capacity of the *Clown's* pocket, or it is handed from one to the other, with less care than would be bestowed on unearthing bundles of firewood; and when outraged justice at length interferes to punish the evil-doers, it is the innocent baby which serves the *Clown* as a most formidable weapon in his effectual resistance to the police; and, when it is of no further use, either for defence or offence, it is callously jerked aside, put into a pie-man's can, or hurled into the midst of some fearful street-light, where its dismal fate is sealed, and it is for ever lost to view. And, let me ask you, did you, my dear MR. BARLOW, or you, my dear TOMMY, see one spectator of this series of inhuman crimes shed so much as a single tear; nay, on the contrary, did we not notice how the younger portion of the audience vehemently applauded the while the elder looked on in smiling satisfaction? Not to multiply instances which your own experience would suggest to you, you will remember what roars of laughter greeted the cold-blooded decapitation of an unfortunate policeman, the ghost of whose head subsequently appeared, horrible to relate, in the large pasty, with which both *Clown* and *Pantaloon* were regaling themselves in their dishonestly-acquired lodgings? And therefore, not to detain you further, I could not help wondering, during the last Pantomime at which we were present, that people could throw away so much of their time upon sights that can do them no good, and take their children and their relations to learn fraud and insincerity, to behold the utmost cruelty greeted with shouts of laughter, to see justice held up to derision, the law triumphantly defied, and meanness, vice, chicanery, and trickery most vehemently and heartily applauded.

MR. BARLOW smiled at the honest bluntness of HARRY; and TOMMY, who had already commenced writing the first scene of a Pantomime, hung his head and appeared not a little mortified.

However, as he could not contradict the charges which HARRY had brought, he thought it prudent to be silent. [TOMMY's Pantomime was founded upon a story of MR. BARLOW's, and was entitled *Harlequin Agenläus and The Versatile Plumber, or the Convulsive Fairies of the Silver Spoon and the Cow that Jumped over the Moon, or the Little Dog of the Ottigamies and the Unaffected Scullion*. He had secretly purposed calling on the Lessee of Drury Lane, or if no other way were open to him he was going to ask his father, who was a very wealthy man, either to purchase for him a share in Drury Lane Theatre, which would entitle him as a renter to compel the attention of the Lessee, or to take the *Opéra Comique*, for the ensuing winter, to be opened, under the management of MASTER TOMMY MERTON, with his new and original Pantomime. These schemes he now determined to drop, having been much moved by HARRY's discourse.]

At Swindon, MR. BARLOW and his young friends refreshed themselves with a plentiful supper of buns and as much soup as they could swallow without scalding their mouths in the few minutes allotted for this repast.

Before re-entering their compartment, MR. BARLOW, ascertaining that the Guard had not heard the story of *Pharnabazus and the Modest Buffalo*, was forthwith about to recount it to him, when the signal was given for the train's departure, whereupon MR. BARLOW, wishing to exhibit in his own person an example of scrupulous punctuality, and exact adherence to the Rules, Regulations, and Bye-Laws of the Company, at once stepped into his carriage, and, with his usual happy expedition, was very soon fast asleep.

A Contradiction in Terms.

ONE thing *Punch* will say of the new Governor-General of the Canadian Dominion, which all who know the late Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster will echo now, and to which the people he governs will soon—we have no doubt, say ditto—that the Government, having the most important and honourable post in any British dependency, after the Governor-Generalship of India, to fill up, has not put a duffer in!



THE INTERESTING EVENT.

Curly Poll. "SO THAT'S THE NEW BABY THE DOCTOR HAS SENT HERE TO MAMMA, FREDDY?"

Freddy. "YES. AND DON'T IT SQUEAL? AND I DO SAY IT'S A GREAT SHAME OF THE DOCTOR TO SEND BABIES WHEN PEOPLE ARE ILL, LIKE POOR MAMMA. I HATE HIM!"

Frederick Denison Maurice.

BORN 1804. DIED 1872.

Nor Bishopric, nor Deanery, nor Stall
Of Canon or of Prebend, empty stands,
By reason of this death, whose tidings fall
To sadden many hearts in many lands;

Yet to uplift e'en whom they sadden most;
The steady star, whose dimming here we mourn,
Beams ever for us in the heavenly host,
And only there seems to have reached its bourne.

The broad bright light, whose guiding radiance shone
So wide on earth, shines broader, brighter now:
What though the true voice, and sweet smile be gone,
Closed the kind eyes beneath the steadfast brow—

The life of love he lived, the truth he spoke,
The seeds of good he sowed on earth remain:
In many brave hearts, eased from Evil's yoke,
The fruitful soul of MAURICE lives again.

Stout runners, over duty's dusty course,
Will carry on the torch his hand lets fall;
Whose flame, he bearing it, nor craft nor force
Quenched, or made quiver—a sure light for all!

If e'er man's life showed Christian faith and love,
If ever man's lips Christian doctrine spoke,
That life was lived by him while here he strove,
That trumpet-truth from his tongue souls awoke,

Which slept, and would have slept, while, like a fall
Of lulling waters, orthodoxy ground

Its barrel-organ, and the popped pall
Of seventh-day slumber shed its influences round.

A dangerous spirit, by decorum's gauge,
Who on Heaven's road shook turnpikes and scorned tolls,
Could fling forth words white-hot with noble rage,
As well as lit with love, compelling souls.

Armed with his well-proved thought he faced abuse,
Loss, conflict, obloquy, believing still
That God, who gives us reason, wills its use.
That reverent trust in right can work no ill.

He ne'er met lies but off its mask to tear,
Nor e'er encountered truth but to embrace:
Heedless what seemly vizard lies might wear,
Or what thick veil might hide truth's noble face.

Why pause the lot of such a life to read—
Its band of high, and humble, grateful friends,
Of honours, wealth, its small share, smaller need:
How can he miss, who seeks not, worldly ends?

He being dead yet speaks, and still will speak
More widely, as men grow more brave and wise,
In wider sympathy, and faith less weak,
And interchange of larger charities.

Crowned with a radiant crown, than earth's more fair,
'Mid love and reverence he leaves life below,
To seek the life above, and welcome there,
Face to face, all 'twas his, e'en here, to know!

Satisfactory Vote, nevertheless.
THEATRICAL BALLOT.—"HODSON'S CHOICE."



FASHIONABLE AND APPROPRIATE COSTUMES

FOR THE PRESENT SEASON.

Alice. "DO PRAY TAKE MY UMBRELLA, FANNY, DEAR! I'M JUST AT HOME!"

A DANGEROUS EXAMPLE.

WILLIAM LASH, an appropriately named attendant at the Colney Hatch Lunatic Asylum, having been seen by one of the medical officers striking one of the lunatics under his care, was very properly suspended, committed, tried, and found guilty last week, at the Middlesex Sessions. It was proved that the lunatic he had struck was much bruised and injured, and LASH pleaded that he had been "provoked." The jury seems to have thought the provocation justified the assault, for while finding LASH guilty, they added a gratuitous, and on the face of it, highly improbable opinion, that "as he had been but a short time in the Asylum, he probably was not acquainted with the restriction that no attendant was allowed to strike an inmate"—the first thing every attendant is made to do being to master the printed rules, of which this stands at the head. Whereupon the judge seems to have showed himself, if he will allow *Mr. Punch* to say so, more imbecile even than the jury, for he merely ordered WILLIAM LASH to enter into his own recognisances to come up for judgment if called upon.

Considering the number of Lashes loose in too many Lunatic Asylums, if we may judge by the frequency of rib-breakings, bath smotherings, and similar murderous acts of brutality on the part of Asylum attendants brought to light from time to time; the peculiarly helpless position of the lunatics who are the victims of these brutalities; and the difficulty of securing that same evidence, which alone juries seem to think warrant for a verdict of guilty on such charges, we should have thought that of all conceivable cases, one in which an Asylum attendant is convicted on an Assistant-Surgeon's testimony of brutal violence to a lunatic, was the one for an exemplary sentence.

We had flattered ourselves that corporal punishment was forbidden in all well managed Lunatic Asylums. The cat has been banished in effect from the Army and Navy, and is only allowed, now, to claw the backs of ruffianly garrotte robbers. But such lenient treatment as visiting justices, jury, and judge have given this LASH seems very likely *encourager les autres*, and so to

THE PIG AND THE RING.

I wish for a thing.
Who will give me a Ring?
What good angel, or genie, or fairy,
On my finger to wear,
And be pinched with it there,
Whensoever in good living unwary?

The utmost to eat,
And to drink that were meet
For my health me I'd have it to suffer;
But when I did exceed
That degree, then indeed
To admonish this erring old buffer.

How well, then, I'd dine!
And go on drinking wine
Without end, till my Ring pinched me warning,
I should then feast without
Getting in for the gout
By-and-by, and a headache next morning.

COMMON MISQUOTATION.

LOW-BORN creatures who do not know, and pretend not to care to know, who their grandfathers were, not having family-trees like the pedigree of *Mr. Punch*, who came in before the Conqueror, are apt to say that the grapes of genealogy are sour, quoting, as they commonly do, the lines from Nosey—so our Young Hopeful the other day dared to call the poet, PUBLIUS OVIDIUS NASO:—

"Nam genus, et proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipsi,
Vix ea nostra voco."

Et quæ non fecimus ipsi? By this rule, we should like to know how anyone could possibly call his soul his own?

A Thought upon Taffy.

Your Welsh Cad is a greater Cad than any other. He numbers among his ancestors a CADWALLADER and a CADWALLON.

stimulate the use of the Lash in our Lunatic Asylums generally. There are few of them, we fear, without a Lash handy among their attendants, only to be kept in abeyance by good rules, strictly enforced, and their violation heavily punished.

FAIR WARNING FROM FRANCE.

EUROPE bids fair to advance—crab-fashion. If she do not progress, at any rate she will march. At the suggestion of M. CHASSELOUP-LAUBAT, in his report on the organisation and recruiting of the French army, it is likely that the National Assembly will pass a law to make every able-bodied Frenchman between twenty and forty learn soldiering. All Europe must follow suit. Hooray for the prospects of the peace and civilisation of the world! Hey for the Millennium! When France is armed, Europe makes ready. Of course M. THIERS will lose no time in converting France into one camp able to revenge Sedan, and reinstate the Pope-King. M. THIERS knows that he can effect that transformation in a twinkling, as it were with a wave of a Harlequin's wand. Otherwise he would try to do it by degrees, and say nothing of what he was about in the meanwhile. If it were made a work of time, it might chance to get arrested at an early stage of development. BISMARCK may be asleep, and snoring very loud, and perhaps a prolonged noise of military preparation would not soon awaken him; but perhaps it might, and then what if he were to nip a magnificent project of glory and vengeance in the bud?

A Shrewd Observer.

MRS. MALAPROP, whose head is still full of the Tichborne case, is puzzled to think why some of the ground at the Brighton Review was "tattooed." The same worthy matron also wonders at the fuss that has been made in Holland about "the capture of Brill,"—a fish which, for her part, she thinks very inferior to turbot.



AN IRISH MODEL.

Mrs. Magillicuddy (to her Daughter). "WHY, WHY, ROSEEN! WHAT'S BEEN DELAYIN' YE? WHY! AND ME WAITIN' THIS HOUR PAST TO COME IN WID THE MILK!"

Rose. "O, SURE, THIN, MOTHER DEAR, ON ME WAY BACK FROM THE MEADA' I MET SUCH A DARLIN' ENGLISH JINTLEMAN—A RALE ARTIST. WHY, AND HE AXED ME TO ALLOW HIM TO TAKE ME LANDSKIP; AND O, MOTHER MAVRONE, IT'S A WONDER HOW LIKE ME HE'S MED IT, OLORY BE TO THE SAINTS!"

FRIGHTS AND FASHIONS.

MEN laughed, when wearing Pig-tails was the rule,
At one who wore no Pig-tail as a fool.
She that hair-powder, patches, paint, eschewed,
Was funny to the female multitude.
When womankind their waists made long or short,
Whose waist was Nature's waist, she moved their sport.
In days of Crinoline's extent immense,
Attired in skirts of just circumference,
Amid the modish throng if one appeared,
The others at her for a "dowdy" sneered.
Now Chignons are in vogue, they deem her odd
Who fails to pile the fashionable wad
Aloft, like towers of Cybele, and groan
Beneath a load of hair that's not her own.
The crowd, their ears with pendants who adorn,
A lady without earrings hold in scorn;
Who fish-bones through their nostrils thrust, so those
The fair who wears no fish-bone in her nose.

"Because he had Too much Cheek."

THE Spaniards are getting up another agitation to regain Gibraltar. At a time when she cannot even lock out her brigands from her railway-stations, but allows those scoundrels to tear up the rails and murder the passengers, Spain asks to be trusted with the keys of the Mediterranean! If a Spaniard could read *Bleak House*, we should refer him to *Mr. Bucket's* answer to his own question "why they killed the pig."

ANOTHER "BALANCE OF COMFORT."—At your Banker's.

WAGGAWOCK SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

"THERE are some people with plenty money but no brains, and other people with plenty brains but no money."—*The Ex-Claimant.*

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Eight Donkeys in a Pound.	1	0	0	An American Publisher	1	1	0
One who has suffered by Justice	0	2	6	Gents using the parlour of the Duffer's Head,			
A Gushing Gent.	0	1	6	Houndsditch	0	6	0
A Hater of Law	0	3	6	Pious Potboy	0	0	6
Asinus	0	0	6	A Butcher	0	1	0
Fagin and young friends	0	4	0	A Friend (Hanwell), with seven oyster-shells and a flageolet	0	0	31
A Female Idiot	2	0	0	Tattoo Diaboli	0	4	6
One who would gladly have seen him among the base aristocracy	0	1	0	Servants in a kitchen, after reading the "Penny Dreadful"	0	2	6
Five Cads	0	5	0	Jonathan Wild	0	10	0
A Fellow Prisoner	0	0	6	Titus Oates	0	10	0
Clyfaker	0	1	0	One who has bellowed at the Cat	0	1	0
A Stubborn Cove who sticks to his opinion	0	2	0	"Dear Clever Boy"	0	0	6
Conscience-money; half an overcharge by a converted Cabman	0	1	6	A Hater of Swells	0	1	0
A Pigeon-Shooter	0	5	0	A Howling Idiot	1	1	0
A Sensation-monger	0	1	9	A Baby Farmer	0	10	0
Eleven Touts	0	11	0	A Woman Hater	0	2	6
An old nurse	0	0	6	Mother Goose	0	0	2

Mancunium and Mythology.

MANCHESTER is most classical. In her hours of relaxation she seeks Pomona, but in the pursuit of business she is ever faithful to Vertumnus as the God of 'Change.



SOUNDINGS!

The Living down at our Village falling vacant, LORD PAVONDALE left it to the Parish to choose the new Rector.

Influential Parishioner. "THEN AM I TO UNDERSTAND, MR. MANIPLE, THAT YOU OBJECT TO BURY A DISSENTER?"

The Rev. Mr. Maniple (one of the Competitors). "O, DEAR ME, NO, MR. JINKS; QUITE THE CONTRARY!"

SERIOUS INTERJECTIONS.

If you were asked what you considered to be the chief characteristic of the Great Transatlantic Branch of the Anglo-Saxon Family, would you not mention a peculiar gravity, manifested in the frequent combination of the affairs of common or political life with devotional solemnities, and undisturbed by any idea of their incongruity or dissociation by unfitness of things? This it was which enabled the Chaplain of the Massachusetts Legislature, upon the opening of its session the other day, in offering up the customary prayer, to introduce a special petition for the guidance of the members' hearts in the direction of bestowing the suffrage upon women. The Speaker, however, having been appealed to against this kind of praying, ruled that the chaplain must in future refrain from such admixture of secular and spiritual matters, whereupon the *Pall Mall Gazette*, congratulating the Legislature of Massachusetts on having cut short what might otherwise have proved a very inconvenient precedent, remarks that:—

"The peculiar advantages which the position of the chaplain would give him in setting forth, through the medium of prayer, his political opinions, were not likely to be meekly borne by his opponents. It is true that the party whose views were shared by the chaplain would not be permitted to mark their approbation by cheers or cries of 'Hear, hear!' But they might freely interpolate 'Amen,' whereas the expression of 'Oh, oh!' and other Parliamentary signs of dissent, would be absolutely forbidden to those who had the misfortune to differ from the officiator."

Very probably, as sounds of Parliamentary dissent, "Oh, oh!" would be interdicted. But, as sounds of Parliamentary assent and spiritual yearning, "Oh, oh!" would be quite in order. There is a sense in which "Oh, oh!" are sounds of both assent and dissent, as the writer of the note above quoted will acknowledge, if he has ever sat under the REVEREND MR. STIGGINS in Ebenezer.

CRITERIA OF CLOTHES.

METHOUGHT mine overcoat was growing old
With five years' wear, but, walking with it on,
I met a boy the other day, to me
Who, mind, he could not see my watch through it.
Said, "Please, Sir, what's the time?" He said
"Please, Sir,"

And he concluded that I had a watch
From data which were, save mine overcoat,
Below it but my trousers' legs and boots,
My billycock above. Both it and they
Were somewhat seedier than the sack which did
Between them intervene. Then, to that sack
I yet will wait before I give the sack,
And in another vestment cash invest,
Maybe some thirty bob, or more. Besides,
The beggars have not ceased to beg of me.
"Gentleman, please, would yer," they cry, "relieve
A poor man?" Poor? Why, then, I do look rich,
And mine exterior yet is gentlemanly.
Then underneath what matters how I go,
Whilst upper Benjamin makes outward show?

VOTERS OF VALUE.

A CLAUSE in the Ballot Bill provides that the presiding officers at an election may cause the vote of an elector, incapacitated by blindness, or any other physical cause, from voting in the manner prescribed by the Bill, to be secretly marked on a ballot-paper, and the paper placed in the ballot-box. It has been suggested that this provision should be extended to electors who can neither read nor write. But would they be incapacitated by a cause merely physical? Should they not also be presumed to lie under an intellectual incapacity, and is it really desirable that a vote should be given (not to say recorded) by every illiterate fool in the kingdom?

Green Park v. Black Moor.

THEY are resolved on running a railway through the finest people's park in England, and, what is more, in the very midst of the Black Country, where park scenery is most wanted and most welcome. This park is at Sutton Coldfield, but the wish to turn "Coldfield" into "coal field," however natural to the region, is not a transformation those who wish well to its workers will be inclined to favour or to forward. (Lords' Committee on the Wolverhampton and Leicester Railway Bill, please make a note.)

MACFIE'S LAST—LET US HOPE.

MR. MACFIE shows a wonderful capacity, even among unwise M.P.'s, for getting hold of the wrong end of the stick. He is the sage lawgiver who, because patent law is unsatisfactory, patent cases sometimes scandalous, and patent rights occasionally inconvenient to those who want to eat the fruit of other men's brains without paying for it, would do away with all legal protection to the inventor, and make all machinery, processes, and published matter, once given to the world, public property in perpetuity. This notable project of plunder is worthy of the logician who in SIR THOMAS CHAMBERS's silly Sunday Trading Bill—ignominiously and deservedly kicked out on Wednesday week—could see an attempt of the House of Commons to perform "its sacred duty of protecting the working-man's day of rest from being sacrificed to the rapacity of the capitalist."

Such was MR. MACFIE's account of the measure. Considering that it is the working-man who insists on the Sunday market, that it is his purveyors, the costermongers, who chiefly supply it, and that the only capitalist concerned is the small shopkeeper, who would fain see all Sunday trading squashed, that he might put up his shutters on the seventh day, and be off with the old woman and kids on an outing to 'appy Ampton or umbrageous Epping,—in the way of foolish misrepresentation and distortion of fact, one would think even MR. MACFIE could not go beyond this last. How if we were to clap a tail to the name, and dub this egregious gentleman for the future MR. MAC-FIE-FOR-SHAME?

THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION.—*Mal-à-propos* of the Alabama Claims, MRS. MALAPROP remarked that she had no patience with those over-reaching Yankees, they were so unsopholous.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, April 8.—MR. DISRAELI appeared, fresh from his great Lancoashire triumph, and not looking at all like a wearied Lion, but rather as one prepared to roar again at the shortest notice. However, to do him justice, he never assumes the lionine without provocation—he hath a temper, Sirs, which is much to be envied.

MR. NEVILLE GRENVILLE curiously inquired whether six counsel had been retained to prosecute the man CASTRO, now in Newgate. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL said that the

enormous mass of evidence to be dealt with required a strong legal staff—not, however, that there was any difficulty in the case itself, which was most simple, “the ‘Claim’ being an insult to the common-sense of mankind.” Yea, but that sense is not so common, especially among the commoner sort, CASTRO’s chief patrons and backers.

Evidently LORD ENFIELD is not let into all secrets. He stated that there was no hope of any relaxation in the French Passport System. On a later night his chiefs in both Houses proclaimed that it was to be immediately and entirely abolished.

MR. DODSON, Chairman of Committees, announced his retirement, and he was duly complimented by the two Leaders of party.

When MR. DONSON publishes a third volume of the enchanting adventures of MISS ALICE, of Wonderland and Looking-glassland, he shall be duly complimented by the Great Leader of all, *Mr. Punch*. The latter cannot as yet recover from his admiration of the marvellous poem, “Jabberwocky,” and of his own miraculous adaptation thereof. His only regret is that his amber embalms a bloated blow-fly.

MR. BONHAM-CARTER, who has been for many years the M.P. for Winchester, was made the new Chairman of Committees, and it is to be hoped that though our Carter will usually guide his team by ejaculations, he will not forget that he carries a whip for use on fit occasions.

“On hackney stands,
We reverence the coachman that cries ‘Gee!’
And spares the lash.”
(Rejected Addresses.)

but if horses will not go, or will jib, the resources of science must be employed.

We then got upon the Ballot Bill, and the obstructives made the discussion rather amusing. Several divisions were taken, and there was a pleasing fight on the question whether the polls should be kept open after dark, for the convenience of our artisan friends. MR. FORSTER thought that disturbances would be the result, but had no objection to open the poll till sunset, provided that happened before eight o’clock. Imagine Sol being the arbiter of elections. There was also a struggle to insert a clause for detecting personation, but Ministers were afraid that this would interfere with the absolute secrecy in which it is imagined that Britons desire to involve their voting.

What do you say to this, MR. FORSTER? Suppose that electors who are indignant at the idea of its being supposed that they are afraid to declare their votes should set up a sort of Register office, on election day, and should proceed thence from the poll-booth, to set down their suffrage for publication among their fellow-citizens. Will this be illegal?

“What, hang a man for speaking Out?
Then farewell, British Freedom.”
(Cowper.)

Tuesday.—The Lords met again, and were entertained with a discussion on the case of some young officers who, having been already gazetted as Ensigns and Lieutenants, are now to be sent to Sandhurst for education. It was explained that they were so gazetted, with notice that they would have to be subject to new rules, then in preparation. But, on the whole, these young Swells have a griev-

ance, and *Punch* hopes that their military ardour is not to be checked by any harshness.

Rather an odd debate in the Commons, touching the right of everybody to be heard against a certain Metropolitan Improvement Bill, the House having decided that the Board of Works should alone be heard. But it was fairly contended that the Board is not the representative of everybody, but only of Vestrymen, who are certainly “not everybody.” Ministers had to split. MR. AYRTON opposed the larger proposal, and MR. GLADSTONE supported it, which as M.P. for Greenwich, he was almost bound to do. It was, however, rejected by a good majority.

We had a debate raised by MR. FOWLER, on the subject of Entail. He wishes to make land much more easy of transfer. An unlucky reference to some cottages which are in a disgraceful state, gave MR. DISRAELI the means of making a good point. He was able to show that the dwellings were not the property of a Tory landlord, but of a Liberal tradesman. MR. GLADSTONE thought that the subject was not ripe for legislation, and asked MR. FOWLER to withdraw his motion, to which MR. FOWLER replied that if MR. GLADSTONE could not make up his mind how to vote, he could easily walk out of the House. (There is a new manual of politeness just published.) The snare of the fowler was escaped on division, 103 to 81.

Wednesday.—MR. G. ONSLOW, one of the distinguished treasurers of the Castro Fund, presented a petition from some people at and about Tichborne, declaring that they believed in the Claimant, and begging that he might be defended at the public expense. MR. ARTHUR GUEST presented a somewhat similar petition from Poole, but next day wrote to the *Standard* to say that he had merely discharged a Member’s duty, and had refused to ask that the petition might be read, as that would have implied his approbation of it.

Other proceedings were dull, except that the Sunday Trading Bill was opposed by MR. PETER TAYLOR in a really clever and effective speech, in which he deprecated, very properly, all needless interference with the sale of the small necessities and comforts of the needy. The Bill was rejected by 69 to 40. The smallness of the aggregate number, when a question involving the interests of lowly folk was at stake, shall be charitably explained by the suggestion that Solvent gentlemen felt ashamed to be meddling with the ways of the poor, who have bother enough, without Parliamentary addition.

Thursday.—MR. JOHN BRIGHT re-appeared in the House, after his long and much-regretted absence. He came in at prayer-time, so there could be no demonstration of welcome, or he would have been hailed with hearty cheers. *Mr. Punch* hereby cheers him lustily. At any time our JOHN would have been joyfully received, but there is just now special reason for shaking his hand hugely. For we this week read a capital letter (a “patriotic” letter, as the Conservative *Standard* justly calls it) to MR. CYRUS FIELD, in which MR. BRIGHT sets the conduct of the Americans “in order before their eyes,” denounces the “folly” of the indirect demands, and declares that England will never go into Court upon a claim which, if given against her, she would never accept. “Has the Presidential Election anything to do with this matter?” asks MR. BRIGHT, demurely. Ha! ha! Does he remember the big bellows and the Yankee “Claimant” in *Mr. Punch*’s masterly Cartoon?

There is a Railway Bill, for enabling a company to cut through the most beautiful part of Sutton Park, a favourite haunt of the people of Birmingham. A slight deviation would answer all engineering purposes, and save the scenery. But *Mr. Punch* need hardly say that the Railway interest was much too strong to listen to any sentimental appeal. However, the Birmingham people mean to ask the aid of the House of Lords, and here will be a capital opportunity for the owners of Parks to show that they understand the feelings of the lovers of Parks.

MR. AYRTON indulged in a scoff at the Clerk of the Weather, remarking that as he had actually favoured us with two fine days in succession, tan might soon be put down in the Park, unless the official in question changed his mind. It is pleasing to see that MR. AYRTON’S reverent habit never abandons him, be the topic what it may.

Young Gentlemen of the Foreign Office, who is responsible for this blunder? In the Correspondence about the Treaty with France, the words “sur lest,” meaning “in ballast,” have been translated as if the second word had been “l’Est,” and “coming from the East” had been meant. “Nous sayons! Say un mull de la première magnitude, ay tout le gras sera dans le feu see set sort de chose ay de aller sur.”

Friday.—In both Houses there was explanation of the state of the American negotiations. We lodge a Counter-Case, but we avoid any argument on the indirect claims, and we reserve all rights, and also liberty to recede. If no further blunder has been made, these precautions would appear to be sufficient.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON moved a resolution to the effect that England should declare that she would never fight in anybody’s quarrel but her own, in any circumstances whatsoever. After a good

debate, in which the doctrine of isolation was shown to be absurd, SIR WILFRID SELFISH (as an old comedy-writer would call him) was defeated by 126 to 21.

MR. BAILLIE-COCHRANE stoutly denounced the International Society: the lesser MR. BENTINCK was exceedingly impertinent to MR. GLADSTONE: we got through Committee on the Ballot Bill, and also on the Parks Bill, and we walked off to bed observing that this had been the warmest day of the year, and that we felt quite summery. Also we spoke of the sea—"speech which in England is a pleasant sign."

A CASE FOR CRYING ODOROUS FISH.



THAT must have been a nice business of MR. SALMON'S! Carried on down at Bermondsey, in the midst of a dense population—the making of manure from carrion—its ingredients are thus savourily described:—

"The blood and refuse of slaughter-houses, sticking fish, pigs' hair, putrid animal matter, and garbage of all sorts. These remained collected together in heaps while waiting the process of manufacture by which they were converted into superphosphate."

JUSTICE BYLES had dealt with this witch's cauldron, on indictment, very summarily, in 1868.

"The moment it was proved—as it was in a few minutes, by the first witness—that the effluvia from the premises was so offensive as to be a serious annoyance to the neighbours, the Judge said at once,

"This is a public nuisance. The *quantum* of the nuisance is quite immaterial, except for the purpose of sentence, and, therefore, unless this evidence can be controverted there must be a verdict for the Crown." It was impossible to controvert the evidence, and accordingly that course was taken, and the defendant submitted to a verdict against him."

But a big Bermondsey Salmon is not so easily "gaffed"! The local Magistrates were not quite up to the mark of the Justice of Q.B. When proceedings under the Nuisance Act were taken before them against this odoriferous establishment, they dismissed the complaint, and pronounced MR. SALMON a "benefactor to the neighbourhood."

Of course, under the august *egis* of Local Justices' Justice, SALMON stank on, and defied the Vestry and their Inspector of Nuisances, and when

—"in December last the medical officer visited MR. SALMON to warn him in a friendly way and induce him to remedy the grievance, he received his remonstrances in a very hostile spirit."

Here is the charge brought against the fragrant Salmonian plant, in a Doctor's affidavit sworn in Chancery proceedings taken last year by Messrs. PECK and FREAN, the great Bermondsey biscuit-factors, against their strong-smelling neighbour:—

"The process of manufacturing manure carried on by the defendant is detrimental to the health of the inhabitants, and especially to the plaintiffs, their servants, and workmen, and it is impossible, I believe, so to carry it on as that it shall not be a constant source of annoyance."

DR. PARKER also stated:—

"The fumes of the process are particularly disgusting, and pervade the streets and gardens, but the smell is worse in digging out the putrid mass and putting it in bags and carting it away."

At length the nuisance has again been attacked at law before CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN. All that we have quoted was borne out, to the letter, by the evidence given at the trial the other day:—

"It was shown that the most horrible effluvia emanated from the defendant's premises, from the heaps of rotten and putrefying materials collected there, and that on 'mixing days,' as they were called—that is, days on which the materials were boiled down—there was an escape of pestiferous gases, and a kind of heavy steam, which left a mould where it fell, and was accompanied with an acrid sensation in the mouth and throat. Evidence was given that vast quantities of fish-heads, garbage from slaughter-houses, and other filthy materials, were brought on the premises, and kept there until mixing days, which occurred, it was said, only once or twice a month; so that the neighbours either had the foul effluvia of the materials, or the still more offensive effluvia of the 'mixing.'"

Of course there was the usual cross-swearings, the usual arraying of eminent "scientific witnesses" to prove that everything was for the

best in this best of all possible manure-manufactories; that nothing which could be done to prevent nuisance was left undone; that no nuisance was possible, if the Salmonian processes were carried out as devised; that the bad smells came from other sources; finally, to cap the climax, that there were no bad smells, for that the Salmonian odours were rather nice than otherwise! Sanitary officers (not of the district), agricultural chemists, and chemical lecturers came forward freely to testify on behalf of SALMON and his sweetness. At last CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN, who has a highly undignified and unlawyerlike way of taking bulls by the horns, daringly proposed that the jury and himself should go bodily to the place, and have what he called a "view," but what we should rather have called a "smell," of the premises.

Chief-Justice and jury went, saw, and smelled, and came back satisfied—that whatever DR. LETHBRIDGE might have done for the process of manufacture, the storing of materials for the nice little mixture called "Salmon's Patent Superphosphate" produced odours which actually, as the Chief-Justice said, "took your breath away"—and no wonder, when one reads in detail the ingredients of this highly fertilising compound, "putrid pigs' hair, rotten fishes' heads, stale slaughter-house offal, and fermenting horse-dung!"

But to the sweet all things are sweet:—

"The MESSRS. SALMON were a good deal cross-examined as to the collections of foul materials they had upon their premises; and denied any unpleasant smells."

"One of the jury asked MR. SALMON, jun., whether he thought the smell at a certain place he described offensive; and the witness answered that he did not, upon which the juror lifted up his hands."

And we don't wonder at it, any more than the Chief Justice did.

Of course, "on the smell," SALMON was found to stink, though apparently with considerable reluctance on the part of some of the jury, even after smelling on the spot!

But what a pleasant picture the proceedings suggest of this not abnormally odoriferous "low" neighbourhood!

What a practical people we approve ourselves in allowing such processes to be carried on in the midst of dense populations, and how our respect for trade and capital rises superior to stench! *Odor lucri*, indeed! What was ROMAN VESPASIAN to British Vestryman? With the great medicine-man's *sanitas sanitatum, omnia sanitas* at Manchester, MR. STANSFELD'S Public Healths Bill in the House, CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN'S sound sanitary sense at Bermondsey, and LORD DERBY'S "Common-health Commonwealth" wisdom at Derby, we ought surely, as a nation, to be progressing fast and far on the way to that cleanliness which is next to godliness.

But how if *sanitas* still rhymes to *vanitas*: if the half-empty House listens languidly when "Public Health" is the order of the day: if CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN lays down the law against stench amid stench, and LORD DERBY has to insist on the uselessness of sanitary law without sanitary sense to stimulate and guide its application?

Till we have enlisted Public Opinion in the service of Public Health, talk will do little, and law less. JOHN BULL must properly value sweet air to breathe, sweet water to drink, and clean streets to live in, before all his law-makers and law-enforcers will give him either one or the other.

THE GIANTS AND THE BUNKUM-BAG.

Two well-intentioned Giants, face to face,
Anxious to shake hands, by-gones bid be gone,
Are held apart from cousinly embrace
By a huge wind-bag, all of Bunkum blown!

When Giant JOHN calls Giant JONATHAN
No more to let this Bunkum-Bag prevent
The two stout cousins' doing all they can
To clear off scores of ancient discontent,

Shall Giant JONATHAN to Giant JOHN
Turn a deaf ear, and swear that wind has weight,
And pin his faith the Bunkum-Bag upon,
And ope new sores, and old sores aggravate?

Shall not both join the Bunkum-Bag to prick,
And give its heated humbug to the winds,
And fall to settle the substantial slick,
And pay, or take, as arbitration finds?

Logic for Ladies.

It has been said by some wise person, and believed by many not otherwise, that it is in the power of any woman to make any man marry her she pleases. Very well; then do away with actions for breach of promise of marriage.



"IT IS A PRINCE, YOUR GRACE."

[Nurse Lilly, correcting the Iron Duke.]

"HOW IS MRS. TOMKINS?"

"MRS. MONTGOMERY TOMKINS IS AS WELL AS CAN BE EXPECTED, MA'AM."

"AND THE LITTLE BOY?"

"THE LITTLE BOY, MA'AM!"

"WELL, THE LITTLE GIRL, THEN?"

"THE LITTLE GIRL, MA'AM!"

"YES—ONE OR THE OTHER, I SUPPOSE!"

"THE DOCTOR SAID AS A HEIR 'AD ARRIVED, MA'AM!"

MORE THAN PETER'S PENCE.

THE Prisoner of the Vatican (his own gaoler) will not yet come to terms with the Government of his country, though those which they offer His Holiness are handsome. According to a telegram from the Capital of Italy:—

"The Pope has not accepted the 3,325,000 *lire* offered him by the Government. His Holiness will receive nothing from the Italian Government, and will only accept the alms of the Catholic world as a means of subsistence."

This intelligence inspired a minstrel on behalf of Italian Unity with the following lay of—

PIUS AND PETER.

"*Non possumus*," continually,
The POPE, persisting, says;
"We cannot:" and some think that he
Affects St. Peter's phrase.
But Peter talked not in that way,
With ears to reason shut.
Quite the reverse did Peter say;
He said, "We cannot but."

The words entire which PETER spake
Would PIUS speak as well,
A liberal offer he would take,
VICTOR EMMANUEL!

"*Non possumus*" he still would cry,
But also would augment,
And say as much as "We comply:"
"We cannot but consent."

And then His Holiness, in his Pontifical robes, would "impetico the gratility" of 3,325,000 *lire*, merrily and wisely singing "*Lira la!*"

MANLY MILLINERY.

YOUNG ladies seem to dress now in a very gentlemanly manner, at least if we may trust this fashionable intelligence:—

"As we prophesied last month, white muslin waistcoats, profusely embroidered and trimmed with lace, are very much admired for *demi-toilette*; they are lined with silk the same colour as the dress, or its ornaments, if the latter are of a different hue."

An artist might do worse than take a hint from this new fashion, if he had to illustrate TENNYSON'S *Princess*. "Sweet girl graduates with golden hair" might be fittingly portrayed in academic costume, whereof a white embroidered waistcoat formed a part conspicuous. Fast young female Undergrads might be depicted wearing their waistcoats inside out, in order to display the colours of their linings, which, like hat-ribbons, might serve to mark the College Croquet Club whereto they were attached. Well, women are gregarious, and it is no use to fight against the fashion. We can only hope that the wearing of white waistcoats will not lead young ladies, when they get a husband, to don a still more manly article of dress.

Fie, Mr. Fergusson!

THE MISSES KIRKLINGTON have discontinued the *Times*. They could no longer allow a paper to enter their doors which devoted a considerable portion of its space to an article with such an objectionable title as "Rude Stone Monuments."

PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENON.

A LADY wrote of her lover who had become insane that "he had gone out of his mind, but had never gone out of hers."



LAND AND LABOUR; OR, "HOW TO SETTLE IT."

LORD BROADACRES, "COME, FARMER, I THINK *WE* MAY MANAGE TO MEND MATTERS FOR OUR FRIEND HODGE, WITHOUT THE HELP OF THAT PROFESSIONAL MEDDLER!"



EVENINGS FROM HOME.



RIENDS SANDFORD and MERTON and Mr. BARLOW at Torcombe.

ON the second evening following their arrival at The Abbey Boarding House they were introduced into a crowded drawing-room full of the most elegant company which that part of the country afforded; amongst whom there were several young gentlemen and ladies of different ages, who were, as they were afterwards informed, on their way to their various scholastic establishments at Bath, Bristol, Clifton, or other equally famous localities.

MR. BARLOW, than whom no one was better acquainted with what was strictly due to his own position and that of his young friends in the company by which they now found themselves surrounded, was, on this occasion, attired in an elegantly cut tail-coat made of a blue cloth and ornamented with such bright brass buttons as would have suggested to any one of an astronomical bent the idea of examining the revered tutor of MASTERS TOMMY and HARRY through no other medium than that of a telescope.

As soon as MASTER TOMMY MERTON entered (whose father was now universally well known to be a very rich man), every tongue was let loose in his praise. His eyes, his hair, his teeth, his every feature was the admiration of all the ladies. Thrice did he make the circle in order to receive the congratulations of the company on his personal appearance, and to be introduced to the young ladies staying at the "Abbey Boarding House."

As for HARRY, he had the good fortune to be taken notice of by nobody except an old gentleman, who received him, in a corner, with great cordiality, and presently proceeded to inquire what amount of pocket-money might then be in his possession, and whether he had ever acquired the knowledge of whist and other games. To which questions HARRY replied with so modest a bearing and such unaffected simplicity as at once endeared him to his venerable companion, who now promised to impart to him, after dinner, what science at cards he himself possessed.

MR. BARLOW had, in the meantime, seated himself next to a stout matronly lady, whose short fat fingers were bedecked with rings of apparently enormous value, while her short neck was almost concealed from view by such a quantity of gold chains and strings of pearls as would have crushed a less delicate frame. Her plump round arms were clasped by bracelets, and the miniature of a gentleman's head and shoulders, about the size of a frontispiece to a piece of music, glittered upon her bosom. This lady inquired of Mr. BARLOW if that (pointing with her fan to HARRY), was the little ploughboy whom his teaching had so vastly improved.

MR. BARLOW answered her that she was indeed right.

"I protest," said the lady, "I should 'ave thought so, not judgin' so much from what I've 'eard, but from his plebeian haspeck and vulgar hair."

"Indeed," exclaimed another lady on Mr. BARLOW's right hand, "you must be a vastly wonderful instructor to have effected so great marvels with such unpromising materials."

MR. BARLOW acknowledged these courtesies with a profound bow towards both ladies, who thereupon raised their fans, and, for a moment, were compelled to blush beneath the eloquent gaze of the young lady's tutor.

"My daughter MATILDA," said the first lady, "is about MASTER MERTON's age, and 'as received a hexcellent heducation." "And

my SOPHONISBA, too," replied her friend, "plays divinely on the piano, and talks French, and draws to perfection."

MR. BARLOW now informed the two ladies that what they had heard of MASTER MERTON's wealth, and of his own influence with his pupil's parents, was strictly in accordance with fact. He added, with a fervent sigh, that, alas! for himself he was a widower; but that nothing would be so consonant with his own feelings as to be united to some worthy and tender companion, who had been left by providence with a daughter, who would thus afford for MASTER MERTON that soothing and refining influence which was the only thing wanting to perfect his character, and which, alas! in his own house, he had been hitherto unable to give him.

While this conversation was going on in one part of the room, a young lady, observing that nobody except the old gentleman, who was now talking to somebody else, had taken the slightest notice of HARRY, advanced towards him, and addressing him with the utmost affability, inquired after the state of his health, the condition of his appetite, and his opinion of affairs in general. HARRY, who was unaccustomed to female society, did not at first know what the young lady meant by terming him "little Cockalorum," and was at a loss how to reply to her inquiries as to whether he was "slow" or "fast," and if he "smoked" and played billiards and blind hockey. But as this young lady possessed an uncommon degree of natural benevolence of character, and as MASTER HARRY had been endued by Nature with that innate politeness, and readiness of wit, without which all artificial acquirements are more offensive than agreeable, he soon felt himself quite at his ease, and made so many smart replies in the course of conversation, that Miss SMUDGEKINS (for that was the young lady's name) protested she should either be obliged to box his ears, or should be compelled to complain to her uncle, who, she gave him to understand was no other than the old gentleman who had so kindly noticed him on his arrival.

Miss SMUDGEKINS was reported to be of Italian descent, and had been for years under the care of her estimable uncle, the REVEREND ZENOBIUS POTTS. This gentleman had such peculiar notions of female character, that he considered no lady properly educated who had not been brought up in his own fashion.

He made his niece always rise in the dark, without fire or candle-light, at all seasons of the year, and took care that she should invariably walk five miles and then swim eight before breakfast. He called her SUKEY, though her name was ISABELLA; and he had himself taught her the mouth-organ, and a few tunes on the comb and paper, on both of which instruments she was no mean proficient.

She knew enough French to reply with confidence "Wee tray bang," or to ask with simplicity, "Polly voo frangsy," "for," said this excellent uncle, "I do not intend her to marry a French barber, or valet, or dancing-master, and if she can only make toffy, a batter pudding, and darn my old buttons, that's enough for me or any other Englishman."

Such had been the education of Miss SMUDGEKINS, who was the only one of all the fine company, with the exception of her worthy uncle, that thought HARRY deserving the least attention.

But now the company was summoned to the important business of dinner "which," Miss SMUDGEKINS explained to HARRY, "is a sort of *tabley doat*, where we all mess together; so you hook on to me, and we'll sit together."

HARRY could not help sighing when he reflected on what he should probably have to undergo. However, he determined to bear it with all imaginable fortitude, especially as he saw his friend TOMMY gallantly escorting a beautiful fair-haired girl considerably taller than himself, and his beloved tutor, MR. BARLOW, almost concealed behind the expansive flounces of the stout elderly lady to whom he had already been paying considerable attention.

The gong now sounded, and they proceeded to cross the hall to enter the spacious dining-room.

AN ILL-READ PARABLE.

This is from a Manchester paper:—

A TRADESMAN, who has over-stocked, asks twenty Ladies to help him, by buying each £5 of DRAPERY, and so act the good Samaritan. Samples on application. Address, &c.

A cool and ingenious tradesman this (and certainly not "over-stocked" with bashfulness), but there may be a word to say in somebody else's interests. His notions of good Samaritanism are rather one-sided. Ladies usually spend money earned by other persons. Now the good Samaritan's oil and wine and twopence were his own. At least we are not aware that he took them from anybody else at Jerusalem or Jericho. To the latter district we should therefore be inclined, were we a Manchester husband or father, to request the advertiser to go.



OUR BRILLIANT FINISH

(ON OUR LAST DAY)

WHEN WE NEARLY GOT POUNDED, BUT ONE OF THE FIST FELLOWS OUT SHOWED US THE WAY AT SOME STIFFISH POSTS AND RAILS.

"WHO 'LL MARCH THRO' COVENTRY?"

TRUE Bills, for Perjury and Forgery, have been found against the Man in Newgate, and he lies there for trial. Therefore, *Mr. Punch* proposes to say no more upon the subject until the verdict shall be pronounced, unless anybody's impudence shall make it expedient, in the interest of society, to remind everybody of what has already taken place. But as subscriptions for the Man's defence are being constantly solicited, and lists are published, an occasional excerpt therefrom may be amusing, as illustrative of the order of mind of certain classes of the community. The following items are from the *Daily Telegraph* of Thursday, the 11th of April:—

£ s. d.	£ s. d.
R. M. B., who believes the tattooing to be a got-up Popish plot	Colney Hatch, Middlesex
5 0 0	1 0 0
From the Cabdrivers of the Great Eastern Railway, per William Gilea	Anti-tattoo Humbug
1 17 6	1 0 0
One who considers a Bench Warrant should not have issued, as there was no verdict	Purge the Bench of Judges
2 2 0	1 0 0
From a few Income-tax payers, who protest against the prostitution of the public funds by filling the pockets of six counsel to prosecute in this case	Nine Livery Servants, Lovers of Justice and Fair Play
1 10 0	1 0 0
Several disgusted with Judge, Jury, and Attorney-General	One who considers that neither the Judge, Attorney-General, nor Jury should ever sit again
1 3 0	0 14 0
Penny Subscription from the Customers of a Pawnbroker	A few "Favourite" Omnibus Drivers and Conductors
1 0 0	0 15 0
	A few Workmen, no Admirers of Justice Bovill
	0 15 0
	Believers in the mill trick, employed in Portsmouth Dockyard
	1 7 9
	From a few Young Ladies at School who wish to see justice done to the Claimant
	0 15 0
	All Men are Fools
	0 10 6

£ s. d.	£ s. d.
A Real Englishman, who prays "God defend the Right"	Two who think the Tattoo Marks a Conspiracy
0 10 6	0 5 0
A few Sympathisers	Five shillings' worth of Salts for the Attorney-General
0 11 0	0 5 0
To help Sir Roger to a fair trial	Confusion to Villany
0 11 0	0 5 0
A few Lovers of Justice and three Servant Girls	Three who fear the Attorney-General has Tattoo on the Brain
0 12 0	0 4 6
Nine Friends who believe the Claimant to be a persecuted man	Enemies of Persecution
0 10 6	0 4 6
A few Cabmen	Catching Minnows with the Left Hand
0 8 0	0 4 0
A Believer in eighty-five Witnessess against a few Jesuits	Judge Jeffreys and his Jury coming to Life again
0 7 6	0 3 6
Boys of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, Wellelose Square	Liberals who Protest against Coleridge being Attorney-General any longer
0 7 0	0 3 0
Detesters of Bovill-justice	From Friends at the White Lion, but no Cheats
0 7 0	0 2 6
Twelve Honest Jurymen	Arundel, who is Robbed of both his Title and Estates
0 6 0	0 2 6
From Four who pity Roger much	One who desires the Claimant's food to be analysed
0 5 6	0 2 6
Wagga Wagga	From one who knows he is Sir R. Tichborne
0 5 6	0 1 6
Anti Noodle Tyranny (sic)	Flashing Sword!
0 5 0	0 1 6
C. M., no faith in his Lordship's Tattooing	
0 5 0	

The Substance of Soldiership.

THERE may, perhaps, be some room for improvement in the military efficiency of our Volunteers. The one thing, however, of all things most needful to place them anywhere nearly on a level, in point of soldiership, with the troops of the Line, would probably be pronounced by some of their professional critics, if those gallant officers would speak their minds, to be Pipeclay.



"WHEN MUSIC, HEAVENLY MAID, WAS YOUNG,"

IN FACT, VERY YOUNG INDEED.

THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE IS THE MISERY OF THE PRESENT—WOULD IT WERE
A MEMORY OF THE PAST!

[Such, at least, are little Mabel's Sentiments.]

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

SEVERAL important new works are on the eve of publication. PROFESSOR MACQUEERIE'S long and eagerly expected Monograph, which has occupied its learned author for more than fourteen years and a-half, during which period he has never taken any other stimulant than whiskey and water, may be looked for any day. It deals with one of the most interesting epochs of the pre-civilised age, and bears the attractive title of *Pictures of the Picts*.

Recent experiments, conducted under the auspices of the Royal Farinaceous Society, prove beyond a doubt that "the glutinous and granular substance obtained from the roots of the Cassava plant" is a sure prophylactic against lassitude and low spirits when taken in conjunction with the best brandy.

The Serioscopic Company are about to publish a selection of photographs of the Fathers (*carte de visite* size), taken from authentic pictures, busts, gems, intaglios, and black shades.

Rumours continue to gain ground of projected new theatres at Shepherd's Bush, Ball's Pond, Peckham Rye, West Brompton, and Shadwell.

MISS MINNIE MALTRAVERS, MISS LOTTIE DE LAUNAY, and MISS CONNIE FITZ-ASHURST are specially engaged for the new burlesque of *Oliver Cromwell* at the Frivolities.

A new trade publication, with novel features, the *Greengrocer and Occasional Waiter*, is announced to appear at irregular intervals during the London season.

SIGNOR TRILLINI has been suffering from a succession of severe colds in the head, accompanied with violent sneezing fits (the consequences of our treacherous climate), since his arrival in Leicester Square from the principal Continental Opera Houses, to fulfil an important metropolitan engagement. Under the skilful treatment of MR. MINTO LAMB, M.R.C.S. and L.A.C., the Signor is now convalescent, and will make his first appearance in this country in a favourite rôle at the Bloomsbury Music Hall on Whit Monday.

MR. THADDEUS RIGGLESWORTH is engaged on a new libretto for *Punch and Judy*. A dress rehearsal will take place on an early day in one of the riverain streets of the Strand.

WORDS TO A WIFE.

LOVE, thou'rt like yet unlike mutton,
Likewise beef, and veal, and lamb.
Do not answer that the glutton
I bespeak me that I am.
They in price, year after year, are
Rising, thou must needs allow;
Butcher's meat grows ever dearer:
So, and yet not so, dost thou.

For although my annual payment
To my Butcher waxeth still,
Less and less each time for raiment,
Wanes thy Linendraper's bill.
Thus by thrift expence thou meetest;
Whence thy wisdom doth appear:
Also, that I find thee, Sweetest,
Cheaper still and still more dear.

THE PEOPLE AND THEIR PARK.

PERADVENTURE the Parks Bill would be rendered more gracious to MR. ODOER and the People who like to stand under him if it were altered so as to offer them a certain compromise. That is to say, suppose it is made absolutely to prohibit all public meetings in Hyde Park, and all the other Parks in the West of London, where they create terror, alarm, and annoyance in the minds of the neighbouring inhabitants, and of the majority of the frequenters of those places of resort, whilst it legalises any such assemblies in Victoria Park, whereof they interest the surrounding population generally, and wherein they frighten or offend nobody.

A Base Calumny.

SOMEBODY has dared to publish, in a record of agricultural wages, that in Burton Union the labourers received twelve shillings a week and *two quarts of cider*.

Cider in Burton! Bass to the rescue!

And BASS has foamed over, and repelled the foul calumny—declaring that if two quarts of cider be drunk in the Burton Union in a twelvemonth, he will be content that the Union be put, for all time to come, out of the pale (ale) of civilisation!

The discovery in the older pliocene beds of Bedfordshire (formed, we need not remind our non-geological readers, of successive accumulations of blue lias and London clay, interspersed with phosphoric nodules) of a waistcoat button, seems to point to the existence of man at a period long anterior to the dates hitherto current in geological circles, and will probably lead to a serious revolution in anthropological science, and to a great outbreak of controversial literature, and personal attacks.

The forthcoming Royal Academy Exhibition is likely to prove one of even more than average interest. The majority of the Academicians and Associates will be represented on the walls and floors of Burlington House, Piccadilly, in company with most of our rising and risen painters, sculptors, architects, and engravers, and a large proportion of those who, as it has been well observed, have yet to win their spurs in the lists of Fame. Several new names will appear for the first time in the Catalogue, which will be printed, as in previous years, by MESSRS. CLOWES, and sold at the usual price of a shilling. We are glad to hear of further reforms in the Academy. It is understood that the Council are preparing an agreeable surprise for the public in the shape of an entirely new series of numbers, to replace those now used for the umbrellas, sticks, and parasols, temporarily deposited with the Academy's officers; and which are said to be as old as the presidency of MR. BENJAMIN WEST. Several meetings have been held to devise some more simple and expeditious method of attaching these numbers to the umbrellas, &c., than that which is now adopted (by the agency of string), but at present, we regret to have to add, without success. The Hanging Committee are hard at work, and passing sleepless nights.

Happy Man be's Dole.

THOUGH now the Tichborne dole no more takes place,
The Tichborne Claimant lies in doleful case.

A MORALIST'S LAST REMARK.

THERE are few actions of my past life which I recal with any pleasure, except instances of having defeated attempts to take me in.



TRAGEDY AT THE COUNTER.

Customer (distinctly). "I WANT A PAIR OF MORNING KID GLOVES—LAVENDER—NOT STITCHED AT THE BACK: SIZE, EIGHT-AND-THREE-QUARTERS."

Shopman (as usual). "Sir?"

Customer (sternly). "DID YOU HEAR WHAT I SAID?"

Shopman. "PAIR OF LAVENDER GLOVES, PLAIN, EIGHT-AND-THREE-QUARTERS?"

[*Customer nods, and exit. May the Lesson be blessed to Shopmen!*]

A BISHOP ON BITTER BEER.

THE two most sensible big-wigs now speaking are, as we take it, the BISHOP OF MANCHESTER among the clergy, and the EARL OF DERBY among the laity, of the Upper Ten. The Bishop, measured by bench-mark, seems a marvel of courage and sense. He thinks nothing of calling a spade a spade, looking an ugly fact in the face, confronting a meeting of factory hands or of roughs, and speaking his mind to them, which mind is generally much to the point, and such as sensible people can say "ditto" to. Without forfeiture of due reverence for religious teaching and truth, he can rise above religious prejudice and religious difference in talking about education; and on this sore point, as on others, seems free alike from episcopal twitters and ecclesiastical bitters. He has been heard to admit the necessity of amusement, and even to rejoice that it can be found, wholesome and good, in a well-managed Manchester theatre. And only the other day he stood his ground, in a stormy meeting, between the well-to-do citizens of Manchester, who wish to see public-houses better regulated, and the roughs and rowdies who, on pretext of defending the poor man from being robbed of his beer, are egged on by the low publican to stand up for the freedom of Mr. BUNG to debauch and poison his customers, without check of policeman or control of analyst.

At this meeting the Bishop actually admitted having sat down to a quiet lunch, after a charity sermon, and relieved the exhaustion of preaching with a glass of bitter beer!

It is as refreshing, as it is rare, to see a Bishop thus stooping to the "common things" of lay life, and revealing under his lawn sleeves the broadcloth of a Briton and a brother, instead of the feathers of an alien angel.

In a word, the Very Reverend of Manchester is precisely the sort of Bishop Manchester wants, to show Shoddy that religious zeal may coexist with sound common-sense and a clear head for business; that manners, education, and piety are not necessarily incompatible with manhood; and that high-place in the Church may be main-

tained without blinking facts or fearing to hear or speak plain truth, however unpalatable.

Let us hope that BISHOP FRAZER is a normal type of the Bishop of the future, the apiritual overseer as he is to be!

For the moment, with all Mr. Punch's respect for the Bench, he is at a loss to find a match-prelate, to run in a currie with Dr. FRAZER, except Dr. TEMPLE.

Both are from the Gladstone stables, and we earnestly hope there are more of the same sort where they came from.

"A SONG OF THE SEASON."

AIR—"The Meeting of the Waters."

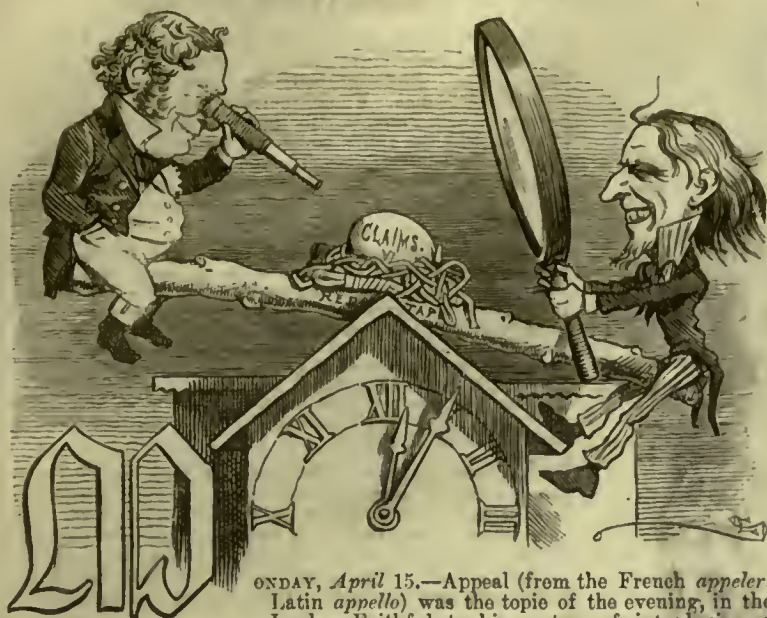
O, THERE'S not in the West-End a valet so sweet
As our JEAMES when with drawing-room bouquet complete;
With the light "œil de poudre" on his aide-curls so smart,
And where his back-hairs so symmetrically part!

'Tis not that he shows his six feet all serene,
In the reddest of red and the greenest of green;
'Tis not his *grands airs*—gazing nursemaids that kill—
O no, it is something more wonderful still!

'Tis the thought how amazing a product is bred
From the finest of shapes and the emptiest head,
When in folly's first flight launched to dazzle the eye,
Clad in all that's most foolish of fashions gone by!

Most fragrant of valets, sought Folly a nest,
The sweetest she'd find in thy Glenfield-starched breast!
Rotten Row shall be riderless, Kensington dark,
Ere the calves of that valet are driven from the Park!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



Mr. Punch has glanced into the drawers of his memory for a line in which the word occurs. Such a line instantly presents itself, of course, and that it has no kind of bearing on, or connection with, the matter in hand is an advantage.

"Then, cloaking hate with fiery zeal,
Proud LORNE thus answered the Appeal,
'Thou com'st, O holy man!'"

Lord of the Isles.

Refer to the passage, and you will find that it leads, as passages should, to something worth reaching. This is the splendidly dramatic situation in which the priest, who was about to curse THE BRUCE, is over-mastered by an inspiration, and blesses him in a noble and prophetic strain. But the business in the Lords? Ah, true. Well, LORD HATHERLEY proposes to construct a new Grand Court of Appeal, and to do away with the Appellate Jurisdiction of the House of Lords. Retired but still able lawyers are to form the principal members of the Court, but any Lord who may rightfully be called Learned is to be qualified. The plan has to be carefully considered, and when their Lordships discuss it in detail, Mr. Punch will cast his illuminating beams upon the topic.

Mr. AYTON has decreed that the old houses in Abingdon Street, close to the Palace of Westminster, shall be pulled down within the month. Thanks, Ædile, but they ought to have fallen long ago. Do you recollect a quotation so miraculously introduced by LORD MACAULAY at a dinner-party given just after some edifices had tumbled down in Tottenham Court Road, and at which party an American lady, whose theological views were not over-orthodox, put them forward over-fluently?

"Here falling houses thunder on your head,
And there a female Atheist talks you dead."

It is alleged that sundry officers in the Ninth Lancers have made things unpleasant for a gentleman who joined on the strength of having passed a brilliant examination, and not by purchase. Also that the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF has given it to the offenders rather hot. The papers are to be moved for—let us wait for them. Mr. Punch rather likes Spangled Officers, if they do not shake their spangles too proudly, and he is ever loth to be harsh with them, but discipline must be maintained.

"And Britons rarely swerve
From law, howe'er stern, which tends their force to nerve."

This night began anew the Ballot Battles, which ere the week was spent resulted in an extraordinary cropper for the Cabinet. The case is this. The authors of the Ballot Bill, in their great zeal and tenderness for the unfortunate persons who are afraid or ashamed to vote publicly, are tremendously hard upon the majority of Her Majesty's faithful Elector-subjects, who have also been accustomed so to vote, and who detest secrecy. It was proposed to inflict dire and terrible punishment upon anybody who should raise the Isis veil of the Ballot—(*A propos* of Isis, what says LORD LYTON?

"From vulgar eyes a veil the Isis screens,
And fools on fools still ask what HAMLET means.")

and to-night there came on the clause for giving two years' imprisonment, with or without hard labour, to any person who should irregularly take out a Ballot-paper. This creation of a new offence, and visiting it with about eight times as much vengeance as is poured on a ruffian who batters his wife to pieces,

aroused a good deal of wrath. Both the BENTINCKS, for whom Punch does not profess habitual adoration, spoke manfully against it, as did LORD E. CECIL and Mr. BRERESFORD HOPE. But the Government carried this by 203 to 152, majority 51.

"But hope not thou," said TURNUS, "when I strike,
To shun thy fate, our force is not alike."

TURNUS means VERNON HARCOURT—*respicere finem*. Mr. WEST tried to get six months, instead of two years, prescribed, but he failed. However, Mr. FORSTER consented to insert a provision that the act must be fraudulent.

More strife and struggle, and some pleasing personalities, Mr. J. HARDY informing Mr. SAMUELSON that he got into the House by undue influence—however, Mr. BONHAM-CARTER caused that expression to be "took back."

But now begin to take notice, like the little babies. Mr. LEATHAM moved that no voter after marking his vote on the Ballot-paper should wilfully display it, so as to make known how he voted. The Conservatives opposed this (coupled as it was with the penalty of being sent to prison); and so did some Liberals, especially Mr. FAWCETT, who declared that the instincts of England would never let a man be put into gaol merely for performing a public duty openly and honestly. But Government adopted the tyrannical proposal, and after a bungled division another was taken, and the numbers were 167 to 166, the majority for Mr. V. HARCOURT and against Mr. GLADSTONE One. Whereat there were huge Opposition cheers. *Respicere finem*, we repeat.

Tuesday.—We told you that EARL NELSON, some time ago, said that he expected every man to take his seat in church. We waited his explanation. He has a Bill, which the Archbishop said was aimed at a real grievance. The object is to preserve sundry free seats in a state of freedom. *A propos* of anything you like, what an odd way the foul fiend had of tempting Poor Tom, in *King Lear*, by "putting halters in his pew." If a gentleman in church were suddenly seized with a desire to hang himself (and perhaps SHAKESPEARE knew what kind of dementing sermons can be preached) the place is most unsuitable for such a purpose. Even a beadle would have almost sense enough to prevent its being carried out.

LORD KIMBERLEY, the Colonial Secretary, introduced the new Licensing Bill, in the House of Lords. BANDERSNATCH, who has no reverence, supposes that his Lordship was selected to deal with the spirit-shops because his motto is "A-gin-court." Let BANDERSNATCH be anathema. It was right to give the Lords something to do. Of the Bill, of which we had heard much, we shall not say much, yet. The points be these:—

Existing rights not to be disturbed.

As regards new licences, those granted by County Magistrates not to be valid unless confirmed by a Special Committee of Quarter Sessions.

In boroughs where there are not more than nine Justices, they are to have jurisdiction; when more than nine, they are to appoint a Special Committee, but its acts are to be confirmed by the whole body and by the Home Secretary.

Various appeals are provided.

London Public-houses to be shut from midnight till VII. in the morning.

In towns with fewer than 10,000 people, from X. to VII.

Over that population, from XI. to VII.

On Sundays, no houses to open till I. London houses to shut at XI.; in the second case at IX., and in the third at X.

Well, you know, that *won't* do. We mean, particularly, the Hours regulation. Mr. Punch knows and cares nothing about anybody's wants and comforts but his own, and if everybody would mind his own business, everybody's business would be minded. Mr. Punch's is to say that the Opera is very often not over till XII., or a little later (if MEYERBEER's learned sock be on), and he likes to hear the end, and if he is not to be allowed to go round to the Albion for a silver flagon of beer,—

"One drop, the last, to cool him for the weed,"

he will become an International Republican Co-operative Democratic Communist. More of this anon. The Second Reading is for the second of May.



"A WORM WILL TURN."

Miss Cramfie (Governess at the Squire's, who plays the Organ at Church, and coaches up the Choir). "MR. JORKINS, YOU ALWAYS TAKE UP THAT 'LEAD' IN THE ANTHEM SO DREADFULLY FLAT!"

Mr. Jorkins (with a Modesty rare in a Tenor). "WELL, WE DEW, MISS; BUT—YOU SEE MR. MANOLES AND ME AIN'T SIMS REEVES, MISS!"

Do you know what Local Taxation means? Ratepayers, who undergo it, do perfectly well, and do not "rejoice therefore." To-night they made SIR MASSEY LOPEZ their champion. He explained well, in fact

"Loosed all their bars of Massey light,"

and after a long debate, in which MR. STANSFELD, for Government, opposed him, he inflicted upon the said Government an extraordinary defeat. He carried a resolution for the re-adjustment of such taxation by 250 to 159—majority against Ministers, *One Hundred!* Of course, heaps of Liberals stayed away, because they were ashamed to sustain the present unrighteous system.

Wednesday.—SIR SELWYN IBRETON had another Licensing Bill, and Members talked over it, until the time for rising came. It will, however, be considered alongside of the Government one, so no more at present on either head.

Thursday.—The American question has, of course, cropped up several times, but there is nothing particular to say on it, save that Counter-cases have been exchanged, England utterly repudiating the Indirect Claims.

It had been very emphatically stated by the *Daily Telegraph* that PRINCE VON BISMARCK had sent to Paris an ultimatum, menacing a renewal of the war, if the French persisted in arming hugely, with intention of "revenge." MR. GLADSTONE "believed" to-night that no information to this effect had been received by the Government, an answer by no means of a re-assuring sort. Nothing would surprise us less than such action by Germany, only that France is her debtor in an awful sum, and it is not wise in a creditor to jeopardise his claims.

Now then.

"The cannon is pointed, and ready to rear,
And crumbles the wall it had shaken before."

We resumed the Ballot. MR. VERNON HARCOURT, in reference to MR. LEATHAM's amendment, proposed to put "with

A SMILE IN EXETER HALL.

KING STEPHEN was a worthy Peer. So is the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY. Worthy of the Peerage everybody knows him to be. But everybody does not know him to be worthy of *Punch*. Know, therefore, everybody, by these presents, how *Punch* worthy the noble EARL is. For hath he not said the thing which is pleasant? Yea, verily; and in Exeter Hall too. Therein, presiding, on Tuesday night, last week, at the seven-and-twentieth annual meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association, and:—

"Speaking of an allusion made by the REV. HUGH HANNA to the possibility of some of the young men present being elevated in the course of the next forty or fifty years to the peerage, LORD SHAFTESBURY said he doubted whether the demagogues of Trafalgar Square would allow that venerable assembly, the House of Lords, to sit so long. But, in the event of the proposal for the creation of life-peers being again brought forward, he should, he thought, move an address to the QUEEN, praying that the two most notorious speakers on that point should be created respectively EARL OF TRAFALGAR SQUARE and BARON HYDE PARK."

Is LORD SHAFTESBURY also among the jokers? There were probably many amongst his Lordship's hearers to whom that question presented itself in those words. It may be answered that he is indeed. *Dulce est desipere in loco*, and Exeter Hall is a *locus*, a *locus in quo* there is such a deal of serious talking as to need being a little enlivened occasionally by a flash of mild merriment.

The Cuckoo.

(DR. WATTS, adapted to an uncertain Spring time.)

'Tis the voice of the Cuckoo
I heard him come, plain;
But he came here too soon,—
Shall I hear him again?

Rather 'Tother.

SERGEANT BALLANTINE pleads as a reason for letting the Claimant out on bail that, "as the question will be one of his identity with ARTHUR ORTON, it will be necessary that he should see his witnesses." We should have thought that all that would be necessary would be that the witnesses should see him.

corrupt intent" into the clause about displaying the paper. MR. FORSTER would not accept this, and MR. HARCOURT delivered one of his best and most incisive speeches, making vast fun of Government for insisting on such penalties as now absolutely and vitally necessary, when they had not been inserted in the Bill the Lords had been abused for throwing over. MR. LEATHAM stuck to his own form, Liberal after Liberal opposed him, and MR. GLADSTONE advocated MR. LEATHAM's amendment in the most earnest way. But even MR. GILPIN, one of the most sincere of MR. GLADSTONE's friends, abandoned him, as did MR. CHILDERS and MR. BOUVERIE, and on division the numbers were—for the LEATHAM motion, 246; against it, 274; majority against Government, 28.

MR. GLADSTONE, appealed to by MR. OSBORNE, reproachfully called the attention of his friends to the Tory cheers. He was ready to part with the provision rather than part with the Bill. The latter should be pressed with unabated vigour.

We should like to cite something magnificent and worthy of this tremendous crisis. But we can recall nothing but TOM HOOD'S—

"What do you think of that, my Cat,
What do you think of that, my Dog?"

Friday.—Parsons, Oysters, and Mussels occupied their Lordships for a couple of hours. For the two former classes of our fellow-creatures we have the utmost respect, especially when the parsons give pearls and the oysters do not open their mouths indiscreetly. But that the Peers of England should demean themselves by mentioning Mussels!—we are ashamed of the Senate.

The wrongs of the Negroes in Cuba, of the Jews in Roumania, and of the Biscuit-eaters in the Navy, occupied their Commonerships. The latter subject prompts a Shakspearian parody, with which MR. PUNCH closes his ornate record:—

"The boy replied, 'An angel is not evil,
I should have feared her had she been a Weevil.'"
Love's Labour's Lost.



ONE OF THE "SYMPATHIZERS."

James. "I'M AFRAID, ME LADY, I'LL REQUIRE TO LEAVE YOU."

Lady. "WHY?"

James. "WELL, ME LADY, I CAN'T AGREE WITH MASTER'S SUCKASMS AGAINST THAT POOR PERSECUTED SIN ROGER."

EPITHALAMIUM IN GENERAL.

JUST now o' mornings with what din of bells resoundeth air!
How are St. George's clergy worked in Hanover's gay Square!
Day after day how long the list of weddings in the *Times*
Doth strike your eye as your ear is struck by the music of the chimes!

Hey? What! Has there occurred of late a fall in the price of bread,
That to Church doth make the people rush so furiously, and wed?
Perhaps; but there's evermore a burst of the after-Easter tide,
With the Lent-dams down, and the channel free for the bridegroom
and the bride.

What Alps of snow-clad semblance would arise on every hand
If wedding-cakes upon wedding-cakes were piled about the land!
What acres broad might wedding-feasts be apread on o'er each plain,
Chicken and lobster-salad amid rivers of champagne!

What hosts of human beings now each other daily bless!
O happy thought to estimate their sum of happiness!
How long to last, on all the pairs around you look, and see,
Young folks, and know ye that as they are now so you will be.

It is a goodly sight to gaze upon a bridal show,
Demonstrating unshaken faith in a Paradise below.
Forefend all fond young couples, Gracious Goodness, from mischance,
May none of them ever come to crave the help of LORD PENZANCE!

Stuff of the conscience 'tis to fast from wedlock during Lent;
No time to marry being that which time is to repent.
But marriage, when past Easter, is esteemed the thing to do,
Nowise fearful that repentance of the bargain will ensue.

O the wedding-bells throughout the land do make a merry noise,
A sound it is which the raptured ear of Sympathy enjoys,
And away with PROFESSOR PUMPKINS, whose reflection it compels
The more wedding-peals there be rung, the more will be tolled,
hereafter, knells.

CONVERSE DEMONSTRATION.

It is proposed that, before the tyrannical Government Parks Bill shall have passed the Lords, the middle and upper classes, taking a lesson from those that constitute the basis of Society, shall assemble in their thousands, and march through the streets on a Sunday in procession to Victoria Park, there to hold a demonstration with the object of enforcing the immediate repeal of the Income-tax. The demonstrators will comprise a very large number of persons, clerks and other people of respectability with alender or precarious incomes, on foot, as well as numerous gentlemen and ladies in carriages and on horseback; and they will proceed to and return from their destination with banners emblazoned with coats of arms flying, and violins and pianos playing; whilst a chorus, with band in attendance, will keep on singing "*Viva la Liberté!*" and other appropriate operative selections. By this display of numbers and determination it is hoped that a section of Society at present subject to the injustice of inquisitorial confiscation will succeed in obtaining for themselves the concession of equality before the tax-gatherer.

Well Classed.

In an article headed "The Agricultural Labour Question," we read, among other news of the "movement," that "the Newmarket trainers have advanced the wages of their men from 14s. to 16s." This is the first time we ever saw Newmarket trainers figure as agricultural employers, and their men as agricultural labourers. But the classification may be defended. If our labourers are *serfs*, what are trainers' labourers but *adscripti glebæ*? Isn't their work altogether of the turf, turfy?

FROM OUR DOMESTIC PET IDIOT.

WHAT is the difference between a Sofa and its fair occupants?—
About the difference between an Ottoman and a knot-o'-women!

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

MR. BARLOW and MASTERS SANDFORD and MERTON continue their "Evenings from Home" at Tercombe Abbey Boarding-House.



THE dinner was, if possible, more dreadful than anything HARRY had before undergone. A card was placed before him announcing the names of the numerous viands with which the company were about to be regaled.

This card was highly ornamented with tradesmen's advertisements intended for the perusal of the guests, and MASTER HARRY would have been vastly entertained, had he not been so alarmed by the novelty of his position, on observing that a most prominent place was given to an advertisement of a Medical Hall in Tercombe, the assistance of which establishment might, it was foreseen, not improbably be required by these who indulged too freely in the luxuries provided by the Abbey Boarding-House.

There was indeed such an apparatus of dishes which HARRY had never tasted before, and which almost made him ill when he did taste them, all in their order, one after the other. Then there were so many powdered servants in gorgeous liveries standing behind their chairs, and such pomp and solemnity about what seemed the easiest thing in the world, that HARRY could not help thinking to himself how infinitely preferable it would have been had all these savoury dishes and wines been left entirely to himself, without the interference of these grand footmen, and the presence of so many fine ladies and gentlemen, whose conversation, mingling with the bustle of the menials, distracted his attention from the meal, and indeed prevented him from obtaining two servings of any one particular dish which more than others seemed to suit his palate.

MISS SMUDGEKINS now pointed out to him how many of the names were in French, with the use of which language the Housekeeper of the Abbey Boarding-House was only moderately acquainted.

The soup, HARRY was asked to observe, was called *Fembon Potage*, and an Elderly Gentleman, who had been a considerable traveller, now stated, that, in some parts of France, this was known as *Soup à la bonne femme*, to which MASTER TOMMY, who had been received amidst the circle of the ladies as a prodigy of wit and ingenuity, replied, that "many people were of a different opinion, and for his part he considered it more in accordance with the rules of good breeding to observe some prudence in offering a remark, than to show considerable alacrity in venturing an assertion, which the circumstances of the case did not warrant, and to which the majority of the company were in no mind to listen."

The Elderly Gentleman, whom MR. BARLOW now perceived by his dress and accent to be an inhabitant of Scotland, was much abashed at this rebuke, and during the remainder of the repast would not utter so much as a single word.

In consequence of this success, which elicited rapturous applause from the company (to whom it had been conveyed that MASTER TOMMY's father was a very wealthy man), the young gentleman's volubility increased so much, that, before dinner was over, he seemed disposed to engross the whole conversation to himself, and MR. BARLOW, who did not enjoy the sallies of his young pupil so greatly as the ladies around him, was once or twice minded to interpose and check him in his career. This the widow-lady, whose name was MRS. BLOBSOMER, and whose daughter MATILDA was MASTER

TOMMY's right-hand neighbour, thought very hard, and tapping MR. BARLOW playfully on the knuckles with her ivory fan, expressed herself to him that he "would holnly spoil MASTER TOMMY's temper by such hinjudicious contradiction, which she never could put up with from an 'usband, has hit halways hinvariably flew to 'er 'ed."

This hint MR. BARLOW received in such good part, and, indeed, made so ingenious a reply, as to obtain for him another sprightly tap from MRS. BLOBSOMER's fan.

After dinner the usual loyal toasts were proposed by the oldest member of the company, and responded to by MASTER TOMMY, and also by MR. BARLOW, who, in acknowledging the health of His Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES, wound up a singularly eloquent speech with these words:—"Yes, my friends, the news of the Prince's recovery has been hailed with delight (*Great applause*) wherever the British Flag protects the slave, wherever the Union Jack has been unfurled, from the North to the South, from the East to the West, in the Prairies of the Potomao (*Hear, hear!*), the Deserts of Arabia (*Hear, hear!*), the Jungles of India (*Hear, hear, hear!*), the utmost Wilds of America (*Bravo!*), the Plutonic Volcanoes of Africa (*Sobs, and cries of Hear, hear!*), and the Uninhabited Islands of the Great Pacific." (*Immense cheering.*)

At this point the excitement of the company became almost uncontrollable, and it was not, indeed, until the ladies had assembled in the drawing-room, leaving the gentlemen to the enjoyment of their wine, that anything like calm was restored. MRS. BLOBSOMER, the mother of MATILDA, and MRS. PEJINKLE, the mother of SOPHONISBA (who during dinner had been seated at MASTER TOMMY's left hand), now proceeded to discuss with the other ladies the merits of the new arrivals at the Abbey Boarding-House.

It was agreed by all, with the exception of MISS SMUDGEKINS, who boldly avowed her preference, that MASTER SANDFORD (whose father they had understood was a farmer) had a heavy clownish look, and ought not to be any longer honoured with the company of MASTER MERTON, who, the elderly ladies said, would one day be an ornament to the society in which his wealth would entitle him to move. As for MR. BARLOW, indeed, MRS. PEJINKLE hinted that he was but "an odd kind of man, who never went to assemblies, conversaziones, or large parties."

"Nor to balls, mamma, nor concerts," said MISS SOPHONISBA.

"Nor to the opera," said MRS. BLOBSOMER, fanning herself.

"No, nor to Court neither," exclaimed MISS MATILDA, adding triumphantly, "TOMMY—I mean," she corrected herself modestly at a sign from her mother, "MASTER MERTON told me as much, and confided to me that he had already ordered his court-dress and sword in which to appear at the next levee."

After the silence which ensued upon this speech of MISS MATILDA's had been broken by the entrance of the servants with trays of tea, coffee, and cakes, MRS. BLOBSOMER observed, "For my part, I think it would be hinfinately more hadvantageous to MASTER MERTON if he were, hat once, removed from the contagium and placed in some polite cemetery, where he might haquire a knowledge of the world and make genteel connexions. This is the plan as I 'ave halways pursued with my HAUGUSTUS, who I am now thinking of sending to 'Arrow-on-the-'ill, or to Heton, and with MATILDA, who in a few days will be completing 'er heducation at the MISSES TOP-LIGHTS Haacademy, Clifton."

The gentlemen now joined them in the drawing-room, and several of the young ladies were in turn solicited by MASTER TOMMY to amuse the company with music and singing. Among the rest MISS SMUDGEKINS sang a little Welsh ballad, called "*Slap bang, Here we are Again*," in so artless, but sweet and pathetic a manner, that little HARRY (who by not taking part in the conversation in the dining-room, had been able to devote himself entirely to the consumption of the fine old crusted port provided by the Abbey Boarding-House, and pronounced by judges to be "something very curious") listened with tears in his eyes, though several young ladies by their significant looks and gestures treated it with ineffable contempt.

As for the other ladies and gentlemen, they seemed determined to prove the superiority of their manners by beginning to talk so loud, and to make so much noise, that it would have been almost impossible, had not MISS SMUDGEKINS been gifted with a remarkably fine voice, for anyone to have heard one note of the singing. This seemed amazingly fine to TOMMY; and he too talked and laughed as loudly as the rest.

MR. BARLOW, indeed, did not adopt the pervading tone of the company, but, seating himself on a sofa, next to MRS. BLOBSOMER, took the opportunity afforded him by a remark of hers on the qualifications of her daughter, to address her in these words, which unusual emotion, rendered less distinct than usual, "Your ob-vash-un, m'dear Madam, remindshmer of of th's-shtory of Zsheno—Zsheno—barbs—I mean Zshenobarbus and th'afflic't tortesh, whish ash you've not heard 't"—

But at this moment MISS MATILDA, who had been led to the piano by MASTER TOMMY, commenced an Italian song, and her mother sharply tapped the revered tutor of TOMMY and HARRY on the knuckles, requesting him, at the same time, to keep silence.

A LAY OF THE EMBANKMENT.

(With all sorts of Apologies to MR. LEWIS CARROLL for a slight liberty with a certain Poem.)



HE Chairman and the
Chancellor
Were walking by
Thames strand,
They wept like anything
to see,
Such lots of mud and
sand.
"If this were only
cleared away,"
They said, "it would be
grand."
"If seven Mudlarks
scraped away,
And worked for half a
year,
Do you suppose," the
Chairman said,
"That they could get it
clear?"
"I doubt it," said the
Chancellor,
And shed a bitter tear.
"O Rate-payers, come
and walk with us,"
The Chairman did be-
seech:

"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Besides Thames' odorous beach.
We cannot do with more than four,
That we may talk to each."

The Eldest Rate-payer looked at him,
And never a word he said:
The wary Briton winked his eye,
And shook his knowing head.
He thought into a dismal mess,
He never could be led.

But four young Rate-payers hurried up,
All eager for the treat;
Polite and full of complaisance
In dress and speech so neat.
They hoped upon the Board some day,
That they would have a seat.

Four other Rate-payers followed them,
And then they came in droves,
Full of sweet hope and earnest trust,
As loyal men behave.
Not thinking that the Chairman's words,
Were fresh from Blarney's Groves.

The rates were paid, the work was done,
(The latter rather slow)
Then they visited an Office,
Inconveniently Lowe.
And there the little Rate-payers stood,
All waiting in a row.

"The time has come," the Chancellor said,
"To talk of many things,
Of Grabbage—Private Interests,
And Foreshore Rights of Kings.
And why the land is not your own,
And whether rates have wings."

"But wait a bit," the Rate-payers cried,
"Before we talk of might;
We do not see the question, Sir,
Exactly in your light.
Nor do we think our Gracious QUEEN
Desires to claim her right."

"A high brick wall," the Chancellor said,
"Is what we chiefly need;
Some iron rails and gates besides,
Are very good indeed.
We mean to have the land, my boys,
And that is our creed."

"Not with our Cash," the Rate-payers cried,
Turning a little blue,
"After such blarney that would be,
A dismal thing to do."
"The Site is fine," the Chancellor said,
"Do you admire the View?"

"It was so kind of you to pay,
And you are Jolly Green;"
The British Lion heaved a sigh,
And said 'twas rather mean.
But the Government they took the land,
As all of you have seen.

It was a shame, brave SMITH exclaimed,
To play them such a trick,
After they levied heavy rates,
And made them pay so quick.
The Chairman, he said nothing,
But he cut his little stick.

"I weep for you," the Chancellor said,
"I deeply sympathise;
In life it is not right you know,
That all should have a prize."
And then he gave a gentle wink,
With those cunning little eyes.

"O Rate-payers," said the Chancellor,
"I fear it is a sell,
But we have done you very brown,
And that is very well."
But as for MR. WILLIAM SMITH,
What he said we must not tell.

THE DESCENT OF MAN.

WE learn this fearful bit of news from a lecture on America by MR. EDWIN JAMES:—

"At Boston, not long since, a MISS BRITAIN delivered a lecture on the subject, 'Whether man, being the inferior animal, had a right to the suffrage.'"

We are not a whit afraid of the Alabama Claims, but we tremble when we think what claims American young ladies may think of putting forward upon feminine account. Man, being defined as the inferior animal, may be adjudged by lovely woman to be unworthy of the commonest necessities of life. By the influence of fair lecturers, he may be deprived not merely of the right to vote, but of the right to smoke, or even eat and drink. When the suffrage is denied to him, it will follow, as of course, that he be ousted from all parliaments, and posts of public business. Women only will have voices in all national affairs. Leaving their better halves to do the better work, men will simply have to sit at home, and darn their daughters' stockings, or rock the baby's cradle, or sew on their own shirt-buttons, or make up their wives' dresses when they are busy at the House. Well, we doubt if even DARWIN, in all his speculations on the Descent of Man, ever dreamed of his descending to a level such as this!

NON OR NATURAL?

CONVOCATION is about to consider and decide upon a note which the Ritual Commissioners have proposed to append to the Athanasian Creed. This note states, in effect, that certain clauses in that Creed are to be read, not according to their plain meaning, but in a non-natural sense. Is a non-natural sense to be regarded as no sense at all; and are all the clauses to be read in that sense to be read as nonsense? Or is it to be understood as a sense which differs from the natural sense of those clauses? Then it will be a sense which is not theirs; and the sense which is not and the thing which is not are synonymous. If non-natural senses are recognised, it will be all right for the Claimant; and much edification may be derived from Baron Munchausen.

The Sacred Fount of Sympathetic Thiers.

THEY have now found out the record of M. THIERS's birth, under the date of April 15, A.D. 1797, (or, in the Revolutionary Calendar equivalents, "the year V. of the French Republic, one and indivisible, 29th Germinal,") in the municipality of Midy, canton of Marseilles. It has often been said that his parents were abjectly poor, and this appears probable. But he was not quite "a child of misery, baptised as THIERS;" for it seems he never was baptised at all—only registered.



SUCCESSFUL CALUMNY.

Small Mite (suddenly, and without provocation, alluding to her elder Sister). "I KNOW WHAT LIZZIE'S THINKING ABOUT. GRANDMA! SHE'S THINKING OF CAKE! SHE'S ALWAYS THINKING OF CAKE!!" [Cake is produced, and Small Mite has her Share.]

THE EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCE.

(Respectfully dedicated by Mr. Punch to MR. JUSTICE EASBY.)

I WALLOPED my old 'ooman like a sack;
I broke three cart-whips across her back;
I kicked her for trying to git away;
I shoved her under a brewer's dray;
But it's well bekknown them cats o' wives
Has more than a cat's allowance o' lives,
So out of a three-pair front I pitched her;
But the area-railings went and kitched her;
Still she bled like a pig, and spoiled her bonnet,
And so the bobbies was down upon it,
And 'acos the old 'ooman couldn't speak,
They took and 'ad me afore the Beak,
And blest but the Beak said—"One inch furdur,
And I should ha' been committed for murder!"
So he sends me, as no Beak hadn't ort,
To be tried at the Central Criminal Court.

But there I know'd as I'd be all right,
For regular Judges ain't Beaks—not quite!
So when 'ad up afore My Lord,
I pleads "Not Guilty," and stands un-ored.
They proves the lickins, the kickins, the squeals,
As how I'd shoved her under the wheels;
As how, if the railins had not been blunt,
When I pitched her out o' that three-pair front,
They'd likely ha' skewered her, clothes and all,
Which, in point o' fact they broke her fall.

Says my Lord, "You deserves to go for life."
"Please your Lordship," says I, "it was only my wife!—
Which she'd been and cheeked me up to my face."
"Indeed!" says his Lordship. "That alters the case."

Wives is werry tryin', blest if they ain't—
So I think three months will suit your complaint!"

MORAL.

For killing a woman, if tried for your life,
All you've got to prove is, 't was only your wife.
And if JUSTICE EASBY rules the roast,
You're safe to get off with three months at most!

PREMATURE HUMILIATION.

THE House of Commons acted with even more than its usual wisdom in negating the address, moved by SIR WILFRID LAWSON, for taking steps for withdrawing from all treaties binding this country to interfere by force of arms in the affairs of other nations. There is no occasion for England to profess cessation of existence as a European Power. We may now and then be in a position enabling us to enforce a treaty very much to our advantage. *Nemo tenetur ad impossibile*. We are not bound to interfere when we are unable, and whenever, as in the case of the Russian Circular last year, there is inconvenience, or hazard, in the vindication of a broken treaty by force of arms, why, we can always sneak out of it.

I for U.

MR. BANCROFT DAVIS, the American Commissioner at Geneva, being lately asked his opinion of what would come of the Alabama hitch, replied, in the words—if not quite the letters—of TERENCE—"DAVIS sum, non Œdipus."

TAKEN SHORT.

PROFESSOR MAX-MÜLLER has announced a Lecture on "DARWIN'S View of Language." *Punch* will condense it for him:—"A mere monkey-trick!"

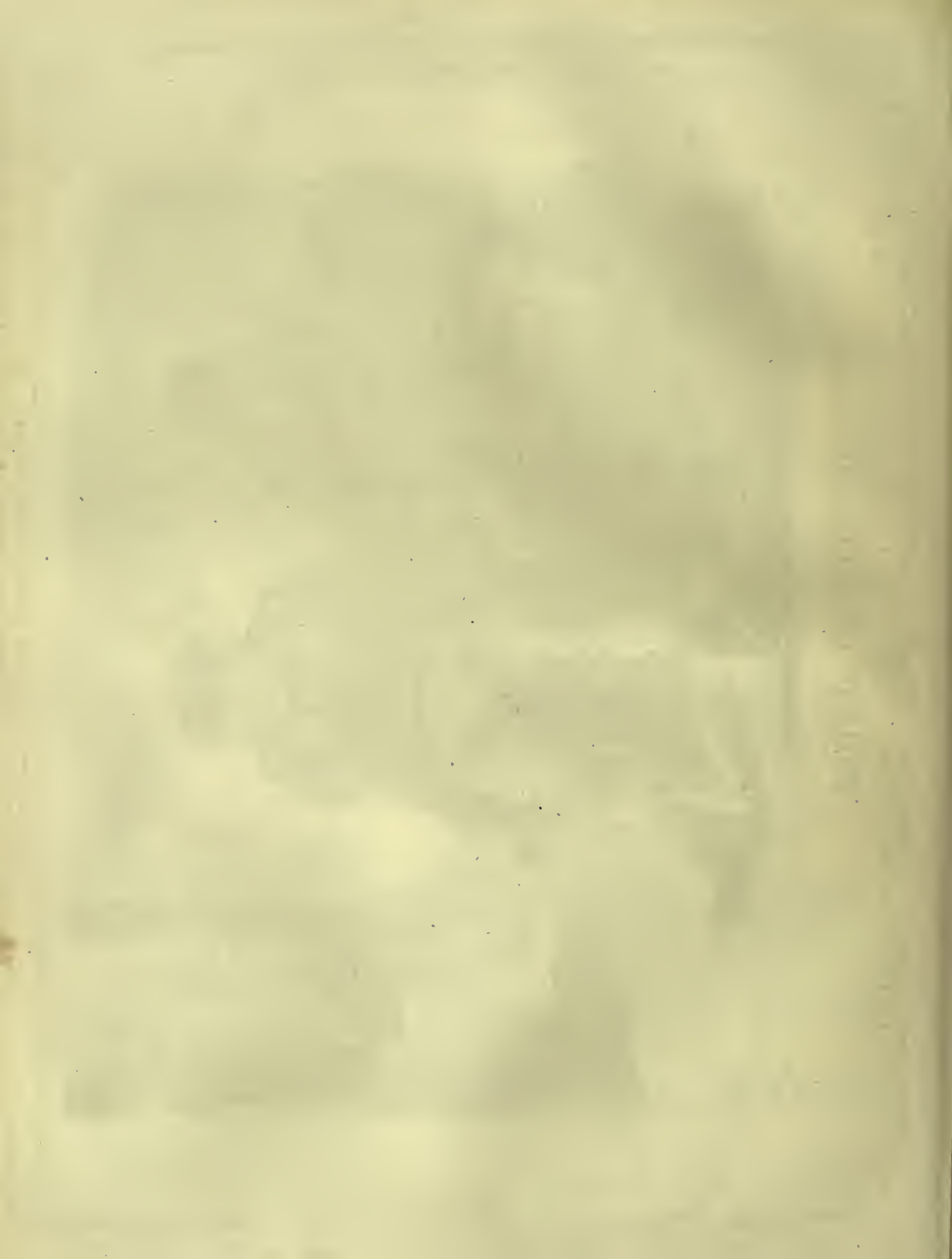


ODD-HANDED JUSTICE.

FIRST RUFIAN. "WOT WAS I HUP FOR, AND WOT 'AVE I GOT? WELL, I FLOOR'D A WOMAN AND TOOK 'ER WATCH; AND I'VE GOT TWO YEARS AND A FLOGGIN'!"

SECOND RUFIAN. "HA!—I FLUNG A WOMAN OUT O' THE TOP FLOOR WINDER; AN' I'VE ONY GOT THREE MONTHS!"

FIRST RUFIAN. "AH, BUT THEN SHE WAS YER WIFE!"



A FENIAN'S FELLOW-MAN.



A HERO and a martyr, who died by the hands of a Saxon executioner for a generous act of tyrannicide (as the countrymen of the likes of him may say), the patriot, **SHERE ALI**, hanged on the 11th of last month on one of the Andamans, appropriately named Viper Island, gloried greatly in the deed which had brought him to the gallows. The *Calcutta Englishman* states that, referring to the assassination of **LORD MAYO** :—

"He hoped his name would be glorified in his country for the deed which he had done, and that a monument would be raised to his memory by his fellow-countrymen."

Poor martyr! His shade will too probably be disappointed. His fellow-countrymen are not any of them Fenians. It is very unlikely that the natives of Peshawur, or any other place in India, will celebrate a mock funeral, for instance, on the 11th of next March, in commemoration of **SHERE ALI**'s martyrdom.

(WILLOW) PATTERN WEDDING PRESENTS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

Do spare me just a tiny little corner of your *valuable* space to say how very much we ladies ought to thank the *clever* gentlemen of the press for their admirable descriptions of that *delightful* wedding. That *dear* Marquis! what a duck he must have looked in his blue coat! And his fair and lovely bride, O how we envied her the luxury of trying on her necklaces and other splendid nuptial gifts! Really, the account of her *trousseau* seemed like a fragment out of fairy-land, it seemed so poetical. If she had been the bride of the EMPEROR OF CHINA, I doubt if richer or more rare would have been the gems she wore. I wonder if her wedding dresses took three years to make, as we hear has been the case for her Imperial Highness—

"For three years the looms of Nankin, Hangchow, and Canton have been making the silks and satins for the Imperial bride's *trousseau*, which will cost at least half a million sterling."

Half a million sterling! What a lovely thing to dream about! Fancy having a *trousseau* worth half a million sterling! Well, the EMPEROR OF CHINA must clearly be a *gentleman*, although he wears a pigtail. He knows what is due to lovely woman when she marries, and I wish that his example were generally imitated. The Chinese may well speak of us as *outer barbarians*, when one knows how meanly some poor brides are treated in the matter of their *trousseau*. And see what other splendours await a bride in China :—

"The EMPEROR, personating the Sun, goes forth in a car drawn by a pair of elephants; while his lady-love is borne in a luxurious palanquin, formed entirely of strings of pearls."

Really this reminds one of the "ropes of pearls" which were purchased by *Lothair* for the lady he adored. (And what a goosey she must have been to send them back!) But imagine what a stir a

palanquin of pearls would make in Regent Street just now, and conceive a pair of elephants prancing in Hyde Park! Ah, if we could but introduce some of those Oriental splendours into our mere humdrum everyday existence, we might cease to read with such amazing interest and avidity the details which the papers give of doings in high life!

Yours most unaffectedly,

Mayfair, Monday.

GEORGIANA GUSHERTON.

"PECULIAR PEOPLE."

- PEOPLE who like the bagpipes.
- People who dislike oysters.
- People who at this period of our commercial prosperity, when writing-paper costs next to nothing, cross their letters.
- People who say *l'esure*, interesting, inhospitable, and applicable.
- People who have no poor relations.
- People who dye their hair.
- People who always know where the wind is.
- People who like getting up early in the morning.
- People who have more money than they know what to do with.
- People who possess a stock of old port.
- People who have never been abroad.
- People who give donations to street-beggars and organ-grinders.
- People who send conscience-money to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.
- People who take long walks before breakfast.
- People who spend an income on flowers for the button-hole.
- People who light and leave off fires on fixed days.
- People who like paying Income-tax.
- People who go to hot, uncomfortable theatres, full of fees.
- People who buy early and costly asparagus—nine inches of white stalk to one of green head.
- People who have no sense of humour.
- People who give large parties in small rooms.
- People who lavish their money on the heathen abroad, and leave the heathens at home to take care of themselves.
- People who have the ice broken, to enable them to bathe in the Serpentine in Winter.
- People who look forward to a time when there will be no Income-tax.
- People who keep all their old letters.
- People without prejudices, weaknesses, antipathies, hobbies, crotchets, or favourite theories.
- Critics who are satisfied with the hanging of the Royal Academy.
- People who have nothing the matter with their digestion, and can eat anything.
- People who take snuff.
- People who hold their tongues.
- People who go on sending contributions to *Punch*.

OBSERVATIONS IN AN ORATORY.

(On a recent Marriage in High Life.)

WHY all these cads and JENKINSSES astare?

"'Tis BUTE! he draws us by a single hair!"

Hair of the dog that's bitten your base souls—

The cur, at feet of rank and wealth that rolls.

Manners the man may make, MANNING the marriage,
But Men and Manners MANNING must disparage,
When, in this abject press, and muster monkeyish,
Men write themselves down snobs, their manners flunkeyish.

But, hold! On sacred scenes like these 'tis rude
That satirists should more than snobs intrude;
Liquids to labials while East winds transmute,
As BUTE cannot be *Punch*, *Punch* must be BUTE!

Missing, Man and Money!

MR. STANSFELD, in the debate on SIR MASSEY LOPES's motion the other night, talked a great deal about people's "incomeability." Let local rating only go on increasing at its present pace, and the rate-collector will soon find out people's in-come-at-ability, and that of their money also.

IN THE WRONG HOLE.

FOOLISH people have been appointing JOHN BRIGHT "Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster." "We want him in place," they say. But JOHN BRIGHT in such an office would be JOHN BRIGHT out of place.



"THE ORACLE OF THE BOTTLE."—RABELAIS.

Guest. "SHIRIKESH ME—IN THESE AL'BAM' N'GOSH'ATIONSH, 'TACTICSH 'GOV'MENT 'BEEN ANYTHING BUT JUCIDIOUSH!"

Host. "JUCIDIOUSH! S-a-a—(immensely tickled)—THA'SH UNCOM'LY GOOD! MY DEAR BOY, YOU MEANT TO SHAY 'DUJISHIOUSH,' I SH'POSH!—LETSH JOIN THE LADIESH!"

JOHN BULL'S BLESSING—AND WHAT IT COSTS.

STRANGE day! When that most lubberly of lurdanes,
The British rate-payer, kicka 'neath his burdens!
Swears that to fight the Vestry braced his nerve is,
And that he's had enough of "unpaid service:"
That he'll no longer bend in homage humble
Beneath the hot breath and hard hoof of Bumble.
Refuse parochial Ayrtons leave to rob,
Nor brook, henceforth, to be ruled "by the job;"
That penny wisdom shall no longer be
In parish matters, his sole rule of three—
That rule of three which, after all was done,
Was simplified to rule of "number one,"
In whose self-seeking muddle yearly went
The coat of an Imperial Government,
As if to teach our "bloated" Upper Ten,
Whate'er swells *once* mulled, snobs can mull again;
That vestry room and council can outdo
The worst that, at its worst, St. Stephen'a knew;
That they, who Little Pedlington o'er-crow,
Far wilder waste, and grosser jobs can show,
Than, ere cheeseparing hand controlled the helm,
The worst and weakest rulers of the Realm!

These goods, most practical of racea known,
JOHN BULL can call, in Europe's face, his own.
And to his bosom hug, in calm content,
The rank-ripe fruits of sweet Self-government.
Only one thought his exultation batea,
The thought how much the harvest coats in rates;
One doubt—aa still 'tis JOHN BULL's prudent way
His blessings in his balances to weigh—
Whether, when Humbug's hushed, and Bunkum still,
'Tis worth all this cost to be ruled so ill!

FALLACY OF FIGURES.

A PARAGRAPH of frequent occurrence in contemporary news, headed "Extraordinary Longevity," reveals ever and anon an instance of the duration of human existence, equal to or exceeding the age of METHUSELAH. This sum of years, however, is an addition sum; not simply the sum total of a column of units representing an individual life, but the sum of three, four, or more totals of so many columns which represent the lives of so many individuals met together. As the age of METHUSELAH would be equalled by the united ages of 969 infants, of one year old, collected at a baby-show, the profundity of this arithmetic is evident. The same calculus could be applied to other things than longevity as instructively as it is to that. A daily paper, the other day, contains a case in point, whence it might be argued, by an imposing array of figures, that pains for the prevention of dastardly outrages are not spared certain ruffians who deserve them:—

"FLOGGING GAROTTERS.—Ten garotters, who were sentenced at the recent assizes in Leeds, received their flogging yesterday afternoon at Armley Gaol, each having twenty lashes."

Their united floggings amounted to two hundred lashes. But what are two hundred lashes among ten scoundrels?

The Two Cases.

SAYS JOHN LEMOINNE, "The English Counter-case Has strength writ on its plain, straightforward face."

"That's nat'ral" (says SAM, with some impatience)—

"Strong counter-cases suit shop-keeping nations.

But how about *my* case? Guess *that* will funk em?"—

Not while JOHN BULL can weigh bounce and smell bunkum!

A "COUNTER-CASE."—Shop-lifting.



A FRAGMENT.

Fashionable High Church Lady. "HEIGHO! I REALLY BELIEVE—ER—THAT IF WE TRUSTED IN MIRACLES—ER—WE SHOULD HAVE MORE OF THEM!"

[Scarborough, Dec., 1871.]

POST-OFFICE CONFECTIONERY.

"POSTAL REFORM.—United States papers make mention of a rumour that the Postmaster-General of that country intends to signalise his career in office by favouring the adhesive matter of postage-stamps."

If our own Postmaster-General is wise, he will lose no time in availing himself of this valuable hint. He might make the department over which he presides the most popular Institution in the country, by the judicious use of sugar and a few essences. Complaints are often made of the Post-office (*Mr. Punch* has none to prefer, except that it sends him far too many letters), but the mouths of all grumblers would be stopped, if an agreeable flavour could be endorsed on the postage-stamps; and what is now too often an irksome and disagreeable duty converted, by the agency of the Confectioner to the Post-office, into a sweet and pleasant pastime. The necessary outlay would not be great; and as there would be an immediate and overwhelming increase in the sale of stamps, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER could not possibly raise any objection.

The mouth waters at the thought of our post-offices exhibiting placards (like the lists of ices in *restaurants* and confectioners' shops), describing the different flavoured stamps sold within, which might be distinguished by such appropriate designations as "Monsell," "Rowland Hill," "Scudamore," "Tilley," &c.

We hope the receipt-stamps will not be overlooked, and we are certain that a colossal fortune awaits the bold and enterprising stationer who will flavour the adhesive matter on his envelopes with strawberry, lemon, or vanilla.

"Come" and "Take."

THE Lambeth Water Company, so *MR. JOHN TAYLOR*, their engineer, writes to the *Times*, are going to improve their "intake." Bravo, L. C.! Then it isn't true that the London Water Companies only think of improving their *income*.

A SWELL ON A STRIKE.

SAY fifteen shillings, if you like,
A week. I deem those wages small.
I wonder not that labourers strike,
But how they live to work at all.
With fifteen shillings ev'n per day
Who could drink wines of decent *crû*?
Or, if he got no better pay,
Afford a passable *menu*.

Such income would a fellow bring,
Save necessities, to debar
A fellow's self of everything,
And smoke a threepenny cigar!
His life he never could enjoy,
So hard would he have on to rub;
A common tailor to employ:
Belong to an inferior Club.

But fifteen shillings, nothing more,
A whole week! That would render life
Worse for a fellow than a bore.
Fancy that fellow with a wife.
And yet those men are *prolétaires*!
And they continue to increase!
On wages ev'n the highest theirs
I wonder labourers do not cease.

Missing an Opportunity.

WE observe by the University intelligence, that a gentleman has been elected at Oxford to "a Lucy Exhibition." Would it not have been a delicate compliment on the part of the authorities to those females who are the sturdy champions of their sex's rights, to have restricted the competition for the "Lucy" exhibition to ladies?

HOME ANARCHY.

THE O'CONOR DON, in a letter to the Secretary of the Roscommon Home Government Association, has expressed his determination to support the principles of Home Rule. It is doubly creditable to the O'CONOR DON. Worthy of an Irishman and a Spaniard.

ACTS, NOT PLAYS.

It is remarkable that in newspapers, even some of those which circulate amongst educated people, a case of murder and suicide is ordinarily called a "tragedy," and, if it comprises several suicides or murders, is described as an "appalling tragedy," an "awful tragedy," or a "tragedy of the most awful character." As Englishmen, reporters are invited to reform this error altogether. A "tragedy" is an entertainment; but murders and suicides cannot constitute any, except to the most ill-regulated mind. Moreover, a tragedy is a poetical work, whereas the reports of the above-named atrocities published in the newspapers are essentially of a prosaic character, and always written without any regard whatsoever to the rules of dramatic composition. Murder and Suicide are no more Tragedy than Marriage is Comedy; and what would you have thought, my Lord, if at the top of a column in your paper once of a morning, you had observed the heading of "Comedy in High Life," and, on glancing your eye over the subjacent article, had found it to be an account of your Lordship's wedding?

UNSUITABLE TAILORISM.

A TAILOR, in Cheapside, exhibits in his shop-window a coat, whereunto is affixed a ticket bearing the inscription of "The Blue Prince of Wales." What a very infelicitous title! "The Black Prince of Wales" was an appellation grand if grim; the Blue Prince of Wales conveys an image simply grotesque. EDWARD, the Black Prince, was suitably so named from the tint of his armour; but ALBERT EDWARD cannot in like manner be styled the Blue Prince on account of his uniform, the colour of that which he usually wears not being blue but scarlet. If the PRINCE OF WALES were in fact accustomed to wear a blue coat, still, to call the coat by the name of the wearer, putting the contained for the containing, would be taking a personal liberty as well as a poetical licence, and might be said to betray an extremely untailorlike idea of the fitness of things.

A TEMPERANCE TALK.



ness in ALEXANDER THE GREAT, who, in a fit of passion aggravated by inebriety, slew his dearest friend, CLITUS. We have other terrible examples in the police reports and assize intelligence, and also in much occasional afterdinner eloquence. But I believe drunkenness is on the decline.

Bother. Ah! yes, Sir; but our object is not merely to repress downright drunkenness. We wish altogether to prevent the sale of intoxicating liquors.

Britton. You mean spirits, wine, and beer. Call things from their use, not their abuse. Would you speak of razors as suicidal instruments? To destroy the liquor trade would be a double wrong; besides being a bore. It would be a tyranny over the consumers, and for the vendors a confiscation.

Bother. Tyranny, my dear Sir! How can a majority of ratepayers tyrannise over a minority? Confiscation! Why the publicans' trade would be confiscated if their customers were made fewer by moral suasion.

Britton. That would be no confiscation. Their customers would be diminished in that case by fair means, not by foul; which makes a difference, let me point out to you.

Bother. Surely, Sir, it would be all the same to them?

Britton. Would it be all the same to you if you were hanged out of hand as it would be if you were left to die a natural death?

Bother. I don't see the parallel.

Britton. That I daresay. Why should you destroy the liquor trade?

Bother. People drink more liquor than is good for them.

Britton. So do children eat more pastry. Would you shut up confectioners' shops? Do you consider the adult people of England weaker than children?

Bother. People spend an immense deal of money in drink which they might lay out on better things. The people of this country, Sir, spend in the consumption of intoxicating liquors—excuse me, Sir—no less than £100,000,000 per annum.

Britton. Well, Sir; and a large proportion of that sum goes to the revenue in duty. What impost would you substitute? Are you prepared to tax the People's tea and coffee?

Bother. No, Sir, no; on the contrary, I am for a totally free breakfast-table.

Britton. Do you expect me, then, to consent that you shall tax my income to pay for your enforced teetotalism? If you do, you expect too much of human nature, at least as represented by this individual—and don't you wish you may get it?

Bother. Very much, indeed, Sir. Surely you are capable of that slight self-sacrifice for the good of others!

Britton. Quite incapable. Moreover, those others whom I prefer to consider are others like myself—the rational, not the imbecile members of society. But I wonder at you. An enemy to drunkenness, you object to the amount of a heavy fine upon it.

Bother. What fine, my dear Sir?

Britton. The liquor duties. Their amount is a fine upon national drunkenness, and not only on that but on national drinking habits. Talk of a 5s. or a 10s. fine! What is that to a fine of, I suppose, £50,000,000! By this vast penalty Vice is punished, and Virtue (to wit, Temperance) rewarded by exemption, whilst respectable persons

are taxed so much the less, and the public burdens are in part borne by the lower orders.

Bother. Voluntary sobriety would necessitate other taxation. Should you object to that, Sir?

Britton. Very much, indeed. But I couldn't complain of it at all, any more than publicans could complain if public-houses came to be simply less frequented by the public. In the meanwhile the only liquor laws for me are more stringent laws to punish drunkenness, and the permission of drunkenness, and the sale of bad liquor. "Si quid novisti," et cetera, you know.

Bother. I do not know; and as to *quid*, am a total abstainer also from tobacco.

Britton. Then I will not offer you a cigar. But the instruction which I have taken the trouble of imparting to you, perhaps you will put, so to speak, in your pipe, and smoke home. I am sorry to say there is no ginger-beer in the cellar, nor any lemonade, and my wife is out with the key of the cupboard which contains the tea-caddy; but if you would take a cup of cold water—SIR WILFRID LAWSON'S cold without—there is plenty in the cistern—such as it is. No? Don't say "No," if you mean "Yes." What! must you go? Let me not detain you. I should be sorry, I am sure, to trespass any longer on your valuable time. Good morning, MR. BOTHER; good morning!

[Bows him out.]

TRUE SYMPATHY WITH SUFFERING.

It is gratifying, in the perusal of dry law proceedings, to light upon a judicial expression of genuine pity well bestowed, and sympathy, not only heartfelt but practical, with human suffering. At the Central Criminal Court, the other day, before MR. COMMISSIONER KERR, JOHN JOYCE and THOMAS DITTON were indicted for robbery with violence. The violence was of a nature which may be estimated from the subjoined observations of the learned Commissioner. It had been committed by the prisoner JOYCE, who, when he and his dockfellow had been convicted, "asked for mercy." Whereupon—

"The Commissioner said there were some people actuated by what they believed to be philanthropy, who might have had mercy on him, but he was not one of those. His sympathies went with the man who, while on his way home, was seized by the throat, knocked down, lost blood, and suffered nervousness for weeks in consequence. He did not sympathise with the violent ruffian who knocked a man down, and whined in the dock for mercy. The sentence upon him was that he be kept in penal servitude for seven years, and receive forty lashes with the 'cat.'"

A fair number. One stripe more than forty stripes save one; but not one too many for a garrotter. It is good that such a miscreant should seem vile to his brother-man in howling under the infliction of full forty stripes; and if an average of forty administered in ordinary cases be found insufficient to prevent robbery with violence, let us hope that fifty will be tried, and so on in ascending ratio. The allotment of whipping-cheer by MR. COMMISSIONER KERR to MR. JOYCE was rendered all the more handsome by the truly feeling remarks which accompanied it. They did equal credit to his heart and his head, and they command our admiration as the genuine outpouring of the milk and cream, and none of the skim-milk, of human kindness. MR. JOYCE has since been flogged.

What a pity the law did not empower MR. COMMISSIONER KERR also to order a good flogging for CHARLES WESTHORP, convicted, in two savage assaults, of unlawfully wounding a woman! Of course it was the mere inability to give that ruffian his deserts which made his Judge let him off with four months' imprisonment. We must give MR. COMMISSIONER KERR credit for abhorring cruelty to women as much as cruelty to men, and for not thinking it more venial than cruelty to animals.

MEDICAL DISSENTERS.

THERE has lately arisen a new sect called the "Peculiar People." One of their peculiarities is an objection to the medical treatment of disease, instead of which they rely on prayer and the laying on of hands. A child, the offspring of a pair of these People, died the other day at Plumstead of small-pox, without having had any sort of medical attendance. An inquest held on the body resulted in a verdict of manslaughter against a man named HURRY, the father of the child. Can this be law, other than crowner's quest law? If so, then so much the worse for fanatics and fools; but the corollaries may be queer for some people who are neither. Suppose a child dies of small-pox, having had no other medical assistance than that of a mesmerist or a homœopath, how then?

Shop!

MRS. MALAPROP has been studying what she calls the Ali Baha Counter Case. She thinks the title smacks a little of the shop, but she hopes the Government will show that they mean business by sticking to their Counter.



THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE.

George. "O, I DO LOVE HAMPSHIRE HEATH SO! I PREFER IT TO SWITZERLAND, REALLY!"

Mabel. "WHY, GEORGE, YOU'VE NEVER BEEN TO SWITZERLAND!"

George. "NO; BUT I'VE SEEN IT ON THE MAP, AND I DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF IT AT ALL."

TOO HOT TO HANDLE.

THERE has been a hitch, or, what is still worse, a *hiatus*, in the South Kensington accounts. One SIMKINS, late cashier and accountant, has disappeared, and with him some £8,000 of the public moneys due from the department.

Now, KING COLE is, in Treasury parlance and papers, styled "Accountant" of the South Kensington Department. Of course he is "Accountant," but only as he is everything else—architect and artist, builder and buyer, catalogue-maker and composer, embellisher and entertainer, puffer and *prestidigitateur*, schoolmaster and showman of that mysterious, multifarious, and ever-growing concern, the Hydra of departments, of which every head you cut off is replaced by a dozen new ones, to which every successive Chancellor of the Exchequer has determined to be the Hercules, and has been ignominiously bowled over in the attempt—foiled by the resistance of that new form of adamant—the Black Diamond—COLE!

But what wonder? Coal is stored-up heat, and heat is force, and force is power; therefore COLE is but power embodied, and to fight with COLE is to fight with power in *propria persona*.

The Treasury has dared this unequal conflict, and the result is, as might have been expected, that the Treasury seems to be getting very decidedly the worst of it.

Here is KING COLE's retort on my Lords:—

"The fact was, the system of combining cashier and accountant was a vicious one, and he had protested against it. He had pointed to the Clearing-house system, where the paying out of money was not permitted to come in connection with the paying in. He had described the system in the department as cumbrous and costly, and as a system which would be ruinous in general business—considered even apart from any idea of defalcation; but he was snubbed for his suggestions. If his alterations had been adopted SIMKINS must have been found out at once; but as matters stood it required him to be out of his office, and his books in other hands and thoroughly overhauled, before the defalcations were discovered."

APRIL FOOLS IN FEATHERS.

(Song, by MR. HAWFINCH, on a late *Vicissitude of the Weather*.)

A PURTY sight it wuz to view
The yaller primroses appear,
Likewise the vi'luts, white and blue,
So early as they did this year.
Daisy and shiny buttercup
'Twuz pleasant peepun' to behold,
And dandelions blazun up
Wi' leaves bright green and vlowers o' gold.

To show how forrard all things be,
Swallows, this April, dree or four,
A vartnight earlier I zee
Nor ever yet I sin afore.
And just about when they appeared,
A-chevy'n hinsex on the wing,
The cuckoo one fine day I heerd,
And nightingale the night droo sing.

The pigs his tuneful notes mistook,
And woke, some on 'um, up vrom bed,
'Cause why they vancied "Chook, chook, chook,"
Was callun' of 'um to be fed.
Their disappointmunt, fer to aquake,
And grant, the hogs in concert made.
How 'tis, thinks I, to lie awake
And hark to Natur'a serrynade!

But all at once to North and East,
From West and South the wind chopped back.
And then the feathery quire, at least,
Fell dumb as mutes in funeral black.
Fer then come sleet, and then come hail,
And frost o' marnuns on the ground,
And nare a slug, nor nit a snail,
Wuz by them songsters to be found.

Cuckoo and nightingale found out
They'd made a bit of a mistake,
And so did t'other birds, no doubt:
Two swallows don't a zummer make,
Nor twice, nor dree, nor your times two.
Thee bear in mind that golden rule.
Then one thing April sun wun't do;
Wun't ne'er make thee an April fool.

In other words, when the Treasury says to KING COLE, "Were you not called accountant, and are not words things? Therefore as you were called accountant you were accountant, and an accountant is one who keeps accounts, and he who keeps accounts is accountable, and therefore you are accountable," KING COLE says to the Treasury, "Words are not things. I was called 'accountant,' but you knew as well as I did, that my hands were full of other business; any loss there may have been is your own fault, and if you had taken my advice it would not have happened."

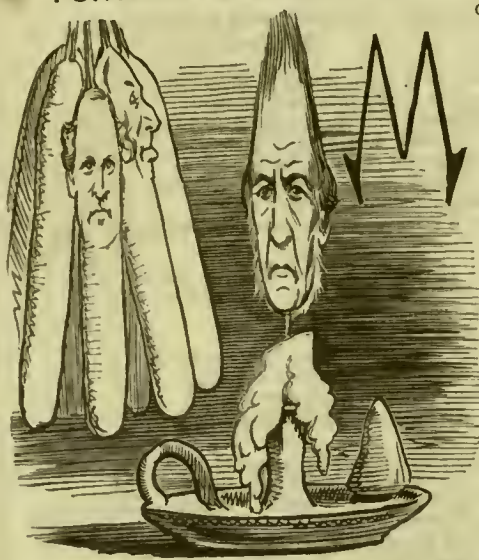
Looking to facts as the best evidence of character, weighing the discredit the Treasury has lately fallen into for meanness, blundering, and betching in every form, against the credit won by KING COLE for activity, organising power, and success in his undertakings, we should say the chances are all Lombard Street to a China orange that KING COLE is in the right and my Lords in the wrong.

A Die-a-tonic Drink.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* gives us some curious facts of that most delightful but deleterious of "bitters," *Absinthe*, in connection with the history of its introduction into France, from Algeria, where it was originally used as a "malaria" medicine in default of Quinine. Absinthe-drinkers, like Opium-smokers, inevitably carry the indulgence to an excess, and so indulged in, the *liqueur* inevitably produces nervous stimulus first, then madness or imbecility, paralysis, and death. With this catalogue of consequences, may we not translate, in our prayers for JOHN BULL, the French *Absinthe* and its family into the Latin *absint*?

WANTED A TURN-OVER AT CASE.—Apply to GENERAL SCHENCK, Ambassador for the United States, before June 15th.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



News. But when the world and the paper had been duly aired for him, he read:—

"Horrors from which the pen shrinks with disgust,"
Keeley, in *Valentine and Orson*.

He read—his pen is "warranted not to shrink," so out comes the tale of terror—that it was quite upon the cards that about the end of the week the Gladstone Cabinet might have fallen, to be succeeded by a Disraeli Cabinet. When he was raised from his hearth-rug, and became a little calm, he resumed the perusal of the article, remarking to his fluttering heart that he should be sincerely obliged to it if it would be still. He then discovered that the hideous catastrophe menaced might occur in reference to MR. FAWCETT's Dublin University Bill. This is for abolishing religious tests in that institution, and for giving it powers to reconstruct itself. MR. GLADSTONE, like the gods of old,

"Granted half the prayer,
The other half dispelled in empty air."
Iliad, passim.

No, Miss, *passim* does not mean a sparrow, though sparrows fly in the air. *Passer* is a sparrow, and you are *Anaticula*—excuse this levity, it is re-action after excessive fright. The PREMIER refused the reconstructive legislation. We could tell you why, though his ingenious attempts to explain without explanation drove MR. FAWCETT wild. But perhaps you are like the naughty little boy whose reason for not asking how his aunt's headache was, was that he didn't want to know. We will not tell you, at present—

"Know then this truth, enough for man to know,
'Pass t'other half,' said G., 'and out we go!'"
Pope and Punch.

Words are inadequate to the description of the state of mind of Mr. Punch and the rest of Her Majesty's subjects until their white terror was over. Now that over it is, we gasp to think of it,

"Like him who in his sleep
Has walked beside the precipice's brink,
Which he's afraid to look at in the morning."
Bandersnatch.

In the Lords to-night the distinguished nobleman whose patent was conferred by the Author of *Our American Cousin*, made his first appearance, in the person of GEOFFREY DOMINIC AUGUSTUS FREDERICK GUTHRIE, Lord Oranmore and Browne. This nobleman (to Mr. Punch's mind very justly) characterised the correspondence on the *Alabama* business as something "which no fellah could understand." EARL GRANVILLE, on whom few jests are lost, recognised LORD DUNDREARY, and defended his own correspondence and his conduct, declaring, in answer to another observation, that it was quite idle to talk of this country being degraded and humiliated by anything the Government had done.

LORD CAMPERDOWN (is not the name of one of his seats a splendid name—"Gleneagles"?) declined to say anything about the *Megeira*. As a classical scholar, his Lordship knows that it is unlucky, nay,

unlawful, to mention the name of one of the Eumenides, who sit around the dreadful throne of Pluto.

"But be the issue as it may,
Eternal Fate will hold its way,
Nor lips that pray, nor eyes that weep,
Nor cups that rich libations steep,
Soothe those dark Powers' relentless ire,
Whose altars never blaze with holy fire,"
Eschylus.

The Bishops' Resignation Act Perpetuation Bill advanced. We give this as a specimen of a title. Bishops who wish to doff mitres are still to be allowed to do so. This offers us an opportunity of mentioning a Bishop who will, we hope, very long adorn the Bench, namely, S. WINTON. Most wisely and humanely has he stepped out of the groove, to desire that in his diocese District Visitors will inquire whether children have been vaccinated. Dignified ecclesiastics in other dioceses, please copy, and don't let Mr. Punch see

"A little bench of Heedless Bishops here."
Shenstone.

In the Commons we went on with the Ballot Bill. You surely do not want the two-penny details. They are all necessary, but a good deal of the talk over them was not. On a proposal to let sailors vote by ballot-papers, question was asked, "What would be the condition of those who were drowned before the election day?" MR. GRAVES stated that "he did not know." He is no follower of one JEAN CAUVIN, who helped to burn GRUET and SERVETUS.

Then we protected the Polynesians, and so to bed at 2.5 A.M.

Tuesday.—The Conservative leaders in both Houses demanded an assurance from the Ministerial leaders that further proceedings at Geneva should be suspended unless the indirect claims were abandoned. The replies were that no such assurances would be given, as it was proper to wait for the American answer.

MR. STACPOOLE will certainly get the QUEEN settled in Ireland one of these days. We applaud the perseverance with which he presses the Royal Residence question on Government. It took MR. GLADSTONE fourteen lines of close type to say that he had nothing to say. O for LORD PALMERSTON's rifle-shot replies! Remind us to tell you a story, one of these days, about two men in a coffee-house, who had to answer the same question—we haven't room this week.

Punch just mentions that there has been some delay in the extradition of a woman called DIBLANC or DIXBLANC, who has confessed to a murder in Park Lane. She escaped to Paris. But her portion is Newgate. CASTRO is not there, having been admitted to bail. Mr. Punch brackets the facts in no malice, but because he has a lovely quotation. He is not one of those—

"Who do hate a Claimant
Worse than a Murderer."
Shakespeare.

MR. AYRTON was playful, and "happy to assure children" that their playground in Hyde Park was not to be encroached upon, but to be enjoyed by them with the Heavy Cavalry and the Light Volunteers. We welcome any demonstration of sweetness and light by him.

MR. LOWE explained that the winding-up of some person's estate had been rendered expensive by the quadruple fact that he was illegitimate, intestate, unmarried, and a Scotchman.

Shall we be forgiven for stating in the shortest way that MR. NEWDEGATE obtained leave to bring in a Bill for inquiry into the increase of monastic and conventual institutions? There was a sharp debate, of course. He clearly thinks, with *Eloisa*, that these convents are haunted by something dreadful, and that

"More than echoes talk along the walls."
Pope.

Mr. Punch has the utmost pleasure in stating that a determined attempt by the Secularists to damage the Education Act was sternly resisted by the common sense of the House of Commons, and that the would-be damagers were defeated by the overwhelming majority of 316 to 115—201.

Wednesday.—To-day the great terror was removed. MR. GLADSTONE accomplished one of his most remarkable answers. It occupies exactly half a column. What he had to say was that he should certainly regard a Ministerial defeat on MR. FAWCETT's Bill as a notice to resign, but that he was not going to make an opportunity for MR. FAWCETT to bring on the question.

There was more talk—we believe a Bill for throwing open all offices of State to Catholics and others was talked over—and out—but could Punch listen to such things at such a moment of relief?

"Hearts are not flint, and flints are rent;
Hearts are not steel, and steel is bent."
Sir Walter Scott.

[By the way, we wish flints were rent. We would make things pleasant for our landlord next time he called.] Yes, but one thing

shall be mentioned. MR. DOUGLAS STRAIGHT introduced a Bill for scourging ruffians who illtreat women and children. *Punch* hopes that Parliament will proceed "by the street which is called Straight" to pass this Bill, and we shall rejoice to hear that some scoundrel who suffers thereby apostrophises "the blessed DOUGLAS" thus, or in a certain Shakspearian form, for which see *Henry IV.*

Thursday.—The 21st of August is fixed for the beginning of Autumn Manœuvres, and it will be artful, not to say base, if any Mamma or daughter commences the attack earlier. As *Clarissa* asks,—

"Why round our coaches crowd the white-gloved beaux?
Why bows the side box from its inmost rows?
How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains."

Raps of the Lock.

MR. FAWCETT avenged himself by going in hard at the Government, and by describing the menace of Resignation as an attack on the rights of private Members. The Opposition cheered him mightily when he said that heaps of Liberal Members had told him that, though they liked his Bill, they could not turn out the Ministers, and therefore that Dublin University might go—*Mr. Punch* hates to use the impolite word which MR. FAWCETT implied—let us say where the aforesaid Eumenides sit around their dusky King. There was really a dashing debate, and MR. GLADSTONE came out in full force, the fuller that he held himself well in hand, and gave himself fair play. His lamentation over castigation for involved style, "which he had been trying for forty years to correct," was good comedy. He made a bold speech, and declared that the Government had "stood fire," and meant to stand it again. He would not give MR. FAWCETT a day for his debate. The *spectatum admissi* were in luck this evening.

Ballot: and an attempt to make the rate-payers pay Candidates' expenses was defeated by 261 to 129. MR. MAGNIAC showed himself exceedingly sane by his very rational objection to people being asked to pay the expenses of people whom they dislike. He is Member for St. Ives; and the Seven Wives and their husbands, and all the other wives and husbands, are well represented.

Did *Mr. Punch* manage to convey, a couple of weeks ago, the idea that he thought the late Chairman of Committees was the author of *Alice in Wonderland*? Dear Us! You must be joking! Ha! ha! if that be so. Our Beamish Boys, also Girls, have you yet to learn that your *Punch* never makes mistakes? Chortle in your joy when you think of that. A health to the Tum-Tum Tree!

Friday.—Shall we give Household Suffrage in the Counties? Yes, says MR. TREVELYAN, and now. Yes, says MR. GLADSTONE, but not now. "Not now," echoed the House by 148, to 70.

We began to talk on Local Government in Ireland, and MR. BUTT spoke somewhat pleasantly. Then MR. FOWLER commenced a speech on the affairs of South Africa, but the House adopted *Miss Jellaby's* view, and remarking "Africa's a Beast. We hate it," was Counted Out.

FLOREAT ETONA!

THE Geographical Society has been giving gold and bronze medals for the best examinations gone through by boys of various schools, on Physical and Political Geography. Who would have thought it? Eton comes out neck and neck with Liverpool—in these branches of a study which one would have thought more at home in Cottonopolis than in the antique towers of WOLSEY and WORTON!

For Physical Geography, W. SPRING RICE of Eton College carries off the gold medal, A. S. BUTLER of Liverpool College, the bronze; while, for political, the order is reversed, W. S. COLLINGWOOD, of Liverpool, bearing away the gold, W. C. G. GRAHAM, of Eton, the bronze. Who can say, after this, that in all useful knowledge and science such as schools can teach, Eton men are beaten men? Let such words against Eton be henceforth "Eaten."

"There is great Luck about the House."

HAUNTED Houses is an ominous title for a dramatic work, seeing that it is almost synonymous with empty houses. Defying the omen, like a wise man, MR. BYRON has given the Princess's Managers a piece which enables them to boast of houses not haunted by spectres but spectators. Since the days of AGONISTES, we do not think that a bold Hebrew has ever done a more startling thing in the way of bringing down a house than is performed at the end of MR. BYRON's clever play. *Mr. Punch* went home, and would have dreamed hideously but for taking sanitary precautions against dreaming at all. Well, a headache is better than a nightmare, come!

THE IRISH EDUCATION DIFFICULTY.

A DIFFICULTY, when it is formulated, less likely to be followed by a solution than a dissolution.

MUSIC FOR THE MILLION.



LORD MAHON triumphed over MR. GEORGE POTTER, at the Westminster Election to the School-Board, by about five to one. Yet a van containing a band of music, and displaying MR. POTTER's placards, permeated the district. However, we believe that this device which, *per se*, we should call a vulgar and carnal one, suited only to political contests, was not meant as an attraction, except as signifying that MR. POTTER is for supporting the proposal to give the children of the lower orders a musical education. With him, in this respect, we agree; for if the humbler class learn to like real music, they will soon hunt down the abominable organ-fiends, who, still as rampant and dirty as ever, continue their execrable treatment of melodies deserving of better usage. Joyful will be the day that sees the extirpation of BANDILEGGIO

the Bothering Bandit, and as it appears to be unlawful to shoot him, as other Bandits are served, we hope to see him slain by the benevolent giant, Education.

THE COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION AGE.

A CORRESPONDENT, who signs himself "JIGNORAMUS," writes to say that he read in some paper the other day of a person having "passed his examination for a Bankruptcy." JIGNORAMUS supposes that the same amount of "cram" is as necessary for this step as for one in the Naval and Military Examinations, in those of the Civil Service, or of the Universities. As he wishes to know what subjects must be got up in order to enable him to compete for a Bankruptcy, we invite attention to the following list, of which more than a superficial knowledge would probably be required by the Examiners:—

- (a) Banker's Books, I. and II.
- (b) Pass Books and Cheque Books, I. to L. Including all the Propositions from time to time made by the Investor to the Firm of Bankers. Besides these, an acquaintance with all the Elementary Commercial Axioms will be absolutely indispensable.
- (c) Dramatic Paper.—*New Way to Pay Old Debts, The Loves of a Lover, Game of Speculation, The Merchant of Venice.*
- (d) *Secular History.*—A treatise explanatory of the letters I. O. U. on the Roman banners. *Religious Hist.* Explain the connection between Israelites and The Law, and the House of Bondage.
- (e) *Poetry.*—HORACE, Ode to several people.
- (f) *Geography.*—The Latitude and Longitude of Spike Island, Crediton, &c.
- (g) *Military.*—What equivalent rank in the Army is held by Sheriff's Officers? Whom do they by courtesy precede? Whom do they legally follow?
- (h) *Etiquette.*—What are the ceremonies to be observed on being presented at (the Bankruptcy) Court? What is the *Argumentum ad hominem in possessione*?
- (i) *Athletics.*—What training is necessary to enable a competitor to outrun a constable? Give the theory of stamps, and of making yourself scarce.
- (j) *Ornithology.*—Explain the management of Kites, the treatment of Pigeons, and the *modus vivendi* of Hawks.

. The above will afford JIGNORAMUS some sort of idea of the nature of the examination which will be required of him.

KEW! KEW! KEW!

WHY pay several shillings for a Turkish Bath when you can have one gratis on any day of the week by spending a time in the Tropical Fern-house at Kew?

[ADVL]



"ALL IS FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR."

BY DINT OF INSIDIOUS FLATTERY, CAPTAIN DE TOMKYN'S PERSUADES HIS HATED RIVAL, MR. GRIGSBY, TO SING A COMIC SONG IN THE PRESENCE OF THE LOVELY BEING WHOM THEY BOTH ADORE. MR. GRIGSBY FALLS INTO THE CRUEL TRAP, AND RUINS HIMSELF IN THE LOVELY BEING'S ESTIMATION FOR EVER.

"THE BELLS."

Happy Thought.—Notion for MR. BATEMAN. MR. IRVING has, no doubt, often thought of SHAKESPEARE, and SHAKESPEARE thought of MR. IRVING in *Mathias*, alluding evidently to the Burgomaster's murder of the Polish Jew, thus (*vide Hamlet*, Act I. Sc. 1.):

"As frowned he once when"
"He smote the alledged Polack on the ice."

The Day and the Deed.

A CERTAIN Scotch Presbytery were sorely dumfounded by an answer to a request of theirs for signature to a Sabbatarian petition. The reply (translated to them of course) was *Labore est orare*.



PORTRAIT OF MR. GRIGSBY
WHEN HE'S NOT SINGING
COMIC SONGS.

PAPAL PASTIME.

HERE is a pleasant little bit of Roman news:—

"The Pope has had several boxes of croquet sent from London to amuse his officers, now that the fine spring weather has set in. His Holiness descended yesterday into the Papal gardens, and remained a long time looking on while his partisans were engaged in the innocent sport."

The POPE, he leads a happy life! one truly may exclaim, if his time be passed in pleasant contemplation such as this. How much better for his peace of mind, and that too of the world, it is for him to look on calmly at a game of croquet than to breed mad bulls of excommunication and to fulminate his thunderbolts against all disbelievers in his infallibility, among whom it is his misfortune to reckon *Mr. Punch*!

FORESTS V. FORESTERS.

HERE is one fact:—

"The authorities of California have engaged a professional arboriculturist, at a salary of 15,000 dollars per year, to attend to the setting out of forest trees in different parts of the State. 'They never,' says the *Rochester Express*, 'did a wiser thing. We want trees judiciously distributed everywhere—on the mountain-side, in the fields, along country roads, in front of city residences, in parks and gardens; everywhere some, nowhere too many.'"

Here is another:—

"The Ancient Order of Foresters have increased their numbers by 19,581 during the past year, while the sum of £96,000 has been added to the reserve fund of Courts and Districts. Taking into account the Juvenile Societies and the Second Degree (the Ancient Order of Shepherds), the members now number more than half a million, having funds invested to the extent of £1,527,939 as a provision against sickness and death."

So it would seem that while Cousin JONATHAN has to pay heavily for his foresters, JOHN BULL'S flourish famously without payment.

The order of proceeding in the two countries has been inverted.

JONATHAN found his forests, and thought he could dispense with the foresters: JOHN BULL planted his foresters, without waiting for the forests.

Ours seems to have turned out the more profitable arrangement.

Animal Magnate-ism.

SEEING the price wild animals fetch, as was exemplified in the late sale of "WOMBWELL'S Menagerie," and the cost of their keep as well as that of their keepers, a man, to make money by a wild-beast show, must indeed drive a "roaring" trade, as, in fact, we believe the magnates in the animal line do.



OUT OF THE QUESTION.

MRS. BRITANNIA. "WHAT'S THIS GOSSIP ABOUT YOUR GIVING WARNING, EWART?"

CHIEF BUTLER. "I—I—REALLY, MY LADY—WELL, THERE'S A PARTY FROM BRIGHTON AS——"

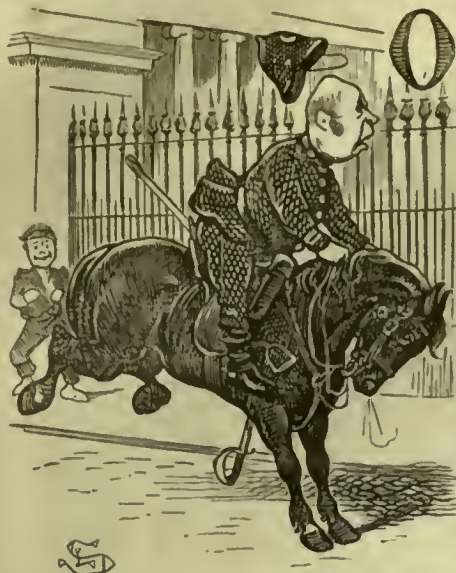
MRS. BRITANNIA. "DON'T TELL ME! YOU'LL NOT LEAVE MY SERVICE—*WITH A CHARACTER*—TILL MR. JONATHAN'S BILL IS SETTLED, MIND THAT!"



THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION
500 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

The two last evenings of MASTERS SANDFORD and MERTON'S holidays spent at Torcombe.



THEIR company being much and properly attracted by the singing, MISS SMUDGKINS' Uncle proposed that he and HARRY should divert themselves with a French game of cards, called *Écarté*. HARRY, who was ignorant of this accomplishment, desired to be excused, but, on MISS SMUDGKINS' offering to teach him, he was, though with some reluctance, induced to sit down and play with the REV. ZENOTHEUS POTTS. The game, indeed, he found no difficulty in learning, but he could not help remarking, with wonder, that, after he had won

the first three rubbers, his good fortune seemed to have entirely deserted him; nor did he fail to notice the dexterous flash which the REV. ZENOTHEUS POTTS, in dealing out the *hands*, gave to the cards, such as he had once witnessed in the performance of a travelling conjuror at a fair. His venerable adversary was now, on all occasions, sufficiently fortunate to "mark the King," a singular piece of good luck, which, he modestly declared, such skill as he possessed, had in no degree merited.

MISS SMUDGKINS now professed herself vastly concerned at HARRY's continual losses, but encouraged him to persevere with many kind and consoling expressions of sympathy. As for her Uncle, he protested, that, it being now nearly midnight, he would not play any longer, and generously refused to accept the half-crown which he had won from MASTER HARRY on the last game. MISS SMUDGKINS, at the same time, avowed her great surprise and annoyance at HARRY's having incurred, through her instruction, a loss amounting to two pounds and fifteen shillings, which was all that he had in his purse.

HARRY begged her not to distress herself on his account, as, he said, he entertained no kind of doubt of his being able, through the well-known capriciousness of Fortune, to win back a portion of this sum before his departure for school, a necessity which only permitted him one day more at the Abbey Boarding House. "This game," he said, "in which I perceive both chance and skill to be combined, reminds me of the story of *Philo and the Pretentious Snail*, which, as neither of you has heard it, I will now proceed to narrate. You must know, then,"—At this point, however, MISS SMUDGKINS was compelled to retire to her chamber, vowing, at the same time, that she was dying of curiosity to hear the story, and begging HARRY not to continue his narrative to her Uncle in her absence.

THE REV. ZENOTHEUS POTTS now praised his fortitude and courage, and advised him to observe a certain amount of caution in playing at cards, for any considerable ventures, with strangers, into whose society, by the accidents of travelling, he might find himself thrown.

On their quitting the card-room, they ascertained that MR. BARLOW, not feeling himself in his usual excellent health, had retired to bed, an example which the remainder of the company were not slow in following, with the exception of MASTER SMASH and MASTER BRUMPTON, who had taken MASTER TOMMY, their new friend, into the smoking-room, where they were now indulging themselves in the largest and strongest cigars, and in various agreeable liquors.

These two young gentlemen talked with amazing vivacity about public diversions, about celebrated actresses, about parties of pleasure, about masked balls, and about such gay persons, and such lively scenes, as acted forcibly on TOMMY's imagination; for, though unequal in age to his companions, who were at least two or three years his seniors (MASTER SMASH being fifteen and MASTER BRUMPTON fourteen), he yet was their superior in mental capacity. TOMMY now felt himself introduced to a wider range of conduct, and began to long for the next school-time to be over, in order that he too might bestow a champagne supper on the loveliest of the

corps de ballet, and entertain a brilliant party at a whitebait dinner at the Star and Garter Hotel, Richmond, to which, being a boy of a really generous and amiable disposition, he now gave MASTERS SMASH and BRUMPTON a hearty invitation. HARRY perceived and lamented this sudden change in the manners of his friend, who, while delivering himself in the above strain, smoking a large cigar, and drinking what MASTER SMASH termed "an Eye Opener," seemed to have lost all affection for his former companion; and, indeed, at a late hour, MASTER TOMMY spoke of their beloved tutor not only with contemptuous indifference, but with every epithet of disrespect. HARRY now took the liberty of remonstrating with him, and ventured to ask him, "Whether he remembered the story of *Epaminondas* and the *Lethargic Bullfinch*, which," said HARRY, "as neither MASTER SMASH, nor MASTER BRUMPTON, has heard—"

MASTERS SMASH and BRUMPTON. No, we haven't, and don't want to.

HARRY (continuing calmly).—I will now proceed to narrate. You must know, then—

TOMMY. No, we mustn't.

[Prodigious Laughter at this rude sally from MASTERS SMASH and BRUMPTON, in which MASTER TOMMY joined.

HARRY. Alas! my dear TOMMY, what sort of figure think you these two young gentlemen would have made among the Spartan youths in the army of ZENOCRATES?

TOMMY. Give it up.

This witty repartee occasioned shouts of derision, which HARRY bore with singular equanimity, nor did he again offer to address his young friend, who presently began to complain of the heat of the room.

MASTERS SMASH and BRUMPTON, whose looks now betrayed their enjoyment of their friend's misfortune, attributed this indisposition to his being unaccustomed to the small hours, the big *Regalias*, and the *Eye-openers*, an insinuation which MASTER TOMMY, who wished to be taken for a person of fashion, would have indignantly resented, had not a sudden and uncontrollable quail constrained him to accept the assistance of MASTERS BRUMPTON and SMASH's arms, who, scarcely able to disguise their ungenerous mirth, forthwith led him up-stairs, and placed him safely in bed. HARRY only stayed a few minutes behind the young gentlemen, in order to finish such liquor as yet remained in their glasses, and, having extinguished the lights, he was not long in reaching his own apartment. Here he sat up for the next two hours, attempting, by energetic perseverance, to make himself a master of the game of *écarté*, in order to prove, on the earliest opportunity, to MISS SMUDGKINS' Uncle, that neither his example, nor his advice, had been thrown away upon him, and, indeed, it was not until he had dealt the King to himself fifteen times successively, that he placed the pack of cards underneath his pillow, and was soon fast asleep.

"WHY, HOW NOW,—HAMLET?"

A NOTICE lately appeared, in the *Times*, which has been the cause of some perplexity to students of SHAKESPEARE. Not to insist on details, we give an extract from the paragraph which was to this effect, viz., that "The Metropolitan Board of Works will" (on a certain day) "take into consideration . . . the HAMLET of MILE END . . ."!! (Two notes of admiration and exclamation, "with power to add to their number.") The Hamlet of Mile End!! Those well versed in dramatic literature knew the *Hamlet* of SHAKESPEARE, and those who denied the authenticity and genuineness of the works attributed to SHAKESPEARE, had never as yet heard of The Hamlet of Mile End.

Has the Board made a mistake? Boards do, sometimes. Was it thinking of the VENUS of MILO when it said the HAMLET of MILE END? Or has a new Shakspearian actor appeared at The Royal Mile End Theatre; if there be a Mile End Theatre. Finally, let the Board inform us, as early as possible, who or what is the Hamlet of Mile End. If an actor, on what theatrical Boards does the Board of Works expect his appearance?

Loyal Subjects.

THE Treasury tried o'er the Coals to haul COLE,

But the Black Diamonds burst into chorus:

"Go elsewhere, my Lords, if our King down you'd bowl—

But we won't have our Monarch hauled o'er us!"

Visa Versa.

SINCE the French talk of re-establishing the wretched annoyances connected with "protection," ought we not to retaliate by leaving off their wines, and ourselves returning, like true sons of British fathers, to our own too long neglected Pa's port system?



CONSIDERATE.

First Private. "BE YOU A MARKSMAN THIS YEAR?"

Second Ditto. "No, I BAIN'T. I DON'T WANT TO DEPRIVE THIS 'ERE LIBERAL ECONOMICAL GOVERNMENT OF A PENNY A DAY!"

SIMPLE NOTES ON ENGLAND.

*By X * * *, a distinguished and intelligent Frenchman, who, during many years, well knows the English.*

THE men have massive jaws; their teeth are long, white, and projecting, they are evidently carnivorous. They are all angular and "bosselés." To be "bosselé" is among them a matter of pride. Thus, they say of an aristocrat that he is "a knob," or "knobby." They are all too big, with the eyes dull, stupid, and blue, to such a measure that, to find among them one Frenchman—ah! how agreeable is the contrast! To be "angular" is their ancient character. In the historic records, the most early, they are called in their own language "The Angles." Perhaps EUCLID himself was an Angle.

Gin-drinking is the vice of all classes. My friend WAGG admits this, and deplores it. A Gin-palace is a Temple to Saint Vitus (*chez nous* "Saint Guy"). My friend has told me, that the name of this spirit is used familiarly for English young girls among the middle and lower classes. A daughter is often called "Ginny." The same friend tells me that the great writer, SIR WALTER SCOTT, in one of his romances, has named his heroine *Ginny Deans*. This was a satire, he says, on the clergy. I can trust this dear WAGG.

There are "street-boys" (*voyous de la rue*), who strive to obtain the blacking of your boots. I wear varnished boots, but I throw the boys a penny. They are surprised, for an Englishman will not give a penny without that they first black his boots. This is the commercial spirit.

The population would be enormous but for the suicides regularly in November, when many speculators shoot themselves because they see that they are insolvable.

"Self" everywhere. Their motto is "Heaven helps those who

help themselves." [A thief who commits a robbery is said to help himself. Therefore, among the English, theft is blessed by Heaven, but I believe when it is discovered it is punished.]

Le Dimanche they call their "Sun-day," that is, "Day of the Sun." And why? It is not more a day of the sun than another. The English believe in the existence of The Sun. That which is among us a matter of knowledge, is, among the English, an object of belief. Still, there are some of them who have seen the Sun.

A young man says familiarly, in speaking of his father, *My Governor*. Yesterday I was placed at the side of the coachman of an omnibus. He spoke of his "Governor." I have remarked this often among the coachmen of omnibuses. Thus, in all the cases, an office becomes hereditary. The coachman becomes Proprietor, and it is his son who seats himself upon the throne, that is to say, the "driving-box" of his father.

In France, a son tells all to his mother. They say that this is impossible in England. Here "to tell your mother" is a sneer used among boys. Also, "*your Grandmother*" is not a word to excite veneration, but, on the contrary, to raise shouts of laughter, and the phrase itself expresses incredulity. An adjuration is not here made more solemn by an appeal to "the tomb of my mother." To demand of any one, "*How's your mother?*" is to mock yourself of him. This is barbarous, brutal, is it not?

The exaggeration of the costume of the Rich Aristocracy is shocking. They pile up rhododendrons in their hair, with red ribbons, violet dresses, green petticoats, immense shawls as far as the heels, gloves of a vivid yellow, rings and large gold chains like the Queens of savages. This they call "showy."

The only distinction between a Clergyman and a waiter is the coat. The former wears a *frockcoat*, the latter a *tailcoat*. All the washer-



"LUCUS A NON LUCENDO."

"TUOAL', HAV' YE GOT A LIGHT?"

"YES, TONAL', BUT IT'S OOT."

women (*blanchiseuses*) belong to the Established Church, on account of the *White Chokers*.

All clergymen marry and have many infants. In the country he is the *Country-gentleman*, also he is a Magistrate. In brief, an English Clergyman is a Magistrate who preaches.

The Religion of the English is Respectability. The Clergyman is a *model of Respectability*. The exterior signs of Respectability are a shining hat, gloves, boots large, strong, and well blackened, and an umbrella: always the umbrella. All the persons, the most religious, carry an umbrella. In China the umbrella is a sign of rank, here it is a mark of a person very devout. The bigger the umbrella, the more the religious fervour. They appear to think that it is as rainy above the skies as it is here below. Their wives have not any rank in the Church, but they are a great power.

In Scotland, it is not permitted even to whistle on the Sunday. My friend, WAGG, tells me, however, that "you *must* whistle for what you want." I remark this contradiction. But they are an obstinate race, the Scots.

Between each house and the pavement there is a hedge of iron and a deep ditch. This latter is the Moat. This explains their proverb, "Every Englishman's house is his Castle."

SHAKESPEARE, speaking of his country, has said, "The Rain it raineth every day."

If an Englishman pays a small sum of money to a Magistrate, he may beat his own wife. If a wife complains, she may be imprisoned. It is not the custom here, as we used to suppose, to sell the wives. The husband is their Lord-and-Master. But my friend WAGG tells me that a husband always speaks of his wife as his "Missis." This, which at first I had mistaken for something wrong

NUPTIÆ IN EXCELSIS.

THE scene was, O how passing fair,
When, 'twixt the young and high-born pair,
The nuptial knot was tied!
The pink of fashion and of grace
The Bridegroom looked, and, all in lace,
With roses mantling o'er her face,
How beautiful the Bride!

O finery of the Bridemaids' train,
And Priesthood of the Sacred Fane
In more superb array!
And O to view the liveries all
From many a noble Servants' Hall!
And how the heart it did enthrall
To hear the organ play!

"O JEAMES!" soft MARY, sighing, said,
"Sure marriages in Heaven are made
Between a man and wife."
"Aw! Yas," JEAMES answered—gorgeous he
As Servitor in plush could be—
"Such marriages as wot we see,
Marriages in 'Igh Life."

A Book of Taking Leaves.

YESTERDAYS with Authors is the title of a newly published volume. As a pendant may be suggested, *Last Nights with Actors*, though perhaps this would form too bulky a tome, considering no actor now-a-days ever retires from the stage without such a repetition of positively "last nights" as, if recorded, would be, like their own farewells, interminable. They ought, in fact, to include in the bill of their final exit the appropriate ballad, "*Fare thee well, and if for ever*," &c., together with the equally *à propos* comedy of *Much Adoo about Nothing*.

MRS. PARTINGTON wants to know why some of the Sowing-Machine Advertisers do not call their machine the *Ceres*. Her nephew, who is learning the Heathen Misogyny, tells her that *Ceres* first taught Sowing.

at the root of English society, is, I find, intended to be complimentary; but only a compliment, as the facts are as above-said.

I am now going to dine with my friend WAGG at his Club. I am sorry that we have introduced this word *Club chez nous*. The "Club" is the resort of savages, fierce and brutal, not of men polite and civilised. But my friend W. tells me that this name has been given by the married women to these *cercles*. This is their wit (*esprit*). WAGG, my friend, waits me at the door in a *Hansom*.

X * * * *

A SIDE-SPLITTER, QUITE BEYOND A JOKE.

"What did the Government ask us to do? They said, 'Cut your Bill in two, and drop one portion.' My simple answer is, that it is absolutely impossible for us to do so."—Professor Fawcett in *Thursday's Debate*.

BUT why impossible, with will
As our Professor's hearty?
FAWCETT can surely split his Bill,
Who so can split his Party!

Double or Single?

THE announcement of Autumn as to the Ballot Bill appears not very likely to be verified from the indications of Spring. The Bill, which was to present itself at the door of the House of Lords with "an authoritative knock," looks as if its knook would resemble a housemaid's rather than that of a footman. Of course, however, the knock, whatever may be its nature, will not be the knock of a servant out of place.

Le mieux est l'ennemi du bien, saith the French proverb. "The well is the enemy of the mew," said the poor cat who had fallen in, and who was deservedly drowned for joking at such a moment.



A BENEDICTION!

Irish Beggarwoman (to our friend, Dr. O'Gorman, whose Nose is of the shortest). "WON'T YE GIVE ME A COPPER, DOCTHER DEAR? THEY, NOW, IF YE HAVEN'T WAN PENNY CONVENIENT!—AND MAY THE BLISSED SAINTS INCREASE YE!"

Dr. O'Gorman. "STAND ASIDE, MY GOOD WOMAN. I'VE NOTHING FOR YOU."

Beggarwoman. "O, THIN, THE LARD PRESERVE YER EYESIGHT, FOR THE DIVIL A NOSE YE HAVE TO MOUNT THE 'SPECS' UPON!!"

GLADSTONE'S LITTLE MONITOR.

*(Respectfully dedicated to the RIGHT HONOURABLE
E. P. BOUVERIE, M.P.)*

I'm highly blest in many ways
'Mong British public men;
The Liberal side my nod obeys—
Unless 'tis now and then.
But if for one boon more than all
My thankful knee should bend,
'Tis for that comfort which we call
"The d. good-natured friend."

My temper may be sometimes soured
By jar of public toil;
Sometimes on raws I may have poured
Acid instead of oil;
But if opponents to my fault
Indulgence weak extend,
You touch me up with Attic salt,
My d. good-natured friend!

No orator can cope with me,
At least so I am told:
Other men's speech may silvern be,
But mine, they say, is gold:
But if my style a blemish show,
The flaw I may depend
One candid critio's sure to blow—
My d. good-natured friend!

I've toils of body, moils of mind,
And chafes of work and will;
Some that I make, some that I find—
The first the weightiest still.

But toils and moils and chafes to me
Should all to blessings tend,
"Improved" as they are still by thee,
My d. good-natured friend!

I never fell into a pit,
But you cried, "Served him right!"
Ne'er in my teeth I took the bit,
But you sung, "Hold him tight!"
Sometimes before my scrapes begin,
But so sure as they end,
Thy wholesome "one—two" is put in,
My d. good-natured friend!

Were there an office consecrate
To candour and good-will,
'Tis thee that I would nominate
That office-chair to fill;
Then with good pay, work not too hard
Mankind thou shouldst amend,
Nor I my flank from thee need guard,
My d. good-natured friend!

Crab and Creed.

THE parsons in Convocation resolve to stick to what they call the Creed of St. Athanasius, probably on the principle on which CUVIER approved his colleagues' definition of a Crab. "We call it a red fish that walks backwards." "Perfect, Messieurs, quite perfect; only that a Crab is not red, nor is it a fish, nor does it walk backwards." The Creed of St. Athanasius may be so named, subject to the remark that it is not a Creed (having no *credo*), that Athanasius was not a Saint (by any means), and that he had nothing to do with the composition of the document. Creed and Crab, however, would have a resemblance if the latter *went backwards*!

Horace Mayhew.

OBIT APRIL 30, 1872.

WITH a very deep sorrow we record the loss of another old friend and colleague. HORACE MAYHEW has been unexpectedly called away. Associated with this periodical from nearly its earliest days, he was for years an indefatigable and valuable contributor, and when fortune had rendered him independent of labour, he continued to share our counsels, and he never abated his earnest interest in our work. This testimonial is easy. But when we would speak of the manly simplicity and childlike affection of his nature, of his indomitable cheerfulness, of his ready generosity, and of his singular sweetness of temper, we can write only what must seem to those who knew him not, in excess of the truth, while it fails to do justice to our own knowledge of a beloved friend. But in the affectionate memories of us all his worth and lovingness will be treasured while memory remains to us. Heavy is the grief that has fallen on those who lived in friendship with the kind, the just, the gentle "PONNY" MAYHEW.

SIR STERNDALÉ BENNETT.

It is but partly true that "the world knows nothing of its greatest men." The world knows something of STERNDALÉ BENNETT, now SIR STERNDALÉ BENNETT, KNIGHT, so deservedly created for being a Composer of very considerable magnitude. No doubt the QUEEN, who understands music, created that Knight with a will. A testimonial on the strength of the honour thus conferred on him has been presented to SIR BENNETT, as our neighbours will call him, in St. James's Hall. This testimonial was a scroll containing a record of subscriptions for a Sterndale-Bennett Scholarship, and a Sterndale-Bennett Prize, in the Royal Academy of Music.

Everybody also in the world who knows anything, knows that STERNDALÉ BENNETT is a composer of the higher kind of music. There is music and music; there are composers and composers. Some music is inarticulate poetry. Other music is inarticulate small talk and chatter. Much music, very popular for a time, is of a sort that would gratify a monkey having a musical ear. Other music, less popular with the million, but popular for all time, delights hearers whose mind and affections differentiate them from monkeys, and ally them with higher intelligences. In the matter of music SIR STERNDALÉ BENNETT, like MR. DISRAELI in another way, is on the side, not of the Ape, but of the Angel. His music is such as the Divine WILLIAMS, and the Divine JOHNS (see *Paradise Lost*), mean by music when they extol it. It is akin to the music which HERR BREITMANN wanted when he said—

"Derefore a Miserére
Vilt dou, be-ghoetel, spiel,
Und vako be-raised yearnin,
Also a holy feel—"

Whereupon—

"Dey blay crate dings from MOZART,
BEETHOVEN, and MÉHUL,
Mit chorals of SEBASTIAN BACH
Sooptima and peaudiful.
Der BREITMANN feels like holy saints,
De tears run down his fuss;
Und he sopped out—"

The BREITMANN sobbed out in very strong High Dutch his sense of true Art-enjoyment. But beside those "crate dings" which BREITMANN mentions, he would certainly rank the works of STERNDALÉ BENNETT. Let those who have ears to hear, and souls to feel, but not, perhaps, schooling to understand scientifically, that nobler music, hear the ATTORNEY-GENERAL. In his discourse on presenting the Testimonial to its recipient, SIR JOHN COLERIDGE said:—

"Most of those who were listening to him were cultivated, intelligent, and

critical musicians, who could appreciate the value of SIR STERNDALÉ BENNETT's compositions; but, not being a musician himself, he could only listen to them, feeling something of their grace and beauty of order—fancying, indeed, in some dim and distant way, that he could distinguish something of their scholarly character and finished structure; but, nevertheless, feeling rather as a child towards them than as being possessed of that full and intelligent knowledge which belonged to those whom he was addressing."

Still they that occupy the room of the unlearned in music are in no worse position to be delighted with it, if they have music in their souls, than the analogous majority of the spectators who are now crowding the Exhibition rooms of the Royal Academy are to derive pleasure from pictures. If these can open their eyes, those can open their ears; and the technically unlearned, for the matter of that, are as much, and as little at a disadvantage with SIR STERNDALÉ BENNETT as they are with SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS. An unlettered swain or bumpkin of natural parts, unable to read SHAKSPEARE, may, nevertheless, seeing SHAKSPEARE acted, be able to understand a considerable some of him, as they say in New England. And now SHAKSPEARE has again been mentioned, it is observable that his name was introduced by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL into his address on presenting the Bennett testimonial:—

"Until very lately, music in this country had not taken its proper place in the world of intellect. CHAUCER, SHAKSPEARE, MILTON, WORDSWORTH, BACON, NEWTON, FLAXMAN, and CHANTREY were amongst the greatest men of all countries, and their fame was known to all the world. But the names of PURCELL, HORNE, and BRISOP, of BOYCE and CROFT, and of FIELD and ONSLOW, in their respective schools of composition, were but little known or appreciated beyond the limits of the English empire, and beyond the limits of English-speaking people. It had been the good fortune of SIR STERNDALÉ BENNETT to break through that kind of provincialism."

So that now, SIR JOHN, albeit no scientific musician, perceives that English music has at last taken its proper place in the world of intellect, and taken it on a level with the works of the greatest men of all countries, whose fame is known to all the world. One of those men is SHAKSPEARE, and music has taken its place along with SHAKSPEARE's works by the good fortune of STERNDALÉ BENNETT.

"Shilly-Shally."

MR. TOOLE has lately been playing the character of *Neeft*,—perhaps *James Neeft* or *William Neeft*,—but no matter, the point of this being that, we trust, whenever the occasion arises, the public will crowd to see his Ben-neeft. [Ahem! Puffa from *Sir Hubert Punch* are Puffs indeed. This too is the more genuine as it is by

ONE WHO HASN'T SEEN THE PLAY.]

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



MR. FORSTER said a "jolly" good defiant thing. Somebody remarked that an illiterate voter might be puzzled between names of some similarity, as FORSTER, FORDYCE, and FUNKUM. The Minister laughed, and said that there was nobody in Bradford, at least, who would confound FORSTER and Funkum.

It seems that some Jews think it wicked to write their names on Saturday. For the benefit of these enlightened persons it is proposed to introduce a provision that they may vote orally. In the East—and, for what we know, here—scrupulous Hebrews employ Christian servants to do Sabbath work—but this would not answer in the voting case, as it would admit a second person to knowledge of the vote. But we do not quite understand the morality of the objection—if an ass fell into a pit, a Jew of old would have helped him out on the Sabbath day—how much more should he help out a wise Candidate who may have got into a hole?

Tuesday.—A week would not be complete unless the Government received a defeat of some kind. This time the LORD-CHANCELLOR kindly managed the disaster for his colleagues and friends. His Bill for making a Supreme Court of Appeal came on for Second Reading; LORDS CAIRNS and WESTBURY tore it to pieces, and the latter sweetly remarked, that "it would not bear discussion." LORD CAIRNS, in the course of his resolute attack, said the Bill might possibly be a proof that MR. GLADSTONE had "thought thrice," and was going to destroy the House of Lords. The poor Government measure was extinguished without a division.

LORD CLARENCE PAOET wrote to the *Times* to say, that the reason our Iron-clads have gone on shore was that they had not steam-power enough, and that the Commanders did not put on steam-power because they were afraid of being wigged by the Admiralty for extravagance in coals. MR. GÖSCHEN answered this by denying it, and produced an old instruction (1866) in which LORD CLARENCE himself had strongly impressed on all officers in command the necessity of being economical with their coals. That order had been revised. LORD CLARENCE rejoins, that his instructions referred to a different kind of vessel, but on the whole he has not, gladiolatorially, exactly the best of the quarrel, though he is most likely quite right in his original statement.

The DRUID CARDWELL—vide a delightful picture of him in the *Academy*—says that much consideration is being given as to the selection of centres for his Druidical Circles, or military departments. There is much amusing matter connected with this subject. Some localities are begging to have the soldiers, while others are declaring against them, and saying that the presence of the military is demoralisation. Still, if "all the parishes" are to be defended,

it is ungracious in any parish to refuse to aid in the preparations.

Is the public generally aware that there are Civil Servants in Ireland—servants of the State, we mean? The domestic servant in Ireland is always civil, only very unlike the Centurion's excellent domestic. To an Irish servant you say, "Do this," and he doesn't do it; but then he gives you so pleasant a reason for his disobedience, that you can't be very angry, unless you are in the habit of keeping your anger in wholesome exercise. The State servants complain that they are not paid so well as those in England. But then, living is much dearer in England. However, their grievance is to be looked into.

MR. H. B. SHERIDAN was moving for a Committee on the Income-tax, when the House was Counted Out. Of course. The House, as MR. LOWE said, is much too Solvent to care about people who have not large fortunes. How would an Impecunious Parliament answer, for a Session or so?

Wednesday.—A Woman's Day. The ladies crowded their gallery to hear MR. JACOB BRIGHT try to stick up a Jacob's ladder for them to climb to power. He stated their case very agreeably. MR. BOUVIERIE gave battle, and urged that though the proposal was now to give Votes to Single Women only (whereby very naughty persons would obtain a privilege denied to virtuous matrons), the next thing would be to give votes to Wives, and then we should set ourselves against the heavenly law which declares that man and wife are one flesh—only the male half is to be the Lord and Master. There was a good deal of fun in the debate, and it was finished by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL for England supporting the Bill and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL for Ireland opposing it, and "chaffing" his learned colleague. He said that he himself had once supported the measure, and telling a lady that he had done so, she replied, "Indeed then, I think you might have been much better employed." The majority of the House was of the lady's mind, and rejected the Bill by 222 to 143.

But we owe the ladies some revenge, so here we insert, from the *Standard*, an extract from a speech made at a Woman's Suffrage Conference the next day, MR. EASTWICK, M.P., in the chair:—

"MRS. GEORGE SIMS, a lady of stately proportions, who made really the most characteristic speech of the day, said that she was quite willing her husband should vote, although his political opinions were totally opposed to hers. (*Laughter.*) She thought they had better leave the Bill as it was at present. Although she was a married woman, she was content to wait until after her single sisters were enfranchised. (*Hear, hear.*) When they had got one wedge in they would soon pull the other in. (*Laughter.*) The time she had expended in trying to 'educate' men up to the proper point on this question was something quite surprising. (*Loud laughter.*) The gentleman who had previously spoken (MR. HOSKINS) had not been so long a married man as she had been a married woman (*laughter*); therefore he was walking on the sunny side; but she knew that there was a shady side to matrimony. (*Loud laughter.*) Referring to married women not being sufficiently educated, she observed that most women were married in their green youth, and therefore had to be subsequently educated. She had great faith in worrying (*great laughter*), and advised the ladies to use that, and all other available methods of persuasion, to attain their object. (*Cheers.*)"

Thursday.—In both Houses we had somewhat mysterious, but still satisfactory explanations from Ministers on the Alabama Claims question. LORD GRANVILLE and MR. GLADSTONE, who had, of course, arranged that their language should be the same, "had grounds for hoping that an arrangement satisfactory to both countries would be attained." In other words, the Bunkum Wind-Bag has Bust, as JONATHAN all along intended that it should do, only, being rather a mischievous—well—playful JONATHAN he wanted to see whether the blatant apparition would disconcert JOHNNY BULL. Away goes the Bunkum-Bag to the winds, and JOHN and JONATHAN have a laugh and a liquor. "Solids and Suctions for two," as they say in *Happy Thought Hall*.

The Licensing Bill was read a Second Time in the Lords. The Hours must be altered, that's certain. The provisions against adulterations of drinks are excellent, and the only fault is that a wicked Bung will have to nail up on his own door a placard stating the iniquity for which he has been convicted, instead of having his own ears nailed there. The BISHOP OF PETER-

BOROUGH spoke out like a man against tyrannical restrictions, and said that if he had to choose between a free England that drank and a sober England that abstained in chains, he would vote for Liberty, because that might mean improvement.

In the Commons, Mr. LOWE said that Government certainly did intend to prosecute, at the public expense, for perjury and forgery, a person calling himself TIERBONE. He did not know what the prosecution would cost. Being asked to take a previous vote, Mr. LOWE pointedly replied, "If I spend the money first, how can I take a previous vote?"

The greediness of Members for holidays would disgrace a schoolboy. Easter hardly over, they are bothering Mr. GLADSTONE about Whitsuntide. He very properly told them that it depended on how they get through their work.

The Ballot Bill passed through Committee. Some Members complained that it would be hard on Irish voters who could not speak English. Now, is it meant that an educated man's vote shall be balanced by that of an ignorant savage who cannot even stutter out the name of the person who is to make laws? Go to.

Another Irish grievance—a Bill to repeal an Act against unlawful meetings and mock Parliaments, was thrown out by 145 to 27. The Home Rule men supported it, and LORD HARTINGTON plainly told them that in their ranks were lots of Fenians, which caused a great hellow.

Friday.—In the Commons we had more about the Wellington Monument, which may possibly be finished in a year and a half. As we have before said, the Great Duke's Fame can afford to wait for her pedestal, but that does not excuse our rulers' negligence. In a debate raised by MR. FAWCETT, who does not think that the Law Officers of the Crown ought to carry on private practice, came a speech by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, who said that it was his own practice and not Government business that he had neglected for the sake of the Tichborne Case, and the SOLICITOR-GENERAL said that since taking office he had given up two-thirds of his own practice. MR. HARCOURT's taking up the quarrel brought down on him the plain-spoken MR. LOCKE, who said that instead of always finding fault with everybody else, MR. HARCOURT should himself try to do something good. MR. PUNCH is glad to conclude with a statement that the aggregate House did something good. It forwarded, by a stage, the Bill for Protecting Infant Life.

INCREDIBLE INTELLIGENCE.

ACCORDING to advices from Spain:—

"The participation of the *cures* in the Carlist rising was fully confirmed. The *cures* used their influence to render the insurrection a religious war."

Thus said a Paris telegram. As if Roman Catholic priests were capable of fomenting war and bloodshed, even in the interests of the Papacy. It is a pity that the telegrams are not edited by some of the Irish gentlemen of the Press who exercise so manifest an influence on the tone of a large portion of it in regard to the fictions of Protestant bigotry.

An Excuse for any Fools.

SUPPOSE a lot of people were to parade the streets preceded by a band of music, and bearing flags and banners, and shouting and cheering noisily as they marched along—would not people say they were drunk? No; for they know that Teetotallers are accustomed to make demonstrations of that frantic description. But what if drunken rabbles took to doing the same, calling themselves Bacchanals? Would the Police have orders to interfere with them? Of course not. Interfere with the worship of Bacchus! That would be infringing religious liberty, and insulting the sacred feelings of our fellow-subjects.

'WARE VESUVIUS!

VESUVIUS choked the Elder of the PLINIES; As it served that Philosopher, serves ninnies.



"EXEMPLI GRATIA."

Ancient Mariner (to credulous Yachtsman). "A'MIRAL LORD NELSON! BLESS YER, I KNOWED HIM; SERVED UNDER HIM. MANY'S THE TIME I'VE AS'ED HIM FOR A BIT O' 'BACCO, AS I MIGHT BE A ASTIN' O' YOU; AND SAYS HE, 'WELL, I AIN'T GOT NO 'BACCO,' JEST AS YOU MIGHT SAY TO ME; 'BUT HERE'S A SHILLIN' FOR YER,' SAYS HE"!!

PROPERTY AND PICTURES.

THERE has lately been a rather interesting picture-sale in London, and the prices realised have been described as "fabulous." Synchronously with this sale, there has been an auction of a small house in the City, and the price which is reported we likewise might call fabulous, if we considered that a proper epithet to use in describing, not a fable, but a matter of mere fact:—

"The freehold of a small City tavern has just been sold for £20,800. The frontage is only eighteen feet, and the full depth fifty-five feet."

A little scrap of ground, with a little house upon it, purchased at the rate of more than twenty pounds a foot, may be considered to have realised a very pretty price. Many pictures may less fairly claim the epithet of pretty, than such a very pretty little property as this. Canvases covered by the art of TURNER, CLAUDE, or RAPHAEL would no doubt be cheaply purchased at twenty pounds a foot; but how many yards of canvases are annually hung upon the walls of picture galleries which would be dearly bought at a tenth part of that price! Without detracting in the least from the value of Fine Art, we may assume that common clay or gravel, overlaid judiciously with common bricks and mortar, may prove a prettier property than many a picture-buyer may be able to possess.

Query for Convocation.

It was a Broad Church Father, perhaps, who said *Credo quia impossibile est*. Very likely no fool. Consider. In your Ciceronian Latin, indeed, "quia" is "because." But in your ecclesiastical Latin "quia" is also "that." This latter conjunction may have been the *quia* intended by the holy but rational man in his confession of faith above quoted. It is possible that he merely expressed a belief without assigning a reason.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

A HORSEY man, hearing mention made of the "Latin Races," wished to know where they were held.



GENTLE OVERTURES TOWARDS FRIENDSHIP.

First Stranger. "I DECLARE, SIR, THAT WOMEN ARE GETTING MORE OUTRAGEOUSLY DECOLTAI EVERY DAY. JUST LOOK OVER THERE, AT THAT PRODIGIOUS OLD PORPOISE WITH THE EYEROLASS!"

Second Stranger. "HUM! HA! YES! I CAN'T HELP THINKING SHE'S A MORE FESTIVE-LOOKING OBJECT THAN THAT FUNEREAL OLD FRUMP WITH THE FAN!"

First Stranger. "THE 'FUNEREAL OLD FRUMP' IS MY WIFE, SIR!"

Second Stranger. "THE 'PRODIGIOUS OLD PORPOISE' IS MINE! LET'S GO AND HAVE SOME TEA!"

THE FLAG OF DUNDEE.

AIR—"Bonny Dundee."

"On Friday night a meeting of Domestic Servants resident in Dundee and neighbourhood was held. Two girls addressed the meeting at some length, contending that Domestic Servants were entitled to a half holiday weekly and a free Sabbath every fortnight, or a full holiday once a fortnight. Hours should be from six to ten, and no labour on Sunday except what was absolutely necessary. A long and animated discussion afterwards took place as to the restrictions which were placed upon the wearing apparel of the Servants. If they were compelled to wear what was generally known as a 'flag,' it should be at the expense of the Mistress. The opinion was, however, that it ought not to be worn at all. Mistresses had no right to interfere with Servants' apparel in any way so long as it was paid for. What right had Mistresses to pry into the character of their Servants? It was high time that the Domestic Servants should form themselves into an organisation, whereby they would be enabled to secure information as to the characters, temper, and conduct of those who might become their employers. It was agreed to form an Association."—*Dundee Advertiser*, April 20.

"SERVANTS' GRIEVANCES.—A crowded meeting of Gentlemen's Servants was held last night at the Temperance Hall, Leamington, to discuss their grievances. MR. SOLLIS, butler at Leamington College, presided, but the great mass of the meeting consisted apparently of coachmen, gardeners, and stablemen. The Chairman asserted that the condition of many Gentlemen's Servants was worse than that of slaves, complained of the long hours butlers, gardeners, and others had to work for the wages they received, and advocated shorter hours and increased pay. A Resolution was unanimously adopted for the formation of a Union of butlers, gardeners, grooms, footmen, and porters. Cheers were given for the 'Maids of Dundee,' and at the conclusion of the meeting a number of members were enrolled."—*Leamington Courier*, April 25.

To the Leamington flunkies 'twas SOLLIS that spoke:
"The Warwickshire labourers' strike is a joke
To what when we strike the sensation will be—
Come follow the housemaids of Bonny Dundee!"

"Come, from buttons to butler, from tiger to groom;
Come, gard'ner from greenhouse, and coachman from brougham;
Come open your grievances, open them free,
And follow the 'flag' of the Maids of Dundee."

Stop SOLLIS who can, now he's once on his feet,
Though Leamington's dowagers plaintive may bleat,
Though her bilious old Indians more bilious may be,
When Leamington follows the lead of Dundee.

"Come, from buttons to butler," &c.

As SOLLIS the wrongs of the liveried made known,
Some thought of the trumpets at Jericho blown,
And those lights hid in pitchers seemed butlers to be,
Ere they followed the housemaids of Bonny Dundee!

"Come, from buttons to butler," &c.

"What, though with three meat-meals a-day we are crammed,
Till in laced coats and plush fellers' figures feel jammed;
Though with beer, and e'en wines, Servants' 'Alls may flow free,
Why should men not strike here, if maids strike in Dundee?"

"Come, from buttons to butler," &c.

"Even hedgers and ditchers can strike, so one hears,
And if they're Labour's Commoners, we are her Peers;
Who should know on which side our bread's buttered but we?—
Though for grievances Leamington mayn't be Dundee!"

"Come, from buttons to butler," &c.

"Let Masters complain we're 'fed better than taught';
There's an answer to that, which it is 'So we ought!'
Why if Servants' 'All fare, like its schoolin' should be,
'Twouldn't breed pluck to follow the Maids of Dundee!"

"Come, from buttons to butler," &c.



“BUSTED UP!”

MR. BULL. “HA! I THOUGHT YOU’D BURST HIM AT LAST!”

JONATHAN. “WA-AL, OLD HOSS! GUESS, IT’S JIST WHAT WE MEANT TO DEW-STRAIGHT THRE-EW! LET’S LIQUOR UP.”



"If you ask me our object—for what in I goes?
My answer is simple—"I follow my nose."
Something wrong somewhere soon it will smell out, you'll see,
Till it does, we will march with the flag of Dundee!
"Come, from buttons to butler," &c.

"There are butlers from south, there are gardeners from north—
And from pantry to pinery word has gone forth—
'Find out wrongs, if wrongs are; if not, made let them be,
And up with the flag of the Maids of Dundee.'
"Come, from buttons to butler," &c.

"There's JAMES in his powder, his plush, and his pride;
There's the groom in his leathers, cravat squarely tied;

The state-coachman in wig and bouquet, broad as three,—
Body-servants and guards for the maids of Dundee!
"Come, from buttons to butler," &c.

"Our hours are too long: keys ain't left in the locks:
Wines are booked in the cellar, and plate in the box:
Tradesmen's tips ain't the good they was once, and should be;—
Here are reasons to follow the Maids of Dundee!"
"Come, from buttons to butler," &c.

So the war-notes from SOLLIS's brazen trump blown
Have their wrongs that still languish in livery made known;
And if Servants raise statues, a statue let's see
Of SOLLIS embracing a maid of Dundee!
"Come, from buttons to butler," &c.

THE WORD FOR WOMEN.



HY, they don't want any, and they shan't have any. That is nearly as much as can, with reason and justice, be said against the proposal to give women Votes. It is too true that, as a body, they don't want any. By far the greater number of men in possession of the franchise are such as those who instantly assemble round a cab-horse gone down in the street, and stand staring at it on the pavement, where they obstruct the wise. The women who stop and stare are comparatively few. Hence it may be inferred that women in general are not more empty-headed than men. But were they ever so stupid and foolish, the votes of a majority of female electors would neutralise those of the majority of the opposite

sex, and how very desirable that would be!

If women wanted the franchise, they might have it. There would be no need for them to hold meetings in Hyde Park, so as to annoy the upper classes and intimidate the Government. They could get themselves enfranchised by holding up a finger, or without even so much as that. Three words would do it. "Enfranchise us, Or—"

Suppose, for example, that the women all agreed to say to every Member of Parliament, or other men who opposed their claims to political emancipation,—"I tell you what. Unless you promise, on your honour, to vote in the House and on the hustings for Female Suffrage, I won't dance with you." Does any man imagine that if the ladies, all, or the greater part of them, were to say that, and stick to it, another Session would pass away before the concession of entire justice to women?

Did we say three words would emancipate womankind? One word would—a monosyllable. They might refuse, also, to sew on buttons; in short, might strike altogether. Women could obtain all their rights, and a great deal more, if they would only make up their minds to say "No."

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

The Last Evening spent by MR. BARLOW and MASTERS HARRY SANDFORD and TOMMY MERTON at Torcombe Abbey Boarding-House.

BUT now the attention of all the Boarders at Torcombe Abbey Boarding-House was fixed upon making preparations for a ball, which the worthy proprietors of this establishment had determined upon giving, in order to celebrate, in a becoming manner, the last evening which MR. BARLOW and MASTERS HARRY SANDFORD and TOMMY MERTON (whose father, they had heard, was an exceedingly wealthy man) would pass among them.

The whole house was full of milliners, dressmakers, shoemakers, tailors, barbers, and dancing-masters; and all the young ladies and gentlemen were employed in giving directions for their clothes, awaiting their turn with the curling tongs, or with the machinery for hair-brushing, which MASTER TOMMY had insisted upon having erected in the grounds of the house at his own expense, or in practising the steps of the different dances.

MR. BARLOW was grieved on observing that the elderly ladies were as much interested in their own toilettes as about those of their daughters, and instead of hearing from MRS. BLOBSOMER and MRS. PEJINKLE lessons of conduct and wisdom, nothing seemed to employ their attention a moment but French muslins, trimmings, lace, satins, jupes, and *crêpe de Chine surmonté de coquilles de crépine verte*, which MISS SOPHONISBA PEJINKLE protested was now worn by all the grand ladies at Court.

As for MASTER TOMMY, who had by this time contracted an infinite fondness for all such scenes of dissipation as his young friends MASTERS SMASH and BRUMPTON were daily describing to him, he was now wholly occupied in the curling of his hair and adorning his person. He had hired four servants to wait upon him, and was now in a fair way to gratify all his caprices. He considered it *fine* to be humorsome, haughty, unjust, and selfish to the extreme, and vowed that nothing was of any consequence as long as he was happy, and indeed he went so far as to holdly assert that he might be a glutton and an ignorant blockhead if only his hair was trimmed in the mode, his person perfumed, his dress of exquisite style, and his politeness to the ladies unimpeached.

Once indeed HARRY had thrown him into a disagreeable train of thinking by asking him through the keyhole of his door (for during his toilette MASTER TOMMY denied himself to even his most intimate friends), whether he remembered the story of *Empedocles and the Unsophisticated Sausage*, but on reflecting that nothing so spoils the face as an air of profound meditation, MASTER TOMMY dismissed the inquiry with a curt negative, and a harsh retort.

MISS SMUDGKINS and her Uncle alone appeared to view all these proceedings with contempt, and the latter invited HARRY during the afternoon to renew the game of *écarté*, to which proposition HARRY, after some show of reluctance, courteously acceded. Fortune now seemed to be as favourable to HARRY as on the previous occasion she had been to the REV. ZENOPELUS POTTS, who, in spite of his age and deficiency, soon discovered that he was no longer a match for his youthful adversary. At the expiration of two hours he admitted that he had lost a far larger sum than he could possibly hope to pay, unless MASTER HARRY would accept from him such a document as MR. BARLOW, who had been for some time an unseen but no uninterested spectator of the game, had now stepped forward to propose. "Indeed," added the venerable enthusiast, "I shall presently lack the means to defray my modest expenses at this Boarding-House."

HARRY, whose generous nature was not proof against the tears which accompanied this speech, now disappeared from the room for a few minutes, and presently returned, with the glow of health on his countenance, occasioned by the haste with which he had performed his errand, and put into the trembling hands of Miss SMUDGKINS' Uncle a parcel that contained some of MASTER TOMMY's cast-off clothes, linen, and other necessities, together with a bad half-sovereign, the property of which had been originally vested in the REV. ZENOPELUS POTTS himself. The worthy old gentleman received these presents with gratitude, and almost with tears of joy, and, on looking up into his benefactor's face, protested that MASTER HARRY's countenance, which the demands of truth compelled him to describe as plain, if not positively ugly, now appeared to him to wear such an angelic expression as he had only seen in picture-books, sculptured on tombstones, engraved on ancient door-knockers, or portrayed in bright colours on the outer coverings of sentimental ballads.

Mr. Barlow. I see, HARRY, that you are a boy of a noble and generous spirit, and I highly approve of everything you have done. You are better and wiser than all these fine young gentlemen and ladies, though you do not curl your hair. You cannot at this moment act more in accordance with the dictates of philosophy and prudence, than by confiding to my care the amount of money which you have won from this estimable but unhappy gentleman.

Harry. Your remark, Sir, reminds me of the story of *Zero and the Selfasserting Plumber*, which, as you have none of you heard it, I will now proceed to narrate. You must know, then—

But at this moment the gong summoned them to the ball-room, whither Miss SMUDGKINS insisted upon MASTER HARRY conducting her.



VISION OF BURLINGTON HOUSE. SIXTH OF MAY.



AUGUSTUS HATES CALLS.

"AUGUSTUS, LOVE, LET ME ENTREAT YOU! DO NOT GIVE WAY TO ANY INSANE DEMONSTRATIONS OF DELIGHT BEFORE THE SERVANT, IF SHE SAYS THEY'RE NOT AT HOME!"

BIRDS AND BAIT.

O MEN of Warwickshire! O Men of Peterborough! O ye constituents of MR. WHALLEY and MR. NEWDEGATE! Look here:—

"ARCHBISHOP MANNING has issued a circular order to the clergy of his diocese prohibiting the employment of female vocalists in their church choirs after the end of September next."

Here is proof for you of the increase of Popery. Women are no longer necessary in Roman-Catholic choirs. So long as they were wanted for decoy they were all very well; but now the nets fill at such a rate that it is hoped they will go on filling independently of those call-birds. Priests of the order of MANNING, we know, would rather do without women altogether if possible, in the choir at any rate. Not that their Reverences hold that there is anything specifically evil in womanhood (that were anathema), but they would have women keep to themselves as much as may be, and they consider that the best place for the very best of them is a nunnery. True, it was a female voice that first sung the *Magnificat*; but that was an exception, and it was not in a choir.

Never mind, Protestant friends. MANNING does not know, or consider, that the music of the Mass is, with thinking men, the strongest argument for the Mass dogma. It (the German especially) opposes reason with the thought that strains so heavenly cannot have been inspired by nonsense. A poor philosopher suspects it to be more likely that he should himself be partially an idiot than that HAYDN was, or MOZART. Now, then, what will MOZART's 12th Mass be without the female voices? Just what his *Don Juan*, or *Magic Flute*, or *Marriage of Figaro* would be minus the same. The Mass will be made a mess of, and the argument from the music thereof much impaired. But Masses will also be sung in Exeter Hall. There they will be sung apart from any dogma, and without prejudice to reason. They will be sung there with the female voices in. Peradventure Exeter Hall may cut the "Pro-Cathedral" out. In the meanwhile it is worthy of note that, of there be any birds that have been ensnared by Mass music, now that they are in captivity their music is to be in a measure cut off. It may be that their captors will by-and-by subject them to yet further privation. They will see.

PUBLICANS AND PEERS.—Thank goodness we have a House of Lords, mine Host! Eh? Isn't the Licensing Bill a Landlord's question?

VALHALLABALLOO.

TUNE—(Old Country Maying) "The Triumph."

O THE Happy in Valhalla!
There is drink, and nought to pay,
There have public-houses all a
Right to enter, night and day.
Gin and brandy,
Always handy,
Rum and whiskey, brave souls cheer,
Port and sherry,
Claret, very
Beat of Burgundy and beer.
There intoxicating fluids
As they're called by donkeys dire,
Britons, Norsemen, Scalds and Druids,
With celestial joys inspire.
That abode in
There swigs ODIN,
There swigs BALDER, there swigs THOR;
None need warning
That, next morning
They will be unfit for war.
There swigs ARTHUR, ever able
Bowl to drain, his Knights of fame
Also swig at his Round Table,
Never roll beneath the same.
There CADWALLON
Takes his gallon
After gallon every night,
Likewise MERLIN
Early purrl in,
Sure as dawns the morning light.
There each evening's recreation
Doth next morn's reflection bear
Never, after comotation,
Brain doth headache split and tear.
None know shaking
Hands on waking.
Of the soda-water cure
None are needy;
None are seedy.
All the liquors are so pure.
There does dread *delirium tremens*
Toper never more attack.
Busybodies any plea men'a
Freedom to curtail would lack.
But there are none,
Platforms there none,
With declaiming Bores abound;
WILFRID LAWSON
There, and DAWSON
BURNS, and such, can none be found.
That's where drinking courses lead not
To the workhouse and the gaol;
Publicans a licence need not
Wine, beer, spirits, to retail;
No coercion
Spoils excursion
On a Sunday; bars are free:
Sabbatarians
None at variance
There would stand with you and me.
Heroes there spend hours in pleasure
Here which Prigs consume in jaw.
There's no question of a measure
Fit for schoolboys to be law.
And the doughty,
No more gouty,
As they were when cooped in clay,
In Valhalla,
Fal-lal-lal-lal!
Merrily, merrily, sing for aye.

About the Size of it.

APROPPOS of certain claims, which certain people seem to think are not a whit more monstrous than those in the Alabama Case, JAWKINS says he is reminded of the story of the Irishman who boasted that he had an illigant foine property, only the rightful owner, like a blayguard, kept him out of it.



THE PIC-NIC.

Playful Widow. "JUMP ME DOWN, MR. FIGGINS!!"

[The gallant little Man did his best, but fell—in her estimation for ever!]

A STIR IN THE KITCHEN.

EMULOUS of the example of her Caledonian sister, the English female Domestic Servant is about to initiate a movement to better herself, and to form an Association to protect her interests against that worst of all tyrants, despots, enemies, oppressors, and down-treaders—"Missis." Preliminary conferences have already been held in halls and kitchens of the first respectability, and as soon as the weather is finally settled, a great open-air meeting will be called at an hour convenient to those whom a hard fate compels to dish up a late dinner, at which the following programme will be recommended for adoption, as essential to the comfort, happiness, self-respect, and independence of all those whom suckumstances oblige to resort to domestic service for their livelihood:—

No Servant to accept an engagement until she has first received a satisfactory character of the Mistress who is anxious to secure her assistance.

Public waiting-rooms to be established, at which Mistresses shall attend (at their own cost), to be inspected and questioned by their intending *employées*.

No Servant to permit, on any pretext, the slightest difference in the quality or quantity of the provisions supplied to the parlour and the kitchen. The best tea always to be provided, and an absolute prohibition to be placed upon the use of moist sugar.

No Mistress to enter her own kitchen, without giving previous notice of her intention to its occupants.

No cupboards, sideboards, store-rooms, or cellars to be kept locked. Free access to the beer-barrel.

No Servant to be rung up in the morning, or expected to retire to rest at a certain hour at night.

No interference to be allowed with a Servant's dress, of which she is to be considered the best and only judge. Artificial flowers, veils, jewellery, parasols, chignons, and high-heeled boots to pass unquestioned and unnoticed.

No restriction to be placed on kitchen company. Male friends to have the *entrée* to that apartment whenever it may be agreeable to them. (This last stipulation to be a *sine qua non*.)

Cold meat to be eaten only at breakfast, luncheon, tea, and supper. Charwomen to be engaged to undertake such onerous and disagreeable duties as washing, scrubbing, black-leading grates, lighting fires, preparing the rooms for the reception of the family in the morning, making beds, cleaning boots and knives, &c.

Servants with musical tastes and acquirements to be allowed the use of the piano.

A supply of newspapers, magazines, and reviews, and a subscription to a circulating library for the exclusive accommodation of the kitchen.

The total abolition of the irksome and barbarous custom of washing at home.

All such degrading terms as "place," "wages," "character," and "maid of all work," to be forbidden; and, in their stead, "situation" or "engagement," "salary," "testimonials," and "general domestic" to be employed. The word "kitchen" to be gradually discontinued in favour of "Servants' Apartment."

Two half-holidays a week. Vacations at Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, and a month's leave of absence in the summer (without any deduction from salary), for the sea-side, the Continent, &c.

An evening party once a month.

The Sunday question to be a matter of special negotiation; but all leave of absence on that day to be considered to apply to the whole of it, and no hour to be fixed for the return of domestics to their duties at night.

All salaries to be paid in advance, and Servants to be entitled to draw as much money as they please on account.

Servants not to be required to give warning, but all existing customs, as regards notice, wages, &c., on the part of employers, to remain in full force.

The extension of the franchise to Domestic Servants.

No caps.

Sporting Parallel.

BIG Prince Charlie won the "Two Thousand." You see every enormous Pretender to the honours of a fine Race does not break down before the Judge.



"HERE BE TRUTHS!"

Art Critic (who, having "liquored up" considerably, fails to observe that as yet he is only in the Lobby of the Sale-Room, and is standing before a Mirror which, purchased at a previous Sale, still retains its Ticket). "Ah! PORTRAIT 'F GEN'L ELMAN, I SH'POSE—(hic!—writes)—DRAWING EXSH'CR'BLE—GREAT WANT 'TASTE IN THE CHOICE 'F SUBJECT!—FIT ONLY FOR A PLACE IN 'TAP-ROOM OF 'PUBLIC-'OUSE!!"

MRS. CHURCHER'S COMFORT.

O SHOCKING! Dreadful! Here is things come to a pretty pass indeed.

Talkin', in Convocation too, agin the Athanasian Creed. Some wants to clip and cut it down—and Clergymen—I don't know whether
Some others on 'em ain't inclined for to expunge it altogether.

O yes!—and then there's some besides with which I ain't a got no patience:

Let it stand how it stands, says they, but soaped with notes and explanations.

Why, if 'twas all explained, and one quite understood it when one read it,
Believin' on it every word would then no longer be no credit.

But there is parts of it you can't mistake their purpose and intention; Them clauses of a certain name which out of Church 'tis wrong to mention;

Hand therefore which a femil pen to name without hysterics* pauses; Suppose, however, if you please, we says the drattatory clauses.

They're clear enough, straight up, right down, smack smooth, and no mistake whatever; There's none pertends they're dubersome but sitch as is by half too clever.

Get out with your non-natural sense, all sorts of contradictions screenin';

I takes 'em in the littery, plain English, dixonary meanin'.

* Mrs. C. is supposed to mean asterisks.

MAGEE BEFORE MANNING.

Two Bishops, by different tailors arrayed,
One known to the law, and the other Pope-made,
Both anxious to make men from guzzle abstain,
By different methods their object would gain.

Says MANNING—"That drink's such a terrible thing,
Such ruin and wreck on its victims does bring,
I claim that a certain majority's vote
Shut doors interpose may 'twixt tipple and throat.

An evil it is, humankind to infest,
Too gross to be suffered; it must be repressed.
Of liquor—to stem lush if other means fail—
I say, let a Maine Law prohibit the sale."

Our Bishop would men from excess have desist
Induced by such means as with virtue consist.
"Fres England and sober I wish," says MAGEE,
"But if free or sober, why then England—Free."

The titular Prelate speaks such prelates' mind;
For they to their aprons would pin all mankind:
Would subject the world, if they could, to priest-rule,
And grown-up folk govern as children at school.

The Prelate we own, with a far other ken,
Discerns that men need to be governed as men;
That poor slaves of Vice will be slaves of Vice still,
For all check imposed on the acts of their will.

Were Englishmen sober like slaves, from their swipes,
Unwilling, restrained but by terror of stripes,
Might evil not then find a vent in worse works
Than even the sots'—were they sober as Turks?

No, pedants and priests, Britons drink may eschew,
By choice, but not schooled like your kiss-my-rod crew.
No rod for them save what, with masterly touch,
Punch lays on the fellows who liquor too much.

A Mistaken Idea.

WHEN COUNT BEUST, in his speech at the Literary Fund Dinner—one of the best made on that occasion—said that though the youngest of the Diplomatic Body "he could not aspire to the eminence of a Benjamin," thoughtless people imagined that His Excellency meant a complimentary reference to MR. DISRAELI, who was present, and one of the chief speakers.

Even a heathen Lord, I've heerd, a Poet, owned they give him pleasure,
They lay the law down so distink, in sitch a cumpherensive measure.
Then much more them that never let their minds with hargiment be shaken,
And leastways there is sure they han't no cause to tremble for their bacon.

Not what I wants to have that full and true account of my persuasions

Repeated every Sunday; no, but only upon grand occasions.
St. Athanasius' Creed I calls a treat which more than we deserve is,
Poor creaturs, than for to be let have said or sung at common service.

Keep it, but read ne more, some says—my nose turns up at 'em like inions.

Yah, Jerry Sneaks that han't a got the courage of their own opinions!

But thanks be praised, there won't be no sitch base and wild accommodation.

Yes, thankful 'tis we ought to be there's one staunch 'Ouse of Convocation.

The Athanasian Creed ne'er read! One's sperrits what a dismal gloom on!

Drat all that of her comfort would at Church deprive a poor old 'eoman.
And quite a link, as I may say, of 'eavenly feelins would be broken;
Like 'avin' to 'ear that sweet word, Mesopotamia, no more spoken.

Twelfth Night; or, What You Won't.

Sir Toby. Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Malvolio. As many cakes as you please, but no ale at all.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, May 6.—The prospects of the Government are improving, as the summer advances. Prospects usually improve by fine weather. *Punch* unhesitatingly sacrifices truth to epigram—anybody can tell the truth, few people can make epigrams—the weather has been anything but fine, and May seems to be getting like her old husband January. But to revert. The Ministry, we are happy to say, were defeated only three times this week, once comically, once seriously, and once serio-comically. TOM MOORE tells us of a certain JACK, who was ubiquitous.

"A friend of his one evening said,
As home he took his pensive way,
'Upon my soul, I fear JACK's dead,
I've seen him but three times to-day.'"

In the House of Lords EARL GRANVILLE made urgent appeal to EARL RUSSELL again to postpone his motion on the Washington Treaty. He begged this publicly and privately, and LORD RUSSELL was obliged to assent, but demanded that the Whitsuntide holidays should also be postponed, an unkind proposition, considering how frightfully hard the Lords work, very seldom sitting less than an hour and a half. Finally, the motion stood over for a week.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL gave Magistrates a hint which they may as well notice. MR. M. GUEST alluded to the want

of severity in punishing brutal outrages. SIR JOHN COLERIDGE said that the fault was not so much in the law as in those who administered it. Some of the ridiculously lenient sentences of last week confirm this statement.

Then came the Serious Defeat of the Government. We shall tell the story with American brevity. MR. GORDON, Member for Glasgow Universities, moved, on the proposal to go into Committee on the Scotch Education Bill, that regard should be had to the old law and custom of Scotland touching imparting Biblical instruction in schools. It was known that the Opposition would rally strongly on this, so the Silent System was adopted on the Liberal side, and Conservatives were allowed to go on, unanswered. But they were not to be done, and protracted the debate till nearly midnight, when MR. FORSTER got alarmed, and tried to make matters pleasant. He did not exactly succeed, for when the division was taken, MR. GORDON beat the Government by 216 to 209—majority Seven. "My Jo!" how the Tories shouted—over and over again. The four tellers were obliged to stand still, and abstain from telling anything while the frantic cheers went up. It was delightful to witness such earnestness in the cause of religion.

Tuesday.—We repeat the Party Processions Act for Ireland. You see, it can't be enforced against Fenians and the like, so it would be hard to enforce it against Orangemen. "But where is *dat* Barty now?"

We protected the Pacific Islanders, and LORD CARNARVON made some remarks which were sincere, like everything he says, but which may excite comment in pious circles. Referring to the desire by the BISHOP of LICHFIELD that no vengeance should be taken for the murder of BISHOP PATTERSON, LORD CARNARVON said that in the mouth of the prelate the sentiment of leaving the punishment to Heaven was highly proper, but it could not indicate the course the State ought to adopt. LORD CARNARVON unconsciously joined the Liberation Society. If ever there was a divorce of religious from secular duty, it was pronounced in this autoschediastic fashion. But, dear LORD CARNARVON, what says TERTULLIAN?—*Punch* is sure you know TERTULLIAN—"Vani erimus si putaverimus id quod clericis non licet laicis licere."

MR. GLADSTONE volunteered a promise to let the Commons know, at the same time as the Lords, the state of the American negotiations; and he added warm expression of the extraordinary forbearance which Parliament and the

country had shown to the Government, not as the Government, but as those entrusted with important public interests.

MR. GUILDFORD ONSLOW asked why the public were to prosecute CASTRO, when OVEREND and GURNEY had not been so prosecuted. MR. LOWE gave an elaborate answer, particularly weak as regarded the commercial frauds, but not weak at all as regarded CASTRO. He, MR. LOWE said, was charged with wilful and corrupt perjury on a gigantic scale, with trying to rob an infant, and with slandering a virtuous lady. If guilty, it was difficult to imagine a case of greater turpitude, and the enormous expense to which he had put the Tieborne family would prevent their prosecuting him. The House of Commons cheered.

Several dull topics were discussed to no purpose, and then there was a relief in the shape of a personal question. Why was COLONEL THE HONOURABLE CHARLES WHITE made Lord-Lieutenant of Clare, he being a non-resident in that county, and a stranger to its Magistrates. There was very smart talk on this. The real reason was that COLONEL WHITE is a son of LORD ANNALY, who has fought a series of tremendously expensive elections in the Liberal interest. LORD PALMERSTON gave him a Peerage, and there can be no objection to his son's appointment, as LORD ANNALY gives him a fine estate, on which he will build a fine house. The Clare gentry—what did LADY MORGAN say about

"PAT O'DAISTY, and MISTRESS CASEY"—

make a disturbance; but when the hospitable young L.L. and Guardsman shall have given some dinners and balls, his merits will be discovered. There was plenty of spice "exhibited" as usual when Irishmen have to pepper Irishmen. This incident shall be noticed. MR. BERNAL OSBORNE used SHERIDAN's phrase, "damned good-natured friends." He was actually called to order by Members who had evidently never heard of the *School for Scandal*. Why, *Mr. Punch* himself, who never permits a coarse word to appear in his pages, except when he nails it up as a warning (and even then he delicately enfolds it in periphrase), had a poem—and a very admirable and beautiful one the other day—about the d. good-natured friend. We shall have SHAKESPEARE called to order next, for describing a bleeding soldier and a perished heath by adjectives which the lower orders use after their nature. There is nothing so vulgar as "gentility."

Wednesday.—To-day came the Serio-Comic Defeat. It was moved by MR. GLYN, for MR. GLADSTONE, that the Committee should not sit next day, being Ascension-Day, before two o'clock. MR. BOUVERIE, who though educated at Trinity, is a Scotch Member, and does not recognise religious festivals, opposed the motion on the ground that the time of witnesses ought not to be wasted that certain folks might go to church. And, snapping a division, he beat the Government by 52 to 47; majority, Five. Bad management again; why was not somebody put up to talk until Churchmen could be fetched? Or had they all gone off to Chester to see the Cup won by *Inveresk*?

SIR WILFRID LAWSON moved the Second Reading of his Bill for permitting people to refuse to permit other people to have liquors. *Mr. Punch* is at once too impatient with the fanatics, and too weary of the topic to say more than that the Bill would have been very completely extinguished, but for the artful device of preventing a division on the merits, by allegation that a lot of Irish Members wished to speak. The numbers against adjournment testified to the feeling of the Commons; there were 369 to 15; but as the hour for adjourning the House itself was near, the Bill became a Dropped Order. We can hear no more of it till the 24th of July, when the House will be in a kicking frame of mind. Not having been present, *Mr. Punch* cannot say whether SIR LAWSON realised the lines in *Rokeby*:—

"WILFRID changed colour, and, amazed,
Turned short, and on the SPEAKER gazed."

(Canto iv. 31.)

Thursday.—The Lords Spiritual, of course, abstained from sitting to-day, and the Lords Temporal followed their example. In the Commons, MR. BRISFORD HOPE made some remarks on the Ascension-Day division, and complained that his own religious feelings, and those of Members of both the English and the Catholic Churches,

had been wounded. MR. GLADSTONE expressed his earnest regret at the occurrence, and believed that the division failed to express the feelings of a large majority. Very well, dear Sir, but why was not a majority secured?

We took the Ballot Bill, and hereon came the Comic defeat. In order to meet those who wanted to lengthen the hours of polling, that working-men might be patriotic without the slightest inconvenience to themselves, the Government had prepared a clause of an amusing kind. If an election took place in one of the four fine months (or those that ought to be fine), the poll was to be open till eight, but in other months it was to close either at seven or at five. The Committee was not by any means delighted with this ingenious plan for incorporating the Almanack with the British Constitution. The Commons of England do not share the reverence for the Almanack which, in one of poor NAT. LEE's plays, a Greek mob exhibits:—

"Second Citizen. As to his coming from the gods, that's no great matter. They can all say that. But he's a great scholar. He can make Almanacks, so he were put to it; and therefore, I say, hear him."

After a good deal of "sukkasm," and a general expression of feeling that no change was wanted, and as somebody said the proposal was "all nonsense," MR. GLADSTONE announced that the Government would vote against its own Motion—which it did; and, with Opposition and other aid, defeated itself by 350 to 48; majority, Three Hundred and Two.

But a good thing was done. Public Nomination of Candidates was abolished. A capital description of the idle, useless, and tipsy Nomination Day was read, and then its author was named—the author of *Coningsby*. Everybody ought to be glad that a day when at the best, Clap-trap, and at the worst, Blackguardism, is in the ascendant, shall cease to disgrace our Elections. Yet there were many to stand up and talk nonsense in behalf of the old abomination, and the clause was carried by 253 against a minority of 177. "What imports the Nomination of this Gentleman?" asks *Hamlet*. The answer ought to be, that he desires to represent an enlightened constituency. "Then," might be the rejoinder, "why present him to a howling rabble, that pelts him with rotten eggs and stale fish?" "The wisdom of our ancestors." If they lived now, as MR. BERNAL OSBORNE amusingly said, they would know better.

Friday.—The Lords were on the Liquors, and tried to soften some of the wholesome Government restrictions—not on potatoes, but on Bung. But the Minister stood with arms a Kimberley, and upheld the sterner legislation.

Non dolet is the Ministerial remark, after the Scotch "tawse." The Education Bill was to go on when the Ballot had gone off.

A debate on Reformatory Schools brought out much proof of their great value, and MR. DEAHUNTY got upon Irish representation—we need scarcely add that a slight arithmetical exercise, performed by MR. BRAND, cleared the House in excellent time for an eight o'clock dinner.

Lines on Liquor Lawson.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON did make one
In DILKE's minority of two.
Ally of a Republican
And advocate of Tyrants—pooh!

Sweet Thing to Say.

A LITERARY gentleman, a believer in Spiritualism, said that he was himself the subject of spiritual influence, under which he always wrote his articles, thus being, in the work of authorship, a Medium. "That," remarked a pleasant friend, "may account for your mediocrity."

BRIBERY AND BALLOT.

THE Ballot will, we are told, put a stop to Bribery. Will it? What is to prevent a Candidate for a seat in Parliament from betting any odds against his own return with an elector, and, if he loses his bet by gaining his election, from paying the money?

MAY DAY IN 1872.



DEAR MR. PUNCH,
You take wild freaks into your head. What on earth induced you to despatch me to see an "Old English May-Day Festival"? At your time of life, you really should know better than to believe in such things. I obeyed, of course, because you make it worth my while to obey; but truly I feel that though, for that reason, I did not throw away my time, you threw away a handsome guerdon. Obligated, all the same.

Sir, this old English May-Day festival was held at Coccanutsford, some ten miles from Cottonopolis, where I was visiting. I left the latter place, in company with as many persons as more than filled a train of about half a mile long. They were all deluded, like yourself, with the hope of seeing something. I and my half-mile of friends having arrived at Coccanutsford, hastened to observe the goodish old English rule of eating, at festival time, about three times as much as was needful. After appropriate libation, we then proceeded in a mass to the Green, and prepared to feel mediæval and feudal, and all that.

What did I expect to see? you ask. Sir, I expected to see at least forty beautiful damsels, clad in short skirts and the most beautiful red shoes and stockings, with low-necked dresses and bewitching hats, with wreaths and bouquets of spring-flowers (the age of the aforesaid damsels to be about eighteen), surrounding the May Queen, a Hour of such loveliness that I should immediately fall in love with her. To accompany them I wanted shepherd lads with pink stockings, chintz knee-breeches, profusely decorated with ribbons, short green silk jackets, and blue hats with feathers, who would play old English tunes on clarinets, and dance round a Maypole in Watteau-like attitudes.

What did I see? Sir, I saw a hot Volunteer band, who came up playing a psalm-tune, heading a procession of dirty little boys and girls, who bore flags with religious and secular inscriptions. After these followed two boys dressed as jesters, in a cart drawn by a donkey; then *Robin Hood* and *Maid Marian*, and a knight on horseback, whom I first thought was kindly lent by the LORD MAYOR, till I discovered he was *Will Scarlet*; then came a cart decorated with laurels and other vegetables, including paper flowers, among which sat the *May Queen*, whom you must allow me to call a "Kid" of seven, freckled, with red hair and a turn-up nose.

Sir, I fled from the scene, and drowned my sorrows in the flowing bowl, and it wasn't till I had had a couple of sods-and-sherry that I summoned up enough courage to return to the spot. The children were dancing, the *May Queen* was sitting in a red-and-blue chair under a twopenny Maypole, the Volunteer band was playing that peculiarly doleful music proper to country dances, and the crowd, not blooming rusties, but Cottonopolitan clerks and the like, were fast approaching that state from which dull care is driven away.

But were there no amends? Was there no one vision of grace and glory to be associated with my recollections of May Day? Yes, Sir, for this world is full of compensations. Mine cost a penny. This I laid out at the entrance to a—well, the vulgar call it a Booth, but let us say a Bower. Enshrined in this retreat sat—Sir, who is the fattest lady of your acquaintance? You need not name her, but multiply her by seven, and you have the great feature of the Coccanutsford May-Day Festival.

Festivals have gone by. But I shall be happy to dine with you at Greenwich whenever you like.

Yours, very obediently,

EPICURUS GRACILIS.

GOOD ADVICE.—Never do things by halves, except when you send us Bank-notes by post.



WILLING TO PLEASE.

Mistress (to Lazy Housemaid). "Now, MARY, YOU KNOW I'M GOING TO GIVE A BALL TO-MORROW NIGHT, AND I SHALL EXPECT YOU TO BESTIR YOURSELF, AND MAKE YOURSELF GENERALLY USEFUL."

Mary. "YES, M'M. BUT I'M SORRY TO SAY, M'M, I CAN'T DANCE!"

A WARNING TO OUR WILLIAM!

WILL, have you had the beating yet
You 'scape no week together?
At last I fear you'll hardened get
In heart as well as leather.

Once when you left the whipping-place,
'Twas with a look of sorrow;
But now you come out with a face
Says "Whip again to-morrow!"

A boy can't be flogged every week,
And yet as Prefect trusted:
Stout DOCTOR BULL, who hates a sneak,
With a shirk feels disgusted.

Though pluck's a noble quality
In man or schoolboy either,
Pluck that takes licking quietly,
Does credit, WILL, to neither.

There's scarce a task that you've had set,
But birch for it you've tasted:
Your talent all admit, and yet
Your wit in words seems wasted.

More haste worse speed,—still with your work
You muddle, mull, and mess on,
To expel you DOCTOR BULL 'twould irk,
But you *must* learn your lesson!

Plucky Reply.

Examiner. Give some account of BEROSUS.
Candidate. He was a drunken character.

EPISTOLARY GEM.

MR. PUNCH has just seen, in the *Era*, a letter so charming that he must extract a—nay, as the fair writer would probably say, must cull a rose-leaf from the perfumed treasury. An English lady named MARKHAM (as to her Christian name we are uncertain, as the *Era* calls her "LYDIA" and the letter is signed "PAULINE," but both names are delightful) is performing in America. MISS MARKHAM desires to thank the American Press for its kindness. There has been an exception, it seems, but that may pass. Hear the rest of the Pauline epistle:—

"I have been sufficiently abused by *private* individuals through malice, because possibly I did not smile upon them or receive them as friends. I am but human, a free, good-hearted, frank woman. To the public what could I say? Could I, upon my bended knees, show to the American people how grateful I am to them for the support and encouragement I have received at their hands, for their indulgent kindness to me when I have been ill, and their hearty applause, which has ever greeted my efforts to please them, I would gladly bend to them daily. I love America dearly, for during my sojourn here I have never known an American gentleman to insult the name of or abuse a woman. Concerning my professional abilities, I will leave the public to judge of them. Myself and *confrères* are, nightly or daily, as we may happen to appear, drawing full houses, and I never seem to miss an encore. The bouquets that I receive are beautiful, and I ever take them to my happy home, where the air is 'musical with birds.' I never felt more competent to please, nor more healthy than at present. So please tender my thanks to the entire Press, save the Philadelphia paper, and assure them I hope they may continue as well in health, as happy and contented in mind, as theirs, gratefully,

"PAULINE MARKHAM."

We think this letter so nice. But we extract from it chiefly because just now we wish the Americans to be exceedingly well pleased with us, and we consider the above epistle calculated to do the utmost good, and to remove any little irritation on the subject of the Alabama Claims. So thanks to MISS LYDIA or PAULINE MARKHAM.



“NON DOLET.”

MR. PUNCH. “WILLIAM, WILLIAM, THIS IS VERY, *VERY* SAD! WHY THESE REPEATED FLOGGINGS, DEAR BOY? NOT A WEEK PASSES BUT—”

HEAD BOY. “ALL RIGHT, SIR! WHAT’S THE ODDS? *IT DON’T HURT!!*”



THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION
155 E. 42ND STREET, NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

Last Evening of MASTERS TOMMY MERTON and HARRY SANDFORD with MR. BARLOW at Torcombe Abbey Boarding-House, and their Departure for their Tutor's Residence.



AND now the important event of their stay at Torcombe Abbey Boarding-House took place. The gong which had summoned Miss SMUDGKINS and MASTER HARRY so peremptorily to the saloon, was intended to announce the commencement of the Grand Ball.

The honest musicians, who were nothing loth to contribute all their skill towards the enjoyment of the young people, consisted of one of the waiters at the establishment who was a proficient on the harp, accompanied

by his mother on the violin. MR. BARLOW, in order to prove to the assembly that he was in no degree behind the rest in fashionable accomplishments, now produced, from his portmanteau, a flageolet, and professed himself ready, should occasion require his services, to afford such assistance to the dancers as they could derive from either the *Last Rose of Summer* or the National Anthem.

MASTER TOMMY (whose father it was now well known was a very wealthy man) was this evening dressed in an unusual style of elegance. His hair was curled, his highly polished shoes reflected the brilliant lights which illuminated the room, his dress was of the newest fashion, and he was so highly scented as to diffuse around him a delicious perfume which intoxicated the senses of the aged, and added fresh vigour to the youthful votaries of pleasure.

"He's like a bright vision!" murmured Mrs. PEJINKLE.

"A Hangel!" exclaimed Mrs. BLOBSOMER, rapturously, as MASTER TOMMY, with the utmost grace and politeness, requested to be allowed to lead her daughter out to dance.

At this signal, the Harper, after a brilliant prelude in which his venerable relative was unable to join, commenced the first movement. Several polkas and quadrilles were first danced, in which TOMMY had the honour of exhibiting with Miss SOPHONISBA and Miss MATILDA.

Applauses resounded on every side. "What a helegant little creature!" exclaimed Mrs. BLOBSOMER. "What a shape!" cried Mrs. PEJINKLE. "I protest," said Mrs. TARTUM, "he quite puts me in mind of the Apollyon Belvidere!" "Indeed," said Mrs. HOOKEM to MR. BARLOW, "you are fortunate in having the care of so excellent a youth, who promises to be the most accomplished gentleman in Europe. We shall be delighted to see you, both, at our house in London; and, need I say, that an introduction to MASTER MERTON's parents will be estimated at its true value by MR. HOOKEM and myself."

MR. BARLOW gracefully bowed his acknowledgments, and confessed that few things would afford him more real pleasure than to accommodate his own leisure, and that of his pupil, to the wishes of a lady whose appreciation of his services was as just in theory as, it would no doubt prove to be, liberal in practice.

As soon as TOMMY had finished his fourth dance, he led his partner to her seat with a grace that surprised the company anew; and then, with the sweetest condescension imaginable, he went from one lady to another, to receive the praises which they warmly poured out upon him. MASTERS SMASH and BRUMPTON, as *Masters of the Ceremonies*, now invited Miss SMUDGKINS to join in dancing the Lancers, and, with hypocritical civility, they insisted upon its being HARRY's indispensable duty to stand up as the young lady's partner. No sooner had he placed himself by her side than the music, by a preconcerted signal, struck up.

HARRY now found himself completely caught, nor was it the least part of his mortification to observe the REV. ZENOPELUS POTTS and MR. BARLOW indulging themselves in a hearty laugh, evidently at his expense, in a corner of the room.

"I should like," thought HARRY to himself, "to tell my revered tutor the story of *Xiphron and the Punched Head*!"

But at this moment missing Miss SMUDGKINS from his side, and observing that the dancers were now in motion, he nobly determined to do his best in order to defeat the malicious intentions of his tormentors. As he was naturally possessed of a tolerably good ear for music, he had not much trouble in accommodating his movements to the time of the tune, and, by uniformly preserving his independence, he moved freely among his more accomplished companions

until the cessation of the dance showed him that they had arrived at what, Miss SMUDGKINS informed him, was the conclusion of the First Figure.

This kind and excellent young lady, whose disposition was as amiable as her manner was frank and open, now addressed MASTER HARRY as "A young muff," "such a regular spoon as she'd never seen;" and playfully added, that in spite of his achievements at the card-table, she could not henceforth think of him in any other character than that of a "glorious duffer."

HARRY warmly thanked her for her estimate of him, of which he declared himself wholly undeserving. The Second Figure now commenced, and HARRY set himself to imitate the others in their steps, their bows, and their courtesies, with so much fortitude, that although his actions caused a general titter, yet Miss SMUDGKINS told him, on his returning to his place, that he had indeed performed his part far better than could have been possibly expected from any person who had never learned one single step of dancing.

MR. BARLOW now considerably advanced behind the young couple, and proffered to them both a couple of tumblers filled to the brim with a sparkling and most agreeable liquor.

Thus refreshed, MASTER HARRY now set to work with renewed vigour.

Determined, as Miss SMUDGKINS (who, it will be remembered, was of Italian origin) said, "to lighten the ship," he handed over his money to the safe keeping of MR. BARLOW, who retired, in company with the REV. ZENOPELUS POTTS, to the Refreshment Room, and prepared to join in the galop with which the Last Figure was to conclude with all the abandonment of the most reckless Terpsichorean.

Seizing the waist of Miss SMUDGKINS with both arms, he whirled round and round, until, in trying to avoid a collision with MASTER SMASH and Miss MATILDA, he brought his partner sharply against MASTER TOMMY and Miss SOPHONISBA, with such force as to cause the four dancers to be all at once hurled violently on the floor.

Here the unfortunate couples would have lain for some considerable time, but for the timely aid of MASTERS SMASH and BRUMPTON, who assisted the young ladies to rise from their painful position.

MASTER TOMMY, who had been somewhat stupefied by the suddenness of the shock, on sitting up, found himself by the side of his friend HARRY, whom he straightway began to upbraid as the cause of this misadventure.

HARRY. Your observations, my dear TOMMY, remind me of the story of *Kodex and the Enamoured Troglodyte*, which, as you have not yet heard it, I will now proceed to relate. You must know then—

TOMMY. What! you impertinent jackanapes! you beggar's brat! you farmer's oaf! do you mean to insult me?

All the Company (led by MASTERS SMASH and BRUMPTON). Well done, MASTER MERTON! Give it him!

MISS SMUDGKINS here added "Bravo!" But, as her observation was in the Italian language, it passed unheeded by the assembly.

HARRY. No, indeed, MASTER TOMMY. But I protest that your question reminds me of the story of *Tykon and the Confounded Idiot*, which—

TOMMY. What! You little dirty blackguard! You're a pretty fellow, indeed, to give yourself airs, and pretend to be wiser than everyone else!

Everybody (with MR. BARLOW and MISS SMUDGKINS' Uncle in the background). Give it him, MASTER MERTON! Thrash him heartily for his impudence!

HARRY. Alas, I perceive the effects of the evil example of your companions, which reminds me of the story of *Polyrates and the Utter Donkey*, which, my dear TOMMY—

TOMMY. How, you rascal! do you dare to address a gentleman as "your dear TOMMY"! You are a prodigiously fine gentleman, indeed! you are!

HARRY. Alas! I had always thought you one till now.

TOMMY. How! you little contemptible scoundrel! do you dare say that I am not a gentleman? Take that!

With this MASTER TOMMY struck HARRY upon the face with his clenched fist.

HARRY's fortitude was not proof against this treatment; he turned his face away, and murmuring that this blow reminded him more forcibly than ever of the



BARE NECESSARIES.

No. 1 (having her hair done). "PAPA SAYS HE WON'T HEAR OF MY MARRYING WITHOUT A HOUSE IN TOWN?"

No. 2 (at Tea). "AND MAMMA SAYS I'M NOT TO THINK OF ANYONE WHO HAS NOT A MOOR IN SCOTLAND, AND A HUNTING-BOX AT MELTON."

No. 3 (not yet "come out"). "WELL! I SHOULD NOT DREAM OF MARRYING ANYONE WHO CAN'T AFFORD ALL THREE!"

story of *Xerxes and the Fallacious Beetle*, burst into an agony of crying.

The words *coward*, *blackguard*, *oaf*, were, with other choice nicknames, now echoed in a chorus through the circle, and the Harper, forgetting his position in the excitement of the moment, seized him by the hair, in order that he might hold up his head and "*show his pretty face*."

At this juncture, HARRY suddenly swung himself round, and disengaging himself from the musician's clutch, threw him with so much violence against his own instrument as to cause them to fall together in such a position as to render the poor man's extrication from the strings a matter of much anxiety to his weeping mother. MASTER TOMMY now professed himself vastly grieved at his own conduct, and proffered his hand to his friend, which, however, HARRY, taking it for another attempt to strike him, warded off, and returned by a punch of his fist, that overset MASTER TOMMY and left him sobbing and panting on the floor.

HARRY now laid about him with such impartial justice as to cause the spectators to entertain the sincerest respect for his courage. MASTERS SMASH and BRUMPTON were levelled with the hearth-rug at one blow, "And now," said MASTER HARRY, "if you have not had enough to satisfy you, I will willingly give you some more."

MR. BARLOW here advanced, and protested that, for his part, he considered that justice should be tempered with mercy, and in order that no ill-feeling might remain, he had commanded the servant to bring in three trays bearing glasses of negus, in which they could all drink to one another's prosperity, after which ceremony he further recommended them to shake hands all round, while he would play to them *God save the Queen* on his flageolet.

At this proposal the whole assembly burst into tears, and HARRY and TOMMY embraced each other so cordially that their reconciliation was begun and completed in a moment.

DE HÆRETICO CÆDENDO.

THE Confessors who were consigned to a dungeon for beating the heretic MURPHY to within an inch of his life in the interests of religion, have been released by a Government which has perhaps some dim idea of their heroic sanctity. This act of tardy justice, the papers say, "has excited some surprise." Why? O!—because MURPHY has in the [meanwhile] died of the injuries which for having inflicted upon him they were imprisoned. But MURPHY owed his beating to his attacks upon a religion professed by many persons of the superior classes moving in the most fashionable circles of society, and not a few of them members of the House of Lords itself. What is there to wonder at in the release of the Confessors who beat him, from gaol? The only wonder is that they were ever sent there at all. They merely supplied the defects of the law, which does not punish heretics at all. MURPHY was only beaten to death, whereas he ought to have been burnt. Still, his fate may serve as a warning to others. Be it said, however, that *Punch* had the reverse of sympathy with MURPHY's ways, but objects to Capital Punishment being awarded without reference to law, and of course also objects to an Act of Indemnity for volunteer executioners.

A Reason Why.

A CERTAIN sage gave China laws,
Ago above twice ten long ages;
CONFUCIUS he was called—because
He did confute all other sages?

POETICAL ERROR.

"A THING of Beauty is a Joy for ever." Is it, my boy? Marry it, and you will find that it is very much the reverse.



MISSING THE POINT.

Legal Adviser (speaking technically). "IN SHORT, YOU WANT TO MEET YOUR CREDITORS."

Innocent Client. "HANG IT, NO! WHY, THEY'RE THE VERY PEOPLE I'M MOST ANXIOUS TO AVOID!"

OUR ALDERNEY MILKER.

My name is JOHN BULL, I'm a practical man,
So come, ye unpractical nations,
And learn how to follow my lead, if you can,
In making your calculations,
And be guided by me, when you lay down a plan,
By practical considerations!

Above all, when your taxpayers' cash you spend,
Let use be expenditure's measure:
In applying your means keep in view the end,
Nor make ducks and drakes of your treasure:
'Ware work which takes less to make than mend,
And can't be unmade at pleasure.

As a practical instance best illustrates rules,
If you'd test the above by my own work,
You will find the best of all possible schools
In my Alderney-harbour stonework;
Its lessons if you can't read, you are fools,
Who don't deserve to be shown work.

Lest France on that isle in a war should lay hand—
Though how, if she did, she could hold it,
Is a thing no fellow can understand—
With forts I resolved to enfold it,
And into a station for Channel-command,
By a breakwater to mould it.

With something like a mile of sea-wall
To build out the Atlantic,
In twenty fathom, is no joke at all—
It drove the contractors frantic—
Six years' work going in six hours' squall,
To smithereens gigantic!

But luckily I was there to defy
The drawbacks to sea-wall'ing:
Let ocean swallow! my purse could supply
Hiatuses ne'er so appalling:
The louder Nep bade me eat humble pie,
The more I defied his squalling.

So I flung a million into the deep—
I *would* have flung two millions—
Before my mile of sea-wall 'gan peep
From Ocean's green pavilions,
To amaze, by the breadth and strength of its steep,
Tars, soldiers, and civilians.

'Tis true it cost awf'ul sums to repair,
And a fleet it wouldn't shelter,
If the wind from the South-East quarter should bear,
The sea would come in a peltier!
And the guns of to-day, from its forts, I'm aware,
Would drive the men helter-skelter.

But if we couldn't hold it 'gainst JOHNNY CHAFAUD,
He, 'gainst us, couldn't hold it, either:
My breakwater ne'er would screen the foe,
And at worst, would be useful to neither!
If a million and a half *must* go,
That it goes *so* makes one blither!

And now this remarkable work 's achieved,
We come to the practical question,
As no good from it is, or *can* be, received,
Which useless expense I'd best shun—
That of keeping up what I've thus upheaved,
Or of dishing, for Nep's digestion.

'Twill cost many thousands to keep in repair,
But 'twill cost still more for destroying:
That's something *like* work—no scamping there—
I know whom I'm employing.
If one pays through the nose, it is but fair,
Of good work to have the enjoying!

With Neptune I've fought for the Channel-sea,
Which I rule, though he swears he's still king:
I don't like my Alderney milking me,
'Stead of *me* my Alderney milking:
But with sea-wall and forts to let Nep make free,
Seems the islanders like bilking.

So now, with the wise of my Commons' House
The problem I am weighing—
Giv'n, millions in the sea flung—souse!—
How the drain on my purse to be staying;
To kick down this trophy of practical *nous*—
Or to keep it up go on paying!

There, you unpractical Tentons and Celts,
Is the Anglo-Saxon's lesson!
Not for camps and forts his gold he melts,
Content with war's work to mess on:
If you'd make ends meet, take up your belts,
And *his* lines carefully dress on!

LA CLEMENZA DI BRUCE.

PARTICULAR attention is due to the subjoined statement published in several papers:—

"WILLIAM ROUPPELL.—We are requested to say, with reference to the statement that WILLIAM ROUPPELL has declined the offer of a ticket-of-leave, that all applications for his release on licence have been refused by the Secretary of State."

"Penal servitude during life was awarded to WILLIAM ROUPPELL in punishment of an offence which he had confessed and made every reparation for in his power. But it was the offence of forging a will. If he had only been guilty of beating a Protestant Lecturer to death, in the first place he would not have got penal servitude, and, in the next, would have been let off long ago."

Posterity's Benefactor.

In a few years, when the face of England shall have been almost entirely overspread with bricks-and-mortar, it will be said that the man who makes a grove of trees grow where a block of houses stood before, deserves well of his country.



“NATURAL ADVANTAGES.”

Teacher. “WHAT BIRD DID NOAH SEND OUT OF THE ARK?”

Smallest Boy in the Class (after a Pause). “A DOVE, SIR.”

Teacher. “VERY WELL. BUT I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT SOME OF YOU BIG BOYS WOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT!”

Tall Pupil. “PLEASE, SIR, THAT BOY OUGHT TO KNOW, SIR, ‘CAUSE HIS FATHER’S A BIRD-KETCHER, SIR.”!!!

ODD.

THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR has been listening to what a deputation from Hampstead had to say to him on the subject of the proposed Military Dépôt Centre at that high and healthy suburb. After MR. CARDWELL had made his own little speech, he said (as appears by the *Daily News*) that the deputation would perhaps hear “GENERAL M'DOODLE.” Accordingly the Deputation did hear “GENERAL M'DOODLE.” We only refer to this interview from a desire to elicit some information as to who this General Officer is. Judging by his rather peculiar and unusual name, we should say that he must be a Yankee Scotchman, or perhaps a Scotch Yankee; but probably some great military authority, with the *Army List* at his fingers' ends, will be able to clear up the difficulty without the necessity of a reference to the Horse Guards.

DOMESTIC BLISS.

Poem by a Paterfamilias.

THRUSH, measles, scarlatina, small-pox, schooling,
Struggles to get your children on in life,
Have been your lot; when you've gone through your fooling,
Your boy must wed: your girl become a wife.

Well for your daughter, if you cannot leave her
A living, and espoused she wealth enjoy;
But for your son, delirious with Love's fever,
To rush into anxieties—poor boy!

Ladies in the Army.

FACT. The other day a Lady received a Commission from another Lady. We know it included purchase, but the terms were not, we believe, distinctly stated.

GOING BACK.

ALL of us, who are not natives of the Principality, have been too ready to treat as a jest the belief which every Welshman is supposed to entertain, that he can trace back his pedigree in a direct line to ADAM, or his immediate successors. We say this, because of the advertisement of a publication which is entitled *Annals and Antiquities of the Counties and County Families of Wales*, and contains, “in addition to a Record of all Ranks of the Gentry, Ancient Pedigrees, Old and Extinct Families, and Rolls of Sheriffs, Members of Parliament, &c., from the Beginning.”

The wonder is, that all this information—we have ventured to italicise the last three words of the quotation—can be got into two volumes; and, considering the costly researches which it must have been necessary to make into post-diluvian and ante-diluvian rolls and records, that the work can be supplied for the moderate sum of three guineas.

The Two Graces.

“Grace was said before dinner by ARCHBISHOP MANNING, and after dinner by the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.”—(*Literary Fund Banquet*.)

HENCEFORTH the respective titles of these hierarchs evidently must be: of the one, GRACE before meat; and of the other, GRACE after meat.

Caution to Commissioners.

THE Commissioner and Deputy-Commissioner who, in order to stamp out the Kooka mutiny, judged it necessary to send a number of the insurgent Kookas to summary execution, have been removed by the Indian Government, one from their service, the other from his Commissionership. In future, perhaps, Commissioners and Deputy-Commissioners will mind how they stamp out mutinies.



THE MORNING CONCERT.

Swell (doesn't care for Music himself). "MY DEAR, IS THIS—AH—(yawns)—TE-DIUM OVAR!"

HOW TO LEAVE MONEY.

ANY opulent gentleman with a taste for beneficence, and capable of wishing to be gratefully remembered when, on any probable supposition, whatever he may be conscious of, he will not know whether he is remembered or not, is able to solace his last moments with the hope of creating a large sum of human happiness by means of a corresponding sum of money, or its equivalent in real property. Whosoever, about to depart this world, and leave the greatest of its blessings, wealth, in large quantity behind him, would like to leave it in such wise as to constitute a real blessing to somebody, and possibly cause that legatee now and then to bless the name of his testator, should imitate an example recorded in the *Bristol Times*. It is that of a "well-known and, during his lifetime, public-spirited tradesman of Bristol," who lately died very rich. People thought that the bulk of his property would, in reversion after his childless widow, go between his poor relations, who are very numerous, and the remainder amongst local charities:—

"Great disappointment, however, was caused on the opening of the will; for, after leaving a very modest provision for his widow, he gives instructions that an illegitimate son of his (whom he does not appear to have recognised in his lifetime) should be sought for, and, when found, sent to school, thence to the University, a very liberal sum being set apart for that purpose. After this, and when he comes to manhood, he is to have all the accumulated fortune, which will then, it is estimated, amount to over £100,000. The heir to this large sum having been sought for, has, we hear, just been found in a neighbouring workhouse."

If he has attained to years of reason, it may be feared that the transports of joy with which he must have been convulsed by the intelligence of being, from a pauper, constituted heir to £100,000, may have deposed reason from its throne. Sad indeed it is if excess of gladness has but removed him from a workhouse to an asylum. No such lamentable thing hath, however, appeared; and the gratification of imagining the ecstasies of bliss in which, very likely, that fortunate youth is at this moment dancing, is still possible to the heart of one that can feel for another.

Now suppose all that money which he has had left him divided among a whole host of poor relations and a number of charities. What a small and temporary amount of pleasure the receipt of its

THE JURY-LAW VICTIM.

(Dedicated to the ATTORNEY-GENERAL.)

SUMMONED to serve on a Jury!

O, I shall go to the bad!

Driven, with distraction and fury,

Ruin in prospect, stark mad.

Dragged from the work that's my living,

Other men's business to mind,

I shall no thought have for giving

Save to my own, left behind.

Truly to try they may swear me,

Off mine employment when torn;

Whilst my anxieties tear me,

What can I be but forsworn?

Counsel will vainly harangue me,

Witness depose all in vain,

Judge's charge—though he could hang me—

Nought of my mind will obtain.

As for all criminal cases,

I shall the prisoner acquit,

Like a deaf man's while my place is;

Give him the doubt's benefit.

And in all civil, as hearing

Not either side what they say,

I shall toss up, that appearing

Nearest for me the right way.

If you'd have juries attention

Pay your confounded affairs,

Press men by fortune, or pension,

Freed from life's personal cares.

Idle is all adjuration

When the adjured are not free.

So much for the administration

Of justice you'll get out of me!

STRIKE TO SOME PURPOSE.—So the Builders threaten another strike, do they? What a blessing it would be, particularly to some inhabitants of the suburbs of London, if they were to strike altogether!

several small portions would afford to any one person! It could only excite in the mind of the recipient a faint and transient emotion of gratitude, and, instead of a blessing, would be as likely as not to evoke a kuss because it wasn't more. At best, happiness in such a case is all frittered away. Concentrate then, kind capitalists, in making your wills, all your posthumous bounty, if you desire truly to bless and be blest. A *fico* for diffusive benevolence! Unless you were once poor, you cannot perhaps imagine the beatitude you could confer by bequeathing some anxious earner of a small uncertainty the unspeakable comfort and enjoyment of a sure and certain independence. You may, if you choose, have it explained to you, and best

PEABODY.

[The Loafer who wrote the foregoing remarks enclosed his card with them.—Ed.]

PRAISEWORTHY.

A MANCHESTER paper tells us this:—

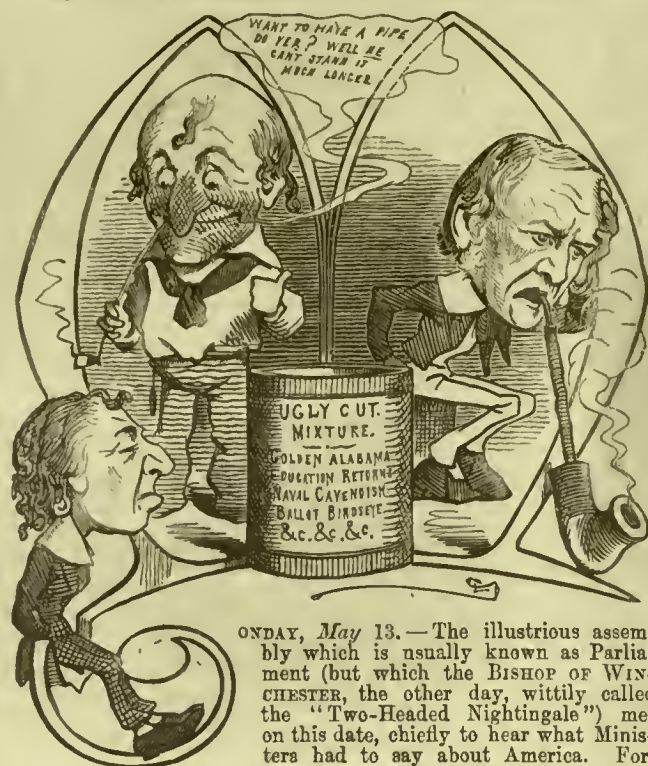
"PRESCOT PETTY SESSIONS.—Yesterday, JOSEPH ASHTON, charged with violently assaulting his wife and threatening to cut her throat, was fined £2 and costs.—SAMUEL HUNT, for stealing a coat, the property of WILLIAM M'DONNELL, was sent to prison for four months."

Mr. Punch rejoices to find that the Prescott Magistrates so clearly understand the law, and so admirably carry it out. Perhaps they were a little hard upon MR. ASHTON, who might have been let off with a slighter fine, having the costs to pay; but nothing could have been more proper than the sentence on the desperate and atrocious miscreant HUNT, except the giving him a year instead of four months. But the great principle of British Law is maintained. *Fiat justitia, ruat fœmina!*

Seasonable Literature.

WE see a new book advertised called *Poppies in the Corn*. This may very likely be an entertaining work. But the title seems in May a trifle premature. One more sensational perhaps, and better suited to the season, would, we apprehend, be *Snails in the Asparagus*, or *Slugs amid the Salad*.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, May 13.—The illustrious assembly which is usually known as Parliament (but which the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, the other day, wittily called the "Two-Headed Nightingale") met on this date, chiefly to hear what Ministers had to say about America. For, direct as were the claims of the Whit-

untide holidays upon us, we desired to know the fate of the Indirect Claims.

Both Houses were crowded, and the KING OF THE BELGIANS took his seat over the clock, to listen to MR. GLADSTONE. LORD GRANVILLE, of course, made the statement to the Lords. This record will have small interest for anybody, save for the exquisite charm of *Mr. Punch's* language, for the Ministers could only talk of a sort of Perhaps, and when these lines are read, MRS. BROWNING's wonderful phrase, addressed by the lady with the sweetest eyes to CAMOENS, will apply. The question, like her Life, will have

"Lost ita Peradventure."

Argal, it shall suffice to note, that MR. GLADSTONE's statement was listened to in most respectful silence. He traced the progress of the negotiations, and stated that before MR. FISH's last despatch had been delivered, the American Minister here suggested a mode of settlement that might be satisfactory to both Governments.

It is not supposed, of course, that English Statesmen understand the constitutional arrangements of America, a newly established and obscure state, and MR. GLADSTONE remarked that it was not until the 8th of May that his Ministry learned that GENERAL SCHENCK's suggestion could not be carried out without the assent of the American Senate. However, as soon as they were enlightened on this, they drew up a new Article in the way of contract between the two countries, and this was telegraphed to America. Observe the Cartoon, and notice how justly indignant Neptune is at the incessant flashing of messages.

We are asked to believe that GENERAL GRANT and his Cabinet approved this plan. May be they did, may be they didn't, for the fact is by no means clear. But MR. GLADSTONE said that they had submitted it to a Secret Session of the Senate, and the latter was considering it while he spoke.

He bore a tribute to the friendly feeling manifested by the American Government, and he warmly thanked Parliament for its forbearance. He declared that there had been, and that there should be, no departure from our original attitude.

MR. DISRAELI was cheered, on giving his advice that the House should continue its forbearance, and should give a constitutional support to Government.

LORD GRANVILLE had the same things to say as his Chief. LORD RUSSELL was wrathful, feeling that the characters of LORD PALMERSTON and himself were assailed by the Claims. He used rather strong language, called the Claims "mendacious," and said that as the question was between the honour of the Crown of England and the re-election of PRESIDENT GRANT, he preferred the honour of HER MAJESTY and the reputation of the country to any consideration connected with the triumph of the President.

LORD DERBY wisely suggested that there should be no more discussion, but he earnestly hoped that we should hear no more about "understandings." "We have," said the Earl,

"A right to ask that the new engagement, which is intended to supersede and control the former, shall be concluded in clear, precise, and unequivocal language; because, unless that is done, we shall again be exposed to all the trouble and misunderstanding which have hitherto caused so much anxiety."

Their Lordships speedily departed, to return on Friday, May 31, when the result of the Derby and of the Oaks would be an interesting topic for conversation.

The Commons made a night of it. They went, in Committee, to the end of the Ballot Bill. More affectionate care was shown for the Illiterate Voter, who will be obliged formally to declare his ignorance, and the plan by which his vote is to be saved will do away with Secrecy. There was actually a discussion whether the voting-paper should be marked with a cross, or any other mark. It was stated that in other ballots the cross is seldom used by the voter, who prefers a tick, or a straight line. It has also come out that at certain Clubs where ballot-papers are used, many educated gentlemen are so awfully stupid about marking that their votes are lost. However, as the most dreadful penalties are imposed on a voter who goes wrong—as far as we can make out he is to be hanged for his first offence, and imprisoned for his second—we shall get the British Constitution into beautiful working order about the time the Comet makes constitutions rather needless.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL pushed on his Juries Bill, that it might go to a Committee. He objects to many of the existing exemptions, extends the age for serving to seventy, and for the first time proposes that all Clergymen, of all denominations, should have to serve. *Mr. Punch* thinks this last proposal absurd. If a Parson does his duty, he has no time to be a jurymen, and if he doesn't, he is unfit to be one. Besides, there is appropriate work for clergy and for laity. He would rather that the REVEREND MR. RUBRIC were by the bedside of the wife, laid up by her husband's brutality, than in the jury-box, helping to "give it hot" to the wife-beater. But SIR JOHN COLEBRIDGE thought that serving on a jury would be a good sort of education for Clergymen.

Another proposed alteration is, that in criminal cases (short of murder) there shall be seven common jurors only, and in civil cases there shall be seven jurors, five common, and two special.

Members talked the usual platitudes about important changes, and so on, and the Bill was read a Second Time.

The Commons departed, to return on Monday, the 27th of May.

Mr. Punch is so affected by the hideous weather, that he inclines to pick a quarrel with his dear old friend CHAUCER for saying—

"MAY wol have no alogardie anight."

Not being in the habit of going to bed until what is called night is over, *Mr. Punch* has nothing to say about that, but when CHAUCER goes on to remark that—

"The seson prikeith every gentil herte,
And makeith him out of his asleep to sterte,"

it occurs to *Mr. Punch* to remark, that as there is no rationality in getting up to gaze on leaden skies and pouring rain, the "Seson" had better mind her own business, and leave the calling a "gentil herte," in the morning, to the care of a sensible housemaid, who knows better than to make her employer "sterte" until a decent hour. COWPER knew May's character better, and protested against the Poets' praising her,—

"Adorning May, that peevish maid,
With June's undoubted right."

"The Nymph shall, for your folly's sake,
Still prove herself a Shrow,
Shall make your scribbling fingers ache,
And pinch your noses blue."

A Bristol Diamond.

"AN ASPIRING MAYOR.—The apire of Redcliff Church, Bristol, has been completed. The Mayor, MR. PROCTOR BAKER, who was accompanied by the Mayoress in his perilous ascent, laid the cap-vane in the midst of a storm of thunder, lightning, and hail, which broke over the city during the ceremony."

SINCE PHARAOH's chief Baker went up in the air,
No chief Baker has mounted so high as our Mayor.
And his Mayoress stood by him, so PUNCH is a swearer
That of all the spectators not one could be *Phairer*.

A DISTINGUISHED GUEST.

MRS. MALAPROP is determined to obtain a lady's ticket for next year's Literary Fun Dinner, as she thinks it must be a most amusing entertainment.

ACADEMY RHYMES.

(From the Margin of Mr. Punch's Catalogue.)

HE LINE: *passim.*

BAD pictures hot!
 Bad pictures cold!
 Bad pictures such a
 lot!
 So well sold!

(108, 189, &c., SIR F.
 GRANT, P.R.A.;
 and 120, 259, &c.,
 JAMES SANT, R.A.)

Dear SIR FRANCIS,
 would you mind
 Dropping a gentle
 hint to SANT?

(Aside.)

Then, perhaps, as
 he's not blind,
 He may return the
 hint to GRANT.

(265. *Gold of the Sea.*
 —J. C. HOOK, R.A.)

What the feelings
 must be
 Of these poor fish
 one knows;

For one still smells the sea,
 With a Hook in one's nose!

(223. *Hearts are Trumps. Portraits of Elizabeth, Diana and Mary,*
daughters of Walter Armstrong, Esq.—J. E. MILLAIS, R.A.)

LIZ, DR, and MARY, cool and airy,
 How does your garden grow?
 Azaleas in clumps, and hearts for trumps,
 And three pretty maids in a row.

(284. *Winter Evening Amusement.—C. W. COPE, R.A.)*

My frescos are finished. My Lords have decreed
 That with history longer I shan't cope.
 The Lords' Corridor shows with grave work I succeed,
 Though with namby-pamby I can't—COPE.

(539. *Daniel.—BRITTON RIVIÈRE.*)

All those lions aglare,
 And cool DANIEL unbitten!
 Flow on thus, my RIVIÈRE,
 Like a man and a BRITTON!

(227. *A Harbour of Refuge.—F. WALKER, A.)*

About "Harbours of Refuge," no year
 But some M.P.'s a voluble talker;
 But my "harbour of refuge" is here,
 And its C.E. is A.R.A. WALKER!

(658. *Cain. Diploma Picture.—F. W. WATTS, R.A.)*

When CAIN exclaimed, "My punishment
 Is more than I can bear,"
 Saw he this canvass of portènt
 Hung o'er him in the air?

(505. *Perseus and Andromeda.—E. J. POYNTER, A.)*

Gum-lancing steel in worm of sea
 If thus Duke Persens shot,
 A POYNTER he might boast to be,
 A Stabber he was not!

(126. *Nymph and Cupid. Diploma Picture.—W. E. FROST, R.A.)*

Vacant Nymph, and Cupid silly!
 To waste words on you were lost work:
 So ice-creamy both, and chilly,
 You are but too plainly Frost-work.

(331. "Little Buttercups." 400. "The Course of True Love never
 did run Smooth."—G. A. STOREY.)

With his friends Punch is sincere,
 So tells one friend, on the sly,
 His two Storeys of this year
 Aren't worth one of years gone by.

(75. *Lavinia.—G. D. LESLIE, R.A.)*

It was JEMMY THOMSON sung
 How "Lavinia once had friends;"
 While she looks thus sweet and young,
 She may keep them till time ends.

(In the Half-hour allowed for Refreshment.)

Chicory, liquory stock,
 The luncheon-room stair's in a block!
 When one's fairly done brown
 Any drink will go down,
 Chicory, liquory stock!

(153. *Portrait of P. H. Calderon, R.A.—G. F. WATTS, R.A.)*

DON QUIXOTE's head could hardly
 Be a browner or a balder 'un:
 MR. WATTS you're not CERVANTES,
 If the man you're painting's CALDERON.

(64. *Expulsion of the Gitanos from Spain.—E. LONG.*)

"Ars longa, Vita brevis"—

But to Art we do no wrong,
 If, while LONG such work can give us,
 Vita longa we wish LONG.

(125. *Harvest Moon.—G. MASON, A.)*

Sweet, but scamped in every part;
 Such half-work must students guide ill:
 The free-masonry of Art
 Asks more labour, e'en in Idyll.

(912. *Whitesand Bay.—J. BRETT.*)

To such truth who can be blind,
 Though so near the skylight set?
 In these rooms 'twere hard to find
 Many peers for this De Brett.

(390. *Jolly as a Sand-Boy.—J. C. HOOK, R.A.)*

Pall, young mongrel and young monkeys!
 And away with melancholy!
 Till e'en these gazing donkeys
 Feel, as these sand-boys, jolly!

(253. *Mrs. Coleridge Kennard.—H. F. WELLS, R.A.)*

With beauty, sense, and youth,
 Here's a face commands the spells
 That, drawn from wells of truth,
 Can defy the truth of WELLS!

(409. *The Lion and the Lamb.—SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A.)*

World-wide wings his fame shall fly on;
 With Art's growth grows his renown:
 He has lived life as a Lion,
 As a Lamb may he lie down!

CIVILITY AND ADVICE.

SOMEBODY finds this in the *Guardian* :—

CAN a brother Clergyman recommend, for a Country Rectory, a trust-
 worthy homely Couple—Wife as COOK, bake, and dairy; Man GROOM,
 gardener, and milk? Address, stating wages, &c.

Mr. Punch is ever courteous. He resembles the gentleman in
Broad Grins, who was found one night pulling violently at an
 apothecary's door-bell (having no business with that medical person)
 and who handsomely excused himself :—

" 'Tis time for bed, and I was hastening to it,
 But when you write up *Please to Ring the Bell*,
 Common politeness makes me stop and do it."

He is not a brother Clergyman, save in the sense that he is a
 "Learned Clerk," but he answers the advertisement by stating that
 he cannot recommend anybody of the sort required. But he can
 recommend the reverend advertiser to procure a Lindley Murray,
 and to study the same, and then he will not call a respectable
 woman a Bake, or her husband a Milk.

A Consideration.

THE insolvency of so many of our so-called Assurance Companies
 is a melancholy fact, and makes insurers shake in their shoes lest
 the office to which they have confided their premiums prove de-
 faulters likewise. Could not some company be started to insure
 against such catastrophes and so realise the poet's phrase of "making
 assurance doubly sure?"



AN EARLY QUIBBLE.

George. "THERE, AUNT MARY! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT? I DREW THE HORSE, AND ETHEL DREW THE JOCKEY!"

Aunt Mary. "H'm! BUT WHAT WOULD MAMMA SAY TO YOUR DRAWING JOCKEYS ON A SUNDAY?"

George. "AH! BUT LOOK HERE! WE'VE DRAWN HIM RIDING TO CHURCH, YOU KNOW!"

A MONSIGNOR ON MIMES.

WHY do not such Parsons as BENNETT of Frome,
And PURCHAS & Co., all go over to Rome?
If mere Roman doctrine those Clergymen hold,
What silly sheep they to keep out of Rome's fold!

A miss there's as bad as a mile, they must know,
Poor creatures, and where, then, expect they to go?
The wolf will be down on them, sure as a gun,
And they'll be lost muttons, they will, every one.

Outsiders the reason why still they remain
MONSIGNOR CAPEL makes abundantly plain:
If Romanesque Parsons became Roman true,
At Rome as the Romans do they'd have to do.

Now, playing at Papists, those Anglicans high
O'er laymen can priest it, and Bishops defy.
They'd find for such one-sided humbug no scope,
To Bishops subordinate under the POPE.

At Papists they therefore continue to play,
And, whilst their superiors they scorn to obey,
Himself every one as a Pope they impose
On the fools whom they bully and lead by the nose.

Thus mere self-opinion their souls doth enthrall,
And make those mimes Protestants yet, after all.
As far from the Church which they imitate, full,
As ARCHBISHOP TAIT, SPURGEON, *Punch*, and JOHN BULL.

REALLY CONSEQUENTIAL CLAIMS.—The Beadle's.

TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

IN a certain Bill now under the consideration of a Select Committee, there is a clause which makes us wonder how it could ever have entered into the head of the honourable and learned gentleman by whom the measure including it was prepared. That Bill is the Juries' Bill; its author is the ATTORNEY-GENERAL: and the clause, which it appears almost incredible that anyone endowed with the moral sensibility of SIR JOHN COLERIDGEO could have conceived, provides that "persons convicted of felony shall be no longer qualified to serve on juries." Considering the loss of time and money, in such a case as CASTRO's action for instance, to which jurors are liable, and considering, further, that in other cases they are often subjected to the disgusting punishment of being locked up together all night, it is really astonishing that it never struck the ATTORNEY-GENERAL that exemption from the possibility of being saddled with the office of juror, obtained by getting convicted of a felony, would operate on many people in danger of being compelled to serve on juries, as a very powerful incentive to commit a little one.

Noverca.

MASTER BANDERSNATCH is learning Latin. The other day he declared that a Step-mother must be an idle woman. His reason being demanded, he said that she was *no-verker*. He was worked off to bed, promptly.

THE POPE'S OWN AND THE PRETENDERS.

WELL done, *very* well done, MONSIGNOR CAPEL!
He pitched into the Ritualists; gave it them well.

HABEAS CORPUS (No. 2).—The Anatomy Act.



“UNDER THE DARK BLUE WATERS.”

FATHER NEPTUNE. “MESSAGES! MESSAGES! WHY THERE’S NOTHING *BUT* MESSAGES! LOOK HERE, GIRLS. IF THEY CAN’T COME TO TERMS ONE WAY OR T’OTHER, AND LET ME ENJOY MY WHITSN HOLIDAYS IN PEACE AND QUIET—BLEST IF I DON’T *BREAK THE CABLE!*!”

BOTANICAL CRACKJAW.

SAYS the *Times* notice of the flowers at the Crystal Palace :—

"The specimens of *sarracenia drummondia*, of the *imantophyllum miniatum*, of the *cyanoophyllum magnificum*, of the *sarracenia drummondiflora*, and of the *spharogyne latifolia* call for distinct notice."

And they shall not call in vain, and the distinct notice *Punch* gives them is that they are sesquipedalian kusses. We shall have the really lovely flowers, the Fairies of the Old Creation, crying out for new titles next. Who remembers, or rather who forgets BARRY CORNWALL'S Weavers' song, 'Tis Better to Sing than Grieve?—

"Come, show us the rose with its hundred dyes,
The lily without a blot,
The violet, deep as your true-love's eyes,
And the little forget-me-not."

Are we to have this re-written in the following fashion?—

"The *Rosa deschenhaultiana*, come, show us;
The *Lilium sepalsialbis*, white.
With the *Viola ranunculifolia* endow us,
And the wee *Myosotis palustris* hight."

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

Last Evening of MASTERS TOMMY MERTON and HARRY SANDFORD with MR. BARLOW at Torcombe Abbey Boarding-House, and their Departure for their Tutor's Residence.

MR. BARLOW, on retiring for the night, restored to HARRY a small portion of the money with which he had been intrusted during the day, remarking that "he had retained a certain sum in order to fray his educational expenses, and had presented Miss SMUDGINS' Uncle with an amount sufficient to satisfy the demands of the neat landlord."

HARRY, who was of a most generous disposition, thanked his tutor for his kindness, and expressed his hope of being able to teach both him and his young friend TOMMY the game in which he was now a proficient.

Mr. Barlow. I am indeed obliged to you, my dear HARRY, and your offer reminds me of the story of *The Grandmother and the Eggs*, which—

Harry. I do indeed remember it, Sir; and as it is now just twelve o'clock, I would recommend you, Sir, to seek that repose which is the reward of innocence, temperance, and virtue.

Thus saying, HARRY, taking the only remaining bedchamber candle, which MR. BARLOW had lighted for his own use, quickly ascended the staircase, and was soon lost to view in the darkness of the passage.

MR. BARLOW now spent one hour most agreeably in attempting to discover the position of his own bedchamber, a proceeding in which the boots and clothes of the sleeping inmates played no inconsiderable part.

Early the next morning all the inhabitants of Torcombe were assembled to witness the departure of the now renowned trio.

On this occasion no one exhibited greater signs of grief than the REV. ZENOTHELUS POTTS. The venerable old man seized the hand of MASTER HARRY, and bedewing it with tears, gave way to the strong emotions of gratitude which overwhelmed his mind.

"Generous youth," said he, "I know not by what extraordinary fortune you have been able to overcome me at the game of *écarté*, in which my skill has hitherto been acknowledged to be unrivalled. But beyond this, you have nobly effected our deliverance when we imagined ourselves out of the reach of human succour. If the uniform gratitude and affection of myself and my niece—"

Harry. Nay, Sir, you infinitely overrate the merits of the service which chance has enabled me to perform.

Here taking him aside, HARRY explained to him the nature of the stratagem by which alone he had been enabled to come off victoriously when fate had pitted him, a second time, against so worthy an

antagonist. MISS SMUDGINS' Uncle now perceived that MASTER HARRY was a boy of far greater penetration and perseverance than he had at first imagined. With these mutual professions of esteem they thought it prudent to terminate their conversation.

The last cheer was yet ringing in their ears as the shriek of the engine announced to the multitude that the holidays were over, and that MASTERS SANDFORD and MERTON were returning to their tutor's house in order to perfect themselves in those studies which refine the manners of mankind and raise the intelligent scholar above the uncultivated barbarian.

"I protest, Sir," said TOMMY, "that our compulsory absence from the Metropolis has prevented our witnessing and giving our opinions, so useful to the public, on the various plays which have been recently produced."

"My dear TOMMY and HARRY," returned MR. BARLOW, "our opinion, and, indeed, the opinion of all honest critics is, though of much value to the public, of small import to those who manage our places of public entertainment, and who, I perceive, are now printing, as advertisements, not the favourable notices of their shows, which they have been probably unable to obtain, but their own praises of their own wares. The critic's occupation is, for the time, gone, and therefore, until MASTER MERTON's father shall present us with stalls for either Opera House, you will quietly and perseveringly devote your time to the lessons which it is at once my duty and my pleasure to teach you. Your holidays have indeed been an instructive time to both of you."

Harry. Indeed, Sir, your remarks remind me of what you were telling me the other day of *Xenophon* and the *Sarcastic Bloater*, which, as MASTER TOMMY has not heard it, I will now proceed to relate. You must know then—

But at this instant the train stopped at the Bath Station. Here, it being their journey's end, they were compelled to alight, and in another ten minutes they were safely within the gates of Jericho House, Coventry Road, the residence of their beloved tutor.

"Now," said MR. BARLOW to himself, when, after carefully looking his two pupils into their separate rooms, he entered his study and commenced an examination of a bundle of small apple twigs which were tied on to light and supple canes.

"Ah!" said MR. BARLOW, as he swished one of these to and fro, and then tried its strength by flogging the dust out of one of the chair-cushions.

"Now!" repeated the beloved tutor of MASTERS HARRY SANDFORD and TOMMY MERTON as he quitted the study and ascended the staircase.

The following morning both his youthful pupils regarded MR. BARLOW with the greatest possible respect, and each other with every appearance of tenderness.

"HARRY!" whispered MASTER TOMMY, in whose face an unusual dejection was visible.

"TOMMY!" returned HARRY, sadly, as soon as they were alone, "our present circumstances remind me of the story of *The Mermaid* and the *Pachydermatous Armchair*, which, if you have not already heard it, I will at once proceed to narrate. You must know then—"

But here the presence of MR. BARLOW was announced in such a manner as rendered further conversation impossible; and, as their tasks were now placed before them, it was evident, that, with the close of the vacation had recommenced the schoolltime of the incomparable and inseparable MASTERS SANDFORD and MERTON.

FOREIGNERS' FIRESHIPS.

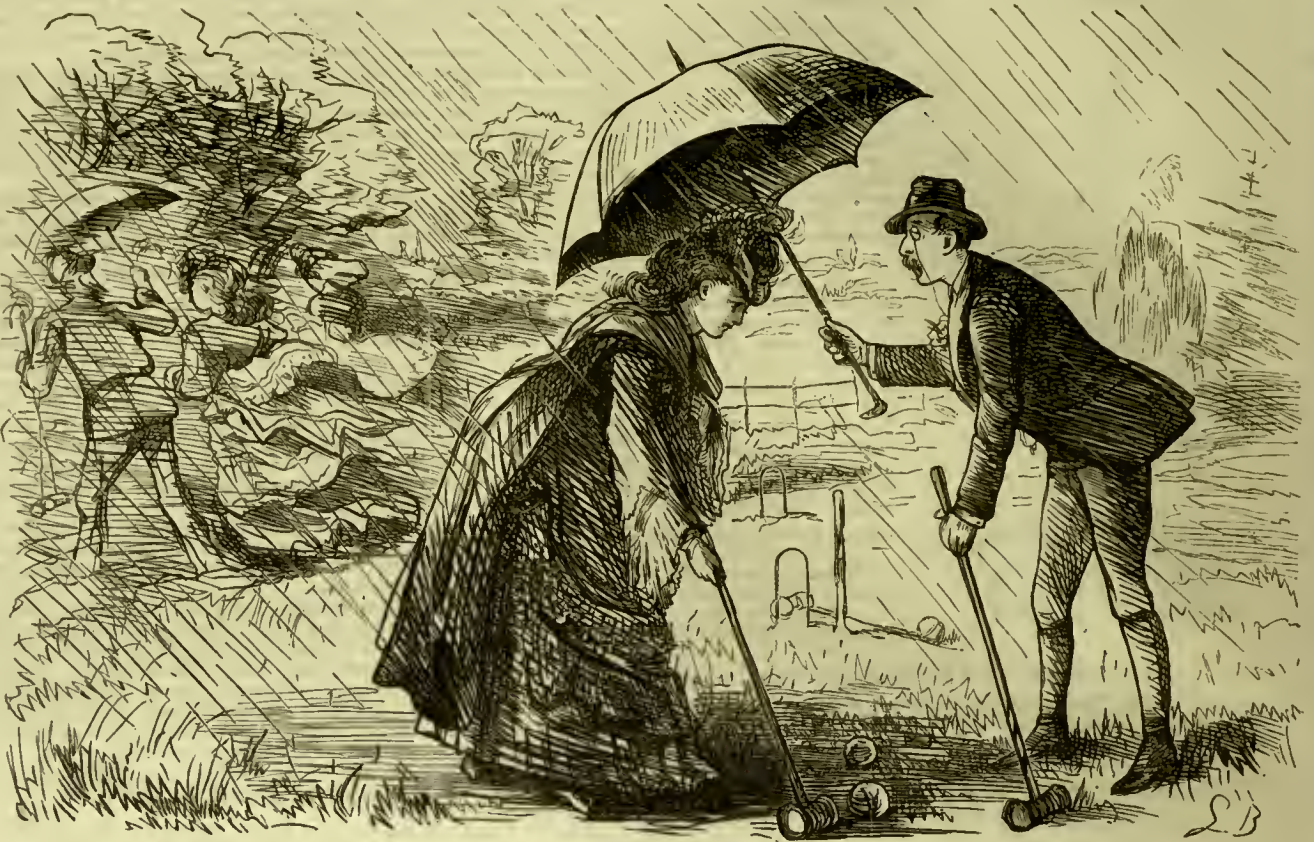
OF course the Admiralty will take no notice till too late, of an advance in naval warfare which will either save us the expense of making artillery, or cost us our navy. It is thus briefly described by the *Post* :—

"The system proposed in Prussia, and already adopted to some extent in America, is to furnish vessels with an apparatus capable of discharging several hundred gallons of petroleum to the distance of at least one hundred feet, and the system is at once practicable, perfectly safe, easy of application, very cheap, and of deadly efficacy."

Were NELSON now living, his advice to the Captain of a British man-of-war in action would perhaps be, "Lay your ship alongside of the enemy's and pump petroleum on fire into her." At present it would be impossible for this advice to be followed by any but an Officer in a foreign navy.

Constitutional Agitation.

OF all agitations now in progress, the one least astonishing and most characteristic is the agitation for Women's Suffrage. But the fullest concession of political rights to women will fail to allay the agitation which most of them are subject to. Unprotected females, especially, will continue to be agitated by the slightest cause, inasmuch as to exist in an almost constant state of agitation. In many instances their agitation will be, as now, Protectionist.



KEEN.

(Commencement of the Croquet Season. North-East Wind, and Hailstorm every half-hour.)

THE MAJOR WONDERS WHEN MISS MYRTLE WILL GIVE IT UP!

THE COMET IS COMING!

MUNDUS fuit would be the last words written by the Last Man, only there will be no last man to write them. The Comet is coming. We possess all the particulars, and we are only too happy to publish them in order to terrify everybody. Perhaps, however, people will not be so much terrified as might be expected. Such weather as we have been enjoying must have prepared folks for anything, to say nothing of the warnings afforded by Antioch, Vesuvius, and the blight of new potatoes. However, this is what is going to happen:—

"Within a few weeks we shall be able, without the help of telescopes, to see the little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, and fraught with omens more dreadful than have ever before affrighted the human race. It will grow, slowly at first, but afterwards with a rate of increase almost perceptible to our naked vision, till at last the whole sky will be lit up with the fiery portent. Night by night we shall watch its terrible growth, and before long it will be brilliant enough to outshine the sun itself. The temperature will rise to be first tropical, and then hotter than anything that is endured in the hottest room of a Turkish bath. But the time during which we shall be conscious of excessive heat will be brief indeed. The two large bodies, plunging toward each other at a pace compared with which the speed of a cannon-ball is absolute rest, will crash into each other with a hideous collision. We shall not have time even for an ejaculation. The petty race of insects that crawl amongst the little excrescences on the earth's skin will be instantaneously dismissed from existence."

This was written some little time back, but we thought that there was no use in protracting people's discomfort, so we kept it back. But it comes from the best authority, and it is published with the approbation of the Astronomer Royal, the Lord Chancellor, the Clerk of the Weather, the Chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works, and CAPTAIN SHAW, of the Fire Brigade. We believe, in fact, that the nose of the Comet has already been seen above the horizon, but it is rather a long nose, and takes some time to demonstrate itself fully. But there it is, and the rest is coming up behind. Therefore, if any subscriber to *Punch* has not paid up his subscriptions, or has not completed his set of volumes, the sooner he communicates with the Publisher the better.

WAVING OUR KERCHIEF.

WE will not deceive you longer. This is the real American difficulty, and the last telegram, from the *Musical World* office, has settled it, as follows:—

"MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD has accepted an engagement to play at several concerts, in the great 'Boston Peace Jubilee,' under the direction of Mr. GILMORE, and will leave London on Saturday, the 8th of June."

"That goes against the MACNABS," observed the swimming Highlander, MACNAB, when his enemy, a MACINTOSH, cut off his own hand in the water, and pitched it on shore—the bargain having been that the land was to belong to the first who "laid hand" on it. For the MACNABS, read the English. A grim story, yet appropriate in the case of one whose hand has achieved a thousand triumphs. We are to lose her, unless war breaks out before the eighth, and *bella* keep ARABELLA at home. This we dare not hope for, and so we wish her *bon voyage*, a series of triumphs; and a happy return. "ARABELLA" has ever been *Mr. Punch's* ward, since he wrote of

"The young and gifted Miss GODDARD

Whom with admiration all the critical squad heard ;"

and he caps those exquisite verses with two as lovely:—

"None holds a high-class music in more real honour than

The hospitable, Indirect-claiming, but otherwise unexceptionable JONATHAN."

Strike off Beat.

A THREATENED strike of Policemen was announced the other day in a paragraph of the *Times*, thus commencing:—

"ET TU, BRUTE?—The Plymouth Policemen met on Friday, and agreed to apply for a considerable advance of pay, and a diminution of the hours of labour."

Rather, one would say, "*Et tu, BOBBEE?*"



"HOW SHOULD I MY TRUE LOVE KNOW FROM ANY OTHER WOMAN?"

"ER—WHAT COLOUR DID YOU SAY YOUR CARRIAGE—WHEELS WERE?"

"GREEN, PICKED OUT WITH RED!"

"ER—THANKS! I SHALL LOOK OUT FOR 'EM IN THE PARK!"

THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER AND "PUNCH."

FROM a Report, in the *Manchester Courier*, of the speeches at a Meeting in aid of an Asylum for Female Penitents, we extract the following words, which are attributed to the LORD BISHOP OF MANCHESTER. After some remarks upon the style of the female dress of the present day, his Lordship is made to say:—

"Look at the literature which was sometimes allowed to find its way to their drawing-room tables, the licence taken by even respectable prints, the cartoons which sometimes appeared in *Punch*, where the idea was at least verging on the impure, if not actually impure."

These lines have been brought to our notice too late to enable us to ascertain, in time for the purposes of our present publication, whether the BISHOP OF MANCHESTER has been accurately reported. His Lordship's character forbids us to believe that he can have uttered what we can describe only by a word we never hastily apply. If one fact is more notorious than another, it is the fact that from the issue of the first number of *Punch* to that of the number now in the reader's hand, there has never appeared in his pages a picture or a word that has approached, we will not say impurity—the epithet is a coarse one—but even indiscretion. We should not have condescended to say for ourselves what every parent in England will say for us, but that the language above quoted is stated to have been used by a Clergyman whom we have hitherto regarded with the sincerest respect. Had we written—

"Look at the Sermons which are sometimes delivered by the Bishops of the Church of England, the licence taken by the highest ecclesiastics; the discourses, for instance, of the BISHOP OF MANCHESTER, where sometimes the idea is at least verging on Atheism, if not actually Atheistic—"

we should not have written more wickedly than the BISHOP OF MANCHESTER is said to have spoken. But until the report can be

PLUP! AND TOC!

(*Bacchanalian Song: Dedicated to the United Kingdom Alliance.*)

PLUP! goes the cork, when 'tis drawn, of Hock.
Goes, as it flies the Champagne cork, toe!
Quaffing unless ye be still Champagne,
Or else of the sparkling Hock tumblers drain;
Then the case is reversed as you liquor up
With a toc, toe, toe! and a plup, plup, plup!

When ye have eaten your fill of meat;
Save olives and fruit no more can eat,
Plup! on your ears doth only fall;
Toc! you no longer hear at all.
Plup! then go all the corks that there may be;
Plup! Port, Claret plup, and plup! Burgundy.

When ye are on in the evening far,
Then, as ye smoke the mild cigar,
Table and walls again all round
Much as before do with toc! resound.
Brandy and seltzer, beloved fock,
Go about with explosions of toc! toc! toc!

Such is the case with us, noble Swells,
Aye in our banquet-halls, clubs, hotels.
Men in their aprons and paper caps
Working, are served out of silent taps.
Let their lips be deprived of that humble cup
Which attended is neither by toc! nor plup!

The Killjoys.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON

Said unto DAWSON

BURNS, "Suppose we liquor up?"

Replied that other

Platformist, "Brother,

We're just the lads to crush a cup."

WHEN a person disappears with a balance, as MR. SIMKINS the accountant has done, it is obvious that he is dissatisfied with the scale of remuneration. This observation ought to have its weight with employers. When the scales fall from their eyes on this point, their balances will remain in their hands.

verified, or (as we hope and believe will be the case) until the language in question shall have been repudiated, we abstain from further remark upon the subject.

KING COLE AND THE CARTOONS.

KING COLE means to have the Cartoons copied, and invites competitors for the job at two pounds a week. They are to win the toss by a head from the famous design of *St. Peter Healing the Cripple*.

Poor dear RAFFAELLE!

Talk of the risks his Cartoons ran from fire and damp at Hampton Court! What were either to the special risks of South Kensington from the same causes?

First, for fire. Fancy a battery of two-pounders, in close order, firing away at the Beautiful Gate! If they blow it open, it will be the first time copyists ever did; and forty shillings a-week seems poor pay for such Fine-Art artillery.

Then, as for damp. What were the worst damps WREN's room could breed, to the damping effect of the superheated steam of the Boilers and these South Kensington copying-machines!

No. RAFFAELLE's charcoal might draw the Cartoons, but not even *Punch's* *Cher* COLE will ever get them copied! Still, by all means, let the King try. His arena is the Impossible.

Yet a thought strikes us. He might get over the æsthetic difficulties, but the official ones! Hasn't he just floored the Treasury, and wouldn't the Treasury like to be even with him? It only allows copyists thirty shillings a-week, and here's that owdacious KING COLE going to give them forty!

Fancy the fiendish delight of MR. LINGEN as he puts all his vitriolic acid into a wiggling from my Lords, and an order to dock the ten shillings! "My Lords cannot admit that the nature of the document to be copied can be allowed, on sound and economical principles of administration, to affect the remuneration of the copyist!"



THE "RED BOOK" AT FAULT!

Mrs. Polshorf (Establishment for Young Ladies, Bellevue House, St. Leonards), solicitous as well for the physical as the mental development of her Pupils, engages a respectable (middle-aged) Non-Commissioned Officer to exercise them in Calisthenics under her own eye.

Ancient Militia Sergeant. "ELBOWS TURNED IN, AND CLOSE TO THE SIDES!—PALMS O' THE HANDS FULL TO THE FRONT!—THUMB CLOSE TO THE FORE-FINGER!—LITTLE FINGER IN LINE WITH THE SEAM OF THE TROWS—AH! AS YOU WERE!!"

A SPANISH PIRATE.

MR. PUNCH invites LORD GRANVILLE'S attention to this. He will be good enough to make proper representations to the Government of KING AMADEUS. A more flagrant act of piracy has never been committed. The Spanish Pretender, CARLOS VII., has issued a proclamation containing the following passage:—

"Let us all unite, crying Down with the Foreigner! and on the Roar of the Spanish Lion the tools of the Revolution and the satellites of Italy will fly terrified."

The sentiments herein expressed may be noble enough, but they are what may be colloquially called a "dead prig" from *Mr. Punch*. One of the most valued of his staff, W. M. THACKERAY, put them into beautiful poetry. He stated that at a public dinner he heard the minstrels sing as follows, after the usual milingitary toast:—

"O the sword and shield And the Battle-Field Are the joys that best I love
When the grenadiers with their pikes and spears Through the ranks of the
foemen shove boys And the bold hooray strikes wild dismay In the files
of the dead and dyin' And the bayonet clanks in the Frenchmen's flanks
As they fly from the British Lion."

DON CARLOS VII. may pretend to the throne of Spain, if he likes, but he must not pretend to be the inventor of a soul-stirring appeal like that he has promulgated. The Roar of the Spanish Lion, indeed! The brave Carlists are more likely to be invited to run home by the Smell of the Spanish Onion. Run they did, anyhow.

Rational Ancient Roman.

"NOTHING," said SEMPRONIUS to CATO, "would make me consent to die for my country but the fear of worse punishment if I declined." "Don't be pusillanimous," was CATO's reply. "Abuse," rejoined SEMPRONIUS, "is no argument."

ALIEN AND ALIAS.

THIS is—well, worth notice. CASTRO (with MESSRS. BAIGENT and GUILDFORD ONSLOW) is "stumping" the country, previously to his trial. He is, by the kind permission of Her Majesty's Judges, to make appearances in several of the principal towns. There he will spout, and, unless he has a more decent "entertainment" written for him, will, as at Alresford, abuse the Judge who committed him for perjury, and declare the Chief Justice "biased" and unfit for his place. Subscriptions from all sorts of credulous fools are, of course, expected to pour in. But lo and behold! The solicitor for DIBLANC (the woman who destroyed a lady in Park Lane) writes to pray that some of the liberality invoked for CASTRO may be directed towards DIBLANC, seeing that she is an "Alien" in need and Newgate. . . . The cases are hardly parallel, as CASTRO is not guilty of murdering anything but the Queen's English, or of trying to murder anything but a lady's reputation. Which appeal, however, is the most impudent may be left an open question.

"Angels and Ministers."

If ladies are to have a finger in the political pie, as is threatened by the Woman's Rights Movement, and exchange solicitude for evening parties with anxiety for parties political, many of us will find ourselves constrained to alter SCOTT's beautiful lines to suit the circumstances, as thus:—

"When pain and anguish wrack the brow,
A ministerial angel, thou!"

"SIZE—A WEAK GLUE."—*Webster.*

A GERMAN philosopher discovered that the Soul was a Glue. His doctrine has not been absolutely accepted here; but we saw, the other day, a novel called *A Life's a Size*.

PUNCH'S DERBY PROPHECY.



THAT the Derby will be run this year, as usual, I suppose, natlless I don't prophesy that, my beloved friends. For though I have been assiduously moving in the circles in which horsemanship is the one faith, I never found so little interest taken in the subject. I am quite grieved at this. For myself, I am full of equestrian fire (a bold image that), and I shall spring to my box-seat on the Wednesday morning with all the animation and joy which inspired me when I went off to see *Pyrrhus the First* win, and to commemorate his victory in a couplet which my dear friend Mrs. KEELEY spoke the same night at the Lyceum. That lady too was at Epsom, but, faithful as ever to her duty, said upon the boards a few hours later,

"You've backed the favourite, have you? Then you'll rue it:
Pyrrhus the First has won! I *seed* him do it."

With as light a heart as then (as light as M. OLLIVIER's *cœur*, and with better reason), with as graceful a figure, with as gay a cravat, and with as fine a weed, shall I, your beloved *Punch*, mount my drag for the Derby. But I cannot disguise from myself that people seem to be going perfunctorily, and if you don't know what that means, you ought to, and I shan't tell. The sprightly writers will not allow that the Derby is a bore, except to young men, and to me; but the superstition is on the wane, and it's no good being waxy about it. Meons wax and wane, you understand, eh, you mad wag?

In my insatiable ardour for sporting news, I have visited all the horses in their private apartments, and interviewed them. I took my friend GRUMPY with me, because he is a judge of horses, having one day ridden on the Elephant at the Zoological Gardens. The first noble animal we called on was *Westland*. If he had been named WESTLAND MARSTON it would have been a better omen, as anything he gives name to is sure to run well. As it is, I think the noble animal will be like the Royalists at Marston Moor. Then we saw *Bertram*. Did you ever read HENRY KIRKE WHITE's ghastly ballad *Gondoline*, and how a witch went to *Bertram* in battle and told him his love had wedded another, and how he flung himself into the slaughter, and how she tore his head off, and how she held it up for the maiden to see in the cave? If not, read it. Our *Bertram*'s head will not, I think, come off, but it will not be near the winner's. The *Sunbeam* colt is welcome, for his name, but his chances are moonshine. The *Druid* has his merits, but if he says, in his stall, that he is going to win (horses have sometimes spoken, and asses often), quote COLLINS, and say, "In yonder cave a Druid lies." Winslow we visited, and GRUMPY said that no Derby horse could win elow. Wasn't it a stupid remark? I said that I could not lay Winslow's Soothing Syrup to the souls of his backers. Wasn't it a clever epigram? GRUMPY was rather sweet (for him) on *Statesman*, but a real statesman always sees three courses before him, and no horse can run on three unless he is Cerberus, who is not a horse but a dog. I don't like the name, *Statesman* and *Blunderer* being just now nearly equivalents—net elephants, said GRUMPY. *Laburnum* the Germans call "golden rain," and this fine horse will deserve a golden rein, and golden oats too (like CALIOULA's) if he wins, but I think Laburnum wood will first come to Dunsinane. GRUMPY muttered something about inane dunce. He

is a rude kuss. As regards *Wenlock*, the nobleman of that name takes his name from Much Wenlock, but you will not see much *Wenlock* among the foremost. As regards *Almoner* I do not speak so decidedly, because he certainly complies with the definition of a horse, being a large quadruped, with a leg at each corner of him, but those who have legs all right, may yet misplace alms. He ought to do something, and I believe will. *Drummond* is not a horse to be sneezed at; in fact, I do not know that any horses are made for that purpose. Mr. HENRY DRUMMOND, a remarkable man, used to keep a horse always saddled and bridled in his stable, to be ready for the end of the world, and if this is that animal, back him, for Mr. DRUMMOND had the best of everything, and usually, in debate, the best of everybody. We visited *Queen's Messenger*, and GRUMPY made a stupid quotation about a "poster of this sea and land," à propos of seeing a poster of *Land and Water*. As for Q. M., I consider that he ought to win, because I have drawn him in a Sweep. Angel means Messenger, and if he wins I will call him an angel—I can't say fairer. He is a clinking good horse, a fact which would comfort me mere if I knew what clinking meant. However, let the cannakin clink, and let the cannakin clink, a king's but a man, and a pot's not a pan, and so we'll have something to drink. We have new to speak of *Cremorne*, or as ten thousand cads will call him, on the day, *Cree-morne*. All snobs are in a hurry with their accents. The noble lady who owns the name is descended from Mr. WHALEY, and if the horse goes, as the beautiful Scotch song says, Whalsey, whalsey up the bank, and whalsey whalsey down the brse, why his backers may blubber. On the other hand, if he is only half as fast as *Cremorne*-haunters fancy they are, the Blue Riband is his. Do I express myself clearly? If you think not, read what I have said over again until you are tired, then stop. Finally, we come to the Favourite, bonny *Prince Charlie*. The prince of that name was a pretender. This horse is very big. We have lately seen a big pretender come to grief. But *Prince Charlie* has real good blood in him, and Epsom may not be his Culloden, or his Court of Common Pleas. His motto, however, mustn't be "On-Slow." This was GRUMPY's joke, and you may easily perceive into what a condition he had got. Come, that's all I have to say, for if people don't take an interest in things, I shall not eliminate scsquipedalianisms in an autoschediastical fashion to amuse them. But, you respectfully ask—what is my final advice? What do I mean to Stand Upon? Well, I mean to stand upon the top of my drag. Sold again, and bought an ounce of Epsom salts with some of the money. Never bet on horses. I respect the American gentleman who never backed but one, and then he backed him into a shop-window. There, don't stand in uffish thought, but study my vormal hints again, and if you don't rest too long by the Tum-Tum tree, you'll chortle in your joy. Notice what I have not said. Read "between the lines."

PUNCH.

WE WILL TORPEDO THEM.

"As yet," says a contemporary, in an article urging the importance of the torpedo as a weapon of offence and defence in naval warfare, "the science of torpedoing has never been thoroughly investigated in this country." Here we have another new word, and, what is more, another new thing, come, as usual, from America. To employ torpedoes effectually against ships was an American achievement, and to call their employment "torpedoing" is American speech. Turning, as their manner is, a substantive into a verb, the Americans have made one more addition to their mother tongue for us. Henceforth torpedo is to be conjugated in English grammars—"I torpedo, thou torpedoest, he she or it torpedoes," and so on through all moods and tenses, the most important of which, in regard to making all due provision to act it out in case of need, is the Indicative Mood, Future Tense, First Person Plural—"We shall torpedo," in the event of having our coasts invaded. Mind that.

A GROAN ON A BORE.

O THE *Alabama* bore!
When are we to have it o'er,
Never hear about it more,
How long, O how long before?

How much tedious prose in store
Have the journals still to pour
On that threadbare theme, galore?
Hang the *Alabama* bore!

Double Cockney Conundrum for the Derby Day.

"What eminent Composer would in England have probably been
"in the Ring?"
"Aydn."
"Why?"
"Because who ever 'eard of 'Aydn alone? Ain't it always a
'Aydn and abettin'? Eh? Now then! Come up, can't yer!"



WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

MRS. DUFFCOOT WRITES TO MR. PUNCH FOR HIS JUDGMENT ON A MOST IMPORTANT QUESTION. MR. D. IS NOT NOW IN PARLIAMENT, OR SHE WOULD NOT TROUBLE MR. P. THE POINT IS, WHETHER HER COOK OR LADY'S-MAID TAKES PRECEDENCE AMONG THE SERVANTS IN HER ESTABLISHMENT. THE UNSREMLY SCOWLING, NOT TO SAY SOUFFLING, THAT TAKES PLACE WHEN THEY COME IN TO PRAYERS, IS QUITE SHOCKING!

VATICINATIONS OF THE VATICAN.

(PIUS prophesies.)

FROM Germany again . . . this little cloud
No bigger than a man's hand . . . a man's head . . .
Yon dreaming DÖLLINGER'S . . . spreads to a shroud,
For souls with plague of heresy struck dead,
Who wear it for a marriage-garment, proud
As men who new life, not old death, have wed.

Yes, the plague spreads and spreads—and I sit still,
And cannot light the fires that Popes of old
Lighted, such pestilential schism to kill,
And with their wholesome warming to uphold
Blind Reverence and fair Faith against the chill
Of Free Thought, and Lay Reason's deadly cold!

No LEO I,—no LION—Lord of Rome,
This lesser LUTHER tooth and nail to rend!
Within the shadow of St. Peter's Dome
St. Peter's shrunken realm must 'gin and end:
"Urbi et orbi," of the Church's home
Was measure once: "in urbe" now 'tis penned!

No LEO I—what if a LUTHER he,
Munich Basilica's Byzantine Gate
Another door of Wittenberg to be,
Defying Papal fires and Papal hate?
What if my own *encyclicon* I see,
Of Leo's *indulgentia* share the fate?

Has the thing bred the thought, the thought the thing?
But as I gaze, methinks, out of this cloud,
From Munich, blown by blast of Satan's wing,
I see the Erfurt monk's broad forehead bowed—

Above that brow a star, that light doth bring,
From hell, not heaven—Hence, Lucifer avowed!

"For light—more light!"—the heretic may pray:
But 'twas in clouds and darkness Sinai's Lord
Spoke when he bade his chosen race obey;
In cloud he walked to point their conquering sword;
The Holy place of Holies hid away
In veils his presence, while Priests spoke his Word.

Give Faith its darkness—leave the light for Schism—
Light that shows many paths, but cannot show
Which leads from, which leads to, the black abyss,
Whose depths all heretics are doomed to know:
Fools of that reason, whose dissolving prism
Breaks up white Truth to Error's iris-bow.

Beef from Botany Bay.

SIXPENCE preserved Australian meat per pound!
If good, in preference one would always buy it;
But done to rage, as 'tis too often found,
What is it more than vegetable diet?

Strike Among Suds.

ACCORDING to a contemporary, a fashion for some time prevalent amongst the industrious classes has been adopted by some of a class remarkable for industry:—

"WASHERWOMEN ON STRIKE.—A good deal of amusement was caused at Teignmouth, on Monday, by the town-crier announcing a strike of the washerwomen and laundresses, and declaring their resolution not to work for less than 1s. 6d. per day."

This strike will very likely succeed. The washerwomen of Teignmouth, no doubt, took good care to strike while the iron was hot.

SIMPLE NOTES ON ENGLAND.

By X * * * *, a distinguished and intelligent Frenchman.



Chief of the Whistlers is the *Thane of Fife*.

They reward whistling, because the English are a nation which whistles. My friend WAGG tells me that, from this habit, has been derived their proverb "*Whistlers (sifleurs) never hear good of themselves.*" He has not explained to me the precise application.

Where a Frenchman exclaims *Mon Dieu!* the Englishman says *The Deuce!* In effect, it would be unfair to decide what might be the religious faith of either from such expressions. But, however, it seems to me that that of the former is less sombre than that of the latter.

The official, the most important in England, after the QUEEN, is *The Chairman*. He presides at all public dinners, at all public meetings. WAGG tells me that he has no regular pension, but that he receives a fee, for every dinner, sufficient to pay for his breakfast and luncheon the following day. His wife, who is generally neither of the upper nor of the middle class, is called a *Chairwoman*. She is employed by many noble families, and often resides in their houses, particularly during their absence in the country, or at the sea-side. In former days they were a class, and lived separated from the metropolis at a little village, called in consequence *Chairing*. Here now stand the Railway Station and the *Charing Cross*. Their special Home is destroyed, but the Office remains, grander than ever.

The Barristers hold military rank. Some are Sergeants. The Chief of the Solicitors is called the Solicitor General, and has a horse. I know this because I have seen him riding. The Chief of the Attorneys is called the Attorney General. The difference between a Solicitor and an Attorney, my friend WAGG says, is the same as between a crocodile and an alligator.

Many of the Cabmen (*voituriers*) are very poor curates (*vicaires*), who thus gain money to support their wives and families. Such is one of the evils of a married clergy. In the provinces, where there is not this resource, celibacy, though rare, is almost a necessity. A young clergyman is, generally, the object of a *flirtation*, more or less serious; and, outside the Sunday, his duties are not heavy, unless he is able to play *Croquet*. In this case, for two-thirds of the year the young minister has very little time to himself.

In some towns, in the country, there is only one policeman. I have known this in Cornwall, which nearly resembles our Brittany. Often only one constable to three thousand persons, who subscribe among themselves, by a *rate*, to support him. It is evident, that, as he owes his existence to these three thousand persons, he cannot arrest any one of them at the command of any other of them. Thus he finds himself in a delicate position. His policy, naturally, becomes one of abstaining. His patrons, who appreciate his difficulty, refrain from offending against the Law. Thus, in effect, the peace is preserved in the quiet small towns of *Merry England*. [This is a fact. My friend WAGG took me to the town of * * * * and indicated to me the policeman. I chatted with him, and gave him a glass of *Gin*.]

THE other day, when the Domestic of Dundee met to grumble and in order to arrange "*a strike*," they were unable to obtain a Chairwoman to preside over their assembly. This shows clearly that the wife of a Chairman is by her position aristocratic.

The English soldiers cannot play the drum as the French can. Their military movements are executed to the sound of the trumpet, which they can blow strongly. Thus the British lungs do more than the British arms to make a noise in the world. They play *fifes*, and they tell me that the chief fifer is, *ex officio*, a Scotch Nobleman. Our *Tambour-major* is a man tall and magnificent; but here, the

The *British Lion* is not an animal living at this hour. The bones of a hyæna were found in a cave in Devonshire. Hyænas laugh. They lived when this island evidently was *Merry England*.

The legal processes in England are very simple, when well understood. So carnivorous are the English people, that, to become a barrister (*avocat*), one must eat so many dinners at the *inns-of-court*. This is wholly true. The public is admitted to a gallery to see them at their feeding-time. What barbarism!

The LORD CHANCELLOR, who is the highest legal official, sits always on a *wool-pack* (*ballot de laine*). This, my friend WAGG tells me, is a sort of satire, which means that a Lawyer is supported by those who have lost their fleece. [But one must have stayed as long as I in England to comprehend this play on the words, *fleece, fleas, and wool*.]

England boasts herself to be a Free Country. But my friend WAGG tells me that, in effect, no person can have an opinion unless he pay, at least, six shillings and eightpence for it. We have our faults, we French, but our thoughts, our opinions, are free as the air! For them we pay no *octroi*, no tax, no eight francs.

Cricket is a game of ball, played always in a field, whence the name Cricket (*grillon*), which insect is in the plain air during all the summer, and in the kitchens in the winter. The book the most celebrated, on this subject, is, my friend WAGG tells me, *The Cricket on the Earth*. I have not read it myself, because I believe it is simply technical.

The best system, in order to acquire a knowledge of the game of Cricket, is to practise it as an athlete of Old Greece. When the ball, thick, hard, and heavy, is launched at you, with enormous force, from the bat of the player, you must run with all your legs; you must save yourself, if it is possible, or it will upset you, sometimes striking you upon the nose, sometimes between, or in, the eyes, sometimes falling on the top of the cranium, when you the least in the world expect it. A nose or an eye may thus easily be damaged. The arms, the legs, and the body are protected strongly, but for me, I shall never again play at Cricket. Never.

Look at the spirit of the two nations shown in their grammars. We French think twice before we marry, an Englishman does not think at all. Thus with us To marry is a reflective verb; with them it is a verb active. There is the difference. X * * * *

PEACE WITHOUT PANIC.

COME hither force invading could
How, but in transport ships of wood?
In one of which one shell, well tossed,
Would make all hands a holocaust.
Keep but your coast defences right,
You'll ne'er have foes ashore to fight.
But, since we can't be too secure,
Make we assurance doubly sure,
With Army more than fit to meet
The biggest that could dodge our fleet,
Or our torpedos failed to throw
Aloft; our rams hurled not below.

CHURCH AND TURF.

THE *Dean of Westminster* was one of the horses prophesied to win the Newmarket Two-Year-Old Plate. Dr. Temple ran third for the Great Northern Handicap at York. Evidence such as this of the popularity of the Church in a quarter not hitherto considered to be one of its strongholds, would, we are sure, cheer the heart and strengthen the resolution of Convocation, if it were now sitting; and it is hardly possible to imagine the gratification of eminent Deans and Bishops at seeing their names and titles conferred on promising colts and three-year-olds. But the Turf should be impartial, and not limit its favours to one Church or one party. DR. PUSEY may reasonably feel aggrieved at being overlooked, DR. CUMMING and MR. SPURGEON have both strong claims to public recognition, and *The Monsignor* is a name which would sound well in the betting quotations.

We throw out these few hints for the benefit of those owners and breeders who are looking out for suitable names for their horses, just adding that we do not advise *Ritualist*—it is open to suspicion.

DERBY 'ANTICIPATIONS.'



APPY MESSRS. FORTUNATUM AND JASON are anticipating a great many morning callers (in carriages) at 181, Piccadilly.

MRS. DU PORTMENT'S young ladies are anticipating the delights of witnessing the progress of the company to the Course, from behind the garden-wall of Mangnall House. — (N.B. Their evening studies will, unavoidably, prevent them from being spectators of the journey home.)

Young DE TANKERFIELD is anticipating the exquisite joys of a first Derby.

Job-masters, livery-stable keepers, licensed victuallers, waiters, ostlers, jockeys, postillions, wandering musicians, the "Mauritanian Minstrels," the "Altitudinous Acrobats," railway companies, Hansom cabmen, and pro-

prietors of Grand Stands, are anticipating their gains and profits. Foreign visitors are anticipating the national and traditional glories of the Derby Day.

Policemen are anticipating rather a hard day's work.

Police Magistrates are anticipating rather a hard next day's work.

Sporting prophets are anticipating the best way of justifying their unaccountable mistake in selecting the wrong horses as the first three.

MARIAN CHARNYSYDE is anticipating the bliss of going in the same barouche with WALTER CHESELDEN.

SHERARD HANSON is anticipating an awfully jolly lunch with the ROPSLEY girls (especially CEANA).

Employers are anticipating the unavoidable absence of some of their employes on the morning of the 29th.

MRS. CHANCEY WINNINGTON is anticipating the number of pairs of gloves her turf speculations will produce.

MR. MORTIMER SLOPE is anticipating a premature and protracted sojourn in a foreign country, if *Cantankerous* does not win.

Bookmakers are anticipating what the next edition of their little publications may contain.

A few utterly unreasonable people are anticipating the time when the House of Commons will not think it necessary to adjourn the business of the Nation for the Derby Day.

Some sceptical persons, whose faith in the weather is not yet settled, are anticipating a snow-storm.

Very many people are anticipating what they will win.

Very few people are anticipating what they will lose.

THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER AND "PUNCH."

HAVING entertained no kind of doubt that the BISHOP OF MANCHESTER had been mis-reported in the newspaper which attributed to his Lordship the remarks we quoted last week, we should simply acknowledge the promptness with which the Bishop was good enough to correct the reporter, but for the pleasure with which we received a communication from his Lordship. From this, although we have permission to publish it *in extenso*, it will suffice to extract a portion. The Bishop writes:—

"What I meant to say, and what I believe I did say, was this. 'The light literature on our drawing-room tables, the engravings in our illustrated papers, even the cartoons of *Punch*, indicate that the tone of fashionable society, if not actually impure, is perilously close to the border-land of impurity.' Nobody who knows the way in which your artists 'hold the mirror up to Nature,' and illustrate the foibles of the age, would charge them with ministering to impurity; indeed, I have often admired the skill or the right feeling with which they have touched on delicate ground; but I was thinking of the general tone of that fast, fashionable life which those pictures illustrate, and whose follies they often so admirably expose. I deeply regret that I should have been mis-reported."

It is due to the BISHOP OF MANCHESTER to add that the letter from which the above passage is taken, was written before he saw our reference to the subject, and was called forth by some comment

which his Lordship had seen elsewhere. All who know DR. FRASER, either personally or by reputation, would be certain that his course, in any matter, would be the course of a Christian gentleman, and we can hardly regret an accident that has afforded him the opportunity of showing how an act of justice can be done gracefully.

ITEMS

Catalogued for the instruction and amusement of those who from temporary impecuniosity or for any other reason are unable or unwilling to go in and see the pictures, and are therefore resting themselves in the ante-chamber of the Royal Academy's Exhibition, where the sticks are kept.

No. 102. View of Gingham. *A Genuine Gamp.*

No. 216. Cane. *A Study.*

No. 315. Two Sticks. *Presented by a grateful audience to the two Walking Gentlemen of the Blank Theatre, as a testimonial to their invaluable services in Comedy.*

No. 171. A Bag. *A first of September subject.*

No. 155. The Union. A basket, a rug, an umbrella, and a stick bound together by one tie.

No. 175. A P-jacket. *"Oh Pilat, 'tis a fearful night!"*

No. 203. The Three Sisters. *Three parasols, belonging, perhaps, to MR. MILLATS' three uncivil young ladies, who, though they're visited by everybody, won't leave their cards.*

No. 214. A Habit of Long Standing. *An Ulster Coat, evidently the property of a gentleman about six feet three.*

No. 3567. Somebody's Good Umbrella. *Name unknown.*

201. One Waterproof. *Much needed by MR. POYNTER'S Andromeda after she has been taken from "The Monster," in order that she may go home with Perseus, the Conductor.*

505. A Hamper, three large Brown Paper Parcels, a Bag, and an Umbrella; also a Basket containing Fish for Dinner.

"The famished husband makes a frightful fuss, if
The Dinner's unprovided by his housewife."

The Man and the Hour.

The Three Custodians (all retired R.A.'s) will be happy to furnish further items for an Outsider's Catalogue when not otherwise engaged. But it is a pleasant sight to notice with what artistic finish they bind up the sticks, umbrellas, and other articles left in their charge. Moreover, their charge is nothing.

"RUBBISH MUST NOT BE SHOT HERE."

(A respectful Remonstrance to MONSIEUR THIERS.)

SEWER-SCOURINGS offend both the lungs and the nose;

Where they fester lurks fever; to breathe them is death;

Human nature in city-slums stagnates or flows

With odours as sickening, as pestilent breath:

In flushing the sewage of London or Paris,

Disinfectants the scavenger's bound to employ;

No lime is too potent, too pungent no tar is,

To vanquish those gases, those poisons destroy:

How to treat its own scourings each city must learn,

If a man seek our ground his own laystalls to clear,

While ready to do him a neighbourly turn,

We must tell him, "We can't have your rubbish shot here."

This protest, ere shooting your Communist sweepings

On our shores, MONSIEUR THIERS, you will please bear in mind:

Of recent French savings we don't want the reappings:

The grain you've threshed out ought but wholesome we find.

We've our own City-slums' human sewage to deal with,

Too much of our own disinfection to do;

And what sympathy e'er your late troubles we feel with,

We'd rather you'd not make the Thames your *Égout*.

Its own scum, I repeat, is each nation's concern;

Happy they who to utilise see their way clear:

So, while ready to do you a neighbourly turn,

We must tell you, "We won't have your rubbish shot here."

A Pair of Race Spectacles.

1. THE spectacle of MR. JONES, at ten o'clock, A.M., emerging from his front door in a new white hat and dust coat, and looking quite a picture of neatness and respectability.

2. The spectacle of MR. JONES, at ten o'clock, P.M., returning to his front door in a battered hat, with dolls stuck round it, and looking quite a picture of won't-go-home-till-morning-ness.



A CHAPTER ON "PRIGGISM."

Colonel Debonair. "CHARMING SONG, WAS IT NOT? FROM THE *BARBIERE*, YOU KNOW."

Miss Penelope Prygge (for Self and Sisters). "WE—ER—DO NOT CARE FOR ITALIAN MUSIC—ONLY GERMAN!"

Colonel Debonair. "BUT STILL—WITH SUCH A LOVELY VOICE AS COUNT TSCHOKOLATOFFSKY'S——"

Miss Penelope Prygge. "WE—ER—DO NOT LISTEN TO VOCAL MUSIC—ONLY INSTRUMENTAL!"

CELEBRITIES ON THE TURF.

BACKED the wrong horse, Country Cousin, have you? Well, there, never mind.

Better luck another Derby, when Dame Fortune may be kind.

Why are you like you ex-Monarch? Why, because you've lost a Crown.

Drink, and further drown reflection. Let us look about the Down.

All the world is gathered round us, come to see the horses run, Here are all the men of mark and livelihood, and more of none. Here you may behold your betters; not much, that, for some to say, Some no better than they should be, betters in the betting way.

Ministers and Opposition there, without their party flags, Most of them behold, at luncheon, seated on their several drags. There's our PREMIER, look, discoursing, in an earnest frame of mind, To BOB LOWE, whose frugal meal is bread-and-cheese; he scrapes the rind.

There is DIZZY, there his noble friend, the namesake of the day, And they quaff intoxicating liquors—as a Prig would say. Lo! and there's SIR WILFRID LAWSON, who would close each liquor-shop.

He and DAWSON BURNS, his henchman. Are they drinking ginger-pop?

There you see the Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, in the breeze

Round his hat floats azure muslin; likewise of the Common Pleas Him, and several other Judges learned in the Law you see, All, Judge LUSH inclusive, sober as a Judge is safe to be.

There's his Grace of Canterbury, and his Grace of York as well. There is grave ARCHBISHOP MANNING, 'long with MONSIGNOR CAPEL.

There's the REVEREND DOCTOR NEWMAN, there's the REVEREND NEWMAN HALL.

DOCTOR CUMMING, MR. PURCHAS, SPURGEON; jolly preachers all:

Jolly; but, beloved hearer, what if Pedants' law forbade Stronger drink than soda-water, ginger-beer, and lemonade? Fancy a Teetotal Derby! Picture Melancholy's reign Over chicken, over lobster-salad severed from champagne!

Fancy that, but for a moment. Do not dwell upon the theme. 'Tis to contemplate too dismal, as it were a horrid dream. Let it pass, and let us liquor, let us blow the cloud serene: With a vision like a nightmare cloud we not this horsey scene.

CASTROMETATION.

LITTLE SIR HENRY ALFRED TICHBORNE, the "infant" Baronet, has good friends in the respectable tenants on his family estates. All (save two or three) who pay more than £10 a year, that is all who are presumably educated, have presented LADY TICHBORNE with an Address, repudiating the statement that CASTRO came to Alresford on their invitation. They express sympathy with the young Baronet and his mother. This is behaviour worthy of decent Englishmen, and a good answer to MR. ONSLOW'S "telling"—did he mean story-telling—demonstration. Why will this otherwise sensible gentleman insist on bearing the title of Member for Castro?

Only a Letter.

DUC D'AUDIFFRET-PASQUIER, in the furious Rouher debate, made good use of the bitter cry to VARUS to "give back the Legions." But as the French soldiers were sacrificed to the brutal greed of contractors and jobbers, the typical name should be AVARUS.



“SCRATCHED!”

MR. PUNCH. “YOU DON’T MEAN TO SAY, JONATHAN, YOU THOUGHT TO WIN WITH *THAT*! WHY, HE HASN’T A LEG TO STAND ON!”
JONATHAN. “WIN!!! WA—AL, MR. PUNCH, SIR; I CALCULATE YEW KNOW AS WELL AS I DEW WE NEVER MEANT EVEN TO RUN HIM!”



EXAMINATION FOR TURFITES.

(Derby Day, 1872.)



WHEN is it necessary to apply the Spur of the Moment?

2. What are the chances in favour of the Derby favourite winning "the River Plate"?

3. In a family of fourteen, with the youngest two years' old, what will be the average bill for Nursery Steaks?

4. Draw map, showing in what part of Wales the Welchers live.

5. If a gentleman whom you have never had the pleasure of meeting before, offers to bet you a hundred to ten against anything, on condition of your giving him three sovereigns down to bind the bargain, and supposing the horse which you have backed wins, what are the odds against any one, or two, or all, of the three following events taking place, namely: (1) Your ever seeing him again to speak to; (2) Your ever receiving the hundred and three pounds he owes you; (3) Your ever receiving the three sovereigns which you invested as aforesaid?

6. As an instance of the effect which English Racing

has even upon foreign ecclesiastical matters, give the name of the where a Prior scratched a Cardinal. Explain which Prior and what Cardinal.

7. Which is the Derby Day? (N.B. The answer that "It is, of course, JOHN DAY of Danebury," will not be allowed by the Judges.) Has the Moon anything to do with its fixture, or is it, like a Pic-Nic, a "Movable Feast"?

8. What is the receipt for the Ascot Cup? Is it cooling or exciting? Is it a good thing for a heat?

9. Explain the well-known poetic allusion to "Neat-handed Fillies." What part of a horse is a "hand"? How many hands go to a foot?

10. Name the racing colours of JULIUS CÆSAR.

11. As the Derby is run on Epsom Downs, Surrey, how do you account for the Start Point being on the coast of Devonshire?

With this gigantic staggerer the Examination for Male Turfites concludes. The next paper is for the Ladies:—

1. What coloured gloves do you prefer? Which is the best glove-shop? State your reasons.

2. Did you ever lose a bet?

3. Did you ever pay?

4. Are you very careful with whom you bet?

5. Are you providently making arrangements for being taken to Ascot and Goodwood this year. Remember you have such excellent reasons for insisting upon being taken to Goodwood this year, because

(a.) You've never yet been, and it's a thing one really ought to see.

(b.) Because one can get there so easily, by just running down to Brighton, Lewes, or Chichester, where you can stop for a few days, and then merely getting a trap and driving over.

(c.) Because the scenery is so lovely.

(d.) Because it is quite a ladies' race.

(e.) Because the SMITHSONS are all going, and they go every year.

(f.) Because you will meet—(but this is a private and particular reason).

(g.) Because, my dear JOHN, it really will not be expensive, and you'd spend much more if you went alone, without us, I mean without the girls and myself. If you leave it to me, I'll manage it.

(h.) Because, though it cost much more than we expected last year, yet this time we can arrange a great deal better.

(i.) Because you have set your heart on going, and therefore it's no use saying anything against it.

6. What is your notion of a King-man? [N.B. To be answered by any unmarried lady.]

No further questions will be asked, and Mr. Punch wishes you many happy returns of the (Derby) Day.

SLUMBER BEFORE SOCIETY.

UPON my pillow, of a night,
As I do lay my head,
When, having first put out the light,
I've got me into bed,
I often think within my mind,
To slumber ere I fall,
O now how many of my kind
Are dancing at a Ball!

And some as yet not there, perchance,
Will from the Opera go
And do no better thing than dance
On tip of restless toe,
In costly tailor's trim rigged out,
And milliner's array,
To caper, waltz, and wheel about,
And turn night into day.

Young people like it, I am told,
And so it seems to be.
I have been young, and now am old;
'Twas ever grief to me.
For supper's self, past midnight's chimes,
To care I little used,
Did always like to sup betimes,
Then toddle off to roost.

O how I do bepity men
Who, charged with daughters grown,
Are sitting up at parties when
Repose at home's a my own.
Rest they no less than I require,
But I obtain much more,
Since when they go forth I retire;
They yawn whilst I do snore.

O let me sit and smoke my pipe
Each evening of my life!
Whilst they, compelled by daughters, ripe
For marriage, and a wife,
Their bed-time far remote from view,
With heavy groans and sighs,
Are pulling their dress-waistcoats to,
Or fumbling at their ties.

SNOOZZLE.

A FIRST-CLASS TWELVE.

IN looking about for recruits to the Jury List, SIR JOHN COLERIDGE has overlooked a most eligible sort of persons, who, when he is on his legs as an advocate, are under his nose. These are the numerous Briefless Barristers who sit in attendance at every Court of Assize, with nothing in the world to do but to note what is going on. They might, without the least inconvenience to themselves, and very much to the advantage and relief of others, be transferred from the circumference of the green-baize table, under which they kick their heels, to the jury-box, wherein their legal knowledge would especially qualify them to sift evidence, and to apprehend aright the directions of the presiding Judge, whilst by their forensic training they would, when harangued by counsel for either side, be enabled duly and properly to understand, and appreciate, at its just value, the conscientious eloquence of their learned friends.

Wonders Will Never Cease.

THE mutilated statue of Leicester Square disappeared the other day. On asking what had become of it, we received the astounding intelligence that the equestrian figure so long immovable had "gone at last, and had fetched sixteen pounds." It is probable that having fetched this sum he will be spending it foolishly about town. Remembering the awful Commendatore in *Don Giovanni*, it would not surprise us to read of the appearance of this Unhappy Cripple in one of the police courts, either for disorderly conduct on the Derby Day, or for reckless riding in Rotten Row. We shall look out for him along the road to Epsom.



"WIDE AWAKE."

Guard. "TICKETS, PLEASE!" Rustic. "WHA—AT?"

Guard. "LET ME HAVE YOUR TICKET, AND LOOK SHARP!"

Rustic. "NOA, NOA, I 'BEEN AN' OIVE FOIVE BOB FOR MOY TICKET, AN' I DEANT A OAWN TO OIVE UN UP TO YOU. IF THERE WANTS TO TRAVEL, WHY DOANT 'E BUY ONE YOURSEN?"!!

THE EMPIRE OF THE FASHIONS.

ALTHOUGH Republican in name, France has not yet lost her Empire—at least her Empire in the fashions. Ladies everywhere still bow to her Imperial away. Her mandates still are issued in her own Imperial tongue, and defy translation into common English speech. For instance, see this extract from a fashionable paper:—

"*Toilettes de promenade* are made with *demie-trainees*, and when worn *en négligé* are shortened in the front. A novelty in *chapeaux* is the *chapeau jockey*, made of black lace with a puffed tulle and faille crown."

"*Toilettes de promenade*" might be Anglicised, perhaps, into more simple "walking dresses," though they might not sound so finely thus to fashionable ears. So, too, "*chapeaux*" may be readily translated into "hats," though to call one's hat a *chapeau* must doubtless vastly gratify a fashionable man. But who can put "*en négligé*" into proper English, especially when one has doubts if it be even proper French? And who can find equivalents for words like "tulle" and "faille" in any other tongue? They convey, no doubt, a meaning to fashionable minds, but to minds which are not fashionable they are simply fragments of unfathomable slang. "Puffed tulle and faille" sounds just as meaningless to ordinary ears as "plummy and slam" did to the ears of little *Oliver Twist*. In revenge, or *en revanche*, as we suppose we ought to say, and as a set-off to our English poverty of language, we find a jockey's cap is called a "*chapeau jockey*." So we may presume the French have no equivalent for "jockey," although we know the Derby has been won by a French horse.

MAXIM FOR THE DERBY DAY.

THERE'S many a slip
'Twixt the race and the tip.

TIRED THOMAS.

Aw! weally I am vewy bad,
I've been about hall day;
It is enough to dwive one mad—
These seasons long and gay.
These calves as been exposed too much,
These stockings now is soiled;
These ands my dinnaw scarce can touch,—
Too long this day they've toiled.

No wine at hall these eyes as seen,
I've filled no easy chair;
If BETSY to my room have been,
She found no THOMAS there.
I'm weally fagged and dwadful weak,
And wishea now to heat;
To west upon my and this cheek,
And warm these weary feet.

Me lady she does never think
About my cwaving hwheat,
When I am out—that I can't dwink,
And dine, and take my west.
Bein' out all day I would not mind,
If that I had no need;
Or if aw mansion I could find,
Where I could dwink and feed.

To keep a party fwom is port,
And luncheon, his too bad;
It weally do seem hawful sport,
As if I was a cad.
Fer hungaw is a fwightful baw,
That I too often feels;
And now I ate our seasons maw!
The maw I miss my meals.

Up in Arms.

A DEPUTATION from Richmond has been waiting on the SECRETARY-AT-WAR, to object to that delightful suburb being made a Military Station. One of the speakers is reported to have said that "the fact that many boarding schools for young ladies were in Richmond, was a strong argument in favour of the views of the Deputation." Perhaps, if the young ladies themselves could have had a few minutes' conversation with MR. CARDWELL, their views on the military question might not have been found in exact accordance with those of the Deputation.

PROBABLE.

A DEPUTATION consisting of eminent journalists, paragraphists, satirical-article-clerks, comic copyists, and burlesque and farce writers, waited upon MR. BRUCE, to protest against the proposed sale of Leicester Square at any price. The Deputation expressed its deep concern at the untimely and undignified termination of the Statue's existence. The destruction of this work of Art was, said the speaker, a loss, not only to journalistic literature, but it also deprived the public of one of its greatest luxuries, viz., a standing grievance. To redress such grievances was, the Deputation wished to point out, a precedent dangerous to the ultimate well-being of the State.

MR. BRUCE replied at some length, expressing his entire sympathy with the object the Deputation had in view, and regretting that, as the affair in question had nothing whatever to do with the Home Secretary's business, the gentlemen interested in this matter should have taken up their own valuable time in calling upon him. The sale of the Square would, the Right Honourable Gentleman ventured to predict, give rise to various grievances, which would afford plentiful employment for everyone who had a pen to wield, or an opinion to air.

The Deputation, apparently much consoled, thanked MR. BRUCE for the courteous attention it had received at his hands, and withdrew.

A Scot on Sweet Sounds.

A' MUSIC whatever is o' Scottish origin an' derivation. It a' cam Sooth frae ayont the Tweed. A' music just resolves itsel' intil a meexture o' Tweed-ledum an' Tweedle-Dee—the Scottish Dee.

The oreeginal St. Cecilia was a MISS MACWHITER. She invented the Bagpipea.

A LADIES' RACE

(INTENDED TO COME OFF IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE DERBY.)



BUT, OWING TO THE INCESANT TALKING AND INSUBORDINATION OF ALL THE JOCKEYS AT THE POST, THE STARTER GIVES IT UP AS HOPELESS.

21

SUBJUGATED SCOTLAND.



BEGINNING one of the songs of Scotland, a minstrel inquires of a maiden—

"O whers and O where does your Highland laddie dwell?"

The lassie, if we rightly remember, answers:—

"He dwells in merry Scotland at the sign of the *Blue Bell*."

"Merry Scotland," quoth a Where is "merry" Scotland now, when such things are done in the land of Scots as the thing hereunder related in a piece from the *Morning Post*?—

"NO MORE CAKES AND ALE.—A curious time-honoured custom has been put down

by the police, aided by FORBES MACKENZIE, in the village of East Kilbride. For many years past it has been looked upon as a kind of 'use and wont' practice to supply the church-going people from the country round East Kilbride with scones and 'yill' during the interval of public worship on Sacrament Sundays. The police, about the end of the year, went round and warned all the publicans that they would not be allowed to entertain the country people as usual on the Sacrament Sundays after that time. One publican ventured to disregard the prohibition on Sunday, the 28th of April, and on Monday was fined at the Hamilton Justice of Peace Court."

If Scotland is still the land of cakes, it is the land of cakes without ale—on Sundays. It will soon, perhaps, be without ale on any day.

Viva la liberté! Freedom for ever in merry Scotland, merry as free! Never so merry since when it answered to the report in *Macbeth*:—

"Alas! poor country,
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be called our country, but our grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile."

How can any one smile in a land of slaves? What but a land of slaves is a land subject to the tyranny of a FORBES MACKENZIE's Act? An Act of Parliament may be just as tyrannical as the edict of a tyrant; and an Act, empowering the police to prevent the people of Scotland from being served with ale on a Sunday, is, "Scots, wha hae wi' WALLACE bled," indeed! What is the good of having bled with WALLACE, or BRUCE either, if that is what they have come to? "EDWARD, chains, and slavery!" never could have been worse than that; and the descendants of those who were ready to "lay the proud usurper low," tamely submit to it. Instead of

"Freemen stand or freemen fa',"

they are now in case to sing

"Slaves, abjee' slaves, a'."

If ever liberty was worth fighting for, the liberty still worth it is personal liberty in such matters as eating or drinking; the liberty which the natural right of enjoying, untrammelled, distinguishes a man from a baby. The majority which robs a minority of that liberty, goes as far as any despot the most outrageous could, to justify civil war. Take care what you are about, gentlemen of the compulsory Teetotal and Sabbatarian Platform!

AIR-PASSAGES OF LONDON.

THE following extract from a *Times*' leading article on the holiday of Whit Monday, is noteworthy:—

"Holiday-makers yesterday were everywhere domestic in their enjoyment. The father had not gone out for a day's revel leaving his wife and children at home, but whole families, with the babies in arms, were strolling through the lanes of the suburbs. It was surprising to notice the extreme enjoyment which was evidently afforded by this very simple pleasure."

Note, therefore, that the preservation of the suburban lanes is a matter of importance to other people besides the suburban population. The importance of those lanes is just the same as that of the Parks. Please bear this in mind, Honourable Gentlemen, as many of you as may have any opportunity of contributing a vote to the

defeat of any Bill you may be invited to enact in order that any one of those pleasant lanes yet existing may be abolished by the speculative or any other builder.

A PLEA FOR A FEMALE PARLIAMENT.

EXCELLENT MR. PUNCH,

Skimming recently the cream of a provincial newspaper, I came across this paragraph, which possibly may interest some of your fair readers:—

"In the seventeenth century a law was in force in England that 'all women of whatever age, rank, profession, or degree, that shall from and after this Act impose upon, seduce and be'ray into matrimony any of His Majesty's male subjects, by scents, paints, cosmetics, washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays, hoops, high-heeled shoes, or bolstered hips, shall incur the penalty of the laws against witchcraft, sorcery, and the like, and the marriage, upon conviction, shall stand null and void.'"

I know not if this singular old law has been repealed, though I presume it must have been so, or what work for the police there would be daily in our parks and other places of assemblage! Beauties without paint there are doubtless still to see, and straight-way fall in love with: but how many a tinted Venus shows her roses at our flower-shows, and how many a high-souled lady adds a high heel to her stature! As for false hair, that is now so commonly displayed, that lovers rarely venture to ask for a true love lock: and though iron stays have been improved into steel corsets, the progress of two centuries has not yet abolished the practice of tight-lacing.

As, then, fashions still exist, which, two hundred years ago, were prohibited as witchcraft, it can hardly be alleged that the fashionable world has materially advanced in the matter of its clothing. Nor, apparently, has sumptuary lawmaking proved of much avail in checking feminine extravagance. The case, however, might be different, if women had the making of laws affecting women; and since many ladies now are wishful to have votes, and perchance, too, seats in Parliament, here surely is a subject on which they might produce some useful legislation. Or, as the admission of feminine M.P.'s might possibly derange our present representatives, it might perhaps be well to start a female House of Commons—or, shall I rather say, Uncommons?—wherein such matters as the fashions might be properly debated. When one reflects upon the time which ladies waste in dressing, and the monstrous heaps of money which they annually spend upon their personal adornment, the fashions hardly can be deemed an unimportant subject, and it is certainly one suited for feminine debates. These being reported pretty fully in the newspapers, would be read with lively interest by womankind at large, and would tend gradually to free them from the thralldom of the dressmakers, to whose influence we chiefly owe the fooleries of fashion and the costliness of clothes.

I vote, then, for a House of Ladies to decide the shape of bonnets and the way of wearing the back hair; and I would humbly recommend that the first rule of the SPEAKERESS be that not more than six Members be allowed to speak at once.

Yours, in expectation,

The Hermitage, Tuesday.

SOLOMON SOLOMON SMITH.

THE LIBERTY OF THE LETTER-BOX.

AN Englishman's house is his castle, is it? But how about his letter-box? A castle calls one back to the fine old feudal times. Now, imagine BARON FRONT DE BEUF pestered by prospectuses! Conceive the "King Maker" at home, and bothered by cheap circulars! How would the temper of those Britons have borne the daily, well nigh hourly, bombardment of their doors, to which we Englishmen who live in our own castles are now subject? Invest a shilling in a bank, or any other public company, and straightway you are pounced on as a sheep that's fit for fleecing. Prospectuses of railways to the pole, and mines to the antipodes, and tunnels to America, and telegraphs to the moon, are showered down upon you by every passing postman, and your life is made a burden by the banging of your door-knocker. Then come the tradesmen's circulars, the puffs of Begum Pickles, and Wagga Wagga Waistcoats, and Reversible Shirts and Envelopes. Then, too, come the notices of pretended sellings off of swindling bankrupts' stock, whereat what is chiefly sold is usually the purchaser. And then in shoals innumerable come the charity appeals, and the parsons' begging-letters, which you are kindly to return, if you cannot even spare so trifling a donation as a shillingsworth of stamps. That this is a free country one clearly cannot doubt, while people are permitted to make free in this manner with other people's property; for, after all, a letter-box is surely the property of the person who puts it on his door, although any other persons seem to think themselves at liberty to do anything they please with it.



"THE BEST OF IT!"

First Gentleman Farmer. "WHY, THERE GOES THAT ARTFUL ROGUE, BILLY GILES! IS HE AT HIS OLD TRICKS STILL?"

Second Ditto. "HE HAS CHEATED EVERYBODY DOWN ABOUT HERE, SIR, EXCEPT ME! HE TRIED IT ON THIS WINTER, BUT I WAS TOO CLEVER FOR HIM! SOLD ME A COW, AND—(triumphantly)—I MADE HIM TAKE IT BACK AT HALF-PRICE!!"

BAGPIPES AT BALMORAL.

"SHE shall have music wherever she goes." Who? Why, the QUEEN to be sure, stupid! Shall not the National Anthem be sung when and wheresoever Her Most Gracious MAJESTY is pleased to present herself? unless, indeed, when:—

"The QUEEN hath strictly charged the contrary."

There may, however, be cases, wherein our Sovereign Lady may like her loving subjects' "noise" so much that she may desire no more of it. Not every day are her Royal ears regaled with such harmonies as those which greeted them on the last return of one whereof many happy returns to her.

"On Friday, HER MAJESTY's birthday, the Craithie Choir came to Balmoral Castle in the morning, and sang the following selection of music."

Wherefrom it may suffice to cite the piece first on the list of performances, entered as:—

"Wake, wake," *May Morning* (FLOTOW), a hundred pipers, specially arranged."

Fancy the combination of sweet sounds which must have been produced by a specially arranged band of a hundred pipers. The mere imagination of it is almost too thrilling for any sensitive ears. That is, as regards the instrumental part of the concert alone; but, in a newspaper, we are besides informed that:—

"Three of the pieces, *Farewell to the Forest*, *Ca' the Yowes*, and *Auld Lang Syne*, were sung by special request of HER MAJESTY."

The last of the songs above mentioned, being popular, can well be conceived pleasing also to the QUEEN; there are associations which no doubt have rendered the first of them likewise pleasing: the intervening one curiosity may have made HER MAJESTY anxious

NATIONAL NURSERY LAW.

JOHNNY BULL to drink ought not
Wine, beer, spirits, ought he?
Naughty, naughty pewter-pot!
Naughty bottle, naughty!

Liquors strong like punch, you know,
Are not good for JOHNNY;
Make him reel about and go
Walking zigzag, funny.

Shut let nasty places be
Where such liquors bought are.
Let a JOHNNY drink his tea:
Give him milk-and-water.

Stint a JOHNNY, anyhow,
In his cups on one day.
Open public-house allow
Shorter time on Sunday.

Goody-goody try and make
JOHNNY by coercion;
Go to church instead of take,
Fie, paw-paw, excursion!

Better, doesn't JOHNNY think,
E'en from swipes to stop him,
Than, if JOHNNY too much drink,
Take him up and pop him?

Pythagorean Patriots.

THREE Frenchmen, sentenced to death for participation in the Communist rebellion, were shot the other morning at Satory. "They died crying '*Vive la Commune!*'" Fancy yourself caring to cry *Vive* anything when yourself about to *mourir*. Those martyrs to Communism must have had a very strong faith, indeed, not only in that creed, but also in the doctrine of PYTHAGORAS affirming the re-embodiment of souls.

Irish Secreay.

Won't the Ballot my work do,
Landlord, when I'm fightin' you!
You'll have Tenants vote and lie.
Secret voting I defy.
Whoo!—because I can employ
The Confessional, me bhoy!

to hear. *Ca' the Yowes*. Who, indeed, but a Scotchman of ears familiar with all the bagpipe minstrelsy of his native land, does not feel curious, knowing that to be one of its beauties, to hear what *Ca' the Yowes* is like. It is, of course, a chorus. Englishmen, even Cockneys, are aware that "*Ca'*" in broad Scotch is pronounced as "*caw*." Imagine this musical word "*caw*" in all varieties of concord, and key, and musical contrast and combination, sung at the top of their voices by the whole Craithie choir. Also the equally if not more musical word, "*yowes*." Conceive the choral effect of "*caw*" and "*yowes*" commingled. The "*yowes*" must have been especially euphonious. Perhaps they reminded HER MAJESTY of the speech of another Queen, *Hippolyta* of the Amazons to wit; wherein she describes to her Lord, *Theseus*, the sort of music she once heard:—

"When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta."

Which tuneful animals so exerted their vocal powers that:—

"The skies, the fountains, every region near,
Seemed all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder."

But that was all "*yowes*." It was *minus* "*caw*." Our QUEEN had the advantage of hearing "*caw*" and "*yowes*" together; of which the effect must have exceeded that of a rookery in concert with a kennel. What a fugue SIR STERNDAL BENNETT, if he were a Scotchman and composed for the bagpipes, might construct out of *Ca' the Yowes*! Another subject very suitable to be set by a competent Scotch composer is *Caw Me, Caw Thee*. It would make an excellent catch.

A CONTRADICTION.

It was the observation of a foreign and puzzled spectator, that a Cricket Match has only just commenced when it is all "*over*."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, May 28.—Again did Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. DISRAELI face one another, smiling at the recollection of the pleasant holidays they had had, and looking inclined to initiate the post-Whitsun session with a game of leap-frog. At least such is the idea of our artistic young man, and artists see a good many things which nobody else behold, as the Academy testifies.

The spirit of fun, however, certainly presided, for the very first piece of business was the presentation, by MR. GUILDFORD ONSLOW, of a petition that no advantage might be afforded to the Crown, when prosecuting his friend CASTRO, which that person was not to receive. It was a diverting demand, got up in the Isle of Wight, but we do not know

whether the Carisbrook Well Donkey was among the petitioners. We imagine not, as he is rather a sagacious beast.

To-night, and at various times during the week, Ministers were severely questioned on the subject of the Washington Treaty. They, that is LORD GRANVILLE and MR. GLADSTONE, made what sort of no-answer they could, but it would not be profitable to reproduce their replies. "Penultimate Muddle" would be a good label for them.

Asked whether it were true that the Fenians still in gaol were to be let out in honour of the DUKE OF EDINBURGH's visit to Dublin, MR. GLADSTONE curtly responded—as a certain echo was reported to have answered—"in the negative."

"Sentimentalists came forward, and soft mercy bade him show.

He repressed all maudlin feeling, and he sternly answered 'No.'"

Then we discussed the Navy Estimates, wrangled much, but voted handsomely.

Tuesday.—MR. PETER TAYLOR presented a petition signed by a great many Ladies, who prayed that women and children might not be protected by the use of the Cat, which was a cruel thing, tending to produce ill-feeling. It is very kind of these Ladies, who are not in the slightest danger of being beaten, kicked, stamped upon, or otherwise maltreated, to try to prevent the use of the only effectual remedy for ruffianism. Such a demonstration shows the eminent fitness of the petitioners for a share in legislation.

MR. GLADSTONE moved that the House should adjourn over the Derby Day.

MR. THOMAS HUGHES opposed the Motion, denouncing the Turf as a generator of all kinds of scoundrelism, and as something which the House ought not to recognise. He stated that it led hundreds of our youth to ruin, for the enrichment of the greatest scoundrels unhung. If the House must patronise amusements, let them be of an honest and noble kind, like rowing, cricket, and rifle-shooting.

MR. LOCKE, who has usually something to say, had nothing better, on this occasion, than a hope that the House would not take a "sanctimonious" course, a declaration that there were other roads to ruin besides the Turf, and an allegation that MR. HUGHES used to like the Derby.

MR. GLADSTONE said that Racing was a noble, manly, distinguished (*sic*), and nationally historical sport, and that the House was not bound to take notice of its abuses. Ha! dear MR. GLADSTONE, you are thinking of such racing as has been sung by your favourite Greeks. You remember your namesake, Pelides, whom—

"We saw in all his arms arrayed,
The cumbrous equipage of war;
His speed he o'er the sand displayed,
Contending with the harnessed car.
With rival speed we saw Pelides fly,
In arms, the whirling chariot nigh."

[By the way, why has no painter since FUSELI dared to depict this splendid scene? Why is it not shown at Burlington House? Why? Because the public has no taste for grandeur, and prefers to pay for pictures of "Baby breaking the pap-boat." "The first toosey-poosey"—"Going to be vaccinated"—"Is um sick, den?" and the like.] MR. GLADSTONE moreover urged, that if the House did anything, it ought to do a great deal more than merely refuse to adjourn: it should adopt repressive action against Turf scoundrelism.

MR. BERESFORD HOPE was the only Member who spoke really good sense. Members believed that the House would rise on the Derby Day, made arrangements accordingly, and ought not to be inconvenienced.

The House voted, by 212 to 53 that it would go to the Derby.

Talk about the Autumn Manœuvres—the date is to be chosen with due regard to everybody's comfort. About South Africa, where MR. FOWLER wishes to see a Confederation of States. All right—we'll do anything for South Africa except drink her wines. About a road between Queen's Square, Westminster and St. James's Street. But Members wanted to go and hear about the betting, and to dine in peace, so MR. CAVENDISH BENTINCK was Counted Out.

Wednesday.—The Derby Day. A capital day, very fine, yet cloudy enough to prevent our friend Helios from being unduly attentive. *Cremorne* won by a short head. Many people won by long heads.

Thursday.—A curious Welsh Anti-Popish demonstration. The late MARCHIONESS OF BUTE gave a site for a Church at Cardiff. The Welsh folk do not attend it, chiefly it is said because no pains is taken to secure the services of effective parsons. Irish Catholics have swarmed in the district. So LORD BUTE proposes to give the Cardiff Protestants another church, elsewhere, if they will surrender this one. The Bishop of the diocese thinks this a right arrangement. But the fiery Welsh spirit boiled over. Radicals stood up for the Church of England, and denounced this attempt at a dis-establishment, and the Bill was thrown out by 172 to 153.

Final fight on the Ballot Bill, which came on for Third Reading. MR. MAQUINIE wanted to re-commit the measure, in order to get rid of the arrangement by which entire Secresy is made impossible in the case of the lowest and most ignorant class. But MR. FORSTER would have no more alterations. MR. NEWDEGATE fiercely denounced the Bill as a boon to the Catholic Priests (some of whom, by the way, have declared that they will use the Confessional as a means of keeping their voters straight), and MR. W. H. SMITH protested against an organic change in the Constitution. SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE declared that it was un-English. After a spirited defence of it by MR. FORSTER, who asserted that the measure was demanded by the constituencies, the Third Reading was carried by 274 to 216; majority, 58.

Friday.—The Lords re-assembled, though they might have asserted their right to a race-holiday, and gone to the Oaks. The House was well filled, and there was an attendance of men of mark, who wished to hear something about America. There was some rather close questioning, and a good deal of dissatisfaction manifested.

LORD GRANVILLE declared that the honour of the country was safe in the hands of the Government.

But still the Lords were displeased. LORD WESTBURY, indeed, intimated in the pleasantest way that Three Charity Boys, of ten years old, would have made a better treaty than that of Washington, and he implied that the Ministers had not the least idea as to what sort of a new bargain they were making, and he tenderly implored them to consult their legal advisers as to whether the hole would not be as open as ever, after all their exertions. However, LORD GRANVILLE would say no more than that proper explanations should be given at the right time.

Punch suggests that Ministers had better act upon the hint of a famous Scotch song:—

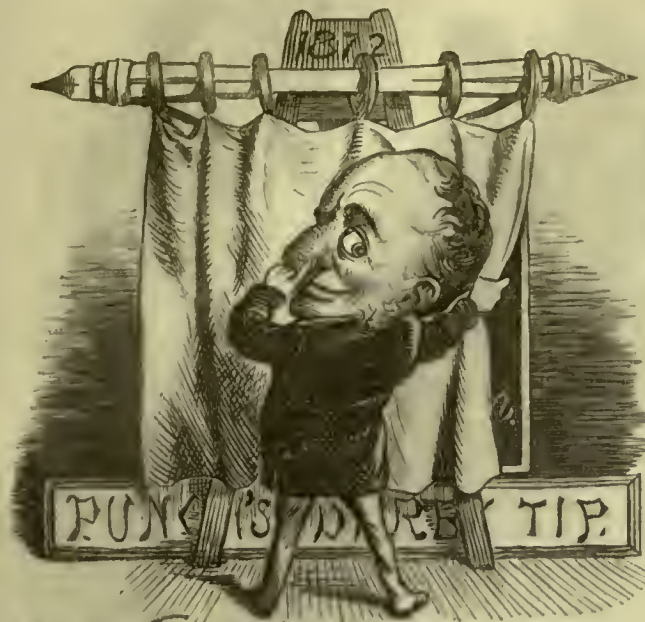
"If it wasna weel bobbet, weel bobbet, weel bobbet,
If it wasna weel bobbet—we'll bob it again."

Rather a good Colonial debate in the Commons, and as Mr. Punch knows the intense and absorbing interest taken in the subject, he feels that the best thing he can do is just to—mention the fact, and proceed.

Debate on the impropriety of remitting the remainder of the sentence on the ruffians whose outrages led to the death of MURPHY, the unclean anti-Popish lecturer. MR. BRUCE got behind the Judge who tried the case, and had recommended the remission, so there was an end. But things were said about "provocation," which would have provoked Mr. Punch to wrath, if it were worth his while to feel the passions of mankind.

We passed some Civil Service votes,
At nearly One put on our coats,
And such as pass for Ossy Folks
Remarked that *Reine* had won the Oaks.

PUNCH'S DERBY PROPHECY.



WELL, dear Beasmish Boys and Girls, come to my arms. You did read what I did not say: you read between the lines: and you rejoice in your winnings. What I did say, as you can easily see by reference (though of course the words are stamped in all your brains) was, "We have now to speak of *Cremorne*"—and then, after a little joyous banter, and happy quotation, we added "the Blue Riband is his." Chortle in your joy, if you like. So big *Prince Charlie's* fortunes were the same as those of the other big pretender who has lately come to grief, and who is now taking a view of several provincial districts, which may be a prudent course, for more reasons than one. The fooliah were on *Charlie's* side, another coincidence. I told you that *Queen's Messenger* ought to have won because I drew him in a sweep, but I am happy that my own interests were sacrificed for the sake of yours. "My snakes and gracious," as ARTEMUS WARD says, "there's nothing so rarely I would not do for my beloved Country. I would sacrifice all my wife's relations, and most of my own, without a pang or a weep, if my country demanded it." Still, if you like to send me a per-centage of the winnings to which I helped you, "I'd take it werry kind, uncommon kind of yer," as DICKENS' tramp says. But don't put yourselves out of the way to do it—don't reduce your subscriptions to the Opera or any other of the Missionary Societies. Well, I congratulate you on having followed my advice, noted what I did say, what I did not say, combined the information, and pocketed a lot of money. Don't spend it like frumious Bandersnatches, or you'll make me burble, but go on your ways galumphing.

PUNCH.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

THE doors of the Royal Academy have now been open a month, and the returns of the visitors who have ascended the stairs are hitherto without a precedent. The attendance of footmen and other domestic servants, both in and out of livery, in the vestibule, is far in excess of the usual average; and the number of sticks, umbrellas, and parasols detained at the entrance, is greater than in any previous year; so much so, that the Council have liberally sanctioned a grant for the purchase of additional balls of string, for affixing the numbers to these articles.

Portrait models of CONFUCIUS, the Seven Wise Men of Greece (a group), EPAMINONDAS, HANNIBAL, SOCRATES and his Wife, WAT TYLER, ZOROASTER, JONAS HANWAY (with umbrella), and the owner, trainer, and jockey of the Winner of the Derby (another group), have lately been added to the well-known Exhibition of Wax Figures in Baker Street.

Amongst the most recent patents is one for improvements in the manufacture of candles, to enable consumers to burn them at both ends.

MRS. SUSSEX DARLINGTON's new novel, *The Mosses of Rolleston*, on which she has been uninterruptedly engaged for more than a month past, will be in the clutches of the Reviewers on Wednesday next. The plot of the story is laid on the Thames Embankment, and a midnight struggle on the Underground Railway, when the lamps have suddenly gone out, and no help is nearer than the

Mansion House, is spoken of as likely to enhance the reputation of the authoress.

The new tenor is a great success. His high notes remind the older *habitués* of the Opera of what RUBINI's register was before the Reform Bill; his low notes recall the compass of MARIO's voice in its palmiest nights; and in some *staccato* passages he may be said to bring both these great singers to the recollection of his hearers at the same time. His execution leaves nothing to be desired on this side the Channel.

The pyrotechnic season promises to be one of unusual brilliancy. Rumour points to the "Cataracts of Crimson Rain," the "Transparent Tourbillons studded with Amber Bees," and the "Final Flight of Flashing Auroras," as forthcoming novelties which will throw all previous efforts of a similar character completely into the shade.

A Committee has been formed, consisting of the leading inhabitants of the Island, to solicit subscriptions, and obtain designs from the most eminent European, American, and Continental Sculptors, for a statue (heroic size) in Carrara marble, of the late ROBINSON CRUSOE, Esq., to be erected in some commanding position on the heights of Juan Fernandez. As it is confidently anticipated that every one who is acquainted with the life and history of this remarkable character will gladly contribute to the Fund, the Committee hope to raise a sum sufficiently large to enable them also to place a medallion of *Friday* on the pedestal.

Before many more publishing seasons draw to a close, a work may be expected from the pen of a distinguished living writer—he will forgive us for thus pointedly referring to him—which will finally terminate all our anxieties as to the authorship of the *Letters of Junius*; proving, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that they were composed under the pressure of pecuniary difficulties and the artificial stimulus of ardent spirits, by a writer of whom no traces can now be discovered, and whose very name (one not of uncommon occurrence) has been spelt in different ways at different periods—sometimes with an *i*, sometimes with a *y*, and both with and without a final *e*.

ANIMAL INFANTICIDE.

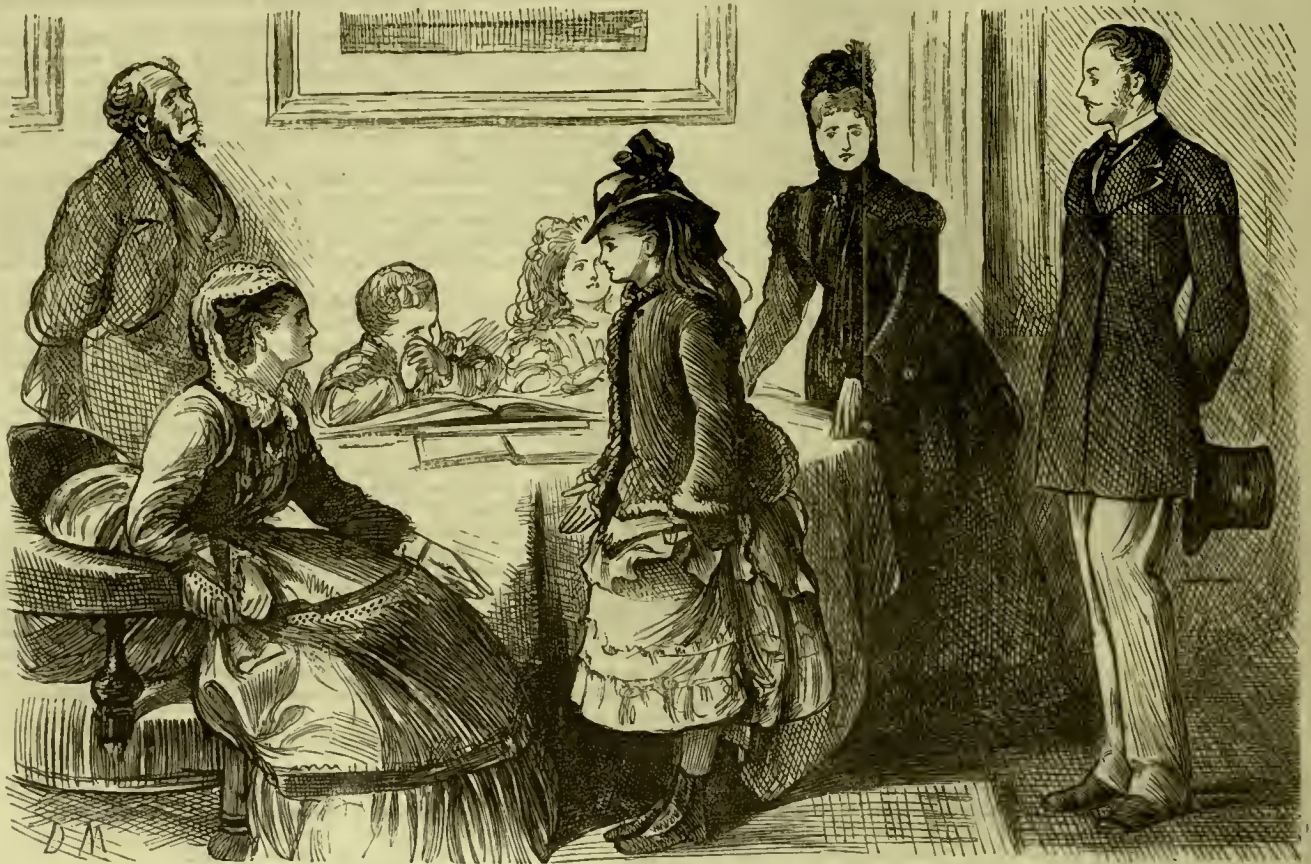
BUTCHER, Butcher, spare a Calf;
Veal is Beef developed half;
Let it reach proportions full;
Grow to cow, or ox, or bull.
Butcher, Butcher, leave a Lamb
Frolicking beside its dam.
Lamb is Mutton's early bloom,
Gathered by untimely doom.
Lambs will fill out into ewes,
As a slim young lady grows
To a matron's bulky mass.
Let the Lamb, consuming grass,
Likewise into flesh and fat
(Only Mutton) transmute that.
Butcher, Butcher, hold thy steel
From purveying Lamb and Veal.
Beef and Mutton may abound,
Then, at somewhat less per pound.

Fresco Superseded.

THE Railway Bridge over the Thames at Barnes Terrace has the merit of being ornamental. So much cannot be said of the parti-coloured advertisements with which it has been defaced by bill-stickers to the extent of their reach. One of these fellows advertises himself in large letters as "Universal Bill-Poster." That is what he would be, no doubt, if he could. It will not be his fault if the interior of St. Paul's is embellished with paintings of Angels and Sibyls. If Bill-stickers had not to beware of Churches, we should soon see St. Paul's Cathedral, and Westminster Abbey too, inside and out, beplastered all over with flaring puffs by the "Universal Bill-Poster."

Antipathy Enlarged.

A COLLECTION of people united for the purpose of regulating other people's habits met, the other evening, at Exeter Hall, under the denomination of the Anti-Tobacco Society. This body of earnest but as yet ineffective philanthropists would perhaps be more successful if the reform at which it aims were a more radical one. Tobacco is merely the leaf of one member of that very generally noxious family, the *Solanaceæ*. Perhaps the Anti-Tobacco Society will strike at the root of the order, or at least its tuber, declare against the *Solanum tuberosum*, and enlarge themselves into an Anti-Potato Association.



"TWO CAN KEEP COUNSEL, PUTTING ONE AWAY."—SHAKESPEARE.

Mamma. "HOW SPLASHED YOU ARE, ALICE! YOU MUST HAVE BEEN WALKING IN ALL THE PUDDLES YOU COULD FIND!"

Alice. "WELL, MAMMA, BOB AND MARY WOULD WALK ON THE SIDE WHERE THERE WERE NO LAMPS!"

[N. B. Robert and Mary are engaged.]

KEOGH AND CATHOLICISM.

TUAM'S Archbishop, Galway's Bishop, lo!
And Clonfert's, voters for their free votes banning,
Reported criminal by JUSTICE KEOGH,

What do you say to that, ARCHBISHOP MANNING?

ARE TUAM, GALWAY, CLONFERT, and the Priests
Who likewise by JUDGE KEOGH have been reported,
As to their flocks mere wolves? If no such beasts,
Then must JUDGE KEOGH with heretics be sorted?

Had they the holy office from the POPE
To make the voters vote at their dictation,
By threatening to deprive them of all hope
In the next world by excommunication?

Can they, if needful, use, and, not abuse
E'en the Confessional, electioneering?
Would your flock have to vote as you might choose,
Had you received your cue for interfering?

What, will the Holy Father disavow
Those Irish Prelates, as their sphere transgressing,
Their Censor a good Catholic allow,
And send JUDGE KEOGH his apostolic blessing?

Else, one were wise to think twice, thrice, and well,
Might one not find himself a clip-winged pigeon,
If he let you and MONSIEUR CAPEL
Entice him over into your "religion"?

Ghostly Consolation.

It is a wonder that some of the hyper-orthodox Clergy are content with demanding that the Athanasian Creed should simply remain where it is. Perhaps some of them will propose that it should be added to the Form for the Visitation of the Sick.

THE PROPOSED OLD JURY.

THE criminal classes will be glad to hear that a clause in the Government Jury Bill proposes to extend the term of life during which men are liable to be compelled to serve on juries from the age of sixty to that of seventy. Above sixty the senses of sight and hearing are generally impaired. Most jurors between sixty and seventy years old will be unable to hear half of what judge, witnesses, and counsel say, or to distinguish objects well enough to read the countenances and note the demeanour of persons under examination. Thus circumstanced they will of course give the prisoner at the bar the benefit of that doubt as to his guilt which will be occasioned by their infirmities. It will highly delight all the rogues and thieves forming a portion of the British Public present in a Court of Justice to contemplate a jury of which the members mostly wear spectacles, and sit trying to listen to what is said with their hands at their ears extemporised as voice conductors, the foreman who presides over them having his acoustic organ supplemented by a large tin trumpet.

Impromptu.

(Made upon the Doorstep, after the Departure of a Greedy Guest.)

CONSIDERING how I've seen you stuff,
I need not hope you've had enough:
But if you do not take a pill,
I well may hope you'll not be ill.

"What will He do with it?"

A BRISTOL female has presented CASTRO with a Bible. We wonder what he thought it was. But the gift was very unkind, and *Punch* does not approve of spite. CASTRO is going to be placed in the dock on the charge of having already applied too closely to the sacred volume.



2

ST. PATRICK FOR GALWAY!

"FOR ONCE, THE LAW HAS PROVED STRONGER THAN MOB VIOLENCE, AND A HEAVY BLOW HAS BEEN DEALT AT THE POLITICAL TYRANNY OF THE PRIESTHOOD."

The Times, on Mr. JUSTICE KEOGH's Judgment.



THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION
500 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE NOBLE SAVAGE AMONG THE ANTIQUARIES.



READERS have hitherto best known AYRTON, the amene, the urbane, the amiable, the genial, by the agreeableness of his answers to Parliamentary enquiries, and the courtesy of his correspondence with architects who have had the good fortune to be placed in professional relations with the Office of Works. He has lately included the Society of Antiquaries in the sphere of his instructional activity, and has taken one of those opportunities of which he is so ready to avail himself to show his zeal in

guarding the public purse from unwarrantable assault, and at the same time to convey a rebuke in his own delicate yet trenchant style to a Society of weak, if well-meaning enthusiasts, who believe that it belongs to a Government, with more than it can do in and about the present, to bother itself about relics or records of the past. MR. LAYARD, who in his brief tenure of the office of Chief Commissioner of Works did a good many rash things tending to show an extra- if not anti-official interest in such dilettante matters as Art and Antiquity,—which it has been one of the most useful and agreeable duties of MR. AYRTON to undo,—was so far forgetful of the limits of his public duty, as to write to the Council of the Society of Antiquaries (in February, 1869) an invitation “to furnish him with a list of such regal or other historical tombs or monuments existing in Cathedrals, Churches, and other public places and buildings as, in their opinion, it would be desirable to place under the protection and supervision of Government, with a view to their proper custody and preservation.”

The Society, on this, appointed a “Sepulchral Monuments Committee,” who with help from the inquiries of Fellows of the Society and Local Secretaries all over the country, laboured for two years on the preparation of such a list, for which the Director of the Committee received the thanks of the Society, and which LORD STANHOPE its Chairman, in his Address of this year, calls “a document of no mean importance.” With the pardonable enthusiasm of an old antiquary, LORD STANHOPE, while as an ex-member of the House of Commons, reasonable enough to doubt “how far at the present time Parliamentary control can be effectually brought to bear upon the affair in question, considering both its novel nature and its inherent difficulties,” goes on—

“But at the very least, it is a subject which deserves the most attentive consideration, and which, if successfully solved, would secure for ages to come the noblest records of departed glory. To smooth the path for such consideration, was therefore an aim most worthy to be sought; and it is precisely this aim which the List of the Committee has attained. It does not assert, as it was not bound to do, that an Act of Parliament is at present practicable, but it gives the foundation on which any such Act of Parliament, if framed at all, must rest. It shows the length and breadth of the work before us; it establishes, on high authority, what are the works of stone or marble that we should, if possible, protect from further harm. On these grounds, I may fearlessly assert that, whatever the issue of any immediate attempts at legislation, the gentlemen who served on the Committee will not have toiled in vain.”

The Council sharing this delusion of its Chairman, transmitted this report to MR. AYRTON, as Chief Commissioner of Works, in the rash confidence that he would adopt the appeal of his predecessor, or, at least, lay the report before Parliament, while smiling, with calm superiority, at the enthusiasm of those who could see any public importance in the subject, or find any interest in old monuments.

But the Society was reckoning without its AYRTON. It little knew the stern sense of public duty, and the serene contempt for æsthetic trifling, which had now replaced eager dilettantism and weak consideration for Art and Antiquity, at No. 1, Whitehall Place.

MR. AYRTON administered to the Society, through his Secretary, one of those curt and cutting rebukes, which have made him an object of awful respect and wholesome avoidance to questioners in

the House of Commons. In this admirable answer, MR. AYRTON wholly declines to be bound by the letter of his predecessor, which, he observes, was written without the sanction of the Treasury having been first obtained. And he adds, on behalf of the Board, that their Lordships “have no intention of introducing a Bill, or of laying before Parliament the Report which has been made by the Sepulchral Monuments Committee.”

LORD STANHOPE, instead of quietly putting up with the rap on the knuckles which he has thus drawn on himself and his brother antiquaries, is audacious enough to “doubt very much whether it will be found to the advantage of the public service, if a system should arise of the Chief of a Department disavowing the acts of his predecessor, even though that predecessor was of the same political party as himself, and whether a continuity or fixity of Ministerial action be not a necessary condition in seeking for the future to obtain for any public object the unpaid services of independent men.”

Does not LORD STANHOPE see that MR. AYRTON is guided by far higher considerations than any commonplace regard for expediency, any more than politeness? He had to consider, first, the duty of snubbing intruders on a public office, whose head has other things to do than attend to their crotchets. Then there is the pardonable eagerness to avail himself of the opportunity of giving a slap in the face to those who come up to him with the unwarrantable expectation of a shake of the hand. Lastly, there is the enjoyment of throwing cold water on the exaggerated notions so common among antiquaries of the value of the remains of a benighted past, and of dispelling the delusion that an economical Government can acknowledge any concern, charge, or responsibility in connection with such things.

We say nothing of the natural pleasure of making oneself disagreeable, for which a Minister who has little enough amusement, Heaven knows, can hardly be expected to pass by so fair an occasion.

Let us hope that the lesson thus kindly, if sharply administered, will not be without fruit; that the Society of Antiquaries, or any other Society, will in future know its place better than to thrust itself and its reports on the Office of Works as it is, in answer to any appeal from the Office of Works as it was; that LORD STANHOPE and all whom it may concern, will henceforth bear in mind the difference between MR. LAYARD and MR. AYRTON, and remember not only that—as MR. LOWE has tersely put it—“we are not a paternal Government,” but that “we are not an artistic Government,” that “we are not an antiquarian Government:” and, above all, that “we are not a Government that gives civil answers, or adopts educated men’s estimate of the public importance or æsthetic value of sepulchral monuments, or any other matters artistic or antiquarian.”

MR. AYRTON, by these well-timed and happily expressed answers, spoken or written, in effect adapts to his own use the saying of IMPERATOR SIGISMUND, when he proclaimed himself superior to grammar, and declares to an admiring England, “*Sum Ayrton operarum Commissionarius et sum tam super æstheticam quam super urbanitatem.*”

TREMENDOUS TELEGRAM.

THE electric telegraph seems a medium hardly suitable for the conveyance of such an announcement as the following message from Constantinople, dated actually on the day but one before the Derby:—

“The Œcumenical Patriarch has issued a pastoral letter excommunicating the Bulgarian Patriarch, anathematising two Bulgarian Bishops, and inflicting on another the eternal pains of hell.”

Such news as the above is of a nature remarkably opposite to that of an electric apparatus. It smacks of the pre-scientific ages, when the electric light was not yet, and the world was in mental darkness. Nothing was then known of electricity but some of its effects, chiefly those of lightning, then considered a supernatural phenomenon. At the same time Patriarchs and Popes were commonly believed to be supernaturally endowed with fulminating powers, like those of which the pretence, above instanced, of exercising has been anachronistically reported by the lightning wire. Fulminations of that sort are out of date. Yes, MRS. MALAPROP, Ma’am, the time has gone by for all such “cursory observations.”

Premature.

AMONGST the many attractions advertised by the Crystal Palace for the summer is an “Exhibition of Game and the Apparatus of Sport,” to take place on August 3rd, 5th, 6th, and 7th. We never like to spoil sport, but, anxious to save the Directors and Managers of the most agreeable place of amusement we possess from falling into a snare, and coming into unpleasant collision with the Inland Revenue authorities, we would remind them that the Game season, even for grouse, does not begin until the 12th of the month in which they propose to hold their Exhibition.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS.

WE have been requested to publish the following programme of the various classes of objects, intended to be shown at the annual International Exhibitions during the remainder of the period which commenced in 1871, and will terminate in 1880. As many of the articles enumerated below require much time for their careful and complete preparation, and will have to be transported from distant countries, it is obvious that it must be an immense advantage to intending exhibitors to know beforehand the precise year when their specialities will be submitted to public inspection and cosmopolitan competition at South Kensington:—

1873.—Skates, slides for magic lanterns, &c., turtle in tanks; millinery, mathematical instruments, perambulators, walking-sticks, and aerated waters.

1874.—Menageries, mangles, baths and washhouses, games and sports, stove ornaments, hats, and draining tiles.

1875.—Postage stamps, silkworms, artificial limbs, small arms, omnibuses, lightning conductors, shows, spectacles, and other optical instruments.

1876.—Flags, asphalt and other pavements, yachts, medicine chests, hothouses, waxwork, refrigerators, liveries and liquors.

1877.—Matches, wedding outfits, saddles and bridles, church-bells, confectionery

THE OLD STORY.

(At the Horse Show.)



LAURA IS DELIGHTED TO LOOK DOWN ON DEAR CHARLES, CANTERING ROUND;

(including bridecakes), lighthouses, gasometers, and perfumery.

1878.—Agricultural implements, sewing machines, swimming apparatus, diving-bells, dry docks, dentistry, and gums.

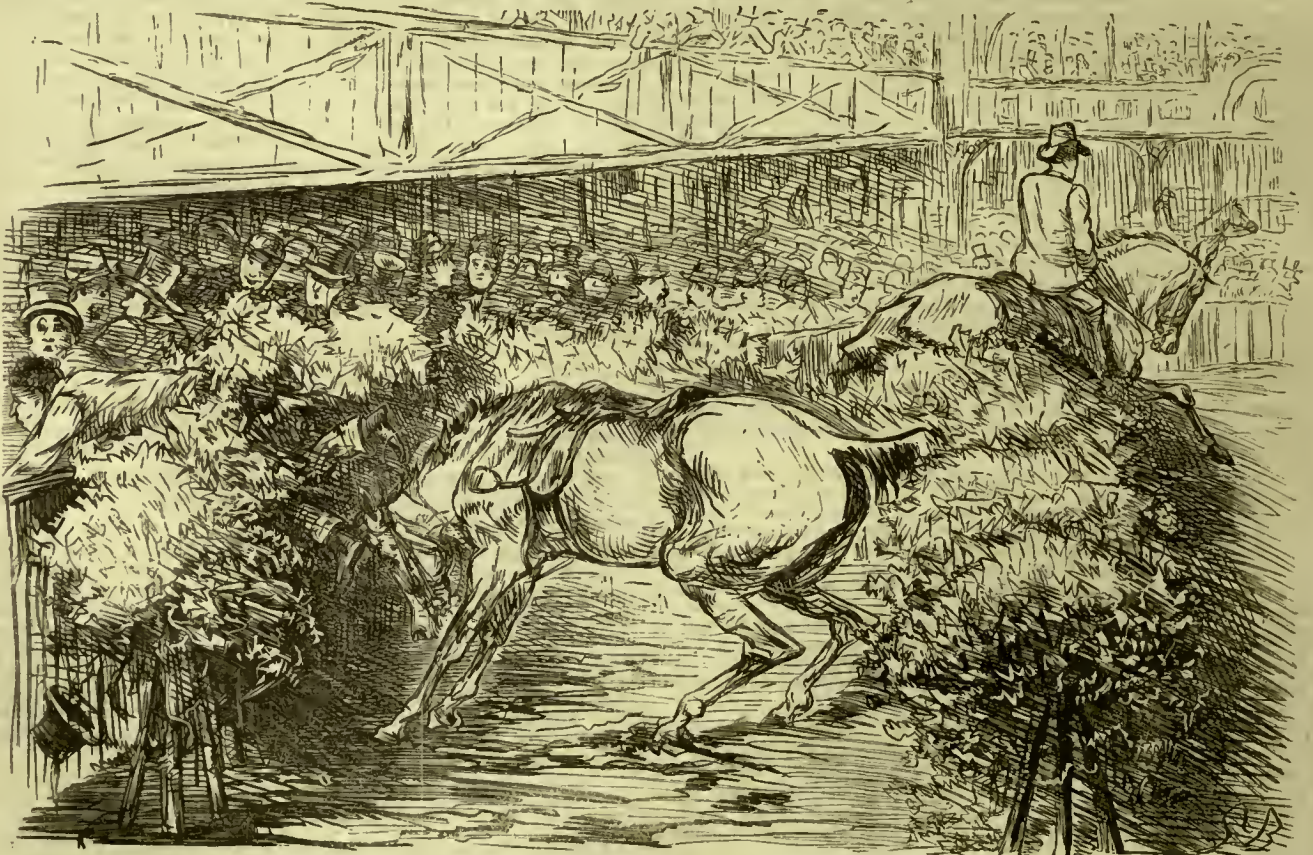
1879.—Panoramas, patent medicines, parasols and umbrellas, circuses, chandlery, autographs, and bathing-machines.

1880.—Pipes and preparations of tobacco, apparatus for preventing and consuming smoke, observatories, orangeries, artificial flowers, acts of parliament, carriages-and-four, balloons, flying machines, fireworks, and anything that may have been omitted in previous years.

Fine arts, fine dresses, flirtations, refreshments, season tickets, turnstiles, catalogues, military bands, crowds of people, and grumblers every year.

Parliamentary Ritualism.

THE House of Commons, which determined to sit on Ascension Day, adjourned for the Derby. Let it not therefore be said that the majority of the representatives of the people of this great country are Secularists. They have, at any rate, a *cultus* of their own, and it is something other than the idolatry of the Golden Calf. They adore the nobler animal. Their punctual and preferential observance of the Derby Day proves them devotees of Horse-Worship.



BUT WONDERS WHAT BECAME OF HIM AT THE FIRST HURDLES (JUST BELOW HER SEAT).

WHAT MUST BE, MUST BE.—His friends the Priests have unseated CAPTAIN NOLAN for Galway, very much, as may be imagined, against his will. But let him accept his overthrow with becoming equanimity, comforting himself with the old classic adage—*Nolens volens*.

A PERFECT PARADISE.—Our friend BORROWBY, who is always less or more out at elbows, is deeply interested in a new work on "*The Great Loan Land*," and has serious thoughts of emigrating to so desirable a country, if he can raise the means.



EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

"O DEAR ME! HAS TITTENS DOT PINS IN THEIR TOES, I VUNDER!"

ABILITIES AND ENJOYMENT.

THE Income-tax for ever! That is what you are in for. Ye who pay it abandon all hope. No substitute is possible for it, here at least in England—although they manage these matters otherwise in France. Before all things it is necessary that the Masses should drink cheap tea—that settles the question. Make up your minds, therefore, to endure everlasting confiscation. You cannot help yourselves. But you need not allow yourselves to be deprived not only of your money, but also of the solace you derive from grumbling under the conviction that you are wronged. The *Times*, in a leader the other day, advanced the following apology for the impost from which you must never expect to be free:—

"The authority of ADAM SMITH is probably the highest on this subject among political economists, and it will be hard to show that an Income-tax sins in principle against any but one of his famous maxims. It purports at least to excel all indirect taxes in strict compliance with the first and most important of those maxims, since it is specially designed to make all subjects contribute to the support of the Government in proportion to their respective abilities—that is, in proportion to the revenue which they respectively enjoy under the protection of the State."

Suppose that, of two men, one enjoys, under the protection of the State, £500 a year of revenue derived from fixed property, and the other enjoys the same amount of revenue derived from the practice of medicine, or otherwise obtained by personal exertions, and liable and likely to fail him at any moment. Are their respective enjoyments the same? Are their respective abilities the same? Is one as able as the other to enjoy himself? Is he as able to keep a carriage or to marry a wife? If there is no comparison between their respective abilities to incur expense, how much is there between their respective abilities to stand taxation? No; you are plundered, victims of Schedule D. There may be no redress for you—but you are plundered. Grin and—bear it.

A Painful Impression.

THE feelings of a boy, going to school for the first time, who reads that a Master is wanted for "Blackrod Grammar School," and finds that the advertisement refers to the Academy of which he is about to become a pupil, may be imagined but cannot be described.

OVER A DEAD TREATY.

ENOUGH Misunderstandings,
Of Understandings grown:
And Oliver-Twist demandings
By Bunkum-bellows blown:
We've tried conciliation,
Of concession not fought shy,
Bowed to all humiliation,
Short of downright humble pie.
Yielding never favour curried,
Or hurried it would be:
If the Treaty's dead and buried—
Amen to it—say we!

If e'er JOHN BULL was willing
Nice points of right to waive:
Take tence in the shilling,
Nor the missing coppers crave:
If e'er at Yankee 'cuteness
He was content to wink,
On our cousins'—hem!—astuteness,
His sentiments to blink,
'Twas to save this wretched kettle
Of FISH from boiling o'er,
Claims, how'er unjust, to settle,
Heal each self-fretted sore.

For this we shirked plain-speaking,
Lest their mob it might inflame:
Of party-chiefs' self-seeking,
Were content to help the game:
Put faith in their assurance,
Whom assurance ne'er controlled,
And bond of hardest durance
Was none too strong to hold:
And when they turned the tables,
And tripped us in the dust,
Found cobwebs and not cables
In the ties that were our trust.

Did we listen when they hinted
That "claims are only claims,
Of Brummagem brass-minted,
Counters for party-games?"
That, "after all, what matter
How much a case may ask?
To sift the lawyers' chatter,
Will be the judge's task:
Why grudge a bit of Bunkum
Mob and mob-press to lime?
Wire-pullers have to funk 'em
So near election-time!"

Best, p'raps, such prying smother,
And leave question on the shelf,
Which side has done the other,
And which has done itself.
We've given our cousins due rope;
In a tangle if they've got,
The record's there, for Europe
To say who made the knot.
We've bungled it betwixt us—
Decide, you who've the phlegm,
Is't our cousins that have fixed us,
Or we that have fixed them?

Meantime the Treaty's done for;
And all 'a well well that ends:
Till the White House is run for,
Parties must please their friends.
That fixed in happier season
FISH may resume the floor,
And to quiet row by reason
Invite JOHN BULL once more.
Till then, sans fume or frothing,
Our terms will stand the same:
For Indirect Claims—NOTHING:
For Direct ones, HALF YOUR CLAIM.

FOR THE NONCE.

IMMEDIATELY it was perceived whose horse had won the Derby, the line of carriages round the Course became known as "Saville Row."



WHITSUN' CHAFF.

Facetious Calby. "LOST THE 'OUNDS, GENTS?"

NO MISTAKE ABOUT EVE.

No question has yet been asked by any Reverend Gentleman in Convocation about the nature of a work lately advertised under the title of *Saved by a Woman*. There are members of that grave assembly who may be imagined capable of being alarmed by the announcement of a book which, by the name of it, they may apprehend to be worse than anything yet written by the BISHOP OF NATAL. *Saved by a Woman*, to their minds, may be the expression of an error which is not only heterodox, but precisely the reverse of orthodox, and cuts at the root of everything. It has, in fact, no reference at all to the Tree of Knowledge, considered in any point of view whatever, whether according or contrary to the idea of DR. COLENSO. Neither is it a tract intended to teach a great Roman Catholic doctrine, but it is a very readable novel, only if the hero had been worth "saying," we should have liked it better.

Exceedingly Rude.

MR. PUNCH considers a good many "athletes" as not much better than brutes, but he has a respect for the Wrestler, whose sport reminds him of Ajax and Ulysses, and who uses his strength with science. Therefore he regrets to find that at Barrow-in-Furness, a wrestler is regarded as one of the inferior creation. In the *B.-in-F. Daily Times* he read that:—

"MR. GEORGE SKINNER, Hindpool, met with an accident on Tuesday afternoon. He and some others were wrestling together, when SKINNER fell and hurt his hind leg."

Sweetmeats for Schools.

SOME little while ago schoolboys were very generally affected with a mania for collecting used postage-stamps. Should the American notion of flavouring the adhesive matter of postage-stamps be adopted by our own POSTMASTER GENERAL, that mania will recur, with redoubled violence, amongst those unfastidious little wretches.

THE SACRED WEDNESDAY.

(Motion made, and Question put, "That this House do adjourn over Wednesday, the 29th of May.")

"ADJOURN o'er Wednesday? Wherefore so?"
 "That we may to the Derby go.
 On Wednesday little e'er goes on;
 That day's almost a *dies non*."

"Wednesday a *dies non*, indeed!
 The only day that you concede
 To crotchet-mongers. Throw away
 Would you your weekly All-Fools'-Day?"

SIMILAR STREAMS.

DR. LETHERY sticks up manfully for the London water, most of which is derived from the Thames. The Doctor is, in his way, a sort of Champion of the Thames, and, standing by the Thames as he does, if he were not LETHERY, you may fancy he might be called THAMESBY; but when you bethink yourself of

"the fat weed
 That roots itself at ease on Lethe's wharf,"

and consider that the banks, if not the wharves, of the Thames abound in fat weeds, fattened by tributaries from Kingston-on-Thames, for example, you will perhaps consider that Thames and Lethe are so much alike that Thamesby and Letheby are really equivalent names.

Red for White.

It is considered necessary, by GENERAL CHANZY's Committee, "to examine the capitulation of Sedan before a Court-Martial." One would say that this was crying over spilt milk, but that no tears are shed about it; and, if there were, the fluid spilt and wept over would not be milk.



SUPEREROGATION.

Country Maid (having first seen "Missus" and the Children into a Cab). "O, COACHMAN, DO YOU KNOW THE PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE TO DRURY LANE THEAT—?"

Crabbed Old Cabby (with Expression of Ineffable Contempt). "Do I KNOW! KIM AUF—!"

OPERA REFORM.

MELODIOUS PUNCH,

Don't be startled by my heading. I am not going to ask you to pitch into MR. GYE, or belabour MR. MAPLESON. The reform which I desire is one beyond their management; and I am bold enough to hope that it will meet with your encouragement. But a bolder man than I am has given me the hint for it. Certainly, HERR WAGNER is far pluckier than I am. I should never have been bold enough to write such operas as his, for I should never have been bold enough to expect people to listen to them. Besides, HERR WAGNER has actually just founded a new theatre, and that is certainly a work for a bolder man than I am. Moreover, in his theatre HERR WAGNER has the boldness to propose to make the orchestra invisible. In certain theatres I know, how I wish it were inaudible! But the best proof of his boldness I find detailed as follows:—

"HERR WAGNER makes very strong demands upon his audience, which needs a reform as much, he says, as the opera itself. He does not wish that people should enter the theatre after they are tired out by the labours of the day, and when a superficial enjoyment is all they need; but he desires that the people who attend the Nibelungen shall rest during the day, and enter the theatre with fresh spirit, capable of receiving and enjoying the impressions that will be called up."

Unbelievers in HERR WAGNER will hardly be surprised at this. To them, it doubtless is such hard work listening to his music that a good long rest beforehand will seem absolutely needful. But, without having the irreverence to acquiesce in this, I think you will agree with him that operatic audiences vastly need reforming. I am, of course, a model auditor myself, or I should not venture to throw stones at my neighbours. But I notice that some people go chiefly to the opera not to listen but to chatter, and scarcely hold their tongues when PATTI sings her sweetest.

OUR BARONESS FOR OUR BIRDS.

NEXT to greedy Lords of Manors,
And the Railway wretches base,
(Wait, Confusion on their banners!)
England's Commons who efface,
If hard words could their employers
Serve as shots, the hardest words
I'd let fly at the destroyers
Of our native British Birds.

Hang them! There is scarce an Eagle,
E'en in Scotland, left on flight;
They have managed to inveigle
Into gins, or shoot down, Kite,
Buzzard, Harrier, Goshawk, Hebbie,
Merlin, Kestrel, Sparrowhawk,
Raven, Chough, Crow, Magpie—snobby
Landlords in the poulterer's walk!

They be hanged, too, those base prowling
Cads, and riff-raff, vagrant chaps,
Song-birds wholesale who, bat-fowling,
Catch, and snare in nets and traps.
O for such a whip, to lick 'em
As would serve me, into fits.
O for boots wherewith to kick 'em
That exterminate Tom-tits,

Thrush and Blackbird, Lark and Linnet,
Goldfinch, Bullfinch, Greenfinch! Would
Foot had on it, hand had in it
Weapons which at will I could
Wield for Redbreast, Yellowhammer,
Brown, and Golden-crested Wren,
These, and all things which enamour
With old England, Englishmen:

And a noble Englishwoman;
Nobler none; few wise as she,
For wild Birds and open Common
List LADY BURDETT COUTTS' plea.
If you do not see the wit in
These appellatory rhymes,
Read that. Lo, is it not written
In the other Thursday's *Times*?

AQUATIC INTELLIGENCE.—MRS. MALAPROP was heard to express the hope that the result of the International Boat Race would be a glory to the Umpire on which the sun never sets.

Then, besides the prattlers, there are the stampers and the hummers, bores who think they have a little music in their souls, and so apparently feel bound to stamp the time, and hum the airs, in manner most abominable. Hardly less a nuisance are the rapturous applauders, who rancously cry Brava! in the middle of a song, and drown its final notes by their premature hand-clapping. Not less annoying are the yawners, who seem bored by the whole thing, as they would probably express it, and are sad dampers on the pleasure of appreciative listeners. Moreover, quite as troubling are the carpers, who try to show their knowledge by finding fault with everybody, and affect to wince under the hearing of flat notes, which nobody except themselves is sharp enough to recognise.

If HERR WAGNER could reform these operatic nuisances, how all true lovers of music would thank him in their hearts! If he only could compose people, and force them to keep quiet while sitting at the opera, he would, with added merit, rank as a wonderful composer.

Believe me, yours profoundly,

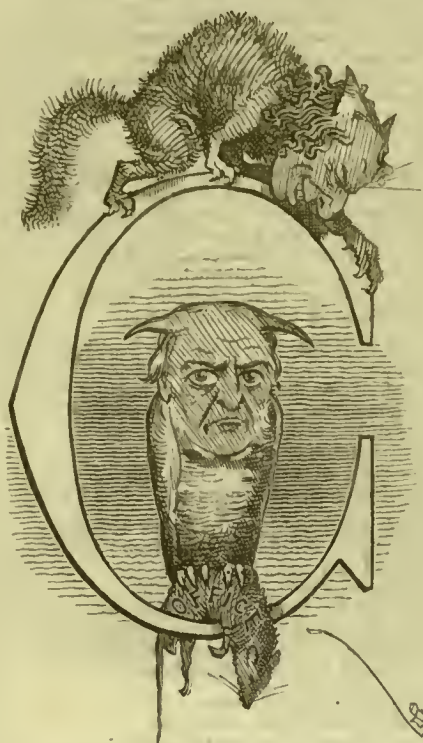
BEETHOVEN WEBER BROWN.

Calliope Cottage, Friday.

American Papers, Please Copy.

"KNOCKING the consequence out of a fellow" is a common school phrase for the process the Yankees mean applying to us when putting in practice their happy thought of inflicting "consequential damages." However, there are many happy signs that this threatening storm-cloud will be soon dissipated, and the American Case will prove no *casus belli*, even as regards a war of words, but *brutum fulmen*—mere SUMNER lightning. May the trouble, like so many others, be ended in the bowl, and, instead of squabbling over last year's Washington bantling, let JONATHAN and JOHN proceed to "kiss the baby."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



AT was the word, yes, "Cat," but not on this *Monday, June 3*, but on the following night, LORD GRANVILLE, the polite, used it. He said that MR. DISRAELI had been watching the PREMIER, like a cat, all the Session. But it is fair to add, and indeed, LORD GRANVILLE, who is not only polite but just, did add, that FELIS-DISRAELI had not tried to pounce.

The Parliamentary week was marked by a debate raised by LORD RUSSELL on the American business. He had been reticent as long as he could, but the fire kindled, and he spake with his tongue. He proposed to carry a Resolution that all proceedings before the Geneva Arbitrators should be suspended until the Indirect Claims should be withdrawn.

We'll tell you a story of high life,

omitting names, of course. Somebody (a great somebody) at a reception, asked a friend what ladies the latter had just been speaking to. He was answered that they were American ladies. Now most American ladies are beauteous, but these were perhaps a trifle less beauteous than most. "Hm," said Somebody, "it seems to me that their Claims to admiration may be called Indirect Claims." "Good, even for you," said *Mr. Punch*, smiling at the epigrammatist, and gliding away to pay his compliments to the ladies in question.

But to revert to the Lords. There was a slight anticipatory debate on Monday, and EARL RUSSELL announced that he should certainly bring on his Motion next evening. LORD WESTBURY said that as LORD GRANVILLE was desirous of sheltering himself behind the shield of an opinion of the Law Officers, he, LORD WESTBURY, should like to have an opportunity of seeing the shield—or rather, he did not want the opinions, but the Case that had been submitted. LORD GRANVILLE answered that the other Lord might move a vote of censure if he liked.

There was long talk on the same subject in the Commons, but as it has ceased to have interest, *Mr. Punch* cannot be at the trouble of going into details. This weather is depressing enough.

Of course MR. JUSTICE KEOGH's Judgment in the Galway Case has made a terrible commotion. The wrath of the Irish Priesthood is at a white heat, and they are raking up all the history of MR. JUSTICE KEOGH's early days—in which there is nothing to assail, though he was a dashing jovial Irishman, who enjoyed life—to prove that he had brought unjust accusations against the holy hierarchy of Erin. MR. GLADSTONE was asked whether his attention had been called to the Judgment, and he said that it had, and that he did not see that Government had any cause to interfere.

The Scotch Education Bill was proceeded with in Committee, and the Liberals, this time, obtained majorities on divisions. This, we suppose, is as much as you want to know; anyhow, it is all we are going to say.

Tuesday.—To-night came on EARL RUSSELL's Debate. He made an able speech. He was, as he always has been, opposed to the doctrine of Arbitration, which the plucky old Whig does not consider compatible with national dignity. He found huge fault with the Washington Treaty; but his attitude is so admirably illustrated in our Cartoon, that it is needless to picture him in words. The gallant veteran received, at the end, such cheers as the composed Peers seldom give.

LORD GRANVILLE answered with vigour and ability, and protested against a course that was calculated to destroy Treaty and negotiations and all.

Nearly all the good speakers were heard, LORDS DERBY, KIM-

BERLEY, GREY, WESTBURY, SALISBURY, and CAIRNS did all they knew, and the debate was worthy of the Senate. Then it was proposed, by the CHANCELLOR, that the discussion should be adjourned, whereat there was wrath, and on division it was resolved by 125 to 85, majority against Government 40, that there should be no adjournment. But then it was pointed out by LORD KINNAIRD that LORD HATHERLEY had been sitting there for many hours without refreshment, and it was hard to ask him to get up and make an elaborate reply at half-past midnight. So the Lords relented, and the debate was adjourned, and the CHANCELLOR had his supper.

More Scotch Education in the Commons, and MR. THOMAS HUGHES brought in a Bill on the subject of Betting. We have not yet seen it, but we believe it is short, and enacts that whosoever shall make any bet of any kind upon any subject whatsoever shall be executed for the first offence, and condemned for the second to read nothing but sporting papers for the rest of his life. This we consider merciful.

Wednesday.—In the Commons, on a Birmingham Sewage Bill, SIR ROBERT PEEL was vehement, and quoted. He said that when a previous division had come, the Whip

"Had stuttered out with incoherent zeal,

"Of course you vote against SIR ROBERT PEEL."

We may note that he used some strong language about a Parliamentary barrister, and that on another night remonstrance was made by MR. DENISON, on which SIR ROBERT, in the manliest way, expressed his regret at what he had said in heat, adding, that "he withdrew it, to himself, the moment he had uttered it." MR. DENISON then regretted that he had noticed the matter, and *Mr. Punch* records, with a bland smile, that real good manners are not yet banished from the House of Commons.

On a Bill for preventing vile defamation of character, it was made clear that in spite of selfish or sentimental ladies, the House of Commons perceives the virtues of the "Cat." By the way, wiser ladies than those above gently alluded to, are petitioning that the House will protect the helpless by flogging ruffians. MRS. FAWCETT takes charge of the petition, and *Mr. Punch* recommends that signatures be sent to that lady, whose courage does her honour.

Thursday.—Debate on LORD RUSSELL's Resolution was to have been resumed in the Lords, but EARL GRANVILLE had a sort of sensation announcement to make. Briefly, the Indirect Claims appear to have been formally withdrawn, if the proposed rule about consequential damages, in the future, be adopted.

This was announced in both Houses, and the Lords felt themselves justified in assenting to the withdrawal of LORD RUSSELL's Motion. *Mr. Punch* abstains from any Demonstrations until everything shall be in black and white. But it did look as if the reign of common sense were to be resumed.

In a small way, too, the same wholesome rule is regaining power at home. Four questions had been put on the paper about CASTRO. One was by his patron, MR. ONSLOW, and one by MR. WHALLEY, who sees Popery in the believing the evidence of a Catholic nobleman. MR. LOWE and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL announced that they did not mean to answer any questions on the subject.

More Scotch Education, and something very shocking was said by SIR JAMES ELPHINSTONE about hypocrisy being necessary for success with Scotch constituencies.

Friday.—Do you happen to remember that some time back there was ventilated an alleged grievance about some young Guardsmen, who, according to the DUKE OF RICHMOND, were going to be ill-treated by being made to educate themselves, whereas they had received their rank without that preliminary? To-night the Duke said that the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF had put matters all right—how, was not stated.

The Liquors Bill went through Committee in the Lords. It was foolishly proposed to interfere with the arrangement by which Grocers sell bottles of liquor. Why, this is a most excellent arrangement. The man who goes to a grocer's, and buys a bottle of wine to consume at home, is a good sort of man, devoted to domestic joviality. Home-drinking, in moderation, of course, is a positive Virtue. Surrounded by his smiling family, let Paterfamilias pour out to his beloved Partner and endeared Olive Branches the regal purple stream, and let them be happy. There was also suggestion that Grocers ought not to be allowed to keep open when Publicans had to close. What wisdom there is in this world! Does not a respectable Grocer shut up at the most reasonable hours?

In a debate on the Navigation of Men of War, MR. HANBURY TRACY made a statement which may as well be noticed. During the last 11 years 106 of H. M.'s vessels have gone ashore. In 41 cases there was no blame, but in the other cases there was all blame, and the value of the vessels thus blamefully endangered was £5,160,000. Write it out in words, if you please, and add that while a gentleman was trying to impress the Commons with the necessity of educating our officers, an attempt was made, to Count Out the House, and it nearly succeeded!

A RITUALIST MIRACLE.



ROME! Away with her! Leave her to be finished off by MR. JUSTICE KEOGH—we have no time to waste upon the Lady Searlatina. We have a Miracle of our own—a real Ritualist Miracle. 'Tis recorded in the *Church Times*, and vouched for by the REVEREND GERALD MOULTRIE, South Leigh Vicarage, Oxford.

His letter is about a column in length, but for which fact, and for some of its language, *Punch* might transfer it to his columns. He must boil it down, like spinach. But he pledges himself to the accuracy of his résumé.

A (horrid) Methodist named MICHAEL ALLEN,

was, twelve years ago, digging a drain. After work he supped, and went to bed. Now, MR. MOULTRIE, go on:—

"That night his wife had a dream. She seemed to be watching her husband as he was digging the drain. She noticed a small hole opening southward in the excavation, to which she called her husband's attention; that he put his spade in, and found that the more he dug the larger it got. Finally, the passage got large enough for her to enter, and then she descended into the earth. After her descent she found herself in a chamber of great beauty, with many ornaments. That what most struck her attention were two pedestals, square, and about four feet high, covered with frosted silver, like hoarfrost on a hedge in winter. That she was struck with the idea that it was something mysterious and sacred, which made her exclaim, ' * * * * * ' That, looking round on the costly ornaments of the room, she was then filled with desire for them, and shouted out aloud, 'Lord, MICHAEL! you don't know half what we are worth!' This woke her husband, who roused her from sleep, after which she dreamed no more."

But, next day, she made her husband dig in the direction indicated in her dream. He dugged. He did not discover the chamber of beauty, nor the frosted silver pedestals, but he dug up an Ancient Crucifix. Alas, being a Methodist, he sold this, two years later, for half-a-crown! Ten years later, MR. MOULTRIE heard of the Miracle, and he says, "I was half wild." (He seems to have amended his half-ness now.) But he resolved to obtain the Crucifix; and by another Miracle, a little one of which he makes no account, he recovered it from a curiosity dealer. He has it now. He describes it. Enough for a secular paper to extract one passage from the description:—

"It is very rude; and one's first impression is, 'How very ugly!' But the expression of the face is full of divine agony, which causes in one after a time a certain indescribable awe, which makes one nervous when alone in the room with it. I speak from my own experience, and others have expressed their consciousness of the same feeling."

There! Now has the Anglican, or rather the Ritualist, Church no Miracles to support it? A Methodist, who is, of course, worse than any heathen, has been made the instrument. A dream suggests the search. The hard-hearted Methodist sells the relic. A curiosity shop-keeper secretes it for ten years. At last it is discovered, and it makes MR. MOULTRIE nervous. What has Rome to say to this? Henceforth let S. Januarius, the Winking Picture, the—

We are very sad, very much shocked. Will it be believed that the following verses have been found inscribed on a wall at South Leigh?—

"O please and be cautious, you dear MR. MOULTRIE,
Don't go in the farm-yard and look at the poultry;
For though his suspicion could have no excuse,
A Protestant gander might think you a Goose."

The Strasburg Zone.

It has of late years become customary with sculptors to represent cities of any degree of magnitude or importance as female figures. Many a statuary, doubtless, has made a graven image of Strasburg. According to certain German papers, Strasburg is about to be re-fortified. They say that Strasburg will be surrounded by a girdle of eighteen forts. A corresponding alteration will require to be made in the statue of Strasburg, which should for the future have the bas-reliefs of eighteen forts chiselled on its girdle. This will, perhaps, originate a sweet thing in girdles.

FAITH FOR THE FRENCH ARMY.

In the French National Assembly, the other day, there occurred, with respect to the subject of Army Re-organisation, a rather brisk debate on that of Religion. "Question, question!" would have been the cry had the topic been imported into a similar discussion in the House of Commons. There, indeed, it would perhaps be beside the question. For the Legislature of France it is not beside the question at all, now, certainly. So long as the French Army consisted of willing conscripts and voluntary substitutes, religion may have stood in a relation to it of no special importance. The man who, in return for a few sous a day, his clothes and victuals, did not hesitate to run the risk of compound comminuted fractures and amputation, loss of under-jaw perhaps, or of both hands, in this world, was little likely to look so far forwards for anything unpleasant as the other. But compulsory service will bring into the Army of France brains against their will. Brains object to be blown out, the rather when they are largely endowed with the organs of the religious sentiments, Veneration, as the Phrenologists say, and Marvellousness. Brains object to be blown out even on the supposition:—

"That when the brains were out the man would die."

Much more do they object to be blown out on the opposite supposition, and very much more still on the opposite belief, to wit, that when the brains are out the man will not die. The influence likely to be exerted by religion on brains is therefore quite a point requiring to be perpended by legislators who meditate opposing brains to bullets and balls, and bombs, and bits of jagged iron. Are the rank and file of thinking Christians the stuff that a thinking General would prefer to place in that antagonism? Is the position of a combatant in the cannon's mouth tolerable for any thinking believer but one who is confident of being a perfect Saint? Messieurs may well consider if the union of religious faith with reflective intellect is likely to be serviceable, or otherwise than extremely unserviceable for any army but an Army of Martyrs.

Here only think what a happy thing it is for Europe and the world that the religion of the great majority of Frenchmen, who have any at all, is what it is, namely Popery, which represents future conditions as unspeakably frightful for all mankind except a comparatively very few Romish Saints. Its tremendous dissuaves, for ordinary mortals, from braving death anywhere, and particularly on the battle-field, have doubtless had some pacific effect upon their minds. It has assuredly kept them as quiet as any religion could keep such a people ridiculously miscalculated logical. What a state mankind would be in, now, if the French were Mussulmans! Fancy what would happen if JULES were generally actuated by the belief of HASSAN concerning "the maids of Paradise," and "the dark Heaven of Houris' eyes," reserved for Zouaves and Chasseurs who have the good fortune "mourir pour la patrie":—

"They come—their kerchiefs green they wave,
And welcome with a kiss the brave:
Who falls in battle 'gainst a Gaiour
Is worthiest an immortal bower."

It is truly a wonder that NAPOLEON, called the Great, had not the greatness to compel the French, when he ruled them, to turn Mahometans. Islam is the creed that their Bishops and Statesmen should inculcate on them, if they want to humbug them into charging batteries. Religion would be of immense advantage on the side of French soldiers if it made them charge to the shout of *Allah Hu!*

There is, however, a certain personal religion of the French kind which may answer very well for military purposes—with proper management. The religion of the unthinking Roman Catholic will do, under adequate direction. But then he must be extremely unthinking. He must think nothing of aught that he has read, if able to read, about futurity, or even of anything which he heard his Priest preach the other day. He must think only of his Priest's last words; and those must be "En avant!" With a Chaplain well up to his official work, Christianity à la Romaine might, as far perhaps as the multitude are concerned, be rendered a religion for French soldiers the next best after Mahometanism.

The Popjoys at Paris.

FRENCH gentlemen, apparently, as well as English, are capable of pigeon-shooting, if not of dog-fighting and badger-baiting. A match of "trap-shooting" came off the other day at the Bois de Boulogne. The competitors included a number of Counts, Marquises, and Princes, but, according to a narrative of their brave sport,—

"The first prize, 1767 fr., was carried off by MR. VANSITTART without a tie."

Some non-sporting readers might be disposed to infer from this statement that pigeon-shooters, like the frequenters of "canine" and rating entertainments, are cads, not particular as to costume.



REAL EDUCATION.

MR. PUNCH IS OF OPINION THAT A POLITE AND EASY BEARING TOWARDS THE OPPOSITE SEX (TEMPERED, OF COURSE, WITH PROPRIETY AND DISCRETION) CANNOT BE INCULCATED AT TOO EARLY AN AGE. HE THEREFORE RECOMMENDS THAT WHENEVER AN INSTITUTE FOR YOUNG LADIES HAPPENS TO MEET AN ACADEMY FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN, THEY SHOULD ALL BE FORMALLY INTRODUCED TO EACH OTHER, AND ALLOWED TO TAKE THEIR WALKS ABROAD IN COMPANY.

THE BRIGANDS OF BARNES.

THERE is a sad want of Custom-House Officers to check a species of smuggling carried on by gangs of Capitalists and Speculators in the House of Commons, namely the smuggling of Private Bills. A most disgusting instance of it is alleged in the following extract from a letter signed "W. B." in the *Times*, on the subject of Barnes Common:—

"I may tell" Barnes "something more. There is a Bill in Parliament by which a large portion of the Common is to be taken for a railway and railway terminus. This has already passed the Commons without one single word of opposition from the advocates for the preservation of commons and open spaces, so that probably we may have coal-sheds and smoking chimneys built on it. It would appear that commons and open spaces are only preserved when not wanted for other purposes."

If it is simply true that a large portion of Barnes Common is about to be taken for another railway there, the vigilance of people of the right sort has been eluded by some of the money-grubbers of the Midas kind, who turn everything they are suffered to touch, however beautiful or useful in any other than a pecuniary way, into money. Are there no gentlemen in Parliament who will organise themselves into a preventive service to look out for and frustrate the attempts of those sordid parties? The need of an additional railway on a spot so accessible as Barnes Common, is very little; the advantage of preserving that open space is very great. Spoil Barnes Common, spoil Hyde Park, spoil Kensington Gardens. Cut a railway through Hampton Court, and convert its Palace into a Terminus! Perhaps the House of Lords will dare to rescue Barnes Common.

A Word for Sir Wilfrid.

AN advocate for compulsory abstinence from spirituous liquor may found an argument upon the fact that the three first letters of Ignorance are convertible into Gin.

READING MADE UNEASY.

IN a delightful letter, in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, by MR. CHARLES READE, that gentleman describes the Kensington Show of Musical Instruments. But he says—

"Then there are Italian spinets, one of which ought to interest the Ladies, for it has nineteen hundred and twenty-eight precious stones outside it, and very little music inside."

What do you mean, MR. READE? Why should this specially interest the Ladies? Is a Lady something externally rich in expensive glitter, and internally devoid of charming and harmonious qualities? Can you intend to signify this? O, dear Sir, explicate.

Geology for Jackasses.

FOLKS talk of the Crust of the Earth;
Its strata which outmost lie.
A Fool reflects, chuckling with mirth,
This world, then, 's a pudding, or pie:
Vesuvius, at seasons, lets out
The gravy within it has got,
And that being lava, no doubt
Inside that the meat is all hot.

Nominal Nonsense.

A COMMITTEE of the Council of the Institution of Naval Architects has reported to the Board of Trade that, in their opinion, "the term 'nominal horse-power,' as at present ordinarily used for commercial purposes, conveys no definite meaning." Worse than that, in one case it involves a contradiction in terms. Who but a moke would mention the nominal horse-power of a donkey-engine?



BIG JOHN AND LITTLE JOHN.

LITTLE JOHN. "BE FIRM, BIG JOHN, BE FIRM! AM I NOT BESIDE YOU!!!"



THE END OF THE WORLD

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.



FATHER was made for conversation—indeed it is its chief necessity.

A calculation has been put forth by an eminent actuary that three out of every five conversations open with a remark on the weather. He was engaged two years, in all weathers, in collecting data for this computation. His sufferings were greatest in the bad quarter of an hour before dinner.

The Ancients thought much of the weather. The Greeks had a Temple of the Winds, an anticipation of Greenwich Observatory, and their most

popular comic author called one of his dramatic pieces *The Clouds*.

One of the most remarkable phenomena connected with the weather is the number of persons who are constantly endeavouring to raise the wind. They are more numerous than that other class of people—a considerable one no doubt—who are always looking out for a rainy day.

Many persons are so much taken up with the weather that they are continually in the clouds.

With all the discoveries Science has made, we are yet very far from knowing what the clouds exactly contain, so many things are still in *nubibus*.

There are two kinds of Dew. The one prevails in the early morning and leaves its traces on the feet, the other makes its appearance mostly at night and affects the head. There is a difference of opinion among philosophers about dew, but a remarkable unanimity as to Mountain Dew.

Music has been composed on the weather, for instance the well-known glee, *Hail, Smiling Morn*. (Note the sly allusion to the fickleness of our English climate.)

There are four quarters of the wind, consequently there ought to be two halves, but nothing is known of them at Greenwich.

Every information about ice can be obtained at GUNTER'S, GRANGE'S, GROVE'S, or any other eminent confectioner or fish-monger.

There is a want in literature—there is no good biography of the Clerk of the Weather.

No poultry show can be considered complete without a collection of weathercocks.

In northern countries they call their dances in the winter Snowballs.

The Weather was very dismal in the Dark Ages.

ALL A-GROWING!

LORD WESTBURY finds fault with our Commissioners at Washington for using the phrase “demands growing out of the Alabama Claims.” LORD WESTBURY declares, in his pleasant, playful way, that such a phrase smacks more of the market-gardener than the diplomatist. But surely, whether the Commissioners were or were not the right men in the right place, their phrase is the right phrase in the right place. What have the demands of our dear American cousins done but “grow,” from year to year, from month to month, from week to week, from day to day? They are still growing. They will go on growing, we may be certain, till the Arbitrators put a stopper on them. “Growing”?—never were such demands to grow!

These are the Indirect Claims, first. They would have “grown” to nobody can say how many millions out of nothing at all, if JOHN BULL hadn't put his foot down, and squenched them, for good and all.

And not only may these indirect demands be best described as “growing,” but as “growing out of the Alabama Claims.” For what has been JOHN BULL's contention all along, but that such demands never could have grown *within* the Alabama Claims and therefore could only have grown *out of* them.

So far from agreeing with LORD WESTBURY, *Punch* submits that, so far as the Indirect Claims go, the phrase has an appropriateness and felicity rarely to be found, even in the vocabulary of diplomacy, that science of words *par excellence*.

It is true JOHN BULL contends that the Indirect Claims were not included in the Treaty, and so *Punch* has no business, it may be said, to defend the phrase by argument drawn from *them*. But our American cousins maintain that such claims were included; and as their Commissioners are as responsible as our own for the phrase which LORD WESTBURY objects to, and as it has been evident all through this dispute that our cousins know very well what they are about, we submit that the phrase is a good phrase for their view of the case, if not for ours.

Then the Direct Claims! Aren't they as fine and healthy a set of “growing” claims as ever were started? Look at the case of our dear, modest, fair-dealing cousins on this point. There are the Claims for losses on account of merchant-ships destroyed, injured, or detained, to the tune of £3,700,000. The Board of Trade Committee, on inquiry, find that this claim has “grown” to just twice its natural size. This is managed by a system of double-entry which does the greatest credit to the well-known commercial ‘cute-ness’ of our American cousins. Thus, in the case of captured or destroyed merchantmen, the Owner first claims for loss of ship and cargo, and then the Insurer claims for the payment he has made to the Owner on account of the same loss. This ingenious principle is acted upon, all through the case. As a Britisher commenting on this part of our cousins' Claims observes:—

“A shipowner makes a claim for loss of the bill of lading freight on goods shipped on board his vessel, while the owner of the goods, at the same time, advances a claim for the full price which they would have realised at the port of destination. But it is obvious that this price would not have been realised without the freight having been first paid, and, consequently, if both claims were satisfied in full the freight would be in effect paid twice over. So in respect of the whaling and fishing vessels, claims are made not merely for the ‘secured earnings’ of such ships at the moment of their capture, but for the whole ‘prospective earnings’ of their voyage, no deduction whatever being made for wear and tear and consumption of stores. Similarly, in the case of ships in ballast—that is, in course of sailing to a port of loading—claims are made for the whole of the ‘gross freight’ which they would have earned if they had taken up their cargo, whereas it is obvious that the real loss consists of the ‘net freight’ which would have been realised after deduction of wear and tear, consumption of stores, payment of wages, and other necessary expenditure.”

If a monument is due to the man who “makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before,” American patriotism ought surely to find some reward for the ‘cute citizen who discovered this way of making two dollars grow out of one, in his Direct Claims on the Britisher.

But with these American Demands before us, who can complain that the phrase which has so annoyed LORD WESTBURY is not strictly appropriate?

A QUESTIONABLE SPIRIT.

“THE New Tea Spirit, Robur”
About the walls we see.
What Spirit, from so sober
A beverage as Tea?
And Tea with “Robur” naming
Together, seems a joke
Some explanation claiming;
As “Robur” stands for oak.

If leaves could be fermented,
And were a Spirit made
Of some which are presented
For tea-leaves in the Trade;
Then Robur, in all reason,
Would be its name, right due:
Those leaves that King of Trees on,
The *Quercus Robur*, grew.

Exhaustive Observations.

THERE are at present under discussion several subjects of so much public interest that, of course to supply popular demand, leading articles about them appear repeatedly in the newspapers. The only fault to be found with these lively commentaries is their brevity. The average length of them is about a column-and-a-half. It is very true that all the information they contain could generally be compressed into half a column, or less, but who would like that summary treatment of a topic which it is delightful to dwell on? Breathes there the man, or even the woman, who would be content with an epitome of all that is to be said on the subject, for instance, of Scotch Education?



MENTOR AND TELEMACHUS.

Unsuccessful Oar. "I SAY, MUSCLES, HOW DO YOU ACCOUNT FOR MY BREAKING DOWN?"

Trainer (reproachfully). "O, WERY EASILY, SIR. YER WOULD READ WHILE YER WOS IN COURSE O' TRAININ', AND I ALWAYS TOLD YER THAT BOOKS AND LITERATOOR AND THEM THINGS SPILED THE 'ANDS, AND WOS DEATH TO A GOOD EDUCATION."

WHAT THE BURMESE AMBASSADORS OUGHT TO BE SHOWN.

A crowd at a Railway Station struggling for their Tickets at one small aperture, two feet by nine inches.

The Streets after a couple of rainy days.

One or two of our Four-wheeled Cabs.

All the Public Statues.

A Butcher's Boy in full career along a crowded thoroughfare.

Leicester Square.

The House of Commons voting away a million or so of the public money. The House of Commons deeply interested in a personal squabble.

A few of our most accomplished Street-beggars.

An Irish Election.

A City Feast.

A City Church, with a clergyman (handsomely remunerated), clerk, headle, pew-opener, sexton, and organist, but no congregation worth counting.

The British Museum—if it does not happen to be shut.

The British quart Wine-bottle.

Samples of the Necessaries of Life well adulterated.

The neighbourhood of a flourishing Gin-palace at twelve o'clock on Saturday night.

A very High Church. (N.B. The interpreter should explain to their Excellencies that Popery is *not* the established religion of the country at present.)

The interior of St. Paul's Cathedral.

Our roomy and convenient Law Courts.

Our Organ-Grinders.

A Beadle.

A Match-making Mamma.

The inside of an Omnibus on a pouring wet day.

The admirable arrangements at the Royal Academy for taking care of parasols, sticks, and umbrellas.

A Third-class Railway Carriage.

SCOTTISH PAPERS, PLEASE DON'T COPY.

In a debate on the Scotch Education Bill, the following dreadful remarks were made, according to all the reporters, by SIR JAMES ELPHINSTONE, Baronet. Mind, this gallant sailor is a Scot, his parents being of Aberdeen and Haddington respectively:—

"Although he was not a Scotch Member, he had stood for several Scotch constituencies, and he supposed he was considered deficient in that amount of hypocrisy which was necessary to approach a Scotch constituency. Therefore he had sought a more honest one."

¶ Namely, Portsmouth, where the population may have many faults, but where certainly the rule is an inconvenient, not to say indecorous frankness which is, adequately, represented by SIR JAMES. But what will Scotland say to this revelation by one of her distinguished sons? Eh, Sirs, but it's just awful.

TIGHT LADS.

A RATIONAL order has proceeded from Head-Quarters. His Royal Highness the FIELD-MARSHAL COMMANDING-IN-CHIEF, in a memorandum recently issued, directs that, "in future, clothing for recruits be fitted as loose as possible, to enable them, as they increase in size from good diet and healthy exercise, to undergo their drill without impeding the free use of their lungs and the action of the heart." Nothing could be wiser in its way than this improvement of the British Soldier's uniform, except the extension of its principle so as to provide easily-fitting clothes for him when rations and drill shall have developed him from an attenuated recruit into the plentitude of a full private. A tight uniform is so bad a thing for the soldier, that there cannot be a worse, except the personal tightness of the wearer when he has got tight himself. And observe, that, when a man is tight both in himself, and in his tunic and trousers, tightness of dress is attended with laxity of discipline.



SMALL THINGS AMUSE SMALL MINDS.

MR. AND MRS. JESSAMY ARE NOT GOING TO BE DONE OUT OF THE PLEASURE OF USING THEIR NEW GARDEN-HOSE JUST BECAUSE IT HAPPENS TO RAIN.

JAMES THE SECOND AT THE TOWER.

THE attention of the Constable of the Tower is respectfully invited to the plight of JAMES THE SECOND, so to name the representative of that Sovereign, last in the series of equestrian effigies forming the Horse Armoury. Terminating the row of mail-clad dummies, this dummy is but partly mail-clad, as the period of its original was one of transition, when mail was falling into disuse. JAMES THE SECOND at the Tower is clothed in a combination of armour with a riding-dress of the period. This attire, from the incongruity of its components, was, even when brand-new, if grand also grotesque, but not so very much more grotesque than grand. Now, however, the ravages of Time have diminished the grandeur extremely, and increased the grotesqueness to a corresponding degree. The padding inside of JAMES has decayed and collapsed; the textile parts of his clothes have fallen in, his once white buff gloves have got soiled, with their fingers at odds, his laced hat is battered and tarnished, his black wig matted and stiffened into frieze, hangs awry on his shoulders, and he has altogether fallen into a state so ramshackle that anybody, not knowing him to be JAMES THE SECOND, would mistake him for GUY FAWKES. Considering what GUY FAWKES did, and what JAMES THE SECOND, grandson of JAMES THE FIRST, did nevertheless, one can respect the Protestant feeling which allows that King to remain in a condition of similitude to that Conspirator; but historical truth should be regarded as well as Protestantism, and to consult the latter, it would amply suffice to hand JAMES THE SECOND, as he sits at the Tower, over in trust to Mr. WHALLEY and Mr. NEWDEGATE, for the purpose of being put to use as a Guy, to be exhibited, as the Guy which he looks to perfection, regularly every fifth of November. At any rate a new JAMES THE SECOND ought to be substituted in the Horse Armoury of the Tower for the old one, whose appearance is so disreputable that the Constable, now that his notice has been called to him, cannot, surely, fail to take him up.

Punch and Judy.

THE following quotation appears in a provincial paper:—

"Money is said to be the sinews of war. It is equally the sinews of marriage. Without it no couple can carry the war on."

With the Government, that is, and Society, and surroundings. Between themselves, with money or without, they carry on the war, most of them, so long as they live together. Only without money married life is generally savage, with money may be civilised warfare.

AYRTON'S ILLUMINATION.

"It is to the First Commissioner of Works that London owes the light, kindled for the first time this week, on the summit of the Clock Tower, and meant to be kept alight whenever the House of Commons is sitting. The light is of gas, placed in the lantern which crowns the Campanile. Unluckily, being backed by a reflector, it shines only for the South and West of London."
—*Paragraph in the Papers.*

I HAVE no store of pleasant smiles,
Like some official men;
No butter in my mouth beguiles
Those who approach my den.

The rough side of my tongue must scrub
And draw blood, e'en in play;
Whose hair soe'er I have to rub,
I must rub the wrong way.

To civil question bland reply
To give I ne'er was known:
Science and Art of me fight eby,
For hard things at them thrown.

No money out of me you screw,
That a close fist can hold:
Artist I hold the same as "do,"
And to say so make hold.

For pleasant words and courteous moods
I am no more your man,
Than my forefather, that in woods,
A noble savage, ran!

Yet to the House all in my power
To give, free, given shall be—
A light upon Big Ben's Clock-Tower—
For South and West to see!

Sign of that wisdom's light whose rays
Kindle the House below;
While legislators shine to blaze,
And out, with them, to go.

To hire electric light I'm loth,
But of cheap gas we've store;
And, if 'tis cheap and nasty, both,
I like it all the more.

Backed with reflectors through the gloom,
My gas-lamp high displayed,
One-half of London will illumine,
If t'other half 'a in shade.

Therein of House of Commons' light
A fitting symbol too—
For where but one side can be right,
How look for light from two?

And well, too, that my gas should blaze
Above the clock sublime—
Symbol how Commons' wisdom plays,
And takes no note of time!

This gaslight and that wisdom's strength
Travel by self-same lines;
For either through a weary length
Of leaden spouting shines!

So light with light keeps balance right,
Each against other weighed;
A costlier, brighter, broader light,
Less meaning had conveyed!

Question for Lord Kimberley.

WHAT earthly reason can there be for closing Public-houses, as proposed by the Government Licensing Bill during the additional hour of from five to six P.M. on Sundays? The reason why they should be closed between three and five is intelligible. Publicans, waiters, and barmaids ought to have insured them the possibility of going to church. No such reason demands the continued closure of Public-houses for an hour over church-hours. There is no reason more than earthly for that annoyance, and, if an earthly one exists, what is it?



COUNTER IRRITATION.

First Customer (entering suddenly). "I SAY, IT POSITIVELY HURTS, THIS HAT I BOUGHT OF YOU YESTERDAY!"

Second Ditto (waiting to be measured aghast, at being taken for a Shopman). "AU—GH! HAV!!"

First Ditto. "ADOMINABLY BAD FIT, THIS HAT!"

Second Ditto (recovering his self-possession). "'NDEED, SIR! A—H—YOUR COAT IS, MOST D'CIDEDLY, SIR!"

PRIZE POEM.

LAST week I sauntered round the Zoo,
I saw a Whimbrel and a Smew;
I could have played on any timbrel
For joy that I had seen a Whimbrel;
I could have played a flute, too-too,
For joy that I had seen a Smew.
I never saw the like before,
I never want to see them more.
But don't you come pretending, you,
To know a Whimbrel or a Smew,
Or any other fiction hatch,
Like an old frumions Bandersnatch;
That were a dismal thing to do
About a Whimbrel and a Smew.

Priests and Paddies.

"IRELAND for the Irish!" is a cry in which mobs shouting for Home Rule are joined by Priests. Thereby, however, their Reverences and their lay associates express different notions. The people mean what they say; their spiritual pastors, and masters, too, that aim to be, mean Ireland for the Romish.

Considerate.

So many of the frequenters of Music Halls are troubled with a difficulty of aspiration, that it is pleasant to find the managers of one of those places of entertainment humouring the infirmities of their patrons by distinctly placarding the name of a star—from the Transatlantic firmament—as "ORKINS."

GLORIOUS TIDINGS.

WHAT shall not be done, in the way of honour, to our friend KING COLE? H. M. daily announces, that at the New Show House at South Kensington,

"Visitors can dine after the Exhibition closes, as well as previously."

This is delightful. Two fine Appetites for one shilling! Gentlemen who find it difficult to dine once, and who, to attain that object, have recourse to unholy Sherry-and-Bitters, notice this! *Punch* has taken a season-ticket, to ensure himself twelve dinners a week, taking his chance on Sundays.

Intimidationist Priests.

HERE is a characteristic piece of news from Ireland:—

"THE GALWAY JUDGMENT.—At a private meeting of CARDINAL CULLEN'S Clergy yesterday, at Marlborough Street Cathedral, in Dublin, an address was passed strongly condemning JUDGE KEOGH's judgment."

To be sure. *Judex damnatur cum nocens absoluitur*—as a general rule. The acquittal of the criminal is a sufficient condemnation of the judge. But perhaps CARDINAL CULLEN'S Clergy had a reason for specially condemning JUDGE KEOGH. Was it for the likes of them to presume to absolve the BISHOPS of GALWAY and CLONFERT and the ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM?

ANATHEMA IN EXCELSIS.

CREEED of St. Athanasius? No, indeed.
Call it, good priests, the ANATHEMASIAN Creed.



HAPPY THOUGHT—DIVISION OF LABOUR.

"A—LOOK HERE, MISS BONAMY! S'POSE YOU LOOK AT THE PICTURES, WHILE I CONFINE MY ATTENTION TO THE CATALOGUE! GET THROUGH THE JOB IN HALF THE TIME, YOU KNOW!"

FINE ARTS.

On the Spur of the Picture Exhibitions, Sales, and the like, there is plenty of goose-gabble upon the Fine Arts now o' nights. Any one who ventures much into society must have at his tongue's tip a smatter of Art-jargon, and pretend to know a something about poetry of handling, middle distances, and high lights. Yet, after all, the arts which most affect Society are assuredly not those which occupied the life-study of RAPHAEL and REMBRANDT. Brag of our Art-culture as vainly as we may, Society cares far less to study the fine art of RUBENS or of REYNOLDS, than to heed the culture of such fine arts as the following:—

The art of getting rich young lords to dance with your fair daughters, so that in due time their attentions may be marked, and something serious may come of it.

The art of tempting pleasant friends to come at a late notice to fill up gaps at table; especially when, otherwise, you would have had to undergo the dismal dreariness of dining only with your own relations.

The art of getting managers to give you stalls and boxes, in the notion that your presence does credit to their theatres.

The art of flogging a rich friend to make a tour with you in autumn, and of leaving him to bear the lion's share of the expenses.

The art of entering a ball-room immediately after some grand names have been bawled out, and of assuming the appearance of owning, yourself, one of them.

The art of tempting your old Aunt to give your girls new dresses whenever they require them.

The art of finding out the hours to call on disagreeable people, so as to be certain that they will not be visible, in which case your card will satisfy the rigours of society.

The art, if they are poor, of keeping all your near relations at a distance, so as to prevent their ever asking you to put your name upon a bill, or be godfather to baby.

The art of getting a day's pheasant shooting, or a famous mount

EHEU!

O FOR one hour of dear old PALMERSTON,
To get this super-Liberally ruled nation
Out of the mess 'tis in through that ill-done
Affair of the Genevan Arbitration!

Man at the Wheel of State, had he till now,
A living Nestor, still our Helmsman been,
Great works accomplished, Candour must allow,
Such as we see, we never might have seen.

'Tis like enough, had PALMERSTON borne rule,
That Household Suffrage had been still held back;
There would not be a vote for every fool,
Nor schemes to help fools vote that letters lack.

Measures to curb the people in their joys,
Of Sabbatarian-sumptuary kind,
For schooling Englishmen like little boys,
Might have continued still to scorn consigned.

But England's weal, or England's honour, wrecked
We should not fear on any foreign shoal!
Should now behold "attorney-ism" checked:
Ne'er have been got into our present hole.

* "We thank thee, BRIGHT, for teaching us that word."

PENAL SERVITUDE OF JURORS.

THE trial of MARGUERITE DIBLANC not having been finished in one day, the Court had to adjourn until the next morning. According to Law Report:—

"Meanwhile the Jury were escorted to the Cannon Street Hotel by an officer of the Court, and were not allowed to separate overnight."

The trial lasted over the next night too, and the Jury had to undergo this disgusting infliction a second time. In the meantime the ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S Jury Nuisance Bill is under the consideration of a Select Committee. Why cannot an obvious part of that nuisance be abated at once? Because it does not affect Members of Parliament. How very expeditiously it would be abolished if it did!

to hounds, whenever it seems good to you, without incurring further cost than your travelling expenses.

The art, when you come up to town to pay a round of calls and do a little shopping, of persuading some rich bosom friend to take you in her carriage, whereby you save your cab-hire, and enhance your reputation.

The art of getting amateurs of the very finest water to sing at all your soirées, without so much as giving them a supper for their services.

The art of getting credit, without interest, from a Jew, or discount upon ready-money payment to a butcher.

The art of so beguiling your gouty rich old uncle, that he gives up drinking wine, and generously makes you a present of his cellar.

The art of tempting publishers to put you on the free list for all their magazines, reviews, and other publications, under the impression that to lie upon your table will increase their circulation.

The art of so arranging your card-tray for a party, that all the swellish names are conspicuously legible.

The art of saying "No" to a lady-friend who calls, or writes, to ask a favour of you, in such a diplomatic way as not to run the slightest risk of forfeiting her friendship.

The art of passing off cheap claret with so much pomp of cork-drawing and ceremony of glass-wiping, and with such a knowing sniff and wink and lip-smack after sipping, as makes your friends believe it really is the Margaux or Lafitte you tell them.

The art of handing Baby round to kiss, during dessert, in a manner so enticing as will make your richest old friend present anxious to stand godfather.

The art of wearing a bad hat with so much grace that even creditors will fancy it a good one.

And, finally, the art of taking old umbrellas to the Club, in the fond hope, now and then, of getting new ones in exchange for them.

A Precious Definition.

THE BEST PASTE.—"Jewell's Apology."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



DUKE OF RICHMOND disliked the Bill, thought it very bad, and should not oppose the Second Reading. Like the goddess *Dulness*, in the *Dunciad*, he

"with a discontented air
Seems to reject, the while he grants the prayer."

LORD SHAFTESBURY opposed, as the Bill would entirely sap the morality of Voters. He expected to see the Church destroyed, the Lords attacked, and—he was "prepared to tremble" for the Throne. Our artist has vainly endeavoured to depict an excellent nobleman preparing to tremble, but regrets that he cannot get nearer the mark than the presentation of a gentleman in bed, regarding a shower-bath on a frosty morning, and as this is manifestly beneath the dignity of the subject, he takes another.

LORD COWPER supported the Bill because it was not objected to in COWPER'S POEMS. LORD RAVENSWORTH opposed it because it was not praised by VIRGIL, whom he has translated. LORD ROSEBERRY, whose name is PRIMROSE, opposed it because

"A primrose on a river's brim
A yellow primrose is to him,
And it is nothing more."

The DUKE OF RUTLAND opposed it because his county is the smallest in England. LORD LYVEDEN supported it because his name is VERNON, and *Ver non semper viret*, that is, he is very seldom green.

We are bound to say that the account of what was said by the last five speakers is one which *Mr. Punch* declines to vouch for. The fact is that he went out to dinner, and on his return obtained his facts from an Irish friend. But it is not of much consequence, and probably the reasons which the five Lords gave were not half as cogent as the above. *Mr. Punch* returned to find LORD CARNARVON abusing the measure as full of snares, pitfalls, and delusions. LORD BELMORE said that the Ballot worked well in Australia, where a scrutiny was allowed. [N.B. This is a most important point. You can have no absolute secrecy where there is a scrutiny, and no safety against rascality where there is not—*utrum horum Mavis accipe*—"mavis" is Scotch for a thrush]. LORD KIMBERLEY, for Government, gave us the comfortable assurance that the Bill would do neither so much good nor so much evil as was anticipated. A voter, we suppose, is to be what the lady advises the poet to show himself.

"Come, if you'll be a good kind soul
That dares tell neither truth nor lies,
I'll list you in the polling roll
Of these who vote for Noes or Ayes."

Ha! ha! dear Madam. "Quotations quottle deep," ch? Well, LORD SALISBURY thought the Bill would diminish the moral influence of Party, and he was especially afraid of it for Ireland. The CHANCELLOR was for trusting the People. LORD CAIRNS said that the Bill would disfranchise half the constituencies, for men would be indifferent about voting if it were a secret act. Their Lordships divided, and the Second Reading was carried by 86 to 56, majority 30.

That debate was both interesting and important, and *Mr. Punch*, with his exquisite sense of the fitness of things, and in his wish to

oblige an inquisitive posterity, has reported the proceedings at some length. Luckily, the debates during the rest of the week make no such call on his industry, and this is a comfort, something like hot weather having set in with the Ascot Cup Day, when the French horse, *Henry*, beat the Baron's *Furonus*.

The Commons talked over the Civil Service Estimates, but there was nothing very exciting, except that the Committee refused to cut off the salary of the Privy Seal, and that Mr. MACPHE said that the steel-pens supplied to the House were the very worst in the world. We are glad of it—who that is entitled to be called a Great Man writes with a steel pen?

"ANSER, apis, vitulus, regna gubernant."

Tuesday.—In both Houses were there earnest speeches and evasive replies upon the American question. Whether the earnestness were real, and the evasion not statesmanlike, are separate questions.

The Mid-London Railway, Western Section, Bill was read a Second Time. We exult to think of the discomforts that will come on the menaced districts while the rail is being constructed.

MR. BOWRING, rising to propose an alteration in the system of Counts Out, was himself promptly Counted Out. Never play with fire. He announced that he should renew a Motion which "had been cut short by the cruel scissors of the Fates." Dear Mr. BOWRING, only one of the Fates had scissors. 'Twas Atropos. Don't you know that she said, on the day of the birth of Vaccination JENNER, that she had lost them? Would you speak of the telescopes of the Muses?

Wednesday.—In debate on some Irish law Bill, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL FOR IRELAND performed a national service. He explained that *Excelsior*, in the sense in which a poet should have known better than to teach the *servorum pecus* to use the word, is abominably bad Latin. He made a most diverting and rollicking speech against the Bill, and the House threw it out. MR. MACPHE interpolated a scoff at a certain Judge who has driven the Irish priests and their friends to frenzy, but that Judge will find himself powerfully sustained by the Imperial Parliament, if the case is brought before it.

Then we had a pleasant little debate on a Bill for the Protection of Wild Fowl, and MR. AUBERON (he should be AUDUBON) HERBERT, in a charming ornithological speech, pleaded for the smaller birds, our benefactors, against gardeners, trappers, and those wretched idiots, the Sparrow-Club men. MR. HENLEY objected to the Law's being asked to protect little birds; and as this excellent veteran rather goes in for piety, we should like to ask him whether—we will not quote from too high a source—but whether he remembers the authority that suggested the poet's line,

"A hero perish, or a sparrow fall."

Eh, MR. HENLEY, there's precedent for you, and you like precedents. Now then, is a sparrow too small a thing to be cared for by man? Respond, Josephus Grumbletonius! Don't be angry; we defy as much as we admire you. You asked whether a boy ought to be punished for going birds'-nesting. Well, we think he is, for he usually falls off the tree with a lot of objectionable eggs in his mouth; they smash, he tears his trowsers, and he catches it from his afflicted parent. Boys should be wopped until they learn to be kind and affectionate, and to hate to inflict pain. *Vide* SOLOMON, SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE, and others.

Thursday.—EARL GRANVILLE explained that M. DE RÉMUSAT, the Foreign Minister of France, had promised, in the most affable manner, that the French Government would do nothing to induce French exiles to select Great Britain as their place of abode.

"How elegant your Frenchmen?" Mine, d'ye mean?

I have but one, I hope the fellow's clean." *DONNE, viii POPE.*

The Lords passed the Liquor Bill, and LORD KIMBERLEY was highly complimented on the fair and pleasant manner in which he had conducted it. His Lordship replied with graceful acknowledgments. "Manners is a fine thing, truly," as Miss observes in *Polite Conversation*.

MR. JUSTICE KEOGH, whose judgment was confirmed by three out of the four Judges of the Irish Common Pleas, having turned out CAPTAIN NOLAN from Galway, and seated CAPTAIN TRENCH, there was an attempt to hinder the execution of this righteous decree. But the British Parliament would not permit injustice.

The Cord-Communication between Railway Passengers and Guards was admitted to be, on the whole, a failure, and the Board of Trade will humbly and respectfully beg the Companies to devise some better plan. Until they do, *Mr. Punch* only says to British Juries, "Give the very heaviest damages whenever accident, for want of communication, occurs." The Companies like paying thousands in this way, instead of hundreds to scientific men for inventions and experiments, so oblige the "men of business." They treat the Public as a cipher, treat *them* to an extra cipher in your verdicts.

More American discussion. We begin to dislike CHRISTOPHERO

COLOMBO, and it serves him quite right that America was not called after him, its discoverer, but after AMERIGO VESPUCCI, who was very clever at seeing a thing when it had been pointed out to him.

Friday.—Question being asked, in the Lords, as to the release of the Roman-Catholic savages whose violence hastened the death of MURPHY, the unsavoury lecturer, something was said about Provocation. Truly the doctrine, that if a person's words are annoying you may kill that person, is finding favour. We see inconveniences in it, however.

LORD BUCKNURST made a suggestion which the kindly-hearted NELLY GWYNNE might have made to BUCKNURST; namely, that something should be done to prevent Women and Children from being killed in the performance of acrobatic feats, for the delectation of cads and the enrichment of brutes. LORD MORLEY saw difficulties, but said that when the HOME SECRETARY knew that any dangerous feat was to be performed, he always warned the advertisers. If gentle-natured people knew of the cruelties practised in the training of little acrobats, the disgusting system would go on just the same as at present. But the cruelties are shocking, all the same.

A Common debate on the French Commercial Treaty. The authors of this were the EMPEROR, MR. CORDEN, and MR. GLADSTONE. The latter deplored its denunciation by France, but deprecated any present vote on the subject. The days have departed when CANNING wrote:—

"With Equal advantage the French are content."

A most cheeky Bill for exempting Bakers from the Smoke Act, and leaving them free to empoison the air, was briefly discussed. MR. BRUCE actually opposed it. Debate adjourned. Bother the Baker! PHARAOH served him excellently right.

WHAT IS ALWAYS GOING ON.

THE Weather.
The POPP.
The Publicans.
Strikes.
Jobs.
Ireland.
The American Claims.
DR. LIVINGSTONE.
An International Something or other.
Extraordinary decision of one of "the Great Unpaid."
The Claimant.
An Infallible Specific for rheumatism, hydrophobia, sea-sickness, toothache, or neuralgia.
A Great Exhibition.
A Big Subscription.
An Inauguration.
A Millenary, Centenary, Anniversary, or Jubilee.
A new Daily Paper.
Another English Opera Company.
Reform of the Corporation of London.
Women's Rights.
The Ballot.
The high price of provisions and the rapacity of Butchers.
The ALBERT Memorial.
Adulteration.
Cheese-paring.
MR. AYTON.

OUT OF SORTS.—Her numerous friends and admirers will be glad to hear that MRS. MALAPROP is better. She has been inconvenienced lately by an affection of the diagram.

CHEMISTRY FOR COUNTRYMEN.



It appears that British Farmers are very generally subject to be cheated, as the saying is, through the nose, in an article which that organ does not, as it did their forefathers, sufficiently well enable them to appreciate. That article is the fertilising material with which it is necessary to recure the soil, and afford the necessary nutriment to agricultural produce, roots and cereals, to be ultimately transmuted into bread and meat. In former days this material, of a limited

description, and derived from natural sources, was one which rogues had no temptation to adulterate. It was then a thing usually spoken of in the singular number.

In these latter days of science it has come to be a product manufactured by means of chemistry, and agriculturists now speak of it in the plural, including its varieties employed in tillage under the names of manures. Of these the principal one is superphosphate of lime; the goodness of it depends upon the per-centage of "tribasic phosphate of lime made soluble by acid," commonly called "soluble phosphate," which it contains, and this per-centage varies greatly; the superphosphate of lime sometimes being *minus* soluble phosphate, and *plus* as much as twenty-five per cent. of water. In fact, superphosphate of lime can be watered as easily as rum; and with less risk of detection; for weak rum betrays itself to the palate, and stomach, and nervous system; whereas the difference between weak and strong manure is not perceptible by the organ of any sense—at least if that manure is superphosphate of lime.

The above-mentioned particulars are stated, in a letter to some agricultural gentlemen, by MR. WILLIAM LITTLE, of The Hall, Heckington, Lincolnshire. In another letter, published in the *Chemical News*, MR. LITTLE shows that important discrepancy exists between chemists, even of some repute, in the analysis of superphosphate of lime manure. What, therefore, he wants the Farmers to do is to co-operate with him in establishing a chemical school, with a teacher and a laboratory, for the instruction of lads who have left boys' schools, and are going to be Farmers, in practical chemistry so far as to teach them to analyse manures for themselves; this school to be a model for other schools of agricultural chemistry. The schooling thus obtained would enable Farmers to protect themselves from the imposition practised upon them by fraudulent artificial manure-manufacturers; quacks who palm off upon them for manure quantities of rubbish with hard chemical names. MR. LITTLE says:—

"Recently I went over the works of a large and respectable manufacturer of phosphatic manures, who was also a maker of sulphate of ammonia. He informed me that he mixed these two ingredients in such proportion that he could well afford to sell it for £6 per ton. The mixture went in immense quantity to Liverpool, where it was christened under the name of Phospho-Guano, and was actually returned, more than a hundred miles, near to the original works, and sold at £12 a ton."

An amount of practical knowledge of chemistry, easily to be acquired at institutions such as those which MR. LITTLE recommends, would afford farmers some valuable lights upon things like "Phospho-Guano." Saying, according to his calculations, some £8 12s. per ton on manure, they would then have reason to rejoice in having taken his advice, and made so much by LITTLE. The reader may possibly, now and then, have happened to hear an agricultural gentleman, in conversation, denominate fertilising material manœuvre. "Phospho-Guano" is certainly much more of a manœuvre than a manure; and agricultural gentlemen owe MR. LITTLE thanks for putting them up to that sort of manœuvres.

A BIT OF A PUZZLE.

A RESPECTABLE MIDDLE-AGED PERSON WANTED, to assist a Lady in the Management of her Family, where she will be treated as one. Must be a good Needlewoman, and have the first of references.

BREVITY is the soul of advertising, but conciseness may be cultivated to a fault. *Brevitas esse laboro, obscurus fio*—as VELLEIUS PATERCULUS observes in that celebrated epistle of his which, in the clever time coming, every school-girl will know off by heart. In the instance of misplaced terseness now under notice, the advertiser, anxious to compress the expression of her wants into three lines, has left us for ever in doubt how she is going to treat her "respectable middle-aged person" when she has secured her; for to say she will be treated "as one," is to use language incomprehensible to average intellects, such as people generally have who read advertisements. Perhaps the end of the sentence is elliptical, so that after "as one" we ought to read, "ought to treat a respectable middle-aged person." Possibly a kind hint may be intended that she will not be treated as a cipher. What other meaning can the words convey, for it would be exorbitant in any one to expect to be treated as more than one, say as two or three, and expensive to heads of families? Certainly, "respectable middle-aged persons" are the last persons in the world to look for anything of the sort, for there are myriads of them who would be perfectly satisfied if they could only be treated as better halves.



MUSIC AT HOME.

Lady of Discrimination. "THANK YOU, MR. CHANTICLEER, FOR THAT MOST CHARMING SONG!"

Amateur Barytone (much pleased). "YES—POOTY THING—ARTHUR SULLIVAN, YOU KNOW."

Lady of Discrimination. "YES! HAVE YOU EVER HEARD MR. SANTLEY SING IT?"

Amateur Barytone. "N—No!"

Lady of Discrimination (ineffably). "AH!!!"

[*Amateur Barytone retires, extinguished.*]

IMPROVING THE INTERNATIONAL.

Row, Consins, row, but not too fast—
Long, strong, and steady's the stroke to last!
Columbia's clustered stars wax dim,
As his Pæan at Putney JOHN BULL doth hymn!

But 'tis English blood flows in Yankee veins:
One sire is at bottom of both our strains:
To beat such a crew is enough of praise:
To be so beaten no blush need raise.

But ere from the river we homeward turn
We've our lessons both from the match to learn.
Atalantas must form and style o'erhaul,
If to Britishers they'd not still sing small.

And our crew have proved, beyond a doubt,
That a coxswain is weight to be done without:
That there's profit in GLASPER's sliding shelves;
That they need no steersman who steer themselves:

But there's wider lesson for both to note
Than ends, if it starts, in a racing-boat.
You, American Consins, may learn to-day
There's a kind of work that makes little way.

Arms may be active, and oars be swayed
With a clock-work swing of back and blade,
But unless each man his weight can pull,
'Tis U P with JONATHAN 'gainst JOHN BULL.

Small good in arms, howe'er fast they go,
Unless there are stalwart legs below:
The show of work is what people see,
But the pith of the pull's in the *point d'appui*.

In Boat-race or diplomatic game
The principle is still the same:
'Tis not forcing of pace, nor flow of say,
But what you've to stand on that wins the day.

And you, the crew that the credit sustain
Of that tried old "ship," the *Great Britayne*,
Mind you don't trust too much in "slide,"
And for want of a coxswain go yawing wide.

The sliding seat was a happy thought;
But the slide must come when and where it ought:
Move forward when back you weight should throw,
Or back when forward, to grief you go!

I think in a recent treaty race
Shortcomings in either crew I trace.
My cousins, for all the fuss they made,
A decided want of legs betrayed.

So I found when through their case I'd gone;
The deuce a leg had they to stand upon.
And while that's so, you may sweat yourselves blind,
But, take my word, you'll be left behind.

And JOHN BULL's crew, BILL GLADSTONE stroke,
Have shown want, more than once, of the coxswain's yoke:
And their steering, with only the stroke for guide,
Has been, now and then, decidedly wide.

And this new-fashioned "sliding,"—although I'm told,
It gives longer reach, and better hold,—
Has tended, I fear, but I hope I'm wrong,
To make course less steady and stroke less strong!



THE "MEN OF BUSINESS."

COLUMBIA. "AH, DEAR! IF *YOUR* MAN OF BUSINESS HAD ONLY BEEN LESS MEALY-MOUTHED—"

BRITANNIA. "YES, DEAR! AND IF *YOUR* MAN OF BUSINESS HAD ONLY BEEN LESS—AH!—'SMART!' WE SHOULD HAVE SETTLED THE MATTER PLEASANTLY ENOUGH!"

A CELEBRITY AT SOUTHAMPTON.



SOUTHAMPTON, a few years ago, was pronounced by an authority on the subject of Progress to be "the most go-ahead Town in the South of England." It has always been considered one of the principal seats of intelligence and morality. There are many among its inhabitants who know how to do honour to those qualities personified. In number perhaps they considerably exceed three thousand; but anyhow the following paragraph appeared the other morning in the *Post* :—

"THE CLAIMANT TO THE TICHBORNE ESTATES.—About three thousand persons assembled in the Church Congress Hall, Southampton, last night, to meet the 'Claimant,' MR. ALDERMAN TUCKER, presided, and MR. WHALLEY, M.P., spoke in defence of the principal character in the performance."

The Statue of DR. WATTS in the Southampton Park, erected by the Southampton people to their celebrated fellow-townsmen,

is not only a monument of that Divine and Poet, but also of their respect and reverence for worth, piety, and learning.

How many of them are now willing to subscribe for the erection of another memorial in honour of the person referred to in the foregoing extract? If not more than three thousand, yet, if no less, that would be a considerable number. Can they sing? Then they might form a pretty powerful chorus. Suppose they erect that other statue, say by the side of the first; they could unite, on the occasion of its "inauguration," in singing one of the celebrated "Divine and Moral Songs" composed by the prior statue's original; that one commencing with the noteworthy lines :—

"O 'tis a pleasant thing for youth
To walk betimes in wisdom's way—
To fear a lie, to speak the truth,
That we may trust to all they say."

Those three thousand admirers of wisdom and veracity, of whom Southampton must be proud, of course not only trusted to all that was said by MR. WHALLEY, who represented wisdom, "in defence of the principal character in the performance" at which he assisted, but likewise to all that was said and sworn by that "character," the representative of veracity:

THE PRESERVERS OF EPPING FOREST.

The Corporation of London, the House of Lords, the House of Commons, the Government, and the Public, are each and all to be congratulated on the agreeable intelligence announced on Wednesday last week in the following newspaper paragraph :—

"EPPING FOREST BILL.—This Bill, introduced by the Government for the purpose chiefly of staying the Chancery proceedings of the Corporation of London in reference to the Commoners' rights upon the Forest, was before the Select Committee of the House of Lords yesterday morning, and after hearing counsel on behalf of the Office of Works and on behalf of the Corporation, the Committee decided that the Bill should be amended so that the Corporation Chancery proceedings should not be stayed by the Act. This is a virtual triumph for the Corporation and the public in this important matter."

Let us congratulate the generous Corporation of London on the triumph which it has gained over encroaching Lords of the Manor, and their allies in the Ministry and the lower, every way lower, House of Parliament. Congratulate we the upper House on having frustrated the designs of sordid interests commanding a majority of votes in the lower. That lower House be congratulated on the frustration of those designs whose success would have yet deeper lowered it. May it please the Government to accept our congratulations on having been stopped from incurring additional unpopularity by forcing through the Legislature a measure inspired by the mean and greivelling policy of subordinating every other national consideration whatsoever to the sole object of gain or saving of which nobody experiences any sensible benefit. Let us, lastly, congratulate the Public on the sustained prospect of the preservation of the remainder of Epping Forest and on the happiness of having a Corporation of London and a House of Lords. Hooray!

AGE NO OBJECTION.

On Tuesday last week, at the Central Criminal Court, HENRY SEYMOUR, a white-haired old rogue of seventy-five, was convicted of bigamy, and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. He had married, first in 1861, and secondly, his wife still living, in 1869, at a time when he was two years past seventy. His victim was a respectable "young woman of prepossessing appearance." Why should any man, at any time of life, inclined to matrimony, be deterred from attempting it by the apprehension of being in the case expressed by DRYDEN ?—

"Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit—"

There is, evidently, no age at which he who wants a wife need despair of one, however close his foot may be to the grave's brink. There is a chance for him, let him be as old as Old PARE. While there is life, there is hope for the aged noodle.

COURTS CLERICAL AND COURTS MARTIAL.

How hard is calling o'er the coals
A Parson charged with cure of souls,
Although for heresy outright
To curing souls deemed opposite.
Ecclesiastic law's delay
How long! What sums, meanwhile, to pay!
E'en if your charge is proved at last
How futile is the sentence passed!
But when the Captain of a ship,
Though in mere judgment, makes a slip
His ship which doth in peril place,
O then how different is the case!
How soon is a Court-Martial called!
How quickly he is overhauled!
And reprimanded, or cashiered,
Erroneously for having steered.
So much more serious, to be sure,
Of ships, than souls, is held the cure,
And ships aground on rocks or shoals
Of moment more than stranded souls.

CURATES' AUGMENTATION.

THE adjourned general meeting of the friends and supporters of the Curates' Augmentation Fund was held yesterday at the offices of that institution in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, under the presidency of the EARL OF HARROWBY, to consider a resolution limiting the qualification of Curates for being augmented to Curates whose annual incomes from all sources do not exceed £300 a year. This seems a very fair proposal; for with £300 a year a Curate has surely no need to be slender. Yet we do see Curates going about in M.B. waistcoats much too strait for sane Churchmen. They are evidently in great want of augmentation, but therein those herring-waisted Clergymen should minister to themselves. Let them leave off apish asceticism, eat and drink as much as they ought to, and, thence deriving a reasonable augmentation, show forth the fruits of good living.

Invincible Imbecility.

PERHAPS the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council judged rightly in declining to condemn the REV. MR. BENNETT for the use of language which could not be said to contradict any one of the Thirty-nine Articles, simply because it was unintelligible. It is, however, to be wished that the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY and his colleagues had shown the Romanesque Ritualists that they would stand no nonsense.

Pæans of Sham Priests.

"A TRIUMPH," the Ritualists shouting are heard,
"The late Privy Council's decision has been."
It leaves them free, truly, to say what's absurd,
But doesn't allow them to say what they mean.

Seasonable Literature.

WE notice a new book, called *In Quest of Coolies*. Some days that have come in (will the series last?) suggest that a pleasant little sequel might be published, for the use of thirsty people, under the attractive name *In Quest of Coolers*.



AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

Militia Guard ("turning out," and in Chorus). "PLEASE, SIR, R'MEMB'R THE GUARD, SIR!!!"

[Exeunt Queen's Officers in speechless horror, more convinced than ever that "the Service is going to the——" &c.]

PROGRAMMES OF ROYAL SOCIETIES.

(Special of course.)

The following papers to be read (beside *Punch*, the *Times*, *Telegraph*, &c.) :—

DR. TIPPLER. "On the Use and Effect of Alcohol." With experiments. (This paper will be commenced at eight, and its termination must necessarily be uncertain.)

DR. SMUGGINS, F.S.S. On the employment of the Star (a) in billiards, (b) in theatrical engagements.

WIOLETHORPE, F.S.A., &c. On Relations generally. Their use and abuse.

DR. TERFYITE. Report of further mathematical inquiry into the state of the Odds in connection with Individual Happiness.

DR. SQUIB. (1) On Mathematical Illustrations. *Examples*: Two Ugly Persons waltzing illustrative of Two Revolving Planes.

2. On Real Metropolitan Property, illustrative of the Surfaces Divisible into Squares by their Curves of Curvature; the latter part showing the reason why in London a Square is invariably a Circle.

3. On Keys to the Squares, and under what conditions Dogs are admitted.

The Royal Society of Antiquaries will read the following papers :—

1. On Ancient Runaway Rings. Showing who gave them, who answered them. These will (if time allows) be an interesting appendix on Gretna Green.

2. On Ancient Boots. Explanation of the phrase "Like Old Boots," by PROFESSOR HEELY.

That is all at present.

Variation on Rochefoucauld.

THERE is something singularly delightful to us in the growing infirmities of our oldest friends, notwithstanding that their age may be the same as our own.

THE TESTIMONIAL NUISANCE.

Is it now so rare a thing for men to do their duty, that when we find one doing it we ought to meet together and get up a testimonial? Ninety-nine in every hundred of the thousands which are given are awarded, if we think of it, for no more special cause. Only do your duty and you will be presented with a something or another to record your having done it, and your friends will club together and trumpet forth your praise.

Yet, though testimonials are as plentiful as cabbages, there are people living who would not die happy without having one. Such folks find it easy to accomplish their desire. There are always busybodies ready to lend a hand in such a matter. Let a beadle but express a wish to have a testimonial, and a few officious friends will take the hint at once, and will not rest till they have got enough to buy him a cane or a cocked hat, which they will formally present in the name of all the neighbourhood, to acknowledge his vast virtues, as displayed in his high calling, and his efforts to extend the spread of Christian civilisation by whopping little urchins when he chanced to lay hold of them. If a chimney-sweep or a costermonger set his heart on having his social merits recognised, he need but whisper his desire to his most confidential chum, and round will go the hat to carry out his wishes. As for steamboat testimonials, one can hardly make a voyage from London Bridge to Greenwich without being asked to sign a Passengers' certificate, attesting the rare skill of the gallant CAPTAIN SCUTTLE, in guiding his brave bark through the perils of the Pool, and bringing ship and crew and cargo in safety to the landing-steps.

Now, without too much insisting that merit, like as virtue, need be deemed its own reward, and therefore that no pains need be taken to acknowledge it, one may surely be excused for thinking that the man of true desert will feel his best reward in the respect of his fellow-creatures, and, as he cannot well help being conscious of his worth, it simply is an insult for men to "Testimonial" it.

A FASHIONABLE LADY'S FULL DRESS.—Much the reverse.



CHARMING SUGGESTION.

"*Sic*, I THINK, COMING FROM 'HUNGARY.'"—*Love's Labour's Lost*.

EXTRAVAGANCE WITH UTILITY.

MRS. GRANNAM is dreadfully shocked by some accounts of the extravagance of the richer classes contained in the letter of the London Correspondent of the provincial newspaper which she takes in. For example:—

"Never was the business of the horticulturist so flourishing as it is now. The demand for flowers is extraordinary, and the prices given for them amazing. Belgravian dinner-tables are now regular bowers of flower and fern. At a recent dinner in Harley Street (by no means one of the most fashionable streets in London), the flowers and dessert cost £200, the peaches alone being twelve guineas a dozen. At another entertainment in Hyde Park Square, not only were the reception-rooms, but the staircase also was a bank of flowers and shrubs. Never was there so much display of luxury."

"Dreadful, shocking, sinful, I call it," exclaims MRS. GRANNAM; and she reads on:—

"House decoration now has become a work of high art. MR. THOMAS BRASSEY, M.P., who lately came into a large fortune by the death of his father, has recently taken, decorated, and furnished No. 20, Park Lane, and a description of it would occupy far more space than I have room for. Among the novelties which the house contains, is a set of dining-tables so constructed that the same circular table can be arranged in three different diameters, according to the number of the party to be entertained."

"And sumptuously no doubt but what such people fare every day. Where do they expect to go to? Only to think!" Throwing up her eyes, MRS. GRANNAM continues:—

"The house of MR. ALFRED MORRISON (brother of the Member for Plymouth), in Carlton House Terrace, next door to the EARL OF LONSDALE'S, has been decorated throughout by OWEN JONES, and among other *notabilia* of the establishment is a set of plate in aluminium gilt."

"Ah, there," observes the good woman, "I don't wonder at the workpeople being discontented, and striking for more wages when they read of the luxuries and display that rich people above them throw away their money in." But there she is wrong. Suppose, instead of flowers and dessert at £200, including peaches at a guinea apiece (which, as MRS. GRANNAM truly remarks, is eating money);

suppose, instead of a house decorated by MR. OWEN JONES, and a set of aluminium plate, *millionnaires* were to spend their money in founding schools and scholarships, for instance, and in educating their poor relations' children, and sending them to the Universities; even suppose they expended it in almshouses, and Peabodying the destitute, the mechanical working-classes would have far less cause to be satisfied with them than they are now. It may be that there is a wiser and a better use for riches than lavish expenditure on the productions of market-gardening and decorative art; but the consumption, at any rate, benefits producers, and enables employers in those lines of business to pay the artisans and labourers the higher wages. So the working-classes, at least, need not grumble.

ANGELÆ DEBITUM;

OR, A BIRD-DEBT TO BURDETT.

OUR ANGELA writes to the papers
On behalf of her small feathered friends,
Whose song helps to drive away vapours,
Where with blue sky the London-smoke blends.

As with all that is weak and ill-treated,
With the birds she is quick to condole:
The iron so cruelly heated
To blind them has entered her soul.

She mourns o'er their nests rudely harried
By the school-boy's irreverent hand;
O'er their young, into alavery carried
By the bird-catcher's buccaneer band.

From the gutter-bred Sparrows—poor alaveys,
Only good to be shot out of traps,
To the Larks, deemed to roast in their gravies,
With slices of bacon for wraps;

From the Quaker-like, brown-coated Linnet,
And the Goldfinch in scarlet and gold,
And the Wren with a song like a spinnet
From his willowy orchestra trolled;

The Chiff-chaff that chirps like a sawyer,
Yellow-hammer of note short and sweet,
And Starling, that Oxford-grey lawyer,
Who says all he's taught to repeat;

Up to you, our plumed carillon-ringers,
Tenori, soprani, home-bred,
Thrush and Black-bird, and, singer of singers,
The Nightingale's self at your head—

Gather all into Holly Lodge thickets,
Get your choicest of notes under weigh,
By a concert, with no charge for tickets,
Loving ANGELA's love to repay.

And while you sing softly and sweetly,
From under the dense London cloud
That beyond these fair lawns, kept so neatly,
Mile on mile of black houses doth shroud,

A deep under-bass will go swelling,
In tune with your notes bright and clear—
Their voice, to the dark of whose dwelling
The light of her love has brought cheer.

The voice of hearts witnessing ever
To her, whose own witness is dumb,
That her labour of love ceaseth never,
For dwellers in alley and alum:

For roughs, by our Levites unshriven,
Gutter-babes starved in body and mind,
Market-beasts, fretted, fevered, o'erdriven,
Or song-birds trapped, caged, and made blind!

Sagacity of the Horse?

AN application came the other day before the Court of Queen's Bench relative to a trial at the Kent Assizes of an action for damages sustained by the loss of two colts poisoned by the cuttings of a yew-tree belonging to the defendant, and accidentally thrown within their reach. The report whence the foregoing information is derived does not state what kind of colts they were. One would think that a colt capable of making such a mistake as they made could only be a colt the foal of an ass.



THE CONSCIENCE CLAUSE.

Working-Man. "AIN'T YOU GOING TO SEND THAT BOY OF YOURS TO SCHOOL, BILL?"

Bill. "O, WILL I! HE WENT ONE DAY, AND WHEN HE CAME HOME HE TOLD ME IT WAS REPE'NS'BLE TO GET DRUNK! THINK I'LL HAVE P'RENTAL FEELIN'S OUTRAGED, AN' ALL THE SWEET AN' 'OLY UNION OF 'OME 'FFECTION BROKEN UP BY SWELLS TEACHIN' OF HIM! COME AN' STAN' A PINT!"

GREAT REJOICINGS.

PREPARATIONS are being rapidly pushed on for celebrating, at the proper time, with banquets, speeches, odes, fireworks, Volunteers, newspaper articles, special trains, processions, school children, Mayors and Corporations, and, it is hoped, Royal personages, the following interesting and important historical Jubilees, Anniversaries, Centenaries, and Millenaries:—

Foundation of the Saxon Heptarchy.

Completion of King Arthur's Round Table. (Special Ode for the occasion by the Poet Laureate.)

Landing of WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR. (Great gathering of the descendants of all the people who came over with him.)

Birthday of HENGIST and Horsa.

First introduction of Tobacco into England.

Destruction of the Spanish Armada.

Defeat of the Danes.

Overthrow of the Picts and Scots.

QUEEN BOADICEA's Wedding-Day.

La Premiere Feuille.

Now that tune fullest, if tiniest, of singing birds'—winning little MADAME CHAUMONT'S, "first leaf" has been so welcomed, *Punch* hopes she will soon turn over a second, and give him an opportunity of telling her, in another engagement, how entirely he is the slave of her captivating ways, and the victim of her shrill small voice! If it were only sweeter, and she were only bigger, we should be for rechristening her MADAME CHAUMONTELE, after the most luscious and largest of all *beurrées*. But her voice isn't sweet, and her person is small, so the name of the pear won't fit the performer! The more's the pity. For we could do with more quality in the voice, and more quantity in the lady.

DRUM MAJOR AND DRUM MAXIMUS.

"The 'big drum' to be used at the Jubilee Festival in Boston has just been completed at Framington, Maine. The shell is of bird's-eye maple, its diameter is 12 feet, height 6 feet. As no railroad car will hold it, it will be taken by team to Hallowell, and thence by steamer to Boston."—*American Paper.*

DESSAY you think this drum is considerable some?

And if tried 'gainst European drum-majors 'twould funk 'em;

But we don't call that any kind of a drum—

No, Sir,—sure 's my name is ULYSSES M. BUNKUM.

Guess a deal bigger drum we had got into frame;

In its hollowness, size, and strained parchment we trusted;

And Indirect Claim was that bigger drum's name—

But BANCROFT and FISH worked it so hard, it BUSTED!

Natal News.

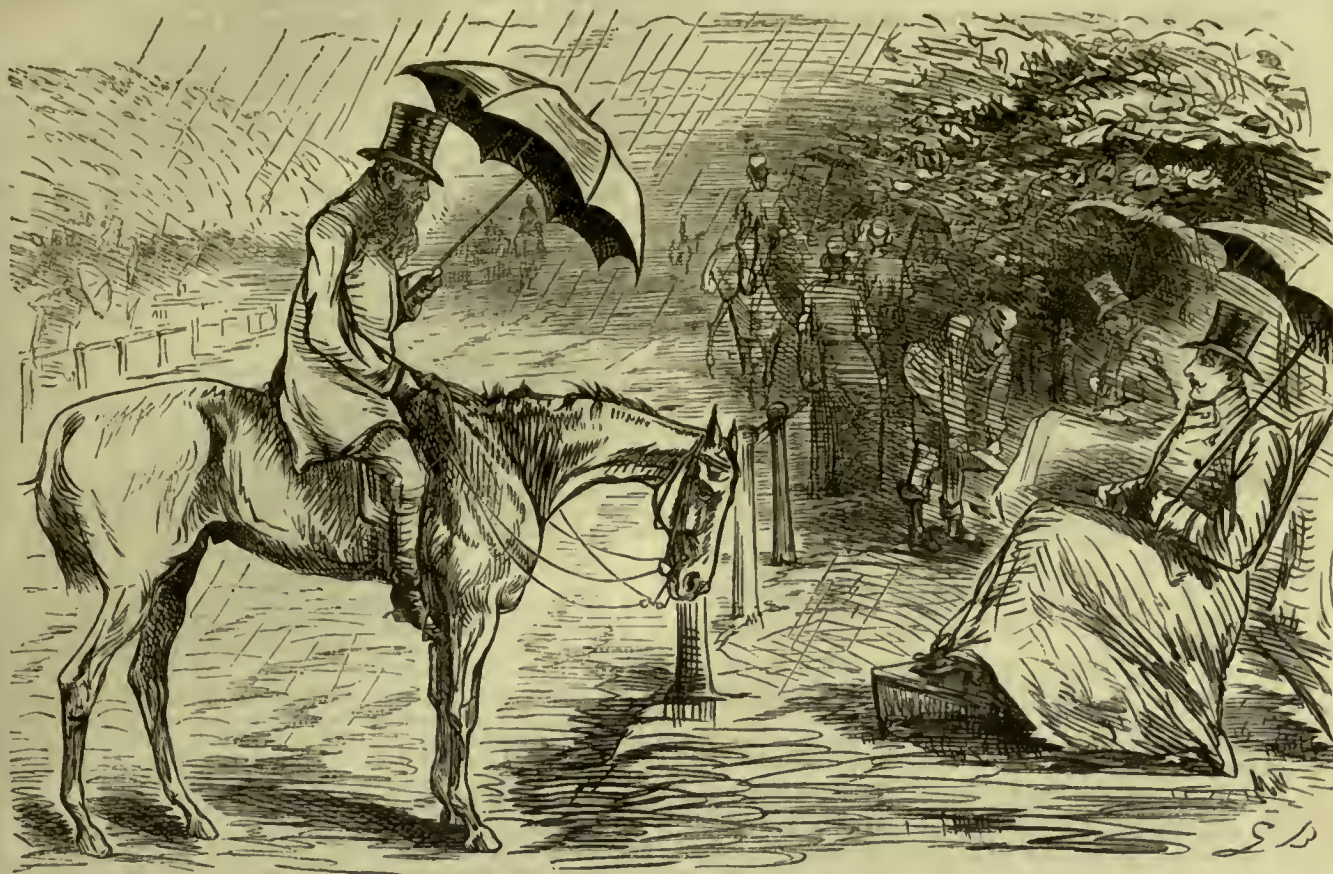
SIR,—It is a long time since we have heard anything of DR. COLLENSO. As an Orthodoxite, therefore, I was delighted at seeing an advertisement in the *Times*, headed, "Conversion of the Public Debts of Natal." This is indeed good news, and shows the Bishop's (for it must be his work) sense. Touch the pocket and you touch the heart; also *vice versa* by reflex action. Convert the Debts and you convert the Debtors.

I am, Sir, yours,

ORTHODOXIOSIA.

Advice to Old Misers.

"Do you wish," said MR. HUNKES, "that your loss should be sincerely mourned by your surviving relations? Then leave all your property, Sir, to somebody else."



RECOLLECTION OF EARLY JUNE.

(Think of this when you are growling at the heat.)

"Ah! VERY GOOD IDEA! BETTER THAN RIDING. CHAIR, AND HOT WATER TIN FOR YOUR FEET!"

WHAT HAPPENED ON THE 21ST.

THAT terribly long bill of TAXALL AND TRAPLEIGH's was delivered to CROOMBY—defendant in the suit of *Kidderforth v. Croomby*.

AUNT ELIZA came to spend her long-promised long day with EDWARD and his Wife. AUNT ELIZA is very deaf and very inquisitive; and MRS. EDWARD BANNATYNE found the day rather long. EDWARD was unusually late in returning from business that evening, only arriving in time to see his Aunt, who was afraid of staying too long because of the dew, to the omnibus.

MAJOR BOREORAVE dined out, and repeated his celebrated South American story. The Major was more long-winded than ever.

MRS. CARLINGTON COWDRAY chaperoned her nieces to LADY FISHERTON's ball, and found the night very long, especially as EDITH would dance so much with ARTHUR YUNGERSON.

MR. DRAWLINGS imposed one of his long speeches on the House of Commons.

JACK DODDINGTON made a long arm at MRS. WESTBOROUGH BEAUMONT's pic-nic, to reach ELEANOR DARLINGTON the salad dressing.

GUSHBROOKE's long engagement to EMILY CHERRINGWORTH was brought to its natural termination by the Venerable the ARCH-DEACON OF CAMBERWELL, assisted by the bride's grandfather and uncle, and the bridegroom's brother-in-law.

In the long-talked-of match between Helsingham and Anderby, BROXBOURNE's batting was more splendid than ever. BLEWKEE, the long stop, found Friday about the longest day he ever passed.

Long odds were laid against *Taradiddle* for the Northumbrian Cup. BESSIE CALLENDY wrote one of those long, very long, but not at all too long (for the favoured recipient) letters out to India.

HENRY, who is staying at the Rectory, was taken by LUCY in the pony carriage to see some of the objects of interest in the neighbourhood. HENRY and LUCY, who are just engaged, did not find the day a bit too long.

The British Public was, as it always is, long suffering.

People arrived at LONO's; took long walks, and long pulls at

tankards, and long credit; drew long breaths and long cases; paid off long scores, and owed long grudges; were long-sighted and long-headed; made long excuses, composed long sermons, took long naps, read long articles, received back long-lost relatives, and were a long time coming and going.

BALLOT BILL AND HIS BAITERS.

Boohoo! See what they've been and done,
Them there, them Lords, a maulin' one.
They've tore my coat, and slit it, crack!
Right slap in two all down the back.

Out of my trousers where I sit,
They've also snatched a woppin' bit;
They've knocked my 'at in too, and they
Has cotched my cumfurter away.

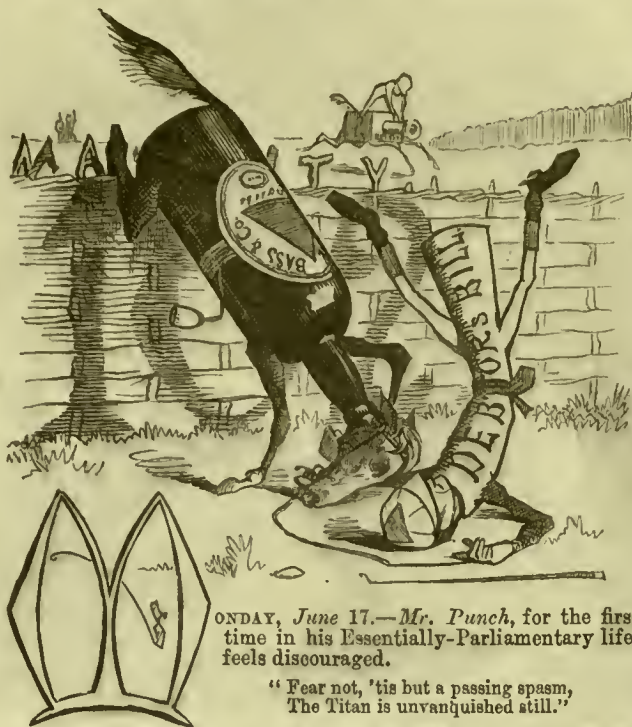
Oh! Ah! Yes! Why? 'Cause they suppose
I'm flummoxed now they've spiled my clothes,
But I shall go and tell my friends,
On witch for substance I depends.

They'll do my things up good as new,
And send me back, my Lords, to you;
And we shall see if you'll have then,
The cheek to servo me so again.

Sacrifice of a Sacred Edifice.

It has been announced, and not contradicted, that the Church of St. Clement Danes in the Strand is positively about to be removed from before the site of Pandemonium that is to be, more commonly called the New Courts of Law, and sometimes (ironically) Palace of Justice. This is truly an awful sacrifice of a church. Is it possible that the Government is thus about to give place to the Generalissimo of the Inns of Court Volunteers?

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, June 17.—*Mr. Punch*, for the first time in his Essentially-Parliamentary life, feels discouraged.

"Fear not, 'tis but a passing spasm,
The Titan is unvanquished still."

BUT MR. GLADSTONE, on the Friday night of this week, the night of the Longest Day, when he had the amplest time for consideration over his words, said something which has dashed *Mr. Punch* "a jot." The PREMIER, in reference to something that had been said by MR. VERNON HARCOURT about MR. LOWE's having treated a topic with wit rather than gravity, observed:—

"I was glad to see the objection, that there was something of humour and wit introduced into the discussion, met by a lively protest from various parts of the House. We are not, I think, in much danger of losing the balance of the mind and judgment of the House through the enormous and intolerable redundancy of those qualities. On the contrary, it is supposed by some that the Goddess of Dulness, with leaden wings, is more apt to brood over our deliberations."

This was very cruel. Has not *Mr. Punch* been labouring for years to make the Universe believe that the proceedings in Parliament are of the most amusing kind? Has he not decked the Senators in borrowed plumes? Has he not gilded their unrefined brass? And now his WILLIAM comes down with such a crusher as this! "Blow, blow, thou bitter wind." The public will excuse their friend *Mr. Punch* if, in the circumstances, he yields to a legitimate feeling of depression, and makes short work of the Parliamentary history of this week.

"They are the silent griefs that cut the heart-strings."—*Ford*.

It is perhaps fair to say that another circumstance would account for our brevity, even had MR. GLADSTONE's unkindness not been perpetrated. There has been nothing worth setting down, except as follows. On the Monday night the Ballot Bill went into Committee in the House of Lords. That assembly had read the measure a Second Time, but had reserved itself for later operations. Without boring an affectionate and confiding public with detail, it may be said that to-night the Opposition Peers turned Secret Voting into a Sham. They inserted an "optional" clause. You may inscribe your name publicly or privately, on the ballot paper, as you like. That is to say that everybody who is not afraid of the face of his fellow man can vote openly, and prove how he has voted. This is perfectly right, English, and just, but business is business. The Commons have decided that those who are very much afraid of the faces of their fellow men shall be protected, at the expense of the others. Right or wrong, this is agreed to, and therefore the making publicity optional is playing with legislation.

There is another objection. We propose to do away with bribery by making it impossible for the briber to know whether the bargain is fulfilled. The public vote is a receipt for the money. *Mr. Punch* has too much respect for the talents of election agents to believe that the secret or any other device will really be too much for them,

in the end, but any attempt in a right direction is commendable, and the Lords are not to be commended for what they did on Monday.

Therefore the ugly Ballot-Boy, despoiled of his garment of secrecy, his Coat of Darkness, will depart in tears from the presence of the spoilers, and betake himself to his big Forster-Brother for comfort and protection. We shall have a pleasant row immediately, as the Government cannot accept the lordly mutilations. The chief of these was carried by 83 to 67.

Tuesday.—LORD AINGER carried a Motion for an inquiry on behalf of purchase-officers, who complain that educated officers are to have an advantage over them. It is very shocking, but the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE thinks things must take their course.

A Birmingham Sewage Bill was rejected, SIR ROBERT PEEL, near whose residence an awful sanatory nuisance was to be lodged, having exerted himself most energetically and successfully to abate it.

Wednesday.—There is now no imprisonment for debt, in the case of swells. But are folks aware that against members of the artisan class, 131,000 orders for committal to prison were issued last year. MR. BASS would deprive the County Courts of their power of sending men to gaol. On the other hand it is certain that there are times when the Working-man must have credit, or go to the Union, or starve, and he could not get credit unless the tradesman had the power of locking him up in case of non-payment. As the brutal Scotch rhyme goes—

"If he havens gear to fine
He has shins to pine."

On the whole the House thought, by 136 to 34, that the present system should be preserved, so, as above depicted, MR. BASS came a cropper. He is an able and excellent Member of Parliament, and may be allowed an occasional mistake.

Thursday.—MR. DISRAELI declined to embarrass the Government by bringing on any Motion on the American business until the House should be officially informed that the Arbitration was at an end, a result to which he looked at an early date. When he reads *Mr. Punch's* Preface to this Volume, he will see how admirably everything has been brought to a satisfactory conclusion.

Friday.—The Lords made a few more alterations in the Ballot Bill, one of them decidedly in the interest of the artisan, as he is enabled to vote at a later hour than had been originally ordained. LORD SHAFTESBURY wanted to shut all public-houses after XII. on polling day, but this was rejected. Why *Mr. Punch* should be deprived of his pint of ale because his neighbour MR. JONES is gone to vote for MR. BROWN, the first gentleman knows not.

In a discussion on Law Reform, MR. GLADSTONE made the observation above cited.

Jubes renovare dolorem.

Mr. Punch is unequal to further remark, and he tearfully bids the public farewell, until Next Volume.

CASTRO'S FRIENDS.

A COMPANY calling itself the "Astra Dramatic Club" advertised a performance in aid of what they are pleased to term the "Tichborne Defence Fund," under the distinguished patronage of an "M.P." and an "M.D." and we sincerely trust that the Hall, where they performed, was "M.T." Should, however, their success encourage another attempt in this cause, a charming programme might be selected out of the following pieces:—

The Ticket-of-Leave Man and *The Beggars' Opera*.

The Liar and *An Appeal to the Public*.

Fraud and Its Victims.

London Assurance.

Humbly.

And after any one, or two, of these pieces, the whole to conclude with the old Lyceum Drama of

A Day of Reckoning.

A Defeated Attempt.

BROMWICHAM, Bromwicham, for shame!
Send tributaries to the Thame?
Small difference then, and but in names,
Would there exist 'twixt Thame and Thames.

Spreading.

THIS morning at a quarter past two, MR. FREDERICK LARKER, Junior, on arriving at the family residence, found that the long threatened "lock-out" had taken place.



MR. PUNCH'S DESIGNS AFTER NATURE.

A DRESS OF "THE FUCHSIA."

PROTECTION FROM PLUCKING.

THE reader may have happened to hear one or more if not many of his young friends who have been unsuccessful candidates for examinations (other than University and scientific-medical) complain that they were unfairly plucked by examiners under the influence of temper, or partiality, or ignorant misapprehension of the subject of their own questions, they having themselves got it up, without intelligent study, by mere rote, and means of cram. Allegations such as these must be taken with some grains of chloride of sodium or other salt, and the charitable optimist may think that the following story, though related by the London Correspondent of the *Hampshire Independent*, wants confirmation, and may hope that it will not get any when investigated, as its narrator (from hearsay) may possibly have been misinformed:—

"Some little while ago certain candidates went up to be examined in law, where, I must be excused from mentioning. They were Indians, and were supposed to be profoundly versed in jurisprudence, especially Indian law. One of them, indeed, was called the Walking Dictionary, so thorough and universal was his knowledge. To the immense surprise of every one, these gentlemen, although they did splendidly in every other branch, were plucked in the very one wherein they were known to be best acquainted. The companions in this common misfortune therefore conferred together, and soon came to the conclusion that their examiner was grossly ignorant of his subject. They then drew up a report exposing his blunders. Inquiry followed, and it was discovered that the above conclusion was well founded, and that the examiner, having been angered because one of the other examiners had pointed out that he had blundered, plucked the whole lot of them out of pique. The end of the story is that the Walking Dictionary and his friends soon after passed with flying colours."

That ought by no means, however, to be the end of the story, if that story is true. Some one Examining Body (whichsoever it is) ought by this time to have been improved by the expulsion of a Member unfit to be associated with educated gentlemen or honest men. Whether it is a true story or not, all ground for doubt as to the truth of any such story for the future needs to be precluded. There are examinations in which the Candidate, and his prospects in life, lie at the mercy of one irresponsible, and perhaps capricious,

corrupt, or malignant man. On the other hand, a fair and competent Examiner is open to be belied by an angry dunce. Neither of these things would happen if answers to examination papers, or questions, all in writing, or at least if disputed written down, were appointed to be preserved for reference in case of appeal by a Candidate alleging himself to have been wrongfully rejected. Perhaps they manage these things better in China, whence, possibly, we have borrowed the examination system which has therein developed so many original and thinking minds. As a Chinese authority might say, therefore—Respect this.

THE LAY OF LEICESTER SQUARE.

WHERE PRINCE FRED 'gainst BUBB DODDINGTON once held the stakes,

And BUTE planned advancement from Leicester House closet,—
Where of live cats by night the witch-Sabbath now wakes,

Round the dead ones, whose bones are my daily deposit,—

Mangy grass, stunted bushes, with soot-flakes at strife,

Round the trunk of my periwigged monarch laid low

'Neath the wreck of his charger, seem emblems of life

Which death, with all vantage, yet cannot o'erthrow:

In dirt and neglect Soho's slums I outvie;

Than my seediest foreigner seedier am I.

What means the thin shriek through yon ruins that rang?

See, MISS LINWOOD's pale ghost from the scathed carcass glides

Where her moth-eaten needlework once used to hang,

Where in mildew till now her vexed shadow abides:

E'en SIR JOSHUA's calm spirit, that here went to wake

Life on canvas, beneath the tall elms to my west,

Albeit long-suff'ring, his leave 'a faint to take

Of the stones he paced off 'neat, the home he loved best;

For things have now come to that pass—the ghosts swear—

Well-bred spectres no longer can haunt Leicester Square.

But defying small wit, street-reformer, and ghost,

Mangro Hogg and his Board, with its works and its words,

Thanks to ACTON SMEE AYRTON—who, true to his post,

At architects sneers and at questioners girds—

I, Leicester Square Garden, so called from the days

When my beds were made, shrubs pruned, and grass duly mown,

In my dirt and disorder maintain the old ways—

While my legless lead King, from his war-horse o'erthrown,

Proclaims in his downfall that highest of laws,

"Vested Rights are still rights, whate'er nuisance they cause!"

Yes; thy rev'rence, O London, I claim, not thy scorn,

For this standing record, set full in thy sight,

How a nuisance perforce must be patiently borne,

If once in that nuisance is vested a right.

Let Acts, Boards, and Courts do their best and their worst,

Vested Right, the old Giant, o'er all will prevail;

Mado law at, made jokes at, conspired against, curst,

In my stump of a statue and nettle-grown rail,

A symbol I stand, of all filthiness full,

Of the thing—so says BUMBLE—most dear to JOHN BULL.

What was an improvement has nuisance become:

What gave joy to men's sight is an eye-sore to all:

The square of fair houses has sunk to a slum;

What was palace is ruin that nods to its fall:

Yet, sunken and squalid, obstructive, condemned,

Vested Right from me still keeps Improvement at bay,

And Bumbledom sees in my statue condemned

The Palladium whose presence secures him the sway:

While that effigy, e'en maimed and fallen, we see,

By the weight of its lead, BUMBLE Beadle shall be!

PULPIT, EXTORTION.

UNDER the signature of "Fleeced," in the *Times*, an executor writes to say that whereas, for winding up an estate of close upon £70,000, his solicitor's charges are considerably under £500, out of which the solicitor has had several payments to make, his auctioneers' charges, in relation to a property of about £46,000, with which they have had to deal, are close upon £1,400. No doubt, when "Fleeced" set his eye on this sum total at the foot of the auctioneers' bill, you might have knocked him down with a feather, if they had not already with something much heavier. From the statement of "Fleeced," it is obviously ruinous work to get an estate under the Hammer of the Auctioneer. That implement is a Thor's Hammer to all beneath it. The case of property so conditioned is safe to be one of "going, going—gone!"



"MEN (AND WOMEN) SHOULD 'NOT' BE WHAT THEY SEEM."

SOME PEOPLE HAVE A WAY OF APPEARING AS IF THEY WERE CARRYING ON A DESPERATE FLIRTATION, WHEN THEY ARE IN REALITY DOING NOTHING OF THE KIND. FOR INSTANCE:—

What they seem to say.

Mr. Jenkins. "IF THE DEVOTION OF A LIFE, MISS PERKINS—"

Miss Perkins. "AH! WOULD THAT I HAD KNOWN OF THIS BEFORE!"

Mr. Tomkins. "FLY, O FLY WITH ME, MISS WILKINS!"

Miss Wilkins. "SPARE ME, O SPARE ME, MR. TOMKINS!"

What they are really saying.

Mr. Jenkins. "SOME PEOPLE CAN'T DEAR A CAT IN THE ROOM. MY GRANDMOTHER COULDN'T."

Miss Perkins. "WELL, MY AUNT DOROTHY WOULD TURN FAINT AT THE SIGHT OF STRAWBERRIES!"

Mr. Tomkins. "YOU'D HARDLY THINK IT, BUT FROM MOSES AND SON'S TO THE MARBLE ARCH IS EXACTLY ONE MILE, MISS WILKINS."

Miss Wilkins. "NO! REALLY?"

"STRIKE, BUT HEAR!"

STRANGE idlers at corners of streets I see,
With hands in pockets that busy should be,
For we're all striking, strike, strike, striking,
We're all striking, abroad and at home!

Labour and Capital friends? Not they!
Labour and Capital are foes in fray.
So we're all striking, &c.

Says Capital to Labour, "Why should we fight?
Couldn't arbitration make all right?
Instead of striking," &c.

Says Labour to Capital, "Done with you!—
If the arbitrators take my view,
It's better than striking," &c.

"But arbitrators' award shall be *nil*,
If they don't take my view, as I hope they will,
And we'll fall back on striking," &c.

Now strikes are to trades what wars are to States;
They eat up money and heighten rates,
Till all curse your striking, &c.

For those who fight when they might agree,
On their heads let what comes of fighting be,
And so of striking, &c.

Short hours are good, so are wages high:
But the price of work must be raised thereby,
To pay for striking, &c.

And "higher prices" mean more to spend,
But less to get for it, from end to end,
For all the striking, &c.

Now if Working-men the producing do,
They accomplish a deal of consuming, too,
At work or striking, &c.

And the question is at what level ride
The current of price and the wages-tide,
By dint of this striking, &c.

So long as the wage-tides higher go
Than the tides of price, they may safely flow,
By dint of striking, &c.

But a time will come, and comes ever nigher,
When price-tides stand than wage-tides higher,
By dint of striking, &c.

Then, nine hours, and ninepence an hour therefore,
May mean less to eat, instead of more,
Thanks to all this striking, &c.

So, Working-men, you should look a-head,
Lest in raising wages you send up bread
By this dodge of striking, &c.



“COME TO GRIEF.”

“BOO-HOO! THEY’VE BEEN AN’ TORE MY NEW DRESS ALL TO RIBBINS, AND I’LL JUST GO AND TELL
MY BIG FO(R)STER-BROTHER!”

HAPPY THOUGHTS.



Err Happy Thought.—Begin again.

By the sea-side at Little Shrimpton comes this Happy Thought to me. I refer back to the last note made in my diary five years ago.

I note, also, that the First Volume of *Typical Developments* has nearly reached completion: all but putting it together, and writing the last hundred-and-fifty pages, it is comparatively finished.

Happy Thought.—Finish it positively.

PORGOOD AND GROOLLY, my publishers, are thinking about it. It will certainly be (I think) a grand philosophic and generally comprehensive work. They want to know, by way of coming practically to business, "What it will make?"

Happy Thought.—To reply, genially, "A Hit." They mean, however, "How many pages will it make?" The question with me is, "How

many pages do they want it to make?" Subject postponed until I've found this out. I decline to hurry it. They agree with me. Because a work like this requires application, concentration, and sustentation. Again they agree with me. In the meantime they have, they say—at least, their Managing Director says—that they have by them some novel illustrations for a Christmas book about *Cinderella*, and if I'd like to undertake writing up to these, why, *Typical Developments*, Vol. I., might easily wait. Think it over at sea-side. Little Shrimpton with my other Aunt and a couple of Uncles.

[Why the Cottage in the Country was given up nearly three years ago, why I am in charge of my other Aunt (bless her!), why I am but for her and my two Uncles alone, and how it comes about that I am really beginning again, has nothing to do with *Happy Thoughts* either past or present. If this is enigmatic, so it must remain. *Passons.*]

Complication in Family Matters.—Basking in the rays of a warm sun on a pebbly beach, under a clear blue sky, and fanned by a gentle breeze, which is neither east nor north—and that's all that I negatively know about it—I lie, considering present circumstances. I am here, supposed to be, what my friend ENGLEMORE calls "picking myself up," and "pulling myself together."

Happy Thought.—Like a puzzle. *Mem.*—Note this for *Typical Developments*, Vol. I. (or somewhere, if not room for it here on account of PORGOOD AND GROOLLY wanting it to make so many or so few pages), under heading, "P. for Puzzle; Man," &c., &c. There's a fine thought in this, rather hidden, but to be worked out. Do it later.

The process of pulling myself together and picking myself up, seems to consist chiefly in laying myself out, not to shine in Society, but away from Society, in the sun. After two weeks of this method I am partly pulled together, and slightly picked up.

Without a family, I am a family man. Inexact quotation which occurs to me, "Some achieve families, and some have families thrust upon them." Mine is the latter case. My Aunt (as I said before, "Bless her!") came to take care of me, and my two Uncles were bequeathed to my care.

My two Uncles are now on the sands, within easy reach of the human voice (mine), trying to bury one another with wooden spades in holes of moderate depth. If necessary, I can take both my Uncles under my arm, and whip them, if they deserve it. They are four and five years of age respectively. They are the result of a

Happy Thought (occurring to a hale and hearty grandfather over seventy).—Marry again.

Reminds me of arithmetical game of *Thoughts*. "Think of a grandfather, over seventy. Double him. Add two to him. Halve him. Then subtract him altogether. Remainder, my two Uncles." Orphans. Poor little Uncles! * * * One of these days, as their

guardian, I shall have to take them to school, then to college. I shall have to write to their Master, and say: "Dear Sir,—I hear that you make some reduction on taking two Uncles instead of one. How much per annum for the pair?" &c., &c.

"P.S. I wish my Uncles to have One Shilling each, pocket-money, per week, and to have a cold bath every morning."

My Uncles—Uncle JACK and Uncle GIL (abbreviated)—being tired of sand-digging, are commencing stone-throwing. Their immediate object is an old gentleman who is gazing at the sea. Uncle JACK's intention (he is four years old) is, no doubt, admirable, but his capabilities are limited. It might be called a game of "Anybody's head." This time very near mine. I awake from a reverie to the fact that stone-throwing is dangerous. I speak severely. They laugh.

Happy Thought.—Here's my Aunt JANE and the nurse.

My Uncles are given in charge.

My Aunt JANE has something to say on the subject of Health; hers. On this she prefers consulting me to going to a Doctor.

She is aware that I once went to Aix-la-Chapelle for rheumatism, and that, more or less, ever since, I've been studying pulling myself together and picking myself up; with one exceptional time when my whole object was to pull myself down.

My Aunt JANE is a martyr to neuralgia, she describes it as Rheumatic Neuralgia. She is of an impulsive, warm-hearted disposition, and, generally speaking, would rather be talking than not.

Happy Thought.—She is "generally speaking."

She has a queer way of getting her words entangled before they come out, leaving it to the hearer to unravel them and arrange them in a coherent sentence. In a Pagan country she would have been an Oracle.

Happy Thought.—My Sphinxian Aunt.

Having thought over her style of conversation—or her absence of style—I see that it is not a Mrs. Malapropian nor a Mrs. Ramsbothamian style, but one peculiarly her own, and, on analysis, I should say it arose out of an economical desire to save time by thinking of sentence Number Two, while in the middle of sentence Number One.

She addresses me, speaking rather hurriedly, and occasionally stopping with a kind of gasp, and a surprised look, her mouth open, as if the supply of words had (as it were) been suddenly cut off at the main, "I've been suffering all the morning with face-ache, but whether it's my toothjaw (one word this) or what I don't know, but I'm really afraid that I've got some irremediable disease which—" here she gasps. Supply cut off. I take advantage of this to ask what she means by "irremediable."

"You know very well what the word means, I'm sure, or ought to," she replies, a little hurt.

"If you mean, Aunt, irremediable?"

[*Happy Thought* that flashes across me. *Que diable! irremediable!* To arrange this afterwards as a French joke, and put it down to TALLEYRAND or MOLIÈRE.]

"—if you mean 'irremediable,'" I continue, for the *Happy Thought* is only a mental flash which does not interrupt the sentence, "I understand."

"Of course," she replies, "I said irremediable, and I know it's a correct word, though you always find fault with what I say, because when I was thinking about what a cureness was which couldn't be—" here she corrects herself of her own accord—"I mean an illness was which couldn't be cured, I thought there was one word for it, and so I looked out irremediable and found it in Dixon's Johnsonary."

"Johnson's Dictionary, Aunt," I say.

"I said so," she returns with some dignity; "and if I didn't, you know what I mean well enough, and needn't take me up for every little mistake."

She has decided that she has "Rheumatism all over her, and is not quite sure that it isn't what the Doctors call 'imperceptible gout,' which results," she adds, "in goodness knows what, and all sorts of things."

What does she propose as a cure? She answers, readily, that she would trust herself implicitly to me if I would take her where I went myself some years ago, to Aix-la-Chapelle. She has evidently made up her mind to this. I reply, that I will "turn it over." While she goes down to my two Uncles on the sands, I meditate.

Process of "turning it over."—This year I have determined to take up farming and gardening, or gardening and farming, scientifically and (I think I foresee it in the future) profitably. Besides, in Vol. II., *Typical Developments*, I shall soon come to *Letter F*, naturally, "*Farming*," with a note at bottom of page, "See, also, *G. Gardening*," and I shall want to write about it. My friend and adviser, ENGLEMORE, has strongly recommended me agricultural pursuits as a first-rate thing. As he is coming down to-morrow (unless he telegraphs, which, when once you've started him at what he calls "wiring," he generally does three or four times a day), I can consult him as to when I ought to begin my "farming and gardening operations." . . . I am dropping off into a drowsy state when some-



AT THE FRENCH PLAY.

HAPPY THOUGHT—INCognito SECURED—BLUSHES CONCEALED—AND SELF-RESPECT PRESERVED (AT LEAST OUTWARDLY).

COMPARISON WITH COUSINS GERMAN.

COMPARISONS are odious, O
My countrymen and brothers!
Not when we to advantage show,
Compared, ourselves, with others.
Does not the difference 'twixt two Powers,
Weighed by the world together,
The Prussian Government, and ours,
Just now exceed a feather?

It must, it cannot but, compel
All people's commendation
To see how Prussia we excel
In point of toleration.
BISMARCK fears Ultramontane leagues
To break up German union;
Frames laws 'gainst Jesuit intrigues
Among the POPE's communion.

And none there are that, in debate,
Or print, denounce his folly.
Say he resembles NEWDEGATE,
And liken him to WHALLEY.
No "able Editors" has he
Such as with us are common,
To twit him with "No Popery,"
And call him an old woman.

No High Church clique genteel, with gibes
Doth steadily pursue him;
No band of faithful Irish scribes
On principle pooch-pooch him:
He has no Public, duly taught
By sneers in fitting season,
To laugh to scorn a Statesman's thought
Of priestly Popish treason.

Weak bigotry you don't behold
Check Priests in these dominions;
The Reverend Fathers, uncontrolled,
Inculcate their opinions.
At home of what sage rule boast we!
Abroad in our relations,
Of what adroit diplomacy,
Above all other nations!

how, in connection with my Aunt's notion about Aix-la-Chapelle, there occurs to me suddenly a

Happy Thought.—German Gardening.

Odd that, quite coincidentally, the two words fall naturally under "G" in *Typical Developments*, Vol. II. (if I get as far in Vol. II.: it might be Vol. X. before I reached "G": but, anyhow, I should be prepared with material. [Note.—Hitherto, I've generally collected "material" in mems and notes, on odd slips of paper, for months, and then either been unable to remember the circumstances to which they relate, or have lost them altogether, or later intelligence has rendered them valueless.] Also, as another really very curious coincidence, under the letter "F," "Farming in France."

Happy Thought.—French Farming. Or, if any difficulty about Farming, why not Floriculture? This alphabetically brings us back to "E," when I commence with "English E...." Think of some word initialled with "E," and meaning Gardening.

Happy Thought.—Dixon's Johnsonary. Look it out. "*Eagle—Eardrops—Earth.*" This is nearer but not the thing, "English Earth"—continue with Dixon's Johnsonary—"Ear-trumpet—Easter—Eaves." Eaves is suggestive of country and poetry, but, on the whole, is not sufficiently comprehensive.

Try again. "*Echo—Eddy—Eelspout—Efflorescence.*" Here we are.

Happy Thought.—English Efflorescence! The series would be (1) English Efflorescence. (2) French Farming. (3) German Gardening. Telegraph this to POPGOOD AND GROOLLY. Really an idea. With illustrations. Coloured. Query who'll do 'em?

My Aunt, who has dismissed Uncles JACK and GIL to their dinner—[we see them in the distance staggering about very unsteadily, Uncle JACK being in perpetual difficulties with an elastic hat-string which *won't* keep his hat on his head for more than two minutes in anything like a breeze, and Uncle GIL who "gives" a little at the knees and has an undecided style of progression]—asks me if I've decided, because if so we ought to go as soon as possible in order to make Hay while the shun shines—or rather, sun shines she means. Strange coincidence again that she should have used the expression "make hay."

"At all events," she says, with a letter in her hand, "I've just

heard that the GLYMPHYS have gone there: young MR. GLYMPHYN is a martyr, I'm told, to Dipthatical Sytheraea in one of the two if not both, and he can't put one leg to the ground without the other, so they hope to cure him."

"Cure him of what?" I ask.

"Sciatica," she answers. "I said so before, only you really never do seem to attend to me."

I can't quite make up my mind. I tell her the reason. "At all events," she says, "you might take me over, and leave me at the GLYMPHYS, who would be delighted to see me, and take the most possible care, and if CHARLOTTE GLYMPHYN, though she's mottled and serried now and her name is BORROWDAILE, I fancy it will be pleasant if—" here comes the gasp, and the stream is dried up.

The GLYMPHYS to me are *not* an inducement. Besides, if I go again to Germany, it will be simply and solely in the interests of the letter "G"—"German Gardening"—consequently, I don't want to be mixed up with nothing but English, nor do I want to live in a town. No; in a farm, or German Gardener's house. Conversations with German Gardener's Daughter.

Happy Thought.—"G" stands for Gretchen.

I know my Aunt's object. She is always trying to make me what she calls "go about more." I fancy, from what she says, that she has "somebody in her eye." On this subject we have a difference of opinion. Great one. We agree to talk it over to-night. After that I shall consult ENGLEMORE.

Happy Thought.—Give it till to-morrow.

To this my Aunt replies with something about "Procrastination" being "the thief of time." I suggest "Procrastination." She returns that *that* is what she said, and adds her usual reference, which is, that if I don't think there is such a word, I'd better consult Dixon's Johnsonary. But, anyhow, give it till to-morrow.

A Case of Gross Misnomer.

MR. JUSTICE CHRISTIAN—to judge by his extra-judicial observations on his brethren of the Bench and his Lords of the Legislature.



Anilities and Enjoyment, 241
 Academy Rhymes, 213
 Acts, not Plays, 179
 Aerial Rome, 76
 Ago no Objection, 250
 Air-Passages of London, 232
 Allen and Alfes, 220
 All A-Growing! 249
 Alleviation of Mourning, 145
 "Alliance" Progress, 123
 All Pay and No Work, 146
 All the World in the Park, 108
 American Argument (The), 128
 American Incredulity, 32
 Ancient Roman Revivals, 103
 Angela Debitum, 261
 Animal Infanticide, 235
 Animal Magnate-ism, 184
 April Fools in Feathers, 151
 Arrest in the Avon, 125
 Athanasius and Williams, 110
 Athletic Intelligence, 76
 At Last! 151
 Awakening Conscience (An), 93
 Awkward Flatterer (An), 98
 Ayton's Illumination, 251
 Baopipes at Balmoral, 233
 Ballot Bill and his Bailors, 263
 Base Calumny (A), 167
 "Because He had Too Much Cheek," 155
 "Bells" (The), 184
 Betting Book-Worms, 121
 Bill and Budget, 55
 Birds and Bees, 169
 Bishop of Manchester and "Punch"
 (The), 219, 225
 Bishop on Bitter Beer (A), 163
 Bishops Beheaded, 135
 Bit of a Puzzle (A), 255
 Black and White, 93
 Boat-Race (The), 123
 Book of Taking Leaves (A), 189
 Bos Locutus Est, 142
 Botanical Crackjaw, 217
 Bravo! Bumble, 21
 Bribery and Ballot, 203
 Brigades of Barne (The), 240
 Bristol Diamond (A), 212
 Buried Army (A), 31
 Can a Word for the Claimant (A), 127
 Can a Lady Keep a Secret? 115
 Candid, if True, 135
 Cerd (A), 53
 Case for Crying Odorous Fish (A), 161
 Case of Cockleshells (A), 126
 Case of Real Distress, 26
 Castromatation, 226
 Castro's Friends, 264
 Caution to Commissioners, 210
 Celebrities on the Turf, 228
 Celebrity at Southampton (A), 259
 Chance of a Crusade (The), 106
 Changing our Mind, 107
 Chemistry for Countrymen, 255
 Christmas Boxes for Beauty, 10
 Church and Turf, 224
 Church Disestablishment, 85
 "Civilisation at St. Paul's," 55
 Civility and Advice, 213
 Colours of the Season, 138
 "Come Aboard, Sir!" 15
 Comet is Coming (The), 213
 Coming Retirement (A), 23
 Common Misquotation, 157
 Comparison with Cousins German, 270
 Competitive Examination Age (The), 133

Consideration (A), 213
 Constitutional Agitation, 217
 Converse Demonstration, 171
 Convicted Correspondent (A), 105
 Corrigendum, 35
 Couplet for a King (A), 109
 Courts Clerical and Courts Martial, 259
 Crab and Creed, 190
 Creed Miscalled (A), 25
 Cricketing News, 117
 Criteria of Clothes, 159
 Crying Evil (A), 97
 Curates' Augmentation, 259
 DANGEROUS Example (A), 157
 Dealings with Dutchmen, 70
 Decorations in Doubt, 147
 De Heretico Cadendo, 208
 Derby "Anticipations," 225
 Descent of Man (The), 173
 Detur Pulchrioribus, 76
 Die-a-tonic Drink (A), 131
 Dignity for Doctors, 35
 Dignity of Play, 141
 Diocese Extraordinary, 85
 Dirt! Dirt! Dirt! 22
 Disinterested Doctors, 66
 Distinguished "Friend" (A), 23
 Distrain upon Petticoats, 127
 Domestic Bliss, 210
 Domestic Economy, 139
 Double Meaning, indeed (A), 97
 Double or Single? 189
 Drum Major and Drum Maximus, 262
 Drums and Fifes, 93
 Duties and Imposts, 24
 Easy made Easy, 84
 Every Monday Manceuvres, 149
 Ecclesiastical Attitude, 147
 Educational Epigrams, 54
 Ehoul 253
 "El Echo de Ambos Mundos," 93
 Elegant Advertising, 85
 Empiro of the Fashions (The), 230
 Epistolary Gem, 204
 Epithalamium in General, 171
 Essence of Parliament, 67, 73, 83, &c.
 Evenings from Home, 4, 14, 24, &c.
 Examination for Turfites, 220
 Exceedingly Rude, 242
 Excuse for any Fools (An), 193
 Expelled, 75
 Extensive Concern (An), 77
 Extonuating Circumstance (The), 174
 Extracts from the Diary of the Coming
 Woman, 34
 Extravagance with Utility, 261
 Eye to Business (An), 107
 FAIR and the Unfair (The), 69
 Fair Play for Looshal, 15
 Fair Warning from France, 157
 Faith for the French Army, 245
 Fallacy of Figures, 178
 Father Thames' Tea-Urn, 95
 Fenian's Fellow-Man (A), 177
 Festive Bored (The), 1
 Fie! Mr. Fergusson! 162
 Fiends of the Firebirds, 121
 Fine Arts, 253
 Fine for a Beating (A), 117
 First-Class Twelve (A), 229
 Flag of Dundee (The), 194
 Florent Et ma! 183
 Flourish on the French Horn, 155
 Follies of the Fashions, 149
 Foreign Affairs, 77
 Foreigners' Fireships, 217

Foreign Finance, 139
 Foreign Intelligence, 65
 For the Fourteenth, 76
 Fourth R in Morthyr (The), 25
 Frederick Denison Maurice, 156
 Fresco Superseded, 255
 Fresh, not Tight, 39
 Frightful Savages, 86
 Frights and Fashions, 153
 "From between Two Stools," 116
 From Captain Dyngwell, 139
 From Galway to Candy, 26
 "From Whip to M. F. H.," 70
 GENIAL Notion (A), 98
 Geology for Jackasses, 246
 Ghostly Travelling, 75
 Giants and the Bunkum-Bag (The), 161
 Giants in the Way, 58
 Gladstone's Little Monitor, 190
 Glorious Tidings, 252
 Going Back, 210
 Golden Bridge (A), 73
 Good Day's Work (A), 111
 Gospel without Gunpowder, 156
 Great Rejoicings, 262
 Green Park v. Black Moor, 159
 Groan on a Bore (A), 222
 Grocer's Friend (The), 151
 Quilled Ladies, 45
 Guiseppe Mazzini, 122
 HAPPY Thoughts, 269
 Hard Words, 108
 Height of Fashion (The), 135
 Heretical Hoax, 34
 Hints on Christmas Shopping, 11
 Historians and Heretics, 25
 Home Rule, 23
 Hooghly and the Itchin (The), 117
 Hopeless, 98
 Horace Mayhew, 191
 Horoscope for 1872, 5
 Hot Cross Buns, 131
 How to Leave Money, 211
 Husbands and Hearts, 141
 "I," "S," "I"
 Ill-read Parable (An), 165
 Immorality of Foreign Rulers, 68
 Improving the International, 256
 In Angelse Honorem, 41
 Increase of Practice, 106
 Incredible Intelligence, 193
 Inquests Quite Unnecessary, 52
 International Exhibitions, 240
 In the Temple, 30
 Intimidationist Priests, 252
 Irish Secrecy, 253
 Items, 225
 JAMES the Second at the Tower, 251
 Jingle for St. James's (A), 33
 John Bull's Blessing—and What it Costs,
 173
 Jolly Wet, 52
 Jury-Box of the Future (The), 119
 Jury-Law Victim (The), 211
 Jury Reform, 149
 Just a Hint, 13
 Keen and Catholicism, 236
 Killjoys (The), 219
 King Cole and the Cartoons, 219
 Kleptomania, 93
 La Clemenza di Bruce, 209
 Ladies in the Army, 210
 Lark to the Latins (A), 77
 Latest "Happy Thought" (The), 138
 Lawyers and Lunatics, 33
 Lay of Leicester Square (The), 265

Lay of the Embankment (A), 173
 Legitimate Crown (A), 101
 Liberty of the Letter-Box (The), 232
 Lines on Liquor Lawson, 203
 Liquor Laws Superseded, 47
 Literature, Science, and Art, 51, 167, 235
 Little Bethel and Lord Byron, 147
 Logic for Ladies, 161
 London Gold Diggings, 42
 Loyal Subjects, 137
 Macbr's Last—let us Hope, 159
 Magee before Manning, 201
 Malapropiana, 36
 Manly Millinery, 162
 Mark Lemon, 6, 119
 Mathematical Intelligence, 13
 May Day in 1872, 203
 Medical Bars, 3
 Medical Dissenters, 130
 Mellora, 98
 Meteorological Observations, 249
 Military Economy, 3
 "Milk Below!" 139
 Minor Canon (A), 3
 Misleading Title, 115
 Mistaken Idea (A), 201
 Modest Demand (A), 54
 Monody on M'Ornth, 10
 Monsignor on Mimes (A), 214
 Mordred, 149
 More Education Fight, 34
 More than Peter's Pence, 162
 Mortal Immortals, 112
 Mother Britannia's New Nursery Song,
 129
 Movements in Low Life, 106
 Mrs. Churber's Comfort, 201
 Mrs. Washburn on Telegrams, 12
 Music and Muscles, 145
 Music for the Million, 183
 My Health, 2, 19, 29, &c.
 Mysterious Disappearances, 77
 Mystic Number (A), 115
 National Nursery Law, 233
 Nation's New Year's Day (The), 1
 Nearly the Last of the Claimant, 118
 Negative Knowledge, 41
 New Civil Service Regulations, 96
 New School for Nobs, 54
 News from Naples, 54
 New Year's Fine (The), 32
 New Year's "Note" to Correspondents,
 12
 Noble Savage among the Antiquaries
 (The), 239
 No Mistake about Eve, 242
 Nonconformity to Anything, 55
 Non or Natural! 173
 Not Weber's, 155
 Nuptial in Excelis, 189
 Obedience of Sympathy (An), 54
 Observations in an Oratory, 177
 Odd, 210
 Ode on a Mental Prospect of the New
 Law Courts, 103
 Odger Beneath Nelson, 75
 Old Ghosts and New, 2
 Ominous Indeed! 35
 Omnibus Tax (An), 112
 On and Off, 148
 On St. Patrick's Day falling on a Sunday,
 132
 Opera Reform, 243
 Organs of Offence, 85
 Our Admirable Reserve, 58
 Our Alderney Milker, 209

Our Baroness for our Birds, 243
 Our Boat-Race and Brothers, 137
 Our Brutal Customs, 100
 Our Pocket-Book Again, 24
 Our Queen to Her People, 1
 "Our Wig," 19
 Over a Dead Treaty, 241
 "Over the Sea," 86
 Owls that is Not Morgans, 45
 PAPA Pastime, 131
 Parallels for the People, 15
 Parallel under Parliament, 69
 Parks Bill (The), 105
 Parliamentary Intelligence, 57
 Parliamentary Ritualism, 240
 Part for the Premier (A), 77
 Past and Present Obstruction, 53
 Peace without Panic, 224
 "Peculiar People," 177
 Penal Servitude of Jurors, 253
 People and their Park (The), 167
 Peter Quince, his Ballad of Bottom's Dream, 102
 "Phantom Board" (The), 48
 Pig-and-Bargain-Driving, 41
 Pig and the Ring (The), 157
 Plea for a Female Parliament (A), 232
 Plea for Patent Medicines, 126
 Plucky Reply, 204
 Plup! and Tac! 219
 Poetical Error, 208
 Poetry of Fact, 20
 Pokes in Pantomimes, 13
 Portenjoy at Paris (The), 245
 Portent at Rome (A), 128
 Poverty's Benefactor, 209
 Post-Office Confectionery, 179
 Praiseworthy, 211
 Premature, 239
 Premature Humiliation, 174
 Present and the Pillory (The), 118
 Preservers of Epping Forest (The), 253
 President Fussy, 149
 Private School Classics, 43
 Prize Poem, 252
 Probable, 230
 Problem of Intelligence, 13
 Problem for the Poet Laureate, 11
 Professors' Union (A), 35
 Programmes of Royal Societies, 260
 Property and Pictures, 193
 Proposed Old Jury (The), 238
 Protection from Plucking, 265
 Public Money and Land, 76
 Pulpit Exhortation, 265
 Punch and Judy, 251
 Punch's Derby Prophecy, 222, 235
 Punch's Notice Paper, 85
 QUEER Bargains, 97
 Query for Convocation, 193
 Questionable Spirit (A), 249
 Questions in Parliament, 129
 Railway Reform, 10
 Rational Ancient Roman, 220
 Reading Made Uneasy, 246
 Real Friends to Government, 121
 Reasons for Going to the Boat-Race, 119
 Reason Why (A), 208
 Recent Anniversary (A), 141
 Red for White, 242
 Republic Out-of-Doors (The), 127
 Respectability, 66
 Result, 152
 Reticence of the Press (The), 6
 Richard Southwell Bourke, 80
 Rights of Women (The), 147
 Ritualist Miracle (A), 245
 Royal Clemency, 15
 "Rubbish must Not be Shot here," 225
 Rural Intelligence, 46
 SACERDOTAL Spiritualism, 195
 Sacred Wednesday (The), 242
 Sacrifice of a Sacred Edifice, 263
 Sad Alteration, 36
 Sad Fact of Sobriety, 107
 Sang by Sawney, 152
 Sanitary Sermons, 15
 Sarcasms Crystallized during a Dreary Journey on the Brighton Railway, 84
 Science for the Season, 11
 Science Gospel, 46
 Scottish Papers, Please Don't Copy, 250
 Seasonable Literature, 211
 Seat on a Safety-Valve (A), 36
 Second Thoughts are Best, 79
 Serious Affair, 33
 Serious Interjections, 159
 Shade of Cervantes! 138
 Shakespeare for Schoolboys, 68
 "Shilly Shally," 191
 Shocking Fellows, 107
 Shoddy and Sand, 155
 Sick Man in the Vatican (The), 22
 Side-splitter, quite beyond a Joke (A), 189
 Similar Stream, 242
 Simon le Simple, 145
 Simple Notes on England, 183, 224
 Sir Sterndale Bennett, 191
 Slightly Confused, 109
 Slumber before Society, 229

Smile in Exeter Hall (A), 170
 Soldiers or Supernumeraries? 55
 Something Like a Name, 85
 Song by a Southerner, 109
 "Song of the Season" (A), 168
 Songs on Solemnities, 87
 Soul and Shoe, 109
 Soup and Sermon, 33
 South Kensington Bazaar (The), 52
 Spanish Pirate (A), 220
 Speaker-Elect (The), 51
 Speaker (The), 21
 Speaking by the Card, 132
 Sporting News, 40
 Sporting Parallel, 200
 State and the Sack (The), 75
 Stir in the Kitchen (A), 200
 Strange Parliamentary Proceeding, 85
 Strasburg Zone (The), 245
 "Strike, but Hear!" 266
 Strike of Boat, 218
 Subjugated Scotland, 232
 Substance of Soldiership (The), 166
 Such a Book! 25
 Suggestion to Mr. Lowe, 26
 Surprising a Castle, 22
 Sweet Thing to Say, 293
 Swell on a Strike (A), 179
 Taxes on the Halfpence, 117
 Taxes on Knowledge, 151
 Temperance Hospital (A), 46
 Temperance Talk (A), 130
 "Tempus Fugit"—Fudge! 123
 Terrible Temptation, 214
 Testimonial Nuisance (The), 260
 Thanksgiving, 90
 Thanksgiving Day, 99
 "That's Good," 100
 Theatrical Ballot-Boxes (The), 88
 Their Most Sweet Voices, 137
 Theological News, 22
 "There is great Luck about the House," 183
 "The" Tuesday, 87
 Tichborne v. Lushington, 47
 Tight Lads, 250
 Tired Thomas, 239
 Too Hot to Handle, 181
 Too Much Zeal, 56
 To Temple Bar, 90
 To the Afflicted, 10
 To the State Coachman, 41
 Towns on the Thames, 137
 Travellers' Strike (A), 145
 Tremendous Telegram, 239
 True Bill! 33
 True Sympathy with Suffering, 180
 Twelfth Night, 12
 Twelfth Night: or, What you Won't, 201
 Two Graces, 210
 Two Thunderers (The), 146
 UNCLE (The), 58
 University Boat-Race (The), 131
 Un Monsieur Smith, 26
 Unsuitable Patriotism, 179
 Urgent Appeal, 70
 Utilisation of Vice, 115
 VALENTINIANA, 69
 Valhallaalloo, 199
 Vindications of the Vatican, 213
 Verbum Sap, 145
 Via Antique, 15
 Vindictive Teutons, 40
 Virtuous Vestry (A), 5
 Vix Versa, 187
 Vices of Value, 150
 WAGGAWOCK Subscription List, 158
 Waggawock (The), 112
 Wanted, 105
 Wanted—Simplicity, 42

Ware Veauvius! 198
 Warning to Our William (A), 204
 Warning our Kerebief, 218
 We will Torpedo Them, 222
 What Happened on the 21st, 263
 What is Always Going On, 255
 What the Burmese Ambassadors Ought to be Shown, 250
 Whisper This, 107
 Who are They? 117
 "Who'll March through Coventry?" 166
 "Why, how now, Hamlet?"
 (Willow) Pattern Wedding Presents, 177
 "Woman! spare that Bird," 87
 Word for Women (The), 197
 Words to a Wife, 167
 Working Man on Work (A), 26
 Yokes for Yokafellows, 100
 Your Bennet to Its Right Use, 42

LARGE ENGRAVINGS.

ANOTHER Empty Weapon, 133
 Big Cracker (The), 7
 Big John and Little John, 247
 Bottom's Dream, 103
 "Busted Up!" 195
 "Come to Grief," 267
 Gluts in the Way, 60, 61
 "Jeremy Diddlow," 143
 Lancashire Lions (The), 153
 Land and Labour; or, How to Settle It, 183
 "Men of Business" (The), 257
 "Monster Slain" (The), 113
 "Non Dole," 205
 Odd-Handed Justice, 175
 Off Greenwich, 17
 Old "Whip" (The), 71
 Out of the Question, 185
 "Phantom Board" (The), 49
 "Scratched!" 227
 Smoking the "Calumet," 81
 Still Bigger Claimant (A), 27
 St. Patrick for Galway! 237
 "Thanksgiving," 92, 93
 Too Much Pressure, 37
 "Under the Dark Blue Waters," 215
 "Yankee Doodle," 123

SMALL ENGRAVINGS.

ART-CRITIC and the Mirror (The), 201
 Artist and the Newfoundland (The), 118
 At the Pastrycook's, 41
 Augustus Hates Calls, 199
 Beard and Bald Head, 70
 Beer and the Oak (The), 54
 Belief in Miracles, 179
 "Best Mau's" Trousera (A), 96
 Billy Glee and his Cow, 233
 Black Eye at Christmas (A), 10
 Blossom at the Boat-race, 130
 Blowing her own Nose! 142
 "Boots and Chambermaid," 123
 Boy, Girl, or Heir? 162
 Bread or Cheese? 42
 Broad and Long Sermon (A), 138
 Bundle of Intellectuals (A), 118
 Burying a Dissenter, 159
 Cab to Drury Lane Theatre (A), 243
 "Cheek!" (Pipe v. Cigar), 26
 Clergyman Turning to the East (A), 13
 Coachman's Bouquet (The), 122
 Colour of Carriage Wheels, 219
 Costumes for Wet Weather, 157

Croquet in a Hailstorm, 218
 "Does that Old Gentleman Bite?" 147
 Doll's Dance (The), 80
 "Dressing Ship," 108
 Dr. O'Gorman's Nose, 190
 Early British French, 119
 Easter Holidays and Shaving, 149
 Effect of Reading while Training, 250
 Faint Recollections of the 27th, 99
 February 29 (Punch and the Ladies), 100
 Four-Wheeler Respectable enough, 87
 Fox-Hunting in Kilt, 11
 Freddy and the Little Stranger, 158
 "Fuchsia Dress" (The), 265
 "Funereal Frump" (The), 194
 "Gloves"—a Lesson to Shopmen, 168
 Grace before Breakfast, 68
 Grandmamma's Plum Cake, 75
 Hair à la Turban, 69
 Hair-Cutting at Home, 23
 Hampstead Heath v. Switzerland, 181
 "Harp in the Air" (The), 107
 "Has Tittens dot pins!" &c., 241
 "Hold his hind Leg, Papa," 146
 Hot Water Tin in June, 283
 Hounds at Cover (The), 65
 Housemaid and the Piano (The), 152
 Housemaid who couldn't Dance (A), 204
 Hungarian Costume, 261
 Hunting in 1872 ("Only Showers"), 108
 Irish Gallantry (Toll Free), 78
 Irish Model (A), 158
 "Itting a 'Orse on the 'Ead, 86
 Jeames and "Poor Sir Roger," 171
 Jockey riding to Church (The), 214
 Jones's Horse Won't go by Rail, 53
 "Judicious" and "Dujahkush," 175
 Keeper's Vanston (The), 38
 Ladies' Race (A), 231
 Ladies' "Tops," 40
 Lady and Amateur Barytone, 256
 Laura and Charles at Horse-Show, 240
 "Let me Kiss him for his Mother," 6
 Liquor Controversy (The), 31
 "Lizzie is thinking of Cake," 174
 "Lost the 'Ounds, Oants!" 242
 Mabel's Music Lesson, 187
 Managing to Look Drunk, 118
 Marksmen's Penny a Day (The), 188
 Masks at the Play, 270
 Master's Oun, 64
 Meeting his Creditors, 209
 Militia Guard "turning out" (The), 260
 "Miss or Mum?" 48
 Miss Prygg's Musical Taste, 226
 Mr. Figgins at the Pic-nic, 200
 Mr. Grigsby's Com's House, 184
 Mr. Umberbrown's House on the Hill, 32
 Necessaries to Marriage, 208
 New Curate's Sermon (The), 102
 New Garden Hose (The), 251
 Noah's Dove, 210
 "No Gentleman says Pudden," 31
 Nothing—wrapped in Paper, 77
 Not Sine Reeves, 170
 Not the Same Champagne, 81
 Nunnery and a Monksery (A), 52
 "Obliged me with—a Remon," 127
 "O dear! what a Relief!" 98
 Official Censorship of Pantomime, 22
 "Old Clock on the Stare" (The), 44
 One of Nelson's Veterans, 193
 "On the Top of the Hill, too!" 30
 Ornamental Drainage, 7
 Our Brilliant Finish—Fouled, 166
 Picture-dealing with Moses, 97
 Private Conversations Explained, 266
 "Qued" and "Quadrangle," 117
 Royal Academy (The), 198
 Run of the Season (The), 128
 Rustic's Railway Ticket (A), 230
 Same Dress! (The), 182
 Scene at a Hatter's, 252
 Servants Going in to Prayers, 223
 Severe on the Pianist, 74
 "So glad You're glad I'm glad," 109
 Statue at Large, 85
 Sunday Manners (Friends Meeting), 89
 Sunday Manners (The Donkeys), 112
 Te Deum (The), 211
 Temple Bar Beautified, 90
 "Tired, Unwell, or Hungry?" 55
 Toilette (à la Beekeeper), 3
 Tugall's "Lick," 189
 Uncle and the Mimic, 137
 Uphill on Horseback, 20
 Valentine Tragedy (A), 84
 Vision of the Derby (A), 221
 Vivifying Treatment of a Partner, 16
 Waiting on Country Quality, 129
 Walking in the Puddles, 246
 "Was our John in the Glig?" 45
 Why Bill won't send his Boy to School, 262
 Wild Drama of Ireland's Future (A), 57
 "Wolra" and the "Postes" (The), 139
 Young Ladies and Gentlemen Promenading, 246
 Young Ladies at Drill, 220
 "You the Pictures, I the Catalogue," 253



PUNCH



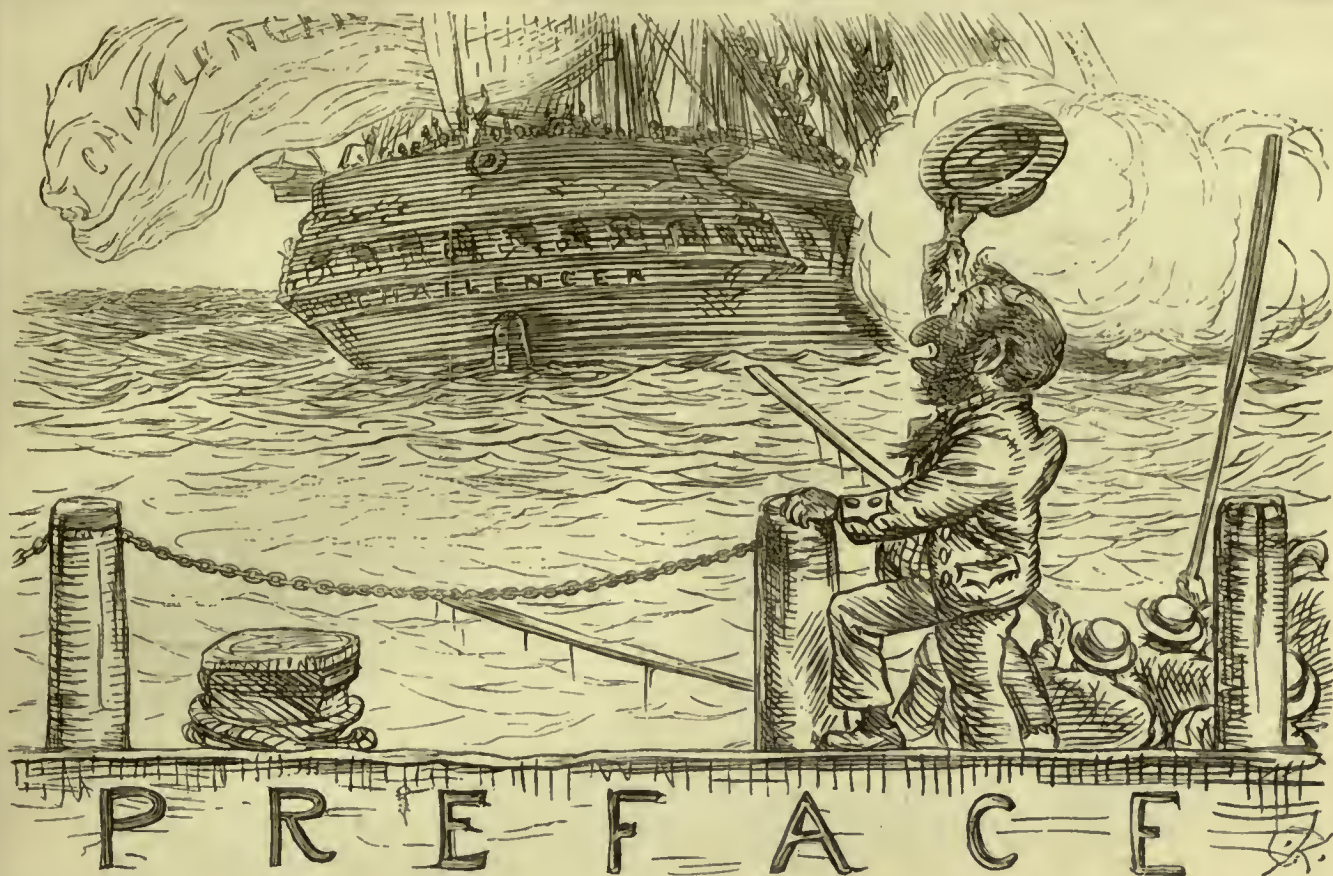
VOL LXIII.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1872.



THE *Challenger* was ready to depart for her grand voyage. Ready to sail into all the Oceans and demand their deepest secrets. But there was one who lingered on board, and till he had put off, the *Challenger* might not go. For the thunder-curses of the World would pursue her did she carry away Him from the midst of the nations.

"Brave luck to you all, brave hearts," said MR. PUNCH, as he slowly descended to the boat. "Would I were of your crew."

"Would you were!" shouted the Expedition.

"But it cannot be. So, adieu! Go everywhere, and, if you see anything you think I should like, be sure you bring it home for me."

"Certainly we will, done up in wool and silver paper," laughed the Captain.

"Then," cried MR. PUNCH, quoting *Endymion*,

"Go to the Syrens, and one moment listen
Their melodies, and see their long hair glisten."

"We'll make a point of it," said the First Lieutenant. "Give way there, you men!"

"I shall give way if they don't," said MR. PUNCH, wiping his eyes.

"Anon upon that Giant's arm you'll be
That writhes about the roots of Sicily."

"We shall like to see that," said the Captain, raising his voice.

"And then," said MR. PUNCH,

"To Northern Seas you'll in a twinkling sail,
And mount upon the snortings of a whale
To some black cloud."

"Which would be a lark," shrieked a Midshipman.

"Thence down you'll madly sweep
On forked lightning to the deepest deep,"

shouted MR. PUNCH, nearing the quay.

"So we will, old man!" roared the Second Lieutenant.

"Hold your row!" said MR. PUNCH.

"Where through some sucking pool you shall be hurled,
With rapture, to the other side of the world."

Therefore, be full of gladness."

"That's rum," observed the Boatswain.

"It's not, Beson," bellowed MR. PUNCH, indignantly. "I'm a Good Templar. It's only my excitement."

He was now getting very red in the face, and something hoarse, but his magnificent resolution never forsook him.

"After KEATS, KEATING," he said, filling his mouth with the latter's cough lozenges. They gave him renewed energy, and as he stood on the quay and waved his sailorly hat, he resumed, with the voice of a Stentor,—

"Captain, ahoy!"

"What's the matter now?" replied the Captain, through his speaking-trumpet.

"Did you ever read the *Whale*, by HERMAN MELVILLE?"

"No—a—a—a!" came on the wind.

"I'm sorry for that. Fine book! If you'll stop, I'll telegraph to Town to have my copy sent down for you; only you must be sure to give it me back, because I value it."

As the words which answered this *may* not have been irreverent, what they seemed to sound like shall not be set down.

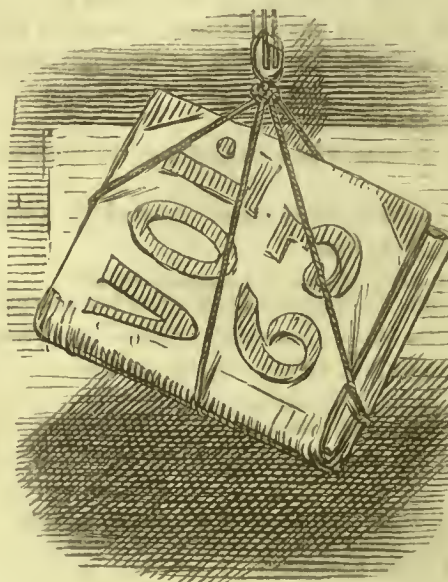
"Same to you," responded MR. PUNCH. "I'll only quote a bit from it. 'Luck to ye, Captain!—luck to ye, First Lieutenant!—luck to ye, Second Lieutenant!—luck to ye all!—and this day four years I'll have a hot supper smoking for ye in old London. Hurrah and away!'"

"I never eat hot suppers," came down with the wind. "You take care of yourself, old man, and don't be too zealous about preventing the destruction of tissue. Easy with the tippie."

"Most ungrateful observations," muttered MR. PUNCH. "But never mind. You've forgotten something!" he thundered, like POLYPHEMUS. "But I've sent it back in the boat. That will ensure you all sorts of good fortune. Study it night and day, make it your compass, and your quadrant, and your Little Sea Chart."

And then might be seen the *Challenger* taking on board MR. PUNCH'S

"Sixty-Third Volume."



"Good luck to you all!" shouted MR. PUNCH, for the last time, and he shouted in the name of all HER MAJESTY'S subjects.



THE SEASON.

THE ordinary manuals of useful information grossly mislead the public by limiting the number of the Seasons to four; the fact being that there are five—Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, and the London Season. The ordinary manuals were probably compiled by persons of the scholastic profession, ignorant of Society, indifferent about gloves, and with no experience either of a *Matinée Musicale* or an Afternoon Drum.

The circumstance of THOMSON not including the London Season in the poem he composed on a kindred topic, shows plainly that in his time (and THOMSON, it should be remembered, was contemporary with JOHNSON, SMITH, and BROWN) it had not acquired that importance which it now possesses in the eyes of every one who has not forfeited all claim to self-respect. Some fragments, however, were found amongst THOMSON's papers which led his executors to think that he had originally contemplated bringing the "lovely young LAVINIA" (see Royal Academy, Gallery I., No. 75) to Town, and finding her a fine match.

The exact height of the London Season has never yet been positively ascertained; but pending the appointment of a Royal Commission, with a paid Secretary, to inquire into this subject, it may be safely assumed that the Season has reached its ultimatum by the time of Goodwood Races.

The London Season can be traced back to the days of the amiable and universally respected Tudors. HENRY THE EIGHTH's arrangements about his Queens were so uncertain, that fashionable society in that monarch's reign was more than once left without its natural head; and, consequently, drawing-rooms appear to have been subject to considerable irregularity and unavoidable postponement. At a subsequent period in our dynastic history HENRIETTA MARIA could never prevail on CHARLES THE FIRST to look in at five o'clock tea (or rather coffee, for the Queen brought that infusion with her from *La Belle France*), and CROMWELL, although he rode in the Row, declined evening parties, and had what almost amounted to an antipathy to a starched white neckerchief.

As far back as the time of the Union, matrimonial projects had assumed an important place in the arrangements of a London Season.

The JORLWORTHS returned home to Munsemore rather knocked up

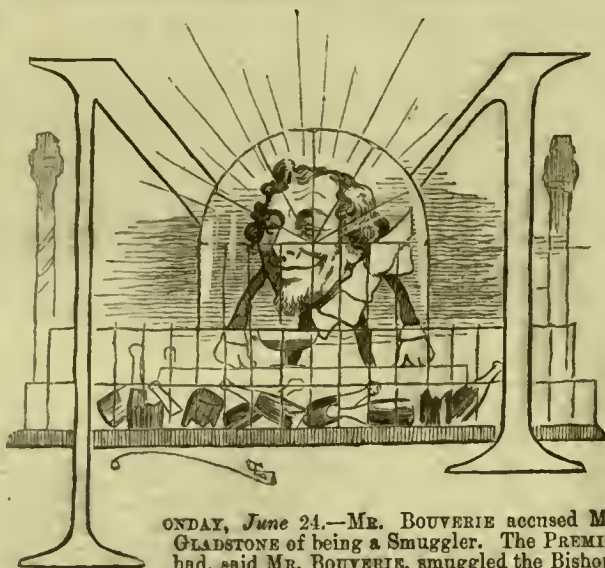
with their ten days in Town. During that short space of time they went to the Royal Academy, the International Exhibition, the Kensington and Bethnal Green Museums, the Albert Hall, the Crystal Palace, both the Water Colour Societies, the DORÉ Gallery, the Zoological Gardens, twice to the Opera, thrice to the Theatre, the House of Commons, and LORD'S, and to concerts, pianoforte recitals, *Matinées Musicales*, balls, dinner-parties, garden-parties, fancy fairs, flower shows, and fireworks. The General was more than once unconscious during the performance of GLUMM's grand classic opera, *Clytemnestra*, and MRS. JORLWORTH expressed thankfulness (to herself) when that last long septet at HERR LOUDENSTEIN's Musical Rendezvous came to an end.

Various trades and professions are more or less dependent on the London Season. It has great interest for hotel-keepers, florists, fruiterers, poulterers, politicians, livery-stable-keepers, butchers, pigeon-shooters, diners-out, whist-players, opera-singers, begging-letter-writers, dog-fanciers, waiters, and match-makers.

There is one painful subject connected with the London Season to which it has long been evident that the attention of the Legislature must in the end be drawn. Indeed, it is understood that the Home Office have now under consideration the propriety of introducing, at an early period next Session before the commencement of another Season, an Habitual Flirts Improvement Bill.

Is Society growing later and later in its habits, or are those who compose it about to reform their ways, seriously impressed with the truth of the venerable adage that early to bed and early to rise makes us all healthy, and wealthy, and prevents red eyes? It seems necessary to ask this question at the present time, because a farewell benefit, which is under very Royal and aristocratic patronage, is announced to take place at Drury Lane Theatre "on Saturday morning, July 6, 1872, at three o'clock." Clearly, London is not the capital of that land "in which it seemed always afternoon." These remarks gracefully introduce another, which *Mr. Punch* willingly steps out of his accustomed way to deliver. We would say gladly, but he is not at all glad that MR. and MRS. ALFRED WIGAN are going to retire from the stage. On the contrary, it can very ill afford to lose a gentleman whose art is of the very highest, and a lady whose talent has adorned every character she has undertaken. But since they are to go, let their departure be made a famous one. The date we have given, and the rendezvous. All lovers of true histrionic art will try to be present.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, June 24.—MR. BOUVERIE accused MR. GLADSTONE of being a Smuggler. The PREMIER had, said MR. BOUVERIE, smuggled the Bishops' Resignation Bill through the House, in a precipitate manner. For which MR. GLADSTONE rebuked him, but did not garnish his speech after the fashion of *Dirk Hatteraick* and the like, which was to be regretted, as MR. GLADSTONE'S *copia verborum* might have been illustrated in a novel fashion. He should have told MR. BOUVERIE to cut ben whids and stow them, as a gentry cove of the Ken does not patter family lingo. Also have sworn.

Army Estimates were taken, and very rude things were said about the Militia, who do not appear, like Bounty in the copybook, to Command Respect. Yet they would be very terrible to an enemy who was in the habit of washing himself. Touching the Volunteers, LORD ELCHO thought the new rules too stringent, and that the public expected too much from the Volunteers. He admitted that they were not fit to face a Prussian regiment. Let us make them fit, and then there will be no foe for whom they will not be a match.

Tuesday.—The Lords polished off the Ballot Bill, according to their lights, and it was sent back to the Commons, with what result will be seen. The latter House does not feel, with Society in other days,—

"Let a Lord but touch the glowing lines,
How the wit brightens, and the sense refines."

Some of the Commons were very anxious to get upon the subject of MR. JUSTICE KEOGH'S judgment in the Galway case, but MR. GLADSTONE declines to hurry matters. Now JUSTICE KEOGH is shortly going on circuit, and there is no saying to what savagery the priesthood he has castigated may not excite the clowns who obey it. If the Irish Government does not wish to be called to the heaviest account it has ever had to meet, it will take due precautionary measures.

The Mines Bill made progress. MR. O. MORGAN objected to mine-owners being regarded as Molochs, who love to ill-use children. On an amendment, which Home-Secretary BRUCE declared would make it impossible to enforce the law in 99 cases out of 100, our "strong Government" was defeated by 185 to 170, and the amendment was carried. Note this.

MR. GLADSTONE declined to establish a British Protectorate at Fiji, and the House supported him by 135 to 84. He does not wish BRITANNIA to obtain any more dominions. Well, his is a safe policy, but it is not the policy which has made her great.

The Bill for allowing Dissenters to bury one another in churchyards was got rid of. Let them go on living always, to spite the House and our good friend MR. W. J. THOMS, who puts down centenarians.

Wednesday.—The lawyers slaughtered a Bill intended to make conveyancing cheaper. They said that it would not work. But they might have allowed us to try.

The House threw out a Bill for enabling laymen to preach in churches. Dreadful pictures were drawn of possible occurrences, and the champions of the Church unconsciously satirised its clergy by urging that they might admit to their pulpits the POPe, Brahmins, Boreas, and public Entertainers.

Thursday.—Came good news. The Three Arbitrators, the representatives of Italy, Brazil, and Switzerland, had, it was announced, decided that the Indirect Claims were totally inadmissible. We

drink to the health of the Three. The Americans, after consultation with their Government, accepted the decision, and LORD TENTERDEN, for England, withdrew his request for a long adjournment. So the Washington Treaty is upheld, and discussion, under its provisions, begins in the middle of July. There—and now was not *Mr. Punch* the rightest of all prophets when he depicted the Indirect Claims as a sham and a humbug, which the Americans meant to explode when the right time should come?

Whether we shall hear of the Claims any more—whether they are abandoned only as regards this Arbitration—well asked, MR. DISRAELI. Why, Sir, that depends upon whether "Attorney-ism" should see any advantage to be gained thereby. Sufficient for the day is the bother thereof. *Punch* begs leave to interpolate a deserved compliment to you, MR. DISRAELI, for the admirable and statesmanlike way in which you have behaved to the Government during the course of these American negotiations. You have kept the Cabinet on the *qui vive*, but you have never harassed it. So we reward you by making you the principal figure in another Historical Cartoon, which has nothing to do with America. Our treatment of the theme may seem satirical, but that is a mere detail. We delight to set you on high among the people. And we are sure that another "people," whose best friend *Mr. Punch* has ever been when they wanted friends, will be enchanted with our other witty but good-natured illustration of your Crystal Palace Address to the Conservatives. As MR. JOHN REEVE, the younger, said in an immortal burlesque—he assumed the tone of one who has refreshed himself in excess:—

"Let's all love one another. What a place
This world would be if that could be the case!
Yes, love each other like the innocent lambs
Sporting about beside their blessed dams.
Yes, I said dams, Sir, I don't care a jot.
Do you (*fervently*) believe I love you, Sir, or not?"

Friday.—The frescoes in the Victoria Gallery are giving signs of decay, but this can be arrested, and the process will commence forthwith. The sooner the better. MACLISE'S grand works must not be left in jeopardy an hour longer than is needful.

In the Commons the Ballot Bill, as "improved" by the Lords was considered, and it will save trouble to state that the Lower House rejected nearly all the amendments of the Upper, MR. GLADSTONE would have given way on certain points, but his obedient followers would not allow him to do so. So now to see what the Lords will do.

There was a little accidental fire at the top of the Clock Tower, where burns MR. AYRTON'S ingenious device for letting the wives of Members know what time the House rises. The affair was a *bagatelle*—not so is the dodge for preventing senators from going off to billiards. An Irish Member desired that coloured lights should be exhibited, but MR. AYRTON was playful, would have no green fire to please the Irish, and thought a white light aptly symbolised the Constitution. AYRTON among the Poets!

MONKEY BONES.

WHAT is that brisk discharge of cracks?
The harmony of CHRISTY'S Blacks?
Or dancing-girl who pirouettes
Clacking the lively castanets?

No; it from Parsons doth arise,
While PURCHAS bold the law defies,
And celebrates his mimic Mass
In panoply of triple brass.

Ritualists make that noise, the while,
Snapping their fingers as they smile,
And, since Jack Priest he still dares play,
"So much for Privy Council!" say.

A TERRIBLE INVENTION.

AMERICANS are so inventive, that we need hardly say we cite this from a Transatlantic newspaper:—

"One of the cleverest inventions we have seen is the Patent Cat Exterminator. It may be described as a large cast-iron cat, with an elastic swelling tail, and sharp steel claws and teeth. It goes by clockwork, and, when placed upon the housetop, its yells and screams attract all the cats in the vicinity, when it quickly tears to pieces those that come within its clutch."

As a set-off against the Alabama Claims, we ought to claim some compensation for the shattering of our nerves by such dreadful news as this. Live cats are bad enough, but they are only flesh and blood, and occasionally sleep. But to have cast-iron cats prowling on the housetops, and caterwauling dismally all the live-long night, a prospect such as this may make the bravest of us tremble, and the boldest feel dismayed.

A PLEA FOR PLAINER DINNERS.



SENSIBLE MR. PUNCH,

It has been cynically said that life would be enjoyable if it were not for its pleasures, and in one respect I certainly agree with the remark; namely, in regard to what are called the pleasures of the table. Not that I am one of those who care not what they eat, and who consume with equal relish a cup of mutton broth or a plate of real turtle. But it seems to me that nowadays people so prolong the pleasures of the dinner-table that they cease really to be pleasurable, and become mere pains and penalties. Who that now "moves in society" (to quote the penny novelists) is not weary of the endless *entrées* and *entrées*, and

relevés, and *rôts* which he daily sees paraded? I like French cookery in France, and don't object to it in England, provided it be good; but how rarely do I find it so! And what French cook would ever dream of blending French and English dishes in the hugger-mugger way in which they mostly are presented here?

I say nothing of the snobbishness which leads pretentious people to vie with one another in the length of their *menus*, and the daintiness of their delicacies. I say nothing against pine-apples at two guineas a slice, except that I object, myself, to eating money, and have very little sympathy with CRESUS and his friends, who take delight in its consumption. I merely wish to heave a sigh over the many weary hours which I now weekly have to waste, with my napkin on my knees, and a sipper on my lips, while waiters try to lure me into gluttony and headache. Who can sit down nightly to a first and second service of a score or so of dishes, with ices and dessert, and coffee, and liqueurs, and wines of half a dozen sorts; all more or less injurious, and escape from taking much more than is good for him? It is not in human nature always to resist the temptations that beset it; and though I daily make a vow that never more shall British *entrées* make their *entrée* down my throat, yet I somehow nightly find that one or two of them have done so. A man for a few seasons may dine out with impunity, but depend on it Podagra will be his fate at last, unless his friends are sensible and simplify their dinners.

I should like to set on foot, then, an Anti-Sybarite Society, whereof the members should refuse to dine with any one who kept them more than, say, an hour and half at table. Life is too short for the lengthened banquets now in vogue, and I feel persuaded that many of us nowadays might look for longer lives if we had but shorter dinners. *A bas les entrées!* I cry, therefore, "Farewell you *Cotelettes aux Cephalées*, you *Croquettes aux Cauchemars*, you *Timbales à la Dyspepsie!* Goodbye, Sweetbread, goodbye!" Give me good soup and fish and meat, and a salad for a relish, and I would not exchange my *menu* for that of Epieurus.

So I beg leave to subscribe myself yours humbly,

The Growlery, Friday.

PETER SIMPLE.

INJUSTICE TO THE UNITED STATES.

A CASE of shameful misnomer has lately appeared in print. A contemporary relates that, at Guisborough, some ten miles from Stockton, a certain Miller was convicted the other day of having in his possession sixty-three sacks of rubbish, supposed to be sawdust, intended for the adulteration of meal, to wit, "Indian meal, barley-meal, and pig-meal." As barley-meal's principal consumers are the same as those of pig-meal, the admixture with those articles of that stuff must be regarded as a heartless imposition on creatures which, if they were not particularly noisy, might be termed dumb animals. It must have painfully affected the poor brutes; for the material supposed to be sawdust turns out to consist of oat-husks reduced to powder; food about as nutritious and salutary as ground glass. This detriment to pork and bacon is said to be manufactured by a set of rogues at Montrose and at Newcastle. It is extensively employed by millers of like species to the one of whom the song says:—

"The Miller he stole corn"—

—millers of the stamp of Grindoff in the Miller and his Men.

Their fraudulent use of it has gone on for many years; if a mitigated penalty of forty shillings for the first conviction do not check it, heavier fines will be inflicted—please the pigs; and they will be pleased.

But now, this villanous commodity being such as it is, gentle reader, what do you think it is called? By a Christian name, mark that—JUDAS you would guess, allowing JUDAS to have been a Christian. No, indeed, but by a Christian name which is a symbol of probity, integrity, scrupulosity, veracity, and honour. This Christian name was originally, indeed, a Jewish one; but may now be taken to stand for the modern character of all the world the particular one corresponding to that of an Israelite indeed without guile. The powdered oat-husks which dishonest millers adulterate meal withal is named JONATHAN!

THE CHELSEA PATTERN.

MR. PUNCH, if he has not invented, has at least experienced a new pleasure—that of having to praise a body of Vestrymen. Wherefore? The following extract from a column of news will tell you:—

"A SEVERE EXAMPLE.—The Chelsea Vestry have fined their dust-contractors for the B division £150 for neglecting to remove the dust from common dust-bins and private establishments. They have decided also to hire cars, and remove some of the dust themselves at the contractors' expense."

Determination in punishing neglect of sanitary duty, and promptitude in taking steps to abate a nuisance, are distinctions for which perhaps the reader sees a Vestry commended now for the first time. It is remarkable that this Vestry happens to be the Chelsea, and that the Chelsea Vestrymen have signalled themselves by chastising neglectful dust-contractors and by setting themselves to work at sweeping dust away. For, as Posterity will recollect, in Chelsea resides MR. THOMAS CARLYLE. It may be conjectured that MR. CARLYLE has educated his parochial friends into a peculiarly vivid perception of the necessity for dust-bins to have things swept into them, and, when they get full, carted out of them from time to time. The fellow-parishioners of MR. CARLYLE have also perhaps been impressed by him with some idea of the right way to deal with Shams, such, for instance, as remiss or fraudulent contractors. The Chelsea Vestry could really not have done better both with dust and dustmen, than what they have, if he had himself been one of them. Indeed, many people will very likely suppose that MR. CARLYLE is their Chairman.

DANCING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

For all their delicate appearance, Young Ladies now-a-days must be really very muscular. Especially just now, with the season at its height, only fancy what prodigious feats they manage to perform. Dressing, riding, luncheon, shopping, driving, calling, "drumming," dining, and dancing every day until the small hours of the next, a girl must have enormous physical endurance to lead for a few weeks a London fashionable life. Besides, for the athletic work which they go through, Young Ladies now are surely over-weighted by the costume which they wear. For instance, just conceive how much increased must be the labour of the ball-room, when performers have to enter it in clothing such as this:—

"Ball-dresses have very long trains, two or three tunics, puffs as voluminous as paniers, and at times lace basques falling over the latter."

To perform a clog-dance or a hornpipe in fetters can hardly be a feat more exhausting to the muscles than to execute a galop, or even a quadrille, in apparel so voluminous as that which is prescribed now for the fashionable world. For such active work as dancing, common sense would surely order the lightest dress conceivable; but the mandates of the milliners are generally based on the reverse of common sense. We therefore find that Venus, when attired for the ball-room by the Graces of the period, is burthened with a costume utterly unsuitable, and has to carry trains, and tunics, and basques as big as baskets, and puffs as large as paniers. These latter surely no one but a donkey would ever even dream of bearing in a ball-room, and yet some ladies are so stupid as to imitate that animal, at least in the matter of their fashionable dress.

Priestly Authorship in Spain.

THE Carlist insurrection in Spain is described by the authorities of Guipuscoa, in an official message to KING AMADEO, as "a clerical rebellion." Why is this clerical rebellion like a slip of the pen? Because it is a clerical error. The Spanish Government will perhaps enable the sacerdotal conspirators who have committed it to find out their mistake.



A DISAPPOINTMENT.

Eligible Bachelor (gallantly). "OF COURSE YOUR DAUGHTER'S ENGAGED FOR EVERY REMAINING DANCE, MRS. JONES! I NEED SCARCELY ASK SUCH A QUESTION!"

Anxious Mamma (delighted). "NO, INDEED, DEAR SIR JAMES—"

Eligible Bachelor. "OR—ER—I AM!"

THE MINDLESS MASS.

BENEATH some fifteen stone, my Son,
The matron stout, oppressed, who groans,
Is like unto a skeleton
For all the flesh upon her bones,
When youth are dancing at a ball,
And she sits by with back to wall.

In velvet, silk, or satin, she,
Though blooming, glorious to behold,
Resembles the Anatomy,
Mute guest at feasts with men of old;
Not that her tongue is often still
Much more than a perennial rill.

But that her form and features say,
To maidens that can hear and see,
"Girls, such as you was I one day;
As I am new so you will be.
Nail, therefore, husbands whilst you can
Still captivate the eye of man."

And thou, my Boy, that waltzest by,
The partner of a graceful belle,
Upon her Parent cast thine eye,
If then art witched by Beauty's spell.
That little waist beneath thine hand,
Look, to what girth it may expand!

Make sure that there is that within
Thy charmer which will youth entlast,
And, through conditions fat or thin,
Conjoin thee with her ever fast.
Else, what bounds all her power to bless?
Adipose tissue, more or less.

POLITICIANS AND PEDLERS.

THE Leader of Her Majesty's Opposition, in his speech delivered to the Conservative Association at the Crystal Palace, described certain Statesmen of the other party as "viewing everything from a financial point, and totally omitting those moral and political considerations which make nations great, and by the influence of which alone individuals are distinguished from animals." This is an objection to certain men and certain measures the like of which has occasionally and not seldom been advanced by another than MR. DISRAELI; but that other, when modesty here makes nameless, has always, in connection such as the foregoing, called the creatures therein contrasted with animals mankind or human beings, and not individuals. He has also spoken of them as differentiated from animals not by the influence of any political considerations, but by moral faculties or senses, ingredients of their nature, commonly sneered at as "sentimental" by gentlemen of some intelligence indeed, but themselves sparingly endowed with any sentiment superior to self-esteem. Very likely, however, the author of *Coningsby* and *Lothair* has to thank a reporter for altering his language from terms which would have been used by that other person, not to say individual. But you must bear. The sense is all. It is too true that there are persons who subordinate all other considerations to financial objects, and that, by having done, and persisting in endeavours to do so, they have disgusted, and continue to disgust, those others who are distinguished from them by qualities which also distinguish men from pigs. Financial economists and nothing else, bad luck to them in the grovelling policy to which they would fain sacrifice Epping Forest.

Hit by a High Churchman.

ACCORDING to the *Pest*, MR. BERESFORD-HOPE has described a certain style of preaching as "rhetorical fireworks." Among such fireworks, the Honourable Gentleman of course does not forget, may be mentioned as especially objectionable, Roman Candles.



THE CONSERVATIVE PROGRAMME.

"DEPUTATION BELOW, SIR.—WANT TO KNOW THE CONSERVATIVE PROGRAMME."

RT. HON. BEN. DIZ. "EH?—OH!—AH!—YES!—QUITE SO! TELL THEM, MY GOOD ABERCORN, WITH MY COMPLIMENTS, THAT WE PROPOSE TO RELY ON THE SUBLIME INSTINCTS OF AN ANCIENT PEOPLE!!"

[See Speech at Crystal Palace.]

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

Another Day at Little Shrimpton.

Expect my old friend ENGLEMORE down here. We are advertised of his intention by two telegrams on Saturday and a letter received this day. ENGLEMORE is so addicted to telegraphing that his epistolary style has considerably suffered by a jerky habit of expressing himself which he has acquired during a long course of what he calls "wiring."

His first telegram (for example) is "Coming morrow you there wire."

This means "I intend to come down to Little Shrimpton tomorrow; will you be there? If so send an answer by telegram."

Happy Thought.—In telegraphing "Speech is silver."

ENGLEMORE's letter received this morning. He abbreviates and initialises. "D. B." for instance with him means "Dear Boy." Here it is:

D. B. How r u? a? Met P. yes'dy. Asked him about L s. d. No go. Saw T. Your bus. right. All on meeting. To you this day comes Yours E.

There never was a man who was more the Complete-Incomplete Letter-writer than E, I mean, ENGLEMORE.

He has, too, a conversational method all his own. He is fond of prefixing "Mr." to anything and everything, and alluding to himself as "Your little ENGLEMORE." He is about six feet and has a military bearing. His business, I believe, is that of an accountant (whatever that may be), but he seems to be everybody's adviser, and a general rule exists among his friends "When in doubt consult ENGLEMORE."

He arrives. In a white dustcoat, as natty and bright as if he were going to escort a party of Ladies to Ascot or Goodwood. Whatever the time of year, however dull the day, he has always a bright flower in his button-hole; and whatever the weather, and wherever he has come from, his boots are always brilliant, his hat carefully brushed and glossy, and his gloves apparently bran-new and fitting perfectly. Winter is, rather than not, his time of year for white waistcoats.

Happy Thought.—One ENGLEMORE doesn't make a summer.

My Aunt is much taken with him, and never having met him before, behaves like all ENGLEMORE's friends do, and wishes to consult him about her Rheumatic Neuralgia at once.

"Well," says ENGLEMORE, briskly, "I don't care about Mister Rheumatism. The Colonel here"—this is another peculiarity of ENGLEMORE's; he gives everyone a title of some sort, but chiefly military, when talking of them, or to them. In this instance, by "Colonel" he means me. It's a little puzzling at first, but my Aunt, obtaining the key from me, listens to him with perfect equanimity—"The Colonel here remembers my being bedded by it for ever so long. In came Mister Mustard-plaster and did the trick."

"You don't mecorember—I mean recollect," asks my Aunt, interrupting him quickly, "if that was for Neuralism or—"

"Well," replies ENGLEMORE, understanding her as easily as she does him, "I fancy Mister Neuralgia was on in that scene somehow. My name was diet for weeks." Then suddenly turning to her, "Do you beef, or banting?"

Another peculiarity of ENGLEMORE's is his use of substantives as

verbs. To "beef" is with him, to eat much meat. To "banting" is to be generally abstemious. My Aunt answers that she has not as yet adopted any system in particular, but that, on the whole, taking one day with another, she may look upon herself as "beeling."

"Quite right, too," he observes. "Never banting, now. Not good enough for me. But I think you're right about Mr. Sulphur-waters. I don't French or German myself. The Colonel" (mo again) "here parleys, and he knows all the moves."

"I'm told," says my Aunt, "by others besides my nephew, that the system of baths and regimen is very enervating, or, at all events, predessing."

Happy Thought.—Evidently "enervating" and "depressing." Repeat the words properly.

My Aunt turns upon me, rather shortly, with, "Well, I said so." "But," says ENGLEMORE, cheerfully, "You take the Captain" (me, under a new title) "with you, and he'll do Joey for you, and make you beam."

My Aunt nods her head, smilingly. I am convinced that she has only a very vague idea of ENGLEMORE's meaning. I have a glimmering of it. Should like to go.

After a silence, she says, "You'll forgive, Mr. ENGLEMORE, my obtusity, but what did you say my nephew could do?"

"Do Joey, Ma'am. Funnimenta. You've seen Punch and Judy—Punch with a stick, Joey the Clown round the corner."

Happy Thought.—When dull, "do Joey."

"You mean, he'll amuse me?" asks my Aunt, evincing considerable intelligence.

"Quite so. Should like to come, too," he says, considering the matter; "but just now coin is not my name. Your little ENGLEMORE's complaint is tick dollarroo."

I see my Aunt's mind is made up. She says, "You can take me over, and leave me with the GLYPHINS, who are staying at Aix, and then you can see the German Farms—which is what my nephew is interested in just now, Mr. ENGLEMORE—"

"Ah, yes, capital chap, Mister Pig," he replies promptly, giving his summary of all farming.

I tell him that I intend taking up the subject, practically and scientifically, with a view, in fact, to letter F in *Typical Developments*.

"Ah, yes," he says, "heaps of coin out of that. Go in for Mister Hothouse. Grapes three guineas a pound; not good enough for your little ENGLEMORE. Write *The Englishman's Chicken-House Guide, or Out of the Pigstye into the Poultry*. Mister Cockadoodle pays. So does Mister Turnips. Thousands.

Happy Thought.—Make thousands out of Mister Turnips.

Might (while I think of it) arrange for a small farm before I leave. I suppose farms are to be let furnished; furniture being pigs, cows, cocks and hens, and—and—what else? Odd, I can't think of anything else. The Nurse and my two little Uncles can stay there. Then I'll leave my Aunt at Aix, examine German farming system, return here, and introduce new plans and better systems in farming all over the country.

Happy Thought.—Astonish MECHL. Introduce sulphur-baths for cows. Also *douche* and vapour. Still, the sole object of my farming must not be merely to astonish MECHL.

Happy Thought.—Introduce sulphur-baths at the Zoological Gardens. Put the Leopard into one. Advertise, "Can the Leopard change his spots? Yes, by taking sulphur-baths. Admission, 2s. 6d."

Arrangements. Leave ENGLEMORE to see about farm in my absence. Take Aunt to Aix. Read up subject in meantime.

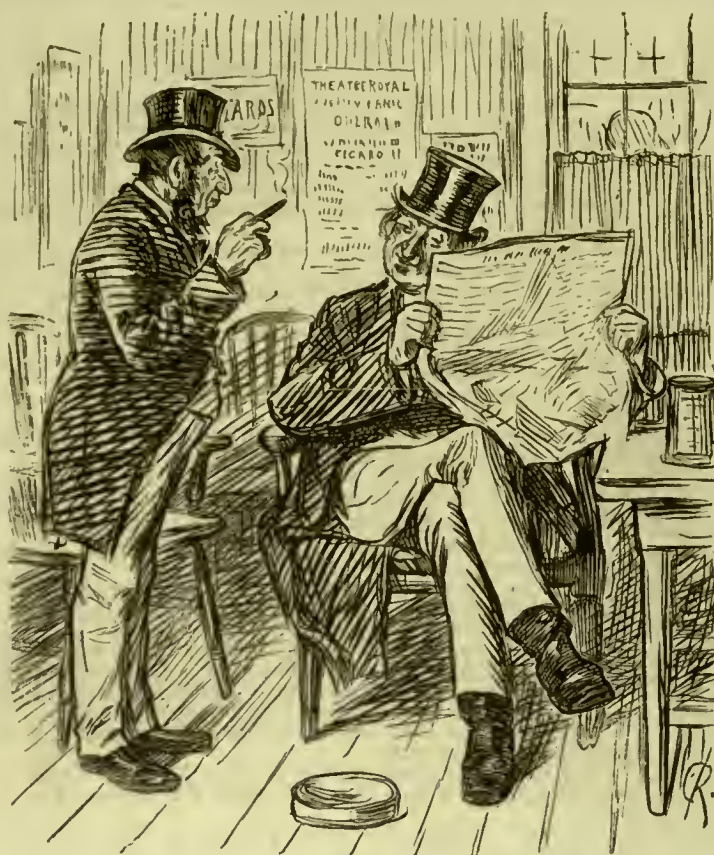
Happy Thought.—Many years since I was in Aix. Old friends. Never been there during the season. Novelty.

My Aunt alludes to her friends, the GLYPHINS, being there, and the MOMPSONS too. Do I remember AGATHA and JANITA MOMPSON? I do. I know what my Aunt means. No. I devote myself to Science—specially Farming. A Farming Hermit. Good name, by the way, for a novel—*The Recluse of Rosedale Farm*.

Happy Thought.—Write it.

MATRIMONIAL MUSIC.

WHEN highly fashionable people are married nowadays the organist who assists at their nuptials always plays MENDELSSOHN'S *Wedding March*. Very pretty for music in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*; but real marriage, and especially marriage in high life, is a serious matter; indeed a truly awful thing. A wedding march should accordingly be characterised with corresponding solemnity; and suppose, therefore, that, now and then at least by way of change, for congruity's sake, when an ill-matched bride and bridegroom have been joined together in holy matrimony, the happy couple and their attendants are played out of Church with the *Dead March in Saul*.



DE NOSE FABULA NARRATUR.

Politician (reading Mr. Disraeli's Speech). "TRUTH TO THE THUBLIME INTHTINKTH OF AN ANTHIENT PEOPLE.—S'THELP ME, MO', CONINGTHEY MEANTH UTH!!"

DAMAGES REALLY DUE.

It is not often that Mr. Punch has the pleasure of being able to congratulate a Jury on a verdict for a plaintiff awarding compensation to a lady. That pleasure, however, he may almost say, is now afforded to him by the result of a case in the Court of Queen's Bench, *Swanborough and Wife v. The Metropolitan Railway Company*. This action was brought for injuries received on that Railway owing to the admitted negligence of the defendants. The Jury had only to assess damages, and they gave MRS. SWANBOROUGH £1,600. This sum, to be sure, was not one farthing too much for a scarred forehead, a permanently hurt neck, and concussion of the brain, which has disabled, and may, but let us hope will not, for an indefinite time disable the plaintiff from following her profession; the theatrical, as all the world knows. Moreover, her surgeon's charges amounted to £50, and she is still under treatment. If the Jury had given her twice, or three times, or four times as much, Mr. Punch would have approved of their verdict so much the more. Railway Companies can afford to pay for their carelessness, and the compensation for a career apparently cut short ought indeed to be no less than an adequate provision for life.

Mr. Punch is disposed to appraise at a very low figure the lacerated feelings for which Juries of husbands and fathers are apt to give the daughters of parents of their own stamp damages against men who have been foolish enough to promise them marriage, but not fools enough to keep a promise which, if kept, would have insured an ill-assorted union for life, or an end of it in the Probate and Divorce Court. But lacerated wounds of the forehead, and lacerations of muscular and nervous fibre he accounts real torts, for which money in payments proportionate to their severity is a due though an imperfect compensation. Besides, he desires Juries to bear in mind that the integrity of his own nose and his own hunch derives an additional safeguard from every award of heavy damages against a Railway Company by whose defective arrangements anybody else has sustained wounds or fractures, and that whatever tends to make for his own bodily security tends also to make for the security of everybody else.

PURPOSE OF PRIESTCRAFT.

ULTRAMONTANE Priests, teaching Papal errors
Use, for mundane ends, ultramundane terrors.

THE KNIGHT OF BELGRAVIE.

"SAY, Maiden, wilt thou wed with me?
Will be a soldier's bride?
And bind thy husband's full-dress sash
Upon his manly side."
"Alas! art thou a soldier, too?"
The Maiden softly sighed.

"And art thou found in battle's front—
O horrid sight to see!—
Waving a broken sword about,
And shouting 'Victory'?"
"Well, not exactly that," replied
The Knight of Belgravie.

"Then dost thou teach the boor to know
His left hand from his right;
To march with footsteps anserine?
Ah me! a gruesome sight."
"Well no; not quite so bad as that,"
Exclaimed the gallant Knight.

"Come tell me then, Sir Knight; if thou
Art neither of these two,
What sort of men dost thou command,
And what is it they do?"
"In truth," the Knight replied, "they are
A somewhat motley crew.

"Some are hard-handed sons of toil;
Some are incipient fops;
Some walk about in broadcloth coats,
And some in canvas slops.
Some come from factories, and some
From linendrapers' shops.

"But in a natty dress of grey
We meet upon parade;
Mine, to denote superior rank,
Bound round with silver braid."
"O, what a lovely uniform!"
Exclaimed th' enraptured Maid.

"Platoon and manual I rehearse,
As oft before I've done,
Out of a little red-bound book:
They seem to think it fun:
Some recollect a slight amount,
But most remember none.

"Anon, I march them out of town,
To sound of fife and drum.
They bravely march; and only halt
When to a 'pub' they come;
And then they hint they'd like some beer,
And I provide them some.

"That's all, sweet Maiden; for my life
Thou'lt ne'er have cause for fear:
The danger's small, or none at all;
The duties not severe.
Indeed, I seldom go to drill
A dozen times a year."

"My love, if this indeed be true,
That thou hast told to me,
I will consent to be thy bride."
So spake the fair Ladye.
"Thou showest common sense," remarked
The Knight of Belgravie.

More Left than Right.

M. THIERS would be most happy to govern on Conservative principles and conserve the Republic. Would Messieurs the Delegates from the Côté Droit "pledge themselves to give to the Government a loyal support, free from dynastic predilections?" The Bourbonic "Droitiers" who had waited on the President to press their own Conservative views on him were shnt up. The Côté Droit, finding that they had come on a fool's errand, felt themselves in so awkward a position as to make them rather fit to be called a Côté Gauche.

A VOICE FROM THE VALLEYS.

Our streams, of old,
In England, rolled
With clear and crystal waters.
But only think
What stuff to drink
They are, my sons and daughters.

This land, we know,
Of ours doth flow
Not now with milk and honey,
But other things,
That taint our springs;
They might be turned to money.

Then, brother Clowns,
Would our large towns
Of a good gift be givers,
And have our thanks:
They'd feed our tanks,
And not pollute our rivers.

Meum and Tuum.

THE Mines Regulation Bill imposes restrictions on the employment of women and children in mines, knowingly. This last word is a superaddition to the original clause, made in the mine-owners' interest, of course without any idea of aiding evasion, which, also of course, however, it will facilitate. Employers who overwork the employed rob them of health and strength, and the Mines Regulation Bill will not answer its purpose unless it obliges every mine-owner to observe the distinction between mine and thine.

Flowers of Loveliness.

O THOU sweet Rose in virgin bloom,
Thou art a thing to see,
Like BELLA graced in choice costume,
But far the fairer she!

How fair thou art thou canst not tell,
Thou silent, senseless Rose;
But she knows how she looks full well:
And that is all she knows.



THE RULING PASSION.

Fashionable Patroness (to Charity Girl who has been away for a Holiday). "WELL, BETSY JANE, AND WHAT DID YOU DO WHEN YOU WENT TO SEE YOUR FRIENDS?"
Betsy Jane. "PLEASE, M'M, I WORE A PANIER!"

THE MARRIAGE LICENSING SYSTEM.

A THOUGHTFUL Contemporary fears for the prospects of agriculture, seeing that the town is everywhere extending itself into the country. If there is to be no end of this extension, the abolition of the country by the town is only a question of time. We know who made the country, and who made the town; and the works of the latter, and his factories in this country, are an improvement of Beauty, not on but off the face of Creation. People who have yet many years to live have an ugly prospect before them. As the towns increase the country must decrease. Merry England that once was must lose mirth daily, and sink by degrees into dreary England. Nothing can prevent this result but the arrest of our ever-increasing numbers. The population must, if the country is to co-exist with the town, become stationary. Is it not possible, in the interests of the country, to get up an United Kingdom Anti-Matrimonial Alliance? Were such a League established, it would surely be honoured with the patronage of DR. MANNING. His order have ever shown themselves more zealous for the promotion of, celibacy than even of sobriety.

If a majority cannot possibly tyrannise over a minority, there can be no tyranny in a Permissive Prohibitory Marriage Law. It could be made to work full as well as a corresponding Liquor Law, by the unsparing infliction of sufficient penalties.

Agricultural Societies have been accustomed to award prizes to farm-labourers for, amongst other merits, that of having reared large families of children. This policy might now be reversed, and, with that difference, adopted in the centres of manufacturing industry; the recipients of medals, money, articles of clothing, and the like gratuities, being old bachelors and old maids. But it is to be feared that the manufacturers, if not the farmers too, would object to a limitation of hands that would hardly tend to lower the rate of wages.

It may be said that a reform of the Marriage Licensing System is requisite to regulate population, but that would not strike at the

root of the evil. The increase and multiplication whereby this island is becoming too small for its inhabitants, are chiefly due to the besetting carelessness of the working classes, whose members, for the most part, marry by banns, and not by licence. To keep them within the bounds necessary for the preservation of all that yet remains of merry England, no measure will be effectual which is not, to the extent of at least a Permissive Prohibitory Law, compulsory. What should hinder the formation of an Anti-Matrimonial Alliance? Surely there is no want of people who have not enough to do to mind their own business.

HONOUR TO HARVEY.

THE Tercentenary of HARVEY's birth is approaching. HARVEY was born at Folkestone, in 1578. The Folkestone people propose to commemorate his tercentenary by erecting a statue of him. A Committee has been formed to carry out this design, which, like almost every other that is good for anything, cannot be accomplished without money. Donations in aid thereof can be made payable to the "Harvey Tercentenary Memorial Fund" at the Western Branch of the Bank of England, Burlington Gardens, London. Should HARVEY have a Statue? We should think so, if he were only the inventor of the sauce which bears his name. That, to be sure, was not the Folkestone HARVEY, who, however, if no Gastronomer, was a great Physician, and at least discovered the Circulation of the Blood.

Slumber.

How sound and sweet is the sleep which follows a long day's toil! The Omnibus Conductor, for example, when at last he retires to his well-earned rest, realising the truth of the poet Thomson's line, may be said to be:—

"Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare."



A SUGGESTION FOR THE PARK—TOILETTE À LA SHEPHERDESS.

WHY HALF COPY THE OLD COSTUMES? MUCH BETTER COME OUT IN THIS STYLE AT ONCE.

APPROPRIATE ANTHEM?

PRINCE ARTHUR, on his late visit to Birmingham, was presented, in the Town Hall by the Town Clerk, with an address from the Mayor and Corporation of that City. His Royal Highness made a brief and appropriate reply. According to the report of a contemporary:—

"The choir then sung the 'Hallelujah' chorus from Handel's *Messiah*, and with this the proceedings at the Town Hall ended."

Taking this statement for granted, what, one thinks, could the municipal authorities have been thinking of when they made their musical arrangements? That the *Hallelujah Chorus* was as appropriate to a loyal demonstration as *Non nobis Domine* is for grace after dinner? They did not, in imagination, mix up PRINCE ARTHUR with the late DUKE OF YORK, and appoint an anthem to be sung in recognition of his rank as a supposed ecclesiastical dignitary. They did not fancy that PRINCE ARTHUR is the BISHOP OF OSNABURGO, did they? But another contemporary says that on the conclusion of PRINCE ARTHUR's speech, the choir struck up *God Save the Queen*. That, if sung, was the right anthem, of course. But who shall decide when Reporters disagree? There is one at least who does not know the National Anthem from the *Hallelujah Chorus*.

Test for Teetotallers.

THERE is wanting, it is said, a test by which drunkenness can be tried. That which is a test for sobriety is a test for drunkenness, and it has long been allowed that sobriety is demonstrable by ability to say distinctly, "The British Constitution." Thus drunkenness can be determined by a Constitutional Test. Of course a really habitual drunkard would never be able to say "British Constitution" at all. He would say, "Brisheoshtooosh'n."

NOTICE TO JESUITS.

THEATRE Imperial, Germany. No Orders Admitted. BISMARCK, Stage Manager.

STONES FROM THE SKY.

"LET us pray, and a stone will fall
Which shall overthrow that Colossus,"
Says the POPE, in his audience-hall,
While we genuflect and cross us.

"Let us pray that an aërolite,"
We suppose, with cautious lowliness,
"May the German Empire smite,"
Is the meaning of His Holiness.

As the POPE's Bull, we know too well,
Is against a Comet unerring,
So an Asteroid 't will compel
To pound you dead as a herring.

Stars shoot, BISMARCK, from their spheres,
Twice a year, at least, remember.
You'll have meteors about your ears
In next August, or next November.

A Cool Idea.

It has been proposed that a deputation from the Dangerous Classes should, as early as possible, wait upon the HOME SECRETARY, to request the Right Honourable Gentleman to direct that, during the continuance of hot weather, Her Majesty's gaols shall be supplied with a sufficient quantity of ice for the use of the prisoners therein confined; an additional allowance to be issued to convicts coming off the treadmill.

MOTTO FOR THE GUN CLUB.—"Yonder Dove shall be my mark."
Der Freischütz.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, July 1. —

MR. LOWE said one of his pleasant things. There was question on the hardships of the Temporary Writers in the Civil Service, who appear to have many things to complain of. Among others, their holidays have been taken away. MR. LOWE said he had not the least objection to give them any amount of holidays they liked to take, but that during holidays, he should not pay them, of course. *Punch* does not quite see this "of course." Public money must be economically spent, but there is true economy in giving a valuable servant occasional relaxation, without fining him.

MR. GLADSTONE begged to hold out no hopes that he should try to pass the Wife's Sister's Marriage Bill this year. So the Bill was withdrawn once more.

We then gave ourselves up to miscellaneous talk about parks, gardens, fountains, Art, frescoes, mosaics, and other pleasant topics. MR. OSBORNE said that the DUKE OF WELLINGTON's nose (in MACLISE's great picture) had dropped from his face. MR. ALDERMAN LUSK complained that a plain man could not understand Art-criticism. We know many handsome men who are equally in the dark. SIR JOHN TRELAWNEY proposed that bathing-houses, representing islands, should be set up in the Serpentine. MR. HOPE wished acacias and laburnums to be planted in the Parks instead of evergreens. MR. BOWRING asserted that gas was destroying the House's Library. MR. MACLISE wished to improve the Ladies' Gallery. In fact we had a delightful conversation, enlivened by voting large sums of money for all sorts of agreeable purposes.

Then we grew stern, over the Lords' Alterations in the Ballot Bill, and MR. GLADSTONE launched at MR. CAVENDISH BENTINCK so magnificent a piece of irony that it must be transmitted to posterity:—

"MR. GLADSTONE.—The Hon. Member who has just sat down must recollect that those who meet him in debate do not meet him on equal terms. He never makes any mistakes—(laughter)—he is not subject to any human infirmity; he knows what a man can deny, and what not. The Hon. Member's means of acquiring knowledge are derived from higher sources than are available to us—sources of which we know nothing, and to which we have no access. We must approach him as infirm mortals, and any suggestions we make must be submitted to his infallible judgment. If he disapprove, we must submit to whatever chastisement he in the plenitude of his wisdom may think proper to inflict."

After this we declined to accept any of the Lords' Amendments, except some of no importance, and their proposal to make the Ballot a temporary measure, was rejected by 246 to 165—majority 81.

Tuesday.—The Lords appointed the following Monday for the consideration of the Ballot Bill. Storm impending.

MR. LEITH, just elected for Aberdeen, took his seat. Hereby hangeth a tale. There was another Liberal in the field, in whose favour MR. LEITH would have withdrawn, but his popularity in his native town made this impossible. Then a warning message was received from the Political Committee of the Reform Club, imploring the Aberdeen Liberals not to support MR. LEITH, lest the division of interest should let in a Tory. The warning was disregarded, with perfect safety, for 6000 Liberals voted against 600 Conservatives. MR. LEITH had about double the number of his antagonist's

votes. That was the answer to Pall Mall. Then the Political Committee asserted that they had sent no message. But it seems that though they did not do so officially, some of the Committee united to dispatch the telegraph. Moral, the P. C. in Pall Mall do not seem well posted up in electioneering details. However, MR. LEITH, who is a man of high talent and exceeding good sense, is elected, and there is a doubly satisfactory end—a good election made, and dictation repelled.

MR. MIALl then brought forward his very long-threatened Motion touching the Church of England. But this time he roared like a sucking dove. He did not move to pull down the Church; he only wished for inquiry into her property. MR. CUBITT proposed to turn the tables by inquiry into the property of Dissenters. MR. GLADSTONE referred to what he had said last year, when he told MR. MIALl that to convert the House into an enemy of the Church, he must first convert the people of England. He had not done so, as was shown by his merely asking for information on the subject, with a view to future proposals which the Government were not inclined to welcome, or to promise to welcome in the future. So MR. MIALl was defeated by 295 to 94. Last year, on the bolder proposal, he had 84, but the majority on the other side was much larger. Clearly it is not MR. MIALl who will be allowed to extinguish the Church—the Church, *vide* Cartoon, extinguishing him.

Wednesday.—SIR CHARLES DILKE proposed a Bill for laying hold of all Corporation land, and dividing it into districts, with a view to its being more profitably used. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL's power of epithet came to his aid; he called the Bill crude, idle, destructive, aweeping, and revolutionary, and the House rejected it by 184 to 17.

There was talk of the usual sort over the foolish and tyrannical Bill for preventing the Sale of Liquor on Sundays, and this lasted till the House rose. There can be no difference of opinion among rational men as to the absurdity of such propositions, but the arguments against them are not strengthened by reference to the Clubs. These are private establishments, supported by a union of subscribers, and it would be a good thing if the humbler classes got up their own Clubs on similar principles, adapting the details to their own habits. MR. PUNCH was sorry to read nonsense on the other side—Members suggesting that the humbler class might buy their beer, fish, and the like on Saturday, for Sunday. Where are they to keep such things? Is a refrigerator, with a weekly hundred pounds of ice, usually part of an artisan's furniture? To read such stuff, with the thermometer at 80°, makes MR. PUNCH sadder than a philosopher and philanthropist and philanderer ought to be. Iced Seltzer and cognac on the instant, Slave!

Thursday.—The Lords read a Second Time the Bill for protecting children against those who cruelly train them to become acrobats. LORD SHAFTESBURY told two piteous stories about the way the poor little creatures are maltreated. Acrobatic exhibitions can please only the lower class of folks—well dressed or not; and it is not for their delectation that we ought to leave infants to be tortured. There is no sentimentality about this interference. No child can learn to perform unnatural feats until it has undergone treatment which should send its tormentors to the treadmill.

MR. HENRY JAMES gave a gallant notice, *in re* the Keogh question, to the effect that he would ask the House to declare that the priests grossly misconducted themselves at the Galway election, and that they should be prevented from doing so another time. This will bring matters to an issue, and we shall hear what the Imperial Parliament says about folks who burn Judges in effigy, and send widows' caps to their wives.

The Mines Bill was proceeded with, and fresh attempts were made to destroy its stringent character, but by means of compromise we prevented any further important detriment to the Bill. The fact that some mine-owners do everything in their power to prevent disaster, is no reason why all should not be compelled to do the same. While the House is on the subject, what is to be done with miners who break open their safety-lamps for the sake of lighting their pipes? MR. PUNCH has been informed that after an explosion, many lamps are found to have been thus madly tampered with.

Friday.—The Lords read the Scottish Education Bill a Second Time, but the DUKE OF RICHMOND gave notice that he should put more religion into it. To say this to the DUKE OF AROLYL, Defender of the Faith in Scotland, demanded that courage which we are so proud to behold in our Aristocracy.

Mines, in the Commons, and some curious revelations about the mode in which mine doctors are selected. Some, and often perfectly incompetent men, are supplied by the owner; others are chosen by the men, who always vote, not on the doctor's merits, but in regard to the quantity of Beer with which he treats them. There was talk on Egypt. Money was voted, as somebody said, in a "spasmodic" manner, and MR. WHALLEY made a ludicrous exhibition of his sympathy with CASTRO, whose case he tried to drag in by the head and shoulders, but was told that the House was "dead against him," so he collapsed.



"JUST HINT A FAULT."

LITTLE TOMMY BODKIN TAKES HIS COUSINS TO THE GALLERY OF THE OPERA.

Pretty Jemima (who is always so considerate). "TOM, DEAR, DON'T YOU THINK YOU HAD BETTER TAKE OFF YOUR HAT, ON ACCOUNT OF THE POOR PEOPLE BEHIND, YOU KNOW?"

TO SPIRITUALISTS.

At least we suppose the following advertisement must have been written by some one who has, or desires to have "communications," with the Unseen.

A GENTLEMAN wishes to RECOMMEND his COACHMAN, who is leaving THROUGH DEATH. He is sober, steady, honest, and trustworthy. Thoroughly understands his duties. Married, no family. Personal character given. Address, &c. &c.

Of course the decease of one of the parties legitimately terminates the contract between master and servant, and Death, no doubt, affords such an opportunity to a servant for leaving a place, no matter how good, and "bettering himself," as is not often met with, during even the longest lifetime. But, on the above supposition, the Coachman, after giving the usual month's notice and quitting his place for a far superior berth, would not stand in need of any special recommendation from his master.

Yet if it be certain that Apollo, Manager of the Sun, *does* drive a chariot round one of the Pleiades, the missing link in the solar system (though the notion of the Sun going round a *link* does seem absurd), then there may be a vacancy for a skilled Jehu, who is "sober, steady"—not like that reckless young blood, Phaëthon—"honest and trustworthy." In this case Apollo would accept a driver coming even from a respectable Mews; that is, any one of the nine. But, *Di inferi!* does Pluto still keep a carriage? He did once, and MR. DISRAELI painted it—in words. If so, there's an occupation for the excellent Coachman in question. Now, in fact, is Pluto's chance. Proserpine, like other fashionable ladies, is probably in town (she has her six months "outing" as of old), and as "Personal Character given" is one of the conditions, the Royal Lady can see the gentleman herself. Every one must sincerely hope that the honest Coachman will obtain the appointment, because "Necessity" will forthwith cease to "compel," for the proverb "needs must," &c., will cease to have any force when Somebody else drives. By-the-way, many a Cantab will remember that "DEATH AND DYSON (die-soon)" used to keep livery stables largely patronised by the University men. If DEATH is still alive, perhaps it is he who has taken this worthy Coachman into his service. We hope he'll be comfortable in his new place, wherever it is.

"WHY SHOULD THE POOR BE FLATTERED?"

Hamlet, Act v. Sc. 1.

"WHY should the Poor be flattered?"

Art foolish, *Hamlet*, trow?
All else are torn and tattered,
None else are flattered now.

Your *Clown*, our race accusing,
Declared our wits astray:
We beat him at abusing
Ourselves. Behold our way!

Our QUEEN mis-spends her income,
Her Court's all fashion's slaves,
The Lords are feeble Ninkum-
Poops, and the Commons, knaves.

Our soldiers are no fighters,
Our sailors cannot sail,
Our bishops shame their mitres,
Our merchants cheat and fail.

Our doctors live by quacking,
Our lawyers lie for fees,
Our authors' brains are lacking,
Our priests teach what they please.

Our matrons hear "two-meaning,"
Are not averse to *schnappes*,
Our maidens boast a leaning
To Popes—or pigeon-traps.

Our sculptors can't make figures,
Our painters vamp and scamp,
Our minstrels might please niggers,
Our players lounge or stamp.

Our architects are Vandals,
Unfit to rear a stone;
Our music-writers Handels
To no ears but their own.

Only the so-called Worker,
The Stalwart Son of Toil,
Never from *that* a shirker,
Never in brawl or broil.

That sober, saving Being,
The nation's "heart and core,"
Him we are all agreeing
To flatter—and much more.

For him we muzzle quoters
Of SMITH or MALTHUS laws,
For him we muzzle voters,
Would muzzle thirsty jaws.

For him we spurn the maxim
"Only the taught should rule."
One who would teach or tax him
Would now be called a fool.

"Why should the poor be flattered?"
You pause for a reply—
But, if our brains are battered,
Dear *Hamlet*, don't ask why.

Good Colours.

A *rouge et noir* exhibition in London we should strongly deprecate, and a black and blue one is, unfortunately, rather too common a sight in our streets; but a Black and White Exhibition, such as is now open at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, deserves a word of hearty recommendation to all who find pleasure in looking at admirable drawings, etchings, and engravings. We hope the promoters of this novel and interesting exhibition will find it draw.

RIGHT SORT OF CHAIRMAN.

AN International Prison Congress has been held in London. Necessary but gloomy. The members must have felt cheered at finding their first day's proceedings were to be presided over by a gentleman with the exhilarating name of—WINES.



ART-CRITICISM.

First Aberdonian (from the Road). "FAT'S THE MAN-NIE DEEIN'?"

Second Ditto (who has got over the Wall to inspect). "HE'S DRAAIN' WI' PAINT."

First Boy. "FAT'S HE DRAAIN'! IS'T BONNY?"

Second Ditto (after a pause, critically). "O, NA, IT'S ONYTHING BUT BONNY!!"

RITUALISM WELL REPORTED.

THE Church of St. Michael, Southampton, has been, as MR. O'BALLAGHAN says, renovated in the old style. It has been restored, as to its interior, as nearly as may be, to what may be supposed to have been its original conditions. The services performed at its re-opening on Thursday last week, were also assimilated, as closely as the law laid down by the Privy Council allows, to those originally celebrated within its walls; and they constituted, in outward show, a sort of serious caricature of the Roman Catholic Mass and Vespers. Such at least they appear to have been from a report in the *Hampshire Independent*, not, the following extract from it may be thought to indicate, supplied by a very decided Ritualist:—

"In the evening the sermon was preached by the REV. RICHARD C. WILKINS, of Swanmore, near Ryde. The service was opened, as in the morning, with a processional hymn, with the upholding of crosses and banners, and the procession this time was headed by an acolyte bearing in his right hand a paten and in his left a censer containing burning incense, which he waved all through the line of march, and its sickly smell pervaded the sacred edifice for some considerable time."

As tastes differ, so do sensations of odour, in different persons; what is one man's nosegay is another man's nuisance: apples commend themselves to these nostrils, onions to those. The reporter above quoted is affected by incense considerably otherwise than the disciples of the Romanesque parsons are. "Its sickly smell pervaded the sacred edifice." This is his delicate professional way of expressing a sense of unpleasantness, of which the like has found coarse though poetical utterance in the downright declaration—

"You can't think how my nose it psins,
Though I turns it another way, man."

He would likewise turn his nose away from the fumes whose "sickly smell pervaded the sacred edifice." For other noses the censer may exhale sweets; for his it emits offence; but what is

more, our Protestant Reporter is a type of a class not to be led by the nose. They will never be perverted to sham Popery by perfumes, how grateful soever to their noses; nor will they ever be any the more disposed to believe in mimic Priests affecting to say mass in one of the National churches, because, for their olfactory organ, the sacred edifice is pervaded by a delicious fragrance. They would rather, sorry as they might be to, see the sacred edifice devastated by the devouring element.

BLUNDERS IN VOTE BY BALLOT.

In an article on the Ballot Bill, the *Post* observes:—

"From the experience of the London School Board election, it is probable that under the Ballot Bill some electors will have their papers cancelled because they have marked them incorrectly; and it is by no means an extreme supposition that in a few cases it will turn out that electors have, through ignorance or stupidity, voted for the wrong man."

These probabilities are perhaps the strongest of all arguments for the Ballot. Voters who mark their papers incorrectly are not very likely to give judicious votes. Electors who shall have, through ignorance or stupidity, voted for the wrong man in their notion, will very likely have voted for the right man in reality.

Nickname of Never.

M. ROUHER, the ex-Imperial Minister, made, when in office, a declaration about Italy going to Rome, which, though memorable, seems to have been forgotten. On presenting himself the other day in the National Assembly at Versailles, to speak at the Tribune, M. ROUHER was saluted with shouts of "Murderer!" "Traitor!" "Shameless!" But so forgetful were his enemies that not one of them cried "MONSIEUR JAMAIS!"

CASTRO AND HIS FRIENDS.



THE Person who is to be tried under the name of CASTRO, with aliases, has been continuing to stump the country, and has been duly supported by Mr. ONSLOW, and by Mr. WHALLEY, who has spoken of the present Baronet as an unhappy little Infant in the hands of the Jesuits. Mr. Punch would willingly drop the subject, until CASTRO'S appearance in the dock, for if the reports of his speeches be accurate, he has been publicly using, in regard to his prosecutor, language

so atrocious that Mr. Punch will only say that it is worthy of the usur. The respectable Southampton paper which notices the speeches abstains from printing the words, indicating them only in the way usual when foul language is charged against a prisoner at Bow Street. We hope that we misread the report in inferring that two Members of Parliament sanctioned such loathsome brutality by their presence. Perhaps they had left the room.

However, the following letter may amuse readers. It is sent to Mr. Punch by another patron of CASTRO, and illustrates so happily the condition of mind that can tolerate his imposture, that though Mr. Punch is rather severely handled, he prints the castigation:—

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"there is an old Tale and it is this it is not a lie if you do not stick to it now my Dear Mr. Punch you are one of this Tribe and I belfe you to be nothing else you quoted Dr Wats and then you charge the claimant in that way as been a Lie in his yunger Days.

"you are against him and you can not say any other than you are Backing all the villany against him now Sir if you belve him to arthur orton why not Prove him to be. the atorny genral knows to his own sorrow that he his not arthur orton and you know as well also I think Mr. Punch you have got a Tip Like a great many more of the Publisher and you are parming your ugly snout in wearever you can upper X Mr. Punch munkey on the Stick Mr. Punch all Bosh Mr. Punch the Claimant asumed the name of Thomas Castro to hide himself from Family Troubles but you hide yourself from the Public because you are ashamed of your name been known for writing and Editing autch foolish Rubish therefore you are a thousand Times worse than the Claimant

"I am Sir

"your old Friend if you give over Lieveing

"DR FOSTUS."

SLAVES OF THE OVEN.

THE journeymen Bakers of London threaten a strike, and if that occurs, and their masters also combine in a lock-out, the richest even of the inhabitants of this metropolis may find some difficulty in getting their bread. The study of COBBETT'S *Cottage Economy* may in the meanwhile be recommended to young ladies of quality, from Princesses downwards. However, it is possible to do without bread, as SAWNEY kens, and PADDY can testify. The chief or only results of a general Bakers' strike would probably be a more general recourse to oatmeal "parritch," and increase in the business of potato-salesmen. Then, after a time, the state of things in the Bakehouses would most likely revert to what it was. Considerations of this kind may tend to allay the apprehension that, what with a Builders' Strike and a Bakers' Strike, we shall soon be without bread to eat or a roof over our heads. There is this to be said, though, for the working Bakers; in the first place that they are really very much overworked, and, in the next, that over-work is all they menace a strike for. According to a contemporary:—

"The men are not going in for 'nine hours,' but modestly ask for twelve consecutive hours out of the twenty-four, and no increase of pay. They complain that the present hours, averaging eighteen, is killing them, and urge that the same amount of work can be done in twelve as in eighteen hours."

Surely eighteen hours' work a day, and that Bakers' work, amounts to more than ordinarily penal hard labour, and there is reason to hope that the economy of their time demanded by them

would, as they argue, be no loss to their employers. Bakers' work is very hot work; the effect of heat on their system is remarkable: and the bread we eat would be all the nicer if we were assured that cool fists had kneaded it.

NEW COMPANIES.

THE following Companies have been registered during the past week:—

	CAPITAL.
Melton Mowbray and Midland Counties Pork-pie.	£1000 in £1 shares.
Mid-World Railway	£100,000,000 in £100 shares.
American Drinks and Summer Beverages	£5000 in £5 shares.
Imitation Jewellery	£100,000 in £10 shares.
London Sausage	£7,500 in £2 10s. shares.
Great Desert Fertilisation	£2,000,000 in £25 shares.
Simple Corkscrew	£500 in £1 shares.
South Sea Islands, Gas, Water, Markets, Museums, Musical Entertainments, Penny Readings, Popular Lectures, Public Libraries, Town Halls, and Baths and Wash-houses.	£250,000 in £10 shares.
Constantinople Cab and Omnibus	£50,000 in £5 shares.
Crowded Thoroughfares Summer Iced Fountains	£10,000 in £1 shares.
Hills and Mountains Universal Leveling	£50,000,000 in £50 shares.
Claymarsh and Strugglethorpe Public Covered Skittle-Ground	£75 in 10s. shares.
Metropolitan, Provincial, Suburban, Continental, Inter-Oceanic and Inter-Colonial Penny Parcels Delivery	£1,000,000 in £25 shares.
Temporary and Occasional Honest, Attentive, and Teetotal Waiters	£2500 in £2 10s. shares.
Historical Novel, Epic Poem, and Five-Act Tragedy Publishing	£5000 in £5 shares.
Transportation of Great Pyramid of Egypt to Lincoln's Inn Fields	£100,000 in £10 shares.
Metropolitan and Provincial Open Air Pine Apple Cultivation.	£10,000 in £1 shares.
Spanish Armada Recovery	£500,000 in £5 shares.
Himalayan Tramways.	£2,000,000 in £20 shares.
Cheerful Newspaper	£3000 in £3 shares.
Great Wall of China Bill-Posting	£150,000 in £2 10s. shares.
Railway Embankments, and Telegraph Poles Utilisation	£40,000 in £4 shares.
Village Ices	£25,000 in £2 shares.
Croquet Implements	£5000 in £1 shares.
Quill Pen Mending	£1000 in £1 shares.
Bath and All England Brick and Bun	£15,000 in £3 shares.

BEEF AND BOTANY BAY.

INMATES of the workhouse are not generally supplied at the breakfast table with the morning papers. If they were, the mouths of most of those paupers able to read might have been caused to water by the following extract from a contemporary:—

"At the Essex Quarter Sessions, on Tuesday, the chairman (Mr. J. W. PERRY WATLINGTON) quoted statistics to show that the county had effected a saving of 30 or 40 per cent. by the use of Australian meat in the county gaol at Springfield."

This announcement would perhaps suggest to the mind of the pauper, over a measure of skilligolee, an invidious comparison between that preparation and potted beef, mutton, or kangaroo-tail soup, and likewise between the workhouse and the gaol. Nevertheless, Society is to be congratulated on the saving effected by feeding its worthless members on Australian meat. But how unfortunate it is that they can now no more be sent to eat it in Australia.

Sunday Lions for the Select.

HERE, by telegram from Paris, is a text for a Sabbatarian sermon:

"The formal opening of the Lyons Exhibition is fixed for next Sunday."

The preacher's congregation, however, might require to be informed that the Lyons Exhibition is not a menagerie, and that, if it were, we should have a pattern to it, though insufficiently close, in the exclusive exhibition which the select classes are privileged to enjoy on Sundays at the Zoological Gardens.

EXAMINATIONS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



T would be a great saving of time to people visiting the Royal Academy Exhibition if the really good pictures there were all of them collected together in one room. They might be, and would cover but a part of its walls. The works of high merit are not numerous. How to multiply them? Develop a genius. This might be done in Art as it is done in Science, and by the same means. The Royal Academy, as a body representing a Profession, presents the one exception to the now general rule of requiring all candidates for mem-

bership or a diploma to pass a strict examination. Thus, as regards education, the Royal Academy is not up to the mark, and is behind the times, and unequal to the spirit of the age. Let it, therefore, reform itself in respect of this inferiority and backwardness by instituting the same system of examination as that which is producing such grand results in other departments than its own of mental business whose advancement is effected by the inventive faculties. If the examinations are rendered competitive, all the better. Let every candidate for admission, in the first place, as an Exhibitor at the Royal Academy, be minutely examined as to the following particulars, more or less nearly connected with the art of Painting, and with a few exceptions, that of Sculpture:—Brushes—the various bristles and hairs they are made of, the animals which furnish them, the class and order of each animal, its nature and habits. Paints—different, the chemistry of, their specific gravity and electrical relations, the kingdom, animal, vegetable, or mineral, whence they are derived; the zoology and botany of the animal and vegetable pigments respectively, and, with regard to the mineral, the geology, with an accurate description of the formations wherein the substances they are extracted from are found. An account of Canvass—the material it consists of, obtained from what plant, by what process, and the mode of its manufacture. Botany, Geology, and Natural History in general as associated with animal and landscape painting. Astronomy, also in the same connection; and likewise Geometry and Optics in special relation to Perspective. Anatomy and Physiology as concerned in depicting the human form. History and Dramatic Literature as bearing on the choice of subjects: and lastly, as helpful to general information respecting Art, the principal ancient and modern languages, inclusive of Hebrew and Hindustani.

A fresh examination in the branches of knowledge above enumerated, and perhaps some others, should, with increased severity, be appointed for the degree of Associate, and a still stiffer one for that of Academician. Failing to pass the examinations, no Artist how great soever may be his popularity, or place even in the estimation of good critics, to be admissible to academical honours.

Engaged in the practical study of his profession, no artist, of course, could possibly make himself thoroughly master of all the sciences and other varieties of learning wherein he would be required to answer questions. To pass his examination, therefore, he would be forced, of necessity, to have recourse to that system of cramming whereby other professional students store their minds with facts which, once got up to be rehearsed before an examiner, are remembered ever afterwards, and, in the meanwhile, have advantageously exercised the intellect and the imagination, the latter at least as much as the former. Thus would the calling of Creative Art be brought to attract to itself, and educate within its pale, the like large numbers of men of original and thinking mind to those we now see, thanks to the stringent examination in collateral details system, crowding all the other professions. The consequence would soon be that no one room at the Academy would be big enough to hold all the works of genius which would be sent to its Exhibition, and then, perhaps, the Hanging Committee would arrange them in first, second, and third class rooms. There can be no reasonable

doubt that the necessity for Artists of cram to pass examinations would very soon bring out, and rapidly increase, the equals of HOGARTH, REYNOLDS, GAINSBOROUGH, and TURNER.

WAKING THOUGHTS.

ONCE more I have to get up and dress. When will some ingenious patentee invent an envelope for the human frame, which will release me from the burden of assuming and adjusting twelve distinct articles of attire every morning of my brief life?

Blessings on this beard and moustache! I am delivered from one impediment to happiness and comfort. For me the razor is now only a curiosity, an emblem of a barbarous practice, which no caprice of custom, or tyranny of fashion, shall ever force me to resume.

I will wear those new boots this morning. I have put off putting them on from day to day, but the painful step must be taken at last.

This is the anniversary of the battle of Marston Moor! How the memory travels back to those eventful times! How the imagination portrays the conflict between Puritans and Royalists! How CROMWELL'S Roundheads, and RUPERT'S Cavaliers flit vividly before the mind's eye! How—sleepy I am!

In less than ten minutes I shall hear my particular costermonger at his matins. In a loud and strident voice he will reiterate to my neighbours in Backshaw Street, the merits of his fine "Yarmouths." He will be followed by "Chairs to mend," who will be succeeded by "China ware," who will be contemporary with "Ornaments for your fire-stoves," who will pave the way for "All agrowing and a blowing," who will give place to the newest melodies on the finest organs from Saffron Hill, and exquisite harmonies, by musicians of foreign extraction and brazen impudence.

This is the fifth. We have to dine with the PROUDHAMS, in Lone Square. Semi-grand people, with pretensions, affectations, and not the finest cellar of wines in London. Terrible encounter, this hot weather!

Shall I pass through this day without any mortification from my domestic retainers? Will cook give warning because she will not be interfered with in the kitchen, or CAROLINE have warning given to her because she was impertinent?

I hope my first wife's *vaurien* brother will not turn up to-day. He invariably solicits a loan, and has a knack of making his appearance when we have some rather choice people here, and I know the GROBY SMITHS are expected to luncheon.

I wonder whether the Esmeralda Mariquita Silver Mine Shares will be quoted in this morning's paper at a still further depreciation in value?

Surely my sister AMELIA will not be such a simpleton as to marry that pompous MAJOR MAC OGLE. She must be forty-four if she's a day. How useful her money would have been to the girls!

It has just struck me that I have an appointment this morning at eleven—in Coldover Street, with GUMSHON, my dentist.

That's the Post! I hope there is not a letter from ALEXANDER at Vienna, wanting another remittance; or a note from GERTRUDE, who is staying with the HOTCHIFFERS, and finds her expenses heavier than she expected; or a communication from the agent informing me that he has looked over the houses in Geneva Place, and that at least four hundred and fifty pounds must be laid out to make them habitable; or a notice, from the Secretary of the Great Inter-oceanic, of another Twenty Pound call; or a letter from my cousin LETITIA, to the effect that, if quite convenient, she will stay with us for a week or ten days, on her way home from JOHN'S.

What was it HARRIET said to me the last thing before I went to sleep? I remember it now—too well—she wanted me to make some calls with her this afternoon.

What a relief! This is not the day when my wife's eldest unmarried sister wrote to say she should come up from Uttoxeter to see us, and would probably stay all night. It really is too hot to find answers to her arguments for women being made Magistrates, Coroners, County Court Judges, High Sheriffs, &c. One thing I will not do when she comes. I will not go and hear her address a crowded meeting at St. James's Hall, on the Rights, Wrongs, and Megrimms of Women.

How many Circulars shall I receive this day?

Papa and Mamma.

A SOCIETY of German Ultramontanians at Rome waited, the other day, on the POPE to assure him of their unchanged allegiance. His Holiness is reported, in the course of his reply, to have recommended them to obey the laws of their country, unless those laws were contrary to the commands of Holy Mother Church. Holy Father Church, rather, is perhaps what INFALLIBILITY meant.



DRAWING-ROOM MINSTRELS.

(WHAT THEY HAVE TO PUT UP WITH SOMETIMES.)

Affable Duchess (to Amateur Tenor, who has just been warbling M. Gounod's last). "CHARMING! CHARMING! YOU MUST REALLY GET SOMEBODY TO INTRODUCE YOU TO ME!"

MIALI'S MISADVENTURE.

MIALI, the battle, fought of yore,
For reason and for right,
Against the Church that overhore,
Is now another fight.

By rigid tests, without the fold
Of England's Church when pent,
For liberty belief to hold,
With good cause strove Dissent.

But now by tests there's a nothing meant,
If what they mean we search,
A narrow faction, wars Dissent
Against a liberal Church.

Dissenters of all shades, O LAUD,
Thy shade may whoop, or wail!—
The Church, High Churchmen, Low, and Broad,
Includes within its pale.

Incomplete.

SOME surprise has been felt that at the recent National Music Meetings at the Crystal Palace, there were no competitions, no prizes, no honours, for two of the most popular classes of modern vocalists—comic singers and coloured minstrels.

Classical Collision.

THE *Minotaur* on Wednesday last did run,
O monster, into the *Bellerophon*!
Behold mythology in modern era;
The *Minotaur* avenging the *Chimæra*!

LADIES IN THE HEIGHT OF FASHION.

To naturalists who have a taste for noting the appearance of females of their species, the following may furnish some fair food for meditation:—

"The arrangement of the hair is higher than ever, the curls rising from the head in pyramidal fashion * * * Coiffures are composed of a tuft of flowers placed upon the very summit of the head, with trains of foliage or ribbon falling to the waist."

A lady crowned with flowers and covered up with foliage falling to her waist, would remind one of the costume of a Jack in the Green, were it not that Jack is a rather vulgar character. But what are naturalists to think of the appalling fact here mentioned, that ladies make their heads still higher than they have been? For months past women have o'ertopped the men they have escorted, and if pyramids of curls are to be added to their altitude, it will be needful for short husbands to take to wearing stilts, to place them on a fair equality of stature. "Curling their monstrous heads," is a suitable quotation to apply to ladies nowadays, when dressing for society. Doubtless few men can object to see their wives desire to make a rising in the world, though many may regret that this ambition should be limited to effecting an increase in their capillary attractions.

Hibernian Hibernation.

ACCORDING to LORD KIMBERLEY, Fenianism is now in a state of suspended animation. Would it were squelched, entirely, the reptile. An Irishman might say that the Irish Snake was only Scotched; but let us not, even in mere word, insult a loyal and reasonable people.

CONSTITUTIONAL LOGIC.

EVERY Englishman's house is his Castle. Corollary: Every Englishman's Cellar is his Dungeon.



EXTINGUISHED !

"IT IS NOT *YOUR* BUSINESS, MR. MEDDLESOME, TO BE PULLING DOWN CHURCHES. YOU LEAVE THAT WORK TO YOUR BETTERS."



HAPPY THOUGHTS.



RITE a Novel, I said. Suppose it written, advertised, printed, bound, published, copies sent to newspapers, reviewed, and again advertised with Opinions of the Press. Suppose myself reading the latter.

Advertisement:—“This day is published,” &c., “*The Recluse of Rosedale Farm*. Thirty Thousandth Edition. Porrood & GROOLLY.”

Opinions of the Press:—“This is perhaps the most charming novel of the season. There is a grace, a lightness, and yet such a depth and,” &c., &c.—*Morning Paper*.

“If every novel of the present day was only half as good as *The Recluse of Rosedale Farm*, the ground on which our objections are founded would be cut from under our feet.”—*The Collective Review*.

“MR. THINGUMMY has done the literary State good service in this new work. In the character of *Grace Whatshername*, the demi-monde is drawn by a master-hand.”—*Piccadilly Gazette*.

“The strictest Materfamilias need not be afraid of placing *The Recluse* in the hands of her daughters. There is not a word, not an expression, not a description, but breathes the true spirit of poetry, piety, Christian charity, and virtue.”—*The Churchwoman's Mirror*.

“We congratulate the author upon the latest work which has fallen from his pen. *The Recluse of Rosedale Farm* will place him in the first rank of our most distinguished novelists.”—*Dumshire Chronicle*.

“Bustling, lively, racy of the soil.”—*Sporting Standard*.

“True to life, outspoken, and though perhaps more suitable to the study than the drawing-room, yet neither Dowager nor Demoiselle will take much harm, while they will learn a great deal, from its perusal.”—*Colosseum*.

“This romance, or novel, supplies a genuine want. *The Recluse of Rosedale Farm*, we have no hesitation in saying, is a work that will live. The Rabbi's Sermon is admirable, while, indeed, the entire picture of village life, at its purest, is one which may make us justly proud of our country.”—*Jewish Journal*.

“No more scathing diatribe against the Hebraic usurers of the present day has ever been penned than the chapter in which is described the interview between *Geoffrey* and old *Shi Lock Kerr*. The character of the Jew is entirely new, and, as far as our memory serves us, perfectly original. His despair, when *Jessie Kerr*, having robbed him of his treasures, elopes with *Lord Renzo*, is almost too intense.”—*Happy Dispatch*.

ENGLEMORE is furnishing a house in town. On this subject he consults my Aunt, reciprocating her confidence in him. My Aunt alily supposes he is going to be married. ENGLEMORE admits that he is giving a look round. This interests my Aunt. So does the subject of furniture. She strongly recommends stained floors, and carpet in the middle. This idea seems to take ENGLEMORE's fancy. My Aunt promises to give him, before he leaves, the name of the man who stained the floor of the house that her friend MR. JOHN SKIMPISH built, where it answered admirably.

Happy Thought (to myself).—This is the House that SKIMPISH built; this is the Floor of the House, &c.; this is the Man who stained, &c.; this is the Address of the Man who, &c. Nursery rhymes adapted to everyday use. This worked out might be a playful education for children. Instead of teaching them nonsense, teach them sense, but, so to speak, nonsensically.

ENGLEMORE “trains up” to town, and leaves us, being very busy about his new house, where to-morrow, he tells us, “he's got Mister Carpenter coming.” I remind him of what I want him to do for me, and he promises to “keep his eye open for Farm.”

I give him I say *carte blanche* to do what he likes in my absence. He replies, “All right, Colonel,” and we seem to understand each other perfectly. There is an air of business about this off-hand way of settling a matter which is very assuring. On consideration, after he has gone, it occurs to me that he scarcely required any *carte blanche* from me to do what he liked. Hope he won't think it all a joke, or that I'm, as he calls it, “doing Joey.” However, we did seem to understand one another.

Happy Thought.—In order that any matter of business should be perfectly intelligible, nothing should ever be “understood.” Make this into what ENGLEMORE would call Mister Epigram, and put it down to HORNE TOOKE.

Will write and explain. I do so. By way of answer I receive a telegram, “Yes. Agreed. What you said. Right.” Before I have time to find out what on earth he means another telegram arrives. It is, “Ask what man stains floors. Where.”

My Aunt, to whom I show this, suddenly remembers having forgotten to give MR. DANGERFIELD (she seldom gets a name correctly, and never on a short acquaintance)—“ENGLEMORE,” I say. Well, she supposes I know whom she means, and she forgot to give him his address. “The stainerer who's an upholster,” she informs me rapidly, “lives at—dear me! let me see—a street near what was the Chiniton—I mean the Chinese Exhibition, years ago. Number Thirty-One, I think it is; but I'll look it out, and your friend, MR.—MR.—APPLETON—”

Happy Thought.—Nod “Yes.”

My Aunt means ENGLEMORE, but why shouldn't he be “APPLETON,” to save discussion?

“Yes, he has only to go to him, and mention my name. He will find him a most respectable eldable person.”

Happy Thought.—Respectably eldable person. Evidently standing for “respectable elderly person.” The words sound like a quotation from what might be called the Drunken Dictionary.

Next Day.—Aunt receives letter from the GLYPHINS.

She tells me that “I must write and say the exact day when I'm coming, as JANITA GLYPHYN tells me that, in that case, she has seen some lodgings which CAPTAIN QUORTESFUE will take for me.”

CAPTAIN who? Think whom my Aunt means, as it annoys her to suggest a “proper name.”

Happy Thought.—Found it out. “Quortescue” means Fortescue. CAPTAIN FORTESCUE.

All clear. Make arrangements for little Uncles JACK and GIL at Little Shrimpton; then, day after to-morrow, depart.

Happy Thought (musically).—*Partant pour le Soufre-ia* (i, a, to fill up “Mister Metre”).

My Aunt would rather be left alone to pack without my assistance, or anybody's.

Happy Thought.—Leave her alone. Suggestion of *Little Bo-Peep*.—

Let her alone,
She'll, going from home,
Leave lots of things behind her.

On thinking over this Nursery Rhyme, it occurs to me that there must be something radically wrong with an educational system which commences by teaching the infant mind that “alone” rhymes with “home.” How many gushing poets have been lost to the world by this!

Happy Thought.—Lots, I hope.

I go out and sit on the beach, watching my little Uncles.

They are never tired of digging in the sand, apparently with the idea of ultimately making a new basin for the sea to wash itself in, nor do they ever weary of varying the amusement with an occasional quarter of an hour devoted to stone-throwing.

Beach Thoughts.—There are few stronger temptations presented to the human mind than that of stone-throwing. Moral of above for inward application.

Children can't resist it. The smaller the child, the larger the stone. This is experimental stone-throwing. The Boy (who is “father to the man”—and why not if my Uncles are about thirty years or so younger than their nephew)—the Boy delights in distance. Distance lends enchantment to the stone. He likes to show how far he can make a stone go.

Happy Thought.—Another moral for inward application: Teach him how far he can make a shilling go, and reduce his pocket-money.

Beach Thoughts (same subject continued).—The Youth does fancy tricks with stones. Chiefly Ducks and Drakes. [Evident inward application again.]

Happy Thought.—Youth must have its fling.

Old Man sits quietly down and throws small stones at intervals into the sea. The older the man the smaller the pebble.

Sad and Poetic Inspiration.—

Morals mingle
With the shingle.

Also, subject for a classical cartoon, *The Fleeting Hours playing upon the Sands of Time*.

Nurse comes to remove Uncles JACK and GIL. They remonstrate, having one more hole to make. Uncle GIL has in his pail a choice collection of small green crabs. Nurse empties the pail, and that is the result of his morning's work. He is a little downcast at first, as I fancy he has regarded them with the eye of an epicure. Uncle GIL tries to watch them all at once crawling off in different direc-



"L'EMBARRAS DES RICHESSES."

Vivacious Guest ("limited income"). "DON'T KEEP A BROUGHAM!?"

Languid Host ("thousands a year"). "AUGH! WHAT'S THE USE? LOTS OF HANSOMS CLOSE BY 'F YOU WANT TO GO ANYWHAR."

Vivacious Guest. "BUT A SADDLE-HORSE OR TWO, SURELY!"

Languid Host (with a shudder). "AUGH! BLESS YOU, NO, MY DYAR F'LLAR! WHY I SHOULD HAVE TO WIDE IN THE PARK!"

tions. I am sure that there passes through his mind a vague hope that they will all meet again (he and the same crabs) in happier times, when perhaps they will have grown bigger and he can have them for tea. GIL is a quiet boy, with a roving eye. When perfectly still, and smiling to himself, I have no doubt that his mind is arranging (on the theory of "Unconscious Cerebration") some deep scheme for the future. He is only five years old, and my theory to account for his reserved demeanour is, that the greatness of his mental operations stagger him. He is deep in plots and conspiracies. An Infant MACHIAVELLI. Uncle JACK is noisy and active. I ascertain that it was Uncle JACK who collected the crabs, but it was Uncle GIL who offered his pail for their reception, and who ultimately was walking off with them when Justice (represented by the Nurse) interfered.

Adieux to little Uncles. Aunt and boxes ready. My Aunt is perpetually reassuring herself of the wisdom of the step she is now taking for getting rid of the "Rheumalgia Neuralism" (*vide* Dixon's Johnsonary).

"CHARLOTTE—MRS.—dear me—you know who *was* Miss—dear me—Miss GLYMPTHYN, of course, though it really is dreadful to forget names like this, and I can't help being afraid that the Rheumery weakens the memory—but what I was saying was, that in the letter this morning she says her mother, who's laid up there, can recommend me to a Doctor who's a cellar cethubrity."

"A—a—what, Aunt, is he?" (*Wanted*, Dixon's Johnsonary.)

"I say," she replies, slowly, "that the doctor to whom they go is a thorough celebrity. You'll like the GLYMPTHYNS, I'm sure: JANITA's a very pretty girl, and very sensible, too; and they're all so musical, so's young MR. GLYMPTHYN, who's a great student of Historical Natyry—I mean" (she corrects herself in a marked manner, as much as to convey to me that, *she* knows, thank you, *when* she makes a mistake)—"I mean, of course, 'Natural History'; and I dare say that's why they've made CAPTAIN QUORTESFU's acquaintance, who, I told you, was there, and as she writes, JANITA says to

me in her letter she must finish her letter as they're making such a noise with practising duetts between the piano and the keo beagle."

[*Happy Thought*.—"Koo Beagle," evidently "Key Bugle," *vide* Dixon's Johnsonary.]

OCCASIONAL ATTEMPTS.

CERTAINLY, as *Justice Shallow* says, good phrases are, and ever were, commendable. They are good and commendable in their proper places. Among such phrases may pass, "The designs of those who have created this fabric." Here are phrases which would be good enough and sufficiently commendable in a speech made on the opening of a Museum or other Institution. If the speaker, going on, spoke of "moral and intellectual culture," he would use one of the phrases which, common in public speaking, are good broad flourishes of fine English, and in so far commendable. In a young men's Debating Society an orator would use phrases not other than good and commendable if, in relation to Science and Art, he declared about "The knowledge which humbles whilst it elevates, and the taste which purify while they adorn." So also might he do if he called pictures and statues "creations of Art," and perhaps with equal propriety he might advise artists to "imbue the creations of Art with 'the beauty of holiness.'" Addressed to the British Public, or a British Chairman representing it, or part of it, the above phrases are, the lot of them, all very well and appropriate in their way, that of hacknied modern rhetorical stock. His Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES might, without incongruity, have employed them in the speech, had he chosen to make a florid instead of a plain one, wherewith he the other day opened the Bethnal Green Museum. They do, however, occur in a composition published in the newspapers as a prayer put up on that occasion by the BISHOP OF LONDON.



HIGH ART.

MR. PUNCH OFFERS THE ABOVE SUGGESTION TO THE COMMITTEE OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, FOR THE USE OF CRITICS VISITING THEIR EXHIBITION. WITH THE AID OF THIS LITTLE MACHINE, THEY WILL BE IN A POSITION TO STUDY EVERY PICTURE, FROM THE HIGHEST TO THE LOWEST, WITH EQUAL COMFORT, THEREBY ENABLING THEM TO IMPART TO THEIR CRITICISMS THAT &C. AND &C. WHICH SHOULD EVER BE THE &C. AND &C. OF THE BRITISH PRESS.

MR. PUNCH, WITH HIS PROVERBIAL LARGE-HEARTEDNESS, HAS PUT NO PATENT OR OTHER RESERVE UPON THIS INVENTION.

UJIJIAN CIVILISATION.

THE *New York Herald* has expiated the Editorship of the late JAMES GORDON BENNETT by sending MR. STANLEY fitted out to search for DR. LIVINGSTONE, whom he has found. Our great traveller is safe at Ujiji, amongst natives if you like, but not savages. Below, extracted from a summary of MR. STANLEY's despatches, is an indication of their character, as manifested in personal bearing. In order to astonish those natives in due measure, MR. STANLEY, at the rear of his little band of followers, entered Ujiji in pomp, with flags flying and rattle of firearms, and—

"As the procession entered the town, MR. STANLEY observed a group of Arabs on the right, in the centre of whom was a pale-looking, grey-bearded white man, whose fair skin contrasted with the sunburnt visages of those by whom he was surrounded. Passing from the rear of the procession to the front, the American traveller noticed the white man was clad in a red woollen jacket, and wore upon his head a naval cap with a faded gilt band round it. In an instant he recognised the European as none other than DR. LIVINGSTONE himself; and he was about to rush forward and embrace him, when the thought occurred that he was in the presence of Arabs, who, being accustomed to conceal their feelings, were very likely to found their estimate of a man upon the manner in which he conceals his own. A dignified Arab chieftain, moreover, stood by, and this confirmed MR. STANLEY in his resolution to show no symptom of rejoicing or excitement."

He, therefore, although an American traveller, accosted DR. LIVINGSTONE in exactly the same kind of way as that in which one English gentleman travelling abroad generally accosts another, when under feelings of emotion, and received a precisely suitable reply:—

"Slowly advancing towards the great traveller, he bowed, and said, 'DR. LIVINGSTONE, I presume?' to which the latter, who was fully equal to the occasion, simply smiled and replied, 'Yes.'"

MONEY-MARKET AND CITY POEM.

Reviving Confidence.

AFTER a lull, again once more
Incessant double raps at door,
And ever as the Postman knocks,
Prospectus left in letter-box.

What do I know of banks or mines,
Railways, and mercantile designs,
That Joint Stock schemers c'er should see
A likely share-buyer in me?

My name on a Profession's roll
They know about me is the whole.
From that mere knowledge they surmise
That I shall at their projects rise.

How many fools, and what fools they,
To make those stamps and paper pay,
What numbers of amazing asses,
Must count among the lettered classes!

Behold PILGRIM's little hoard
Into a speculation poured,
Large dividends in hope to gain!
The poor PILGRIM is insane.

Did Bubble-mongers only know
How I their circulars bestow,
In less waste paper me they'd stand.
—I tear up all that come to hand.

It seems but just the other day
The cry was all how money lay
Idle, because of panic dread
From Bubble speculations bred.

And has the cycle come round, when
The same is to occur again?
If a fixed law these things thus rules,
What constant quantities are fools!

Ascending to a higher sphere,
Whoever leaves me money here
Will ne'er look down from regions blest,
In risky shares whilst I invest.

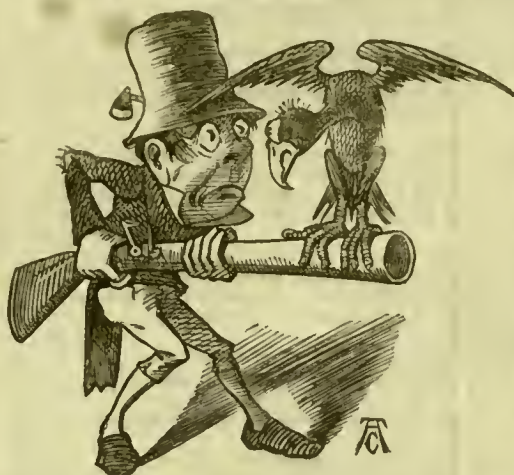
Lured by high interest I'd ne'er be
To bite at bad security.
O, I would make a cautious heir!
Try me, ascending Millionaire.

This was the way to behave; and the necessity felt for composed behaviour in the Ujijians' presence, is evidence of the native dignity of those natives. They are clearly not of the sort concerning whose manners and customs the midshipman in the celebrated story returned a report of "Manners none; customs disgusting." Whatever their customs may be, their manners are manifestly at least equal to those which distinguish our highest Aristocracy. The dignified Arab chieftain, above mentioned, probably excelled our most dignified old English gentleman, or Peer, in dignity of bearing, inasmuch as he was not only undemonstrative, but, most likely, stately, demeaned himself with unstudied grace, and was in nowise comic. Advertisements of persons offering to teach dancing and deportment appear in our newspapers. Ujiji might perhaps send us some dignified Arabs to teach our youth, and even some of our adults, if possible, not indeed dancing (*nemo saltat sobrius*, and dignity is incompatible with drunkenness), but deportment. Still more occasion for such tutors is there on the part of our gesticulating and countenance-contorting neighbours. Duly lessoned in deportment by dignified Arabs, a body of Legislators would never have presented the grotesque spectacle exhibited by the members of the French National Assembly the other night, ramping and roaring. Had MR. STANLEY and DR. LIVINGSTONE been two Frenchmen, they would probably not have been restrained by any fear of their superiors' derision, from rushing into each other's arms!

Let us rejoice in the good news that DR. LIVINGSTONE has not been eaten, but, on the contrary, was found alive and well in the truly genteel society of dignified Arabs; moreover, that he has discovered, and placed beyond doubt, the real source of the Nile.

HOW (IF YOU HAVE IMAGINATION) YOU CAN KEEP COOL THIS WEATHER.—Ice the thermometer.

THE GAME OF GHOST.



WE live in an age of tomfoolery. Modern necromancy is comic. The *Medium* is on that account worth reading. At some of the *séances* related in it occur phenomena, if the experiences so called are objective, very much like boisterous frolic in a pantomime, only that the "properties" flung about are household goods of a value which must render that practical fun now and then rather serious for their owners. According to a report given by our supernatural contemporary at a spirit-circle assembled at Liverpool, a

table repeatedly rose and fell, remaining, in the meanwhile, some time suspended in the air; and—

"Shortly afterwards, a special controlling spirit attending Mr. FEGAN, manifested himself. A heavy sofa-cushion was thrown violently on the table. We held it in our hands, and it was whisked away with great precision and force. Immediately afterwards, the heavy swab of the sofa standing near was hurled on to the table, folded in the middle, at the same time smashing the glasses of the gas pendant, and turning the tap, so as to cause an alarming escape of gas. This caused the circle to be broken up, but not without witnessing the great strength manifested by the spirit. Indeed, the sofa was about to be placed on the table, but it was jammed into a corner, so that it could not readily be done."

If there existed disembodied *Houyhnhnms*, and one believed in communicating ghosts generally, and the foregoing description of their doings in particular, one would say that those doings, though droll, partook rather too much of the nature of spiritual horseplay. You know, by the way, that the horse's

skull and the horse's hoof were once regarded as especial objects of *diablerie*, in days before the "Northern Phantom" (so called with great injustice to Orientals) had vanished. The limbs which moved the above-mentioned table would then have been thought some of his, and not without reason, if, with respect to the alleged performer of its tricks, reason could credit what has preceded and what follows:—

"This spirit calls himself 'JACK TODD,' and says he was known to fame as a highwayman about a hundred years ago, and suffered a violent death at the hands of justice. He says he was remarkable for his courage and resolution, and robbed the mail, single-handed, several times. He does not seem to have been a murderer, or wantonly cruel, but one of those daring examples who love to inflict reprisals upon the rich and well-to-do. Though he exhibits great violence at the circle, yet he does nothing of a hurtful or malignant nature, and will no doubt ultimately improve very much, and be of great use in vindicating the reality of these manifestations."

There might be supposed to be room for improvement in the spirit professing itself to be "JACK TODD—*alias* SHEPPARD?" but it would be more charitable than orthodox to hope that any was possible.

Consumption of Vitals.

HERE, at Midsummer, are coals at from twenty-eight to thirty shillings a ton! Is it not time for us to consider how much longer we can continue to light the world with gas, supply the world's steam-engines with fuel, and at the same time afford domestic fires? M. THIERS proposes to denounce the Commercial Treaty with England. Might not we as well begin to think of denouncing the exportation of coals?

BEGGARS OF BETHNAL GREEN.

Beggar (log.).—'Arf the money as 'as bin spent on hall that 'ere Science and Hart 'ud 'a made hall us Beggars our wives and children lushy.

A RAGGED SCHOOL FOR MUSIC WANTED.

MELODIOUS MR. PUNCH.

LAST week there was a Music Meeting at the Crystal Palace, and I am told it was attended by a great number of visitors, and a great deal of success. I did not go myself, for the fact is, I have no more ear for music than an oyster, and may add, to show my taste, that the sounds I chiefly relish are those produced by codfish.

The fact is, also, that I hear far too much music as it is, and without taking the trouble to go all the way to Sydenham for it. In the Quiet Street where I have the ill-fortune to reside, there are music meetings daily, from shaving time till supper. I hear that at the Crystal Palace vocalists and bands met to compete with one another, and prizes to the value of fifteen hundred pounds or so were publicly awarded, and royally presented.

At the music meetings held in the Quiet Street I speak of, the like kind of competition is daily carried on, though certainly the prizes are by no means so remunerative. Ballad bawlers, organ-grinders, German bands, blind fiddlers, Scotch bagpipes, Welsh harpers, Italian pifferari, and black-faced nigger bellowers, sing and bawl, and blow and growl, and grunt and groan, and twang and scrape, and squeak and scream, and squeal and shriek and screech, all one against another, from morning until midnight; and though pence, instead of pounds, are as much as they can pocket, the competition is sustained with monstrous energy and vigour. The competitors seem generally impressed with the idea that the more noise they can make, the more money they will win: and as they often play some half a dozen tunes at the same time, their mingled melodies produce most unmelodious discord.

As the police appear quite powerless to prevent these music meetings, it may be worth while to consider how they may be made less noxious. Surely something might be done to improve in some degree the skill of street performers, and render them more musical, and thereby less offensive. If a PATTI or a NILSSON were heard singing in the street, few people, I presume, would object to the performance; or if a JOACHIM began to fiddle a sonata just opposite your door, you hardly could refrain from throwing him a copper. We have an Academy of Music, I believe, intended for the training of future *prime donne*; and why should we not also have a Ragged School of Music, to give some slight instruction to future street musicians? As a step in this direction, I would suggest that, at the next Crystal Palace competition, prizes should be offered for street singers, fiddlers, fluters, fifers, drummers, harpers, grinders, buglers,

bagpipers, "bones'es, banjoists, and hurdy-gurdy players, and the like, with a view to their advancement in the musical profession, and thereby their prevention from the exercise of music as an art of street offence.

I can hardly hope myself to live to see the day when JOACHIMS and PATTIS will be prevalent on our pavements; but anything that helps to make street music less tormenting than it is will confer enormous benefit upon countless fellow sufferers, in common with your tortured correspondent,

MISERRIMUS.

BEAUTY AND THE BUTCHER.

THE Women of the North are holding meetings of their own to agitate for cheap food. According to the *Manchester Guardian*:—

"At Sleaford and Bedlington the Chairwoman recommended a strike against the Butchers, and she lamented that 'a vast of people' would still buy butchers' meat. The meeting is reported to have shrieked in chorus, 'We'll watch 'em; 'We'll tar 'em; 'and to have shown in other ways that they have not been unobservant of the practices adopted by the rougher sex (so called) when trade interests are in dispute."

Instead of watching and tarring people who still buy butchers' meat, the ladies above referred to should coax as many as they can to consume Australian in its stead. If people would abjure beef and mutton at one shilling per pound including bone, and addict themselves to those meats at sevenpence per pound without bone, they would soon bring the butchers down on their marrowbones.

A Little Kingdom.

THE Isle of Man preserves an autonomy of its own. It has a distinct budget; that for the present year having just been published by the LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR. The statistics of crime in that Island exhibit no peculiarity; for it was the remark of a mere buffoon that the Isle of Man is the Paradise of Garotters, because the Manx cats have no tails.

A POOR RETURN.

A LOAN Exhibition of Porcelain is now open at Salisbury. What must be the feelings of those who have lent their precious treasures, when they read the startling announcement that the Collection will be "broken up" in September?



HAZARDOUS!

Husband. "IF COOK ISN'T PUNCTUAL TO-DAY, LOVE, GIVE HER A GOOD—BLOW HER UP WELL!"

Wife. "MY DEAR CHARLES!—WELL, WILL YOU COME AND STAND BEHIND THE DOOR WITH YOUR LIFE-PRESERVER!"

MORE TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE.

KNOWING one of those confoundedly good-tempered, impudent, unkickable-out-of-your-doors sort of fellows, who invite themselves to visit you upon the slightest provocation, and then spend a month or so in riding your best horses, drinking your best claret, smoking your cigars, and flirting with your wife.

Having to act as nursemaid to a lot of romping, rollicking, rampaging children, because, as their fond mother says, you know how to amuse them so much better than JEMIMA does.

Being asked to take down LADY HUMGRUFFYN to dinner, instead of pretty little MRS. PRATTLETON, because you happen to know something of the Troglodytes, or the Dolomites, or the Zoophytes, or something which happens to be her Ladyship's pet theme for conversation.

Although you are really of a serious and sentimental turn of mind, being expected *always* to return thanks for the Bridesmaids, because the fellows say you know so capitally how to make a funny speech—which is equivalent, as *you* think, to making a big fool of yourself.

Because you happen, by an accident, to have made the slightest possible acquaintance with a Lord, being asked by snobbish friends to plague him for his autograph, or by charitable friends to dun him for subscriptions, or by inquisitive friends to ask him where he buys his boots.

Being bored perpetually to escort your country cousins to the Tower and the Thames Tunnel, and similar exciting places of amusement, for the reason that you know the way about so much better than they do.

Knowing a young couple who, for certain (quite unfounded) expectations, plague you to be godfather, and whenever you go to dine with them, persist in having Baby handed round with the dessert.

Having to appear at the police-court, at the imminent risk of being misreported to your wife, in order to give evidence for one of your fast friends who has been out upon the loose.

Being expected by the better halves of nearly all your bosom friends, whom you dare not disoblige, on the pain of losing your pleasantest of dinners, to "take the boys about" when they come home for the holidays, for the reason that you know so much about the diving-bell, and all the other things you know the darlings are so fond of.

SPECIAL MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE following places in the United Kingdom have been selected by the SECRETARY AT WAR, the FIELD MARSHAL COMMANDING-IN-CHIEF, and GENERAL OPINION, as singularly fitted to be the new Military Centres:—

Armagh,
Battle,
Fighting Cocks,
Killin,
Knock (Down),
Camp Hill,
Cannon Street,
Drum,
A Place in Fife not yet
determined,
Swords,
Shields,
Trooper's Lane,
Wadborough,
Wellington, and
Waterloo.

Astronomical.

It is well understood (in upper circles) that Luna dislikes all allusion being made to her age.

Themes of the Day.

THERE are two subjects whose mere names

Refreshing 'tis to read;
To wit, the Alabama Claims,
And Athanasian Creed.

Both it and they perhaps were best
Alike referred from home:

Teach us, Geneva, to digest
The Creed derived from Rome.

Being bothered by your artist-friends to be their model, gratis, for somebody historical, DAMIEN on the rack, or TITUS OATES, say, in the pillory, because you know so exactly what they want, and are so clever in assuming an uncomfortable attitude.

WEIGHTY INTELLIGENCE.

THE subjoined telegram, which came the other day from Paris, does evidently not require confirmation:—

"The rumours of preliminary negotiations having been entered into between the Catholic Powers and France for the purpose of arriving at an understanding as to the attitude to be adopted in the eventuality of a conclave, are regarded as incorrect."

The wording of the above sentence reveals its official origin. It is an admirable example of the peculiar language of diplomacy—precise, perspicuous, clear as the unclouded atmosphere, not hazy in the least. What important information, too, it contains! how grave, and how tangible! It informs us that certain rumours are regarded by some person or persons, whose opinions may or may not signify, as incorrect. Those rumours relate to alleged negotiations, which, though represented as merely preliminary, are momentous to think of. Consider the immensity of their supposed purpose—a purpose no less than that of arriving at an understanding as to an attitude to be adopted in an eventuality. This purpose, too, is as definite as the phraseology which expresses it is crystalline. The understanding as to the attitude to be adopted in the eventuality specified, is easily understood. If it existed, it would exist among the Catholic Powers. It would, therefore, be an understanding as to an attitude which might be naturally expected in some quarters to be an attitude of devotion, but might prove the contrary.

A Testimonial Well Deserved.

HANLEY and other Staffordshire towns have been doing themselves honour by presenting MR. BRIGHT with a beautiful cabinet containing beautiful specimens of the ware for which the district is famous. In one respect the gift seems inappropriate, for it is difficult, nay impossible, to think of MR. BRIGHT in connection with anything that looks like "pottering."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



And from its force nor doors nor locks
Can shield you: 'tis the Ballot Box."

They are by JOHN PIERPONT, b. 1785, d. 1866. Why do we put such stuff here? Why, who are you, Madam, that you should never read nonsense? We have to read a good deal, we can tell you. We have no doubt that folks who like the Corn Law Rhymes, and that sort of thing, think the above exceedingly fine. Go to. This is not weather in which it is safe to incense *Mr. Punch*. He makes frightful examples when the thermometer is at 80° in his refrigerator.

All people do not think alike on this Ballot question, that is clear. For during the whole Session there have been nine petitions, with 84 signatures, in favour of the Bill; and in ten days there were collected 150 petitions, with 21,599 signatures, asking the Lords to stick to their Amendments. Nevertheless, the Peers did not stick to them, and are to be lauded for not doing so. The alterations would have made the Bill a Sham, and the Lords are not Juggling Fiends—

"Who keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope."

After a dignified discussion (in the course of which EARL RUSSELL mentioned, from his personal knowledge, that MR. GLADSTONE had "over and over" voted against the Ballot), the Peers gave up the Optional Secrecy Clause by 157 to 138, majority 19, and they also gave up their objection to using schools for voting places, a concession for which the children who will get holidays on poll-days, ought not to be grateful, but will be.

But on the question whether the Ballot should become an institution of the Country, or should be only an experiment, for a given period, Eight Years, their Lordships, by 117 to 58, majority 59, stood by their opinion that the Ballot-Boy should be bound 'prentice for the term. It will be seen by *Mr. Punch's* Cartoon that the Boy objects to his being made an Apprentice, and thinks that he is strong enough to set up for himself.

"The remaining Amendments," says the *Standard*, "were disposed of in a friendly spirit." *Mr. Punch* rather likes this way of putting things—all is told that we want to know, and it is the sensible hot-weather style. Whitefriars drinks to Shoe Lane, and may its broad-sheet never be less.

In the Commons, COLONEL HOGG had the pleasure of admitting that the Board of Works could not prevent the erection on the Embankment of a house that will obstruct our view of the beautiful Clock Tower. Such is local rule.

"For forms of government let fools contest,
What'er is best administered is best."

Very true, ALEXANDER, and what do you think of a Local Government that cannot administer better than this? Where's the *Ædile*, or are all his energies devoted to persecuting DR. HOOKER at Kew?

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER moved a vote of £4123 to pay the legal expenses of the defence of EX-GOVERNOR EYRE, who was prosecuted for saving Jamaica. *Mr. Punch* will not detail the debate. The Vote was furiously opposed by MR. EYRE's enemies, and the indignation of his friends was not mincingly expressed. MR. RUSSELL GURNEY summed up judiciously, and it will be remembered that he went out to examine into the Jamaica business. His words were:—

"There had been a planned insurrection for obtaining the back lands of the country—

ONDAY, July 8. —
Lovely weather, Madam, eminently suggestive of cooling drinks under the trees upon the Lawn of, let us say, some pleasant cottage in the Valley of the Thames: or a lounge by the gold-fish pool at Hampton Court, such leisurely enjoyment to be followed by a neat repast at the Mitre. But *Mr. Punch* eschewed all temptations, Madam, and attended in his place in the House of Lords to see what was to be done with the Ballot Bill. By the way, Madam, did you ever read these foolish lines?—

"A weapon that comes
down as still
As snow-flakes fall
upon the sod,
But executes a free-
man's will
As lightning does the
will of God;

and it was a very clear and decided conspiracy—(hear, hear)—and though it extended over only a small district, yet such was the state of the country that it immediately spread over a very extensive district, and if not put down at once, it would have had to be put down at the expense of a much more fearful loss of property and life. (Cheers.) To all these he absolutely adhered."

MR. EYRE, therefore, did his duty in proclaiming martial law. But MR. GURNEY considers that martial law was unnecessarily prolonged. But, MR. HARDY replied:—

"After the regular law was re-established, and SIR PETER GRANT had to preside at the trials of parties who had been engaged in the insurrection, two persons were sentenced to death, fifteen to penal servitude for life, eleven to penal servitude for twenty years, two for ten years, and one for two years—seven amongst them being women. It was thus seen to be necessary to proceed by the ordinary tribunals of the country, and to put certain inhabitants to death, and sentence others to various terms of penal servitude."

MR. GLADSTONE said that "for the honour of England and the service of the country" this Government had taken up the engagements of the late Government with MR. EYRE. On division, the vote was carried by a union of Liberals and Conservatives, who mustered 243 against 130. MR. EYRE served his country well for twenty-five years, was distinguished by his courageous humanity to the Australian natives, saved Jamaica to the English Crown, and—after four years is paid the expenses of defending himself against an irresponsible body of prosecutors. Encouragement to Englishmen to be self-reliant when their Sovereign's interests are at stake. *Pour encourager les autres*, as VOLTAIRE said.

Tuesday.—LORD GRANARD, Roman Catholic Lord-Lieutenant of Leitrim, wrote a letter expressing sympathy with some people who were about to meet and abuse MR. JUSTICE KEOGH. For the which indecorous conduct LORD SALISBURY did to-night give it LORD GRANARD "hot." But LORD SALISBURY strikes high, as becomes one of his name, and, having disposed of poor LORD GRANARD, turned upon the great LORD-LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND, and rebuked him for not castigating the smaller Lord-Lieutenant. The Earl and LORD GRANVILLE refused to say anything about the Galway business until they had studied the famous Judgment, but they declared that Government had done everything necessary for the vindication of law and order.

Episode in the debate. LORD SALISBURY said that LORD GRANARD should have restrained his "cursive and cursing pen." LORD GRANVILLE, no doubt for fun, assumed that the latter word was "cursed," and declared it improper. The Marquis allowed that the passive participle would have been objectionable. Then he misquoted SHERIDAN; but not much, as he gave the spirit of R. B. S.'s language. This reminds *Mr. Punch* to ask how many more times the blunder which found the phrase, "some d—d good-natured friend," in the *School for Scandal*, is to be repeated. The speech is by *Sir Fretful Plagiary* in the *Critic*, as MR. CHARLES MATTHEWS (welcome home, C. J. M.) can testify, and we hope will do so, publicly.

The Commons went down into the Mines in the morning, and we suppose stopped there, for there was no finding them to make a House in the evening.

Wednesday.—No, we thank you. Some excessively ingenious plan for altering the proportions of representation was ventilated in the Commons, and MR. WINTERBOTHAM, for the Government, utterly declined to have any opinion about it, or to talk about it, or to think about it. Most sensible. We would as soon read what's his name on Quantitative Analysis. By way of making things still more pleasant, the Commons talked about Vaccination. *Lady Macbeth* uses strong language on the subject of a spot, and if *Mr. Punch* were not an English gentleman, he would have echoed the Scotch lady this afternoon.

Thursday.—About something, no matter what, the DUKE OF RICHMOND said, that "under the circumstances," etc. Could not His Grace have said, "in the circumstances?" *Circum* means round.

There was a Conference to-day between the Lords and Commons, four members of each House attending. They met at Wimbledon, where they happened to find some targets, some luncheon, and a lot of Volunteers and ladies. So, in the most affable manner, the statesmen

took to shooting off rifles, and the Commons beat the Lords by 145 to 140. Then they cheered each other. It was magnificent, but it wasn't Parliament.

MR. COLE has given some ladies and gentlemen tickets to see the Bethnal Green Museum on Sundays. MR. FOSTER has ordered that the tickets be taken away. For the first time in *Mr. Punch's* recollection, MR. FOSTER delivered himself of some twaddle, and it is to be hoped that it will be the last delivery of the kind. This comes of associating with certain feeble colleagues. The privilege in question could do nobody any harm, and was an advantage to the student of Art, who wishes to study its gems in peace and unelbowed. Of course, if MR. FOSTER uses the Sabbatarian argument, we are silenced.

MR. BRUCE moved the Second Reading of the Licensing Bill. SIR WILFRID LAWSON said that public-houses were the greatest nuisance we have in the country, and that the grocers were nearly as bad. Is this weather in which *Mr. Punch* is to be expected to detail any more bosh of this kind? The Bill was read a Second Time. Somebody said he wished all theatres were shut at XI. So do we, but until they are, the hours for closing public-houses mean tyranny.

LORD MILTON has left Parliament—we regret it, and we regret the reason—ill health. We are sorry that

“a damp
Falls round the path of Milton.”—*Wordsworth.*

MR. PUNCH wishes a gifted and spirited young nobleman speedy convalescence. His seat for the West Riding, S., has passed to a Conservative, MR. STANHOPE.

Friday.—The Lords addressed themselves to Scotch Education, our admirable Scottish Primate having given them previous admonition not to do anything to deprive the Northern system of its Religious Character. His Grace spurred a willing horse (if that be a proper image in the case of a hierarchy) for the Peers carried, against Government, and by 81 to 70, an Amendment in the sense of DR. TAIT's suggestion.

MR. GLADSTONE said that Government would consider whether they themselves would submit a motion on the Galway judgment. They will show their own judgment by acting in English fashion in this matter. Later, the PREMIER described “threatening letters” as “characteristic of the mode of carrying on business in Ireland.” Yes, and if an Affectionate People did not occasionally add a P. S. which, *pro hac vice*, means Powder and Slugs, the eccentricity would be only idiotic.

The Commons assented to the Peers' Amendment making the Ballot an experimental measure; that is, binding the Ballot Boy 'prentice till 1880. There was no division.

“The application is absolutely ludicrous and absurd,” said MR. LOWE. Is it necessary to add that this answer was given to MR. WHALLEY, who wanted pecuniary assistance for his martyr-friend, CASTRO? By the way, MR. WHALLEY has not yet denied that he sanctioned, by his presence, the atrocious language which CASTRO is reported to have used at one of his touting-meetings. somebody should give the Member for Peterborough the opportunity which he has not sought.

FILIAL FAITH IN IRELAND.

THE POPE, if His Holiness reads English newspapers, or has them translated to him, may have derived one consolation under his trials, from the fervent zeal for religion displayed by the faithful Irish in a manner evident from the subjoined paragraph:—

“ARRIVAL OF JUDGE KEOGH IN DUBLIN.—JUDGE KEOGH arrived in Dublin last night. On landing at Kingstown he was guarded to the train by a force of police, and in the compartment next the one in which he proceeded to Dublin were a number of armed detectives. To-day he goes to Longford. A pilot-engine will precede the train, and forces of soldiers and constabulary will be quartered in all the towns on the North-west Circuit.”

The Holy Father has of course been duly informed of the circumstances which have rendered it necessary that JUDGE KEOGH, on circuit in the Island of Saints, should be attended by escorts of soldiers and policemen, and preceded, on the rail, by a pilot-engine by way of preservative from torpedoes. It is known to the Successor of St. Peter that MR. JUSTICE KEOGH, himself a Roman Catholic, has not only not hesitated to sit in judgment on the political acts of Roman Catholic clergymen, but even to pronounce Priests and Prelates guilty of practising intimidation on electors in order to influence their votes by spiritual means. The POPE is aware that this impious audacity has caused its perpetrator to be burned in effigy, and has placed him in peril of his life at the hands of his warm-hearted countrymen affectionately attached to their beloved Bishops and Priesthood. The sentence of JUDGE KEOGH has condemned to disfranchisement a Most Reverend Archbishop, two Right Reverend Bishops, and a large number of reverend Priests besides. The faithful Irish are letting him know what they think of his thus daring to do his official duty irrespectively of his

filial obligations, politically, to the Holy See; and they would soon make him feel what a sacrilege he has committed if they were not deterred by the brute force which surrounds him with its myrmidons; the alaves and tools of a bigotry comparable with BISMARCK's own. But the burning desire, evident on the part of a religious people, to perform an act of faith on an unfaithful Judge, cannot but contribute to console His Holiness under the dreadful persecution which he endures in being dispossessed of temporal power.

PHILOSOPHY AND FASHION.



PHILOSOPHIC MR. PUNCH,

As a fashionable man, and one “moving,” as the phrase goes, in elegant society (and what with walking, riding, driving, and then dancing after dinner, one certainly is kept pretty much upon the move in it), you may fairly be accredited with taking some slight interest in the matter of the fashions, and with noticing the way in which the ladies mostly dress. You will therefore be enabled to verify this statement, which I see recorded by a fashionable paper:—

“Everything this season has a tendency to imitate decaying nature. Faded flowers, withered leaves, and sombre grays and browns are most prevalent in all varieties of dress.”

Jaded as you are by the labours of the Season, which you are happy to remember is very nearly ended, you perhaps may feel inclined to think that withered leaves and faded flowers are vastly fitting decorations to be worn in a society where budding hopes so oft are blighted, and where flowery expectations so rapidly decay. Sombre colours may seem suitable where life is a dull round of vain and rapid pleasures, and artificial wreaths of flowers made to look like those of nature in process of decay, may appear a proper head-dress to be worn by girls whose eyes have lost their pristine lustre through the keeping of late hours, and whose unhealthy dissipation has withered all the roses Nature planted in their cheeks.

Wishing you the luck, by a course of careful living, to repair your shattered frame in due time to enjoy the pleasures of next season, believe me yours in deepest sympathy,

The Hermitage, Thursday.

A BLIGHTED BEING.

DRUNK AND DISORDERLY.

In a *Times* leader on the paternal Licensing Bill, the other day, occurred the remark, relative to the United Kingdom Alliance Abolitionists—“Sober persons are unwilling to seem identified with impracticable fanatics.” Just so. The sober refuse to be associated with the drunken. Fanatics, who howl and shriek, and fight with fists at public meetings in the frenzy of their craving to impose a Liquor Law on their neighbours, demonstrate the possibility of drunkenness without drinking. It is well, indeed, that they should be debarred from “intoxicating liquors,” which would fearfully increase their habitual condition of excitement from intoxicating sentiments. For they go about drunk under the influence of lust of rule, bred of outrageous vanity and conceit, or, in phrenological language, an excessive development and an inflamed state of the organs of self-esteem and love-of-approbation arousing combative-ness and destructiveness into furious activity, accompanied by a general frame of mind resembling *delirium tremens*.

THE HAPPY MEDIUM.—Gentleman between two Ladies.



INDUCTIVE FLATTERY.

"THAT IS A PORTRAIT OF DEAR PAPA, BEFORE HE WORE A BEARD AND MOUSTACHE, YOU KNOW."
 "INDEED! HOW VERY LOVELY YOUR MAMMA MUST HAVE BEEN!"

ECLOGUE ON THE EYRE INDEMNITY.

WILLIAM. ROBERT.

William. ROBERT, thy smile a kindly joy implies.
 Thy sympathetic soul shines through thine eyes.
 With genial triumph all thy features glow.
 Wherefore I do not ask—because I know.

Robert. Thon, WILLIAM, sharing, dost divine my joy
 Think of our worthy pledge redeemed, my boy,
 The legacy of rivals, it is true.
 So much the more magnanimous we two!

William. The nation will discern how great we were
 In taking up the cause, bequeathed, of EYRE.
 Carrying the vote which will, in part, requite
 The sufferer of a canting faction's spite.

Robert. O what a pleasure 'tis to interpose
 Between a hero and his howling foes,
 Though late, and make him for his loss amends,
 Though thrift might save the cash that honour spends!

William. Hereafter may a servant of the Crown
 Trust that, for putting a rebellion down,
 When all his trials (for murder one) are past,
 His law expenses will be paid at last.

Robert. Expense be hanged! Conservatives be blest!
 They helped us aid a true man, long oppressed.
 Too many of our friends, alas! were those,
 The vote we had to ask, who did oppose.

William. Aha! But we obtained our vote, my Bon,
 We've shown our scorn of the seditious mob.
 But see where Ædile AYRTON comes this way,
 With DOCTOR HOOKER on his arm. Hooray!

JOVIAL TEETOTALLERS.

AMONG other curious novelties we see advertised extensively "The New Tea Spirit." Can this really be a fact? Can there be intoxication in the innocent Bohea? Can there be deadly alcohol in the harmless, unfiery, peaceful Gunpowder? Can there be subtle poison in the simple household Souchong? Can the boasted drink that cheers be likewise inebriating? May we expect to see teetotalers really "in their cups," and prostrate underneath the tea-table? If so, we may presume that jovial songs for jolly teetotalers will ere long be forthcoming; and as it is our aim to be considered in advance of the age, we hasten to present it with a model ditty to be warbled by a tea-toper:—

AIR—"A Bumper of Burgundy fill, fill for me."

A tea-cup of Tea Spirit fill, fill for me,
 Give the man who prefers it champagne:
 I care not for wine, 'tis far weaker than tea,
 To the dregs, then, the tea-pot we'll drain!
 And though as teetotalers strictly we boast
 That we ne'er touch a liquor fermented,
 Yet round every tea-table pass we the toast,
 To the man who Tea Spirit invented!

Faculties and Faith.

It is stated that two Hungarian bishops submitted to acknowledge the dogma of Papal Infallibility only under a threat of having their faculties withdrawn. Is it DR. DÖLLINGER who says that before anybody could possibly acknowledge that dogma, his faculties must have been withdrawn already?

TOO GREAT A CONTRAST.

SCENE—Bethnal Green. TIME—Sunday evening. Place open—Public-House.

SCENE—Bethnal Green. TIME—Sunday evening. Place closed—Museum.



THAT BALLOT-BOY AGAIN!

"O! AH! MY NOBLE SWELLS! 'PRENTICE, INDEED! MY FRIENDS THOUGHT I WAS QUITE BIG ENOUGH TO SET UP FOR MYSELF! BUT NO MATTER! YOU'LL SEE!"

HAPPY THOUGHTS.



GOING up to town by train, a really Happy Thought occurs to me, suggested by a conversation which I can't help overhearing. The conversation is about farming. The conversers (or "ver-coners" according to Dixon's Johnsonary) are two agriculturists.

Happy Thought.—Gentlemen—farmers. Be a Gentleman and be a Farmer. Equal parts judiciously mixed. Must listen, and occasionally pick up, and then note down. This repeated often must be valuable.

What I gather from their conversation (which is difficult to catch, as they talk towards the window, occasionally looking out).

That it is a capital thing to roll a meadow. Always give top-dressings to— [What it is I can't hear, but can fill this up another time.] That hay won't be so dear this year as last. That you "give it 'em green" in the summer. "'Em" refers, I suppose, to horses, and "green" to grass. That some people don't "give it 'em green." Hay is now three fifteen to four ten. I wonder if this is by the peek or the bushel. One agriculturist observes, that "he finds it best in certain cases to give his animal roots."

Query.—What animal? What roots? What certain occasions? The other gentleman-farmer agrees with him. Yes; certainly roots. Is he (his friend) well off for roots? Yes, it appears he is tolerably well, but won't want 'em now. The other one supposes that he won't. The train stops—it is going to stop very often, as my AUNT JANE dislikes express travelling—and a stout gentleman in a light suit gets in with a friend.

Happy Thought.—TELFORD (in the light suit). The very man I wanted to see.

Curious chance! Quite a coincidence! He is a great hand at farming, agriculture, horticulture, and chicken-culture. I introduce him to my Aunt. He introduces his friend, and we are supposed now to know each other. At the same moment the gentlemen-farmers descend.

Happy Thought.—Consult TELFORD. Tell him my plans. Going to see a German Farm.

"Aha!" he laughs at once. "I know. Seen 'em in toys. German trees with Christmaa things on 'em." And this notion amuses him immensely. His friend smiles, as an acquaintance. AUNT JANE is amused. TELFORD has such a remarkably jolly laugh, that to hear him is enough to set other people off without knowing the joke. He shakes a good deal in laughing, and from a twinkle in his eye one is apt to fancy that he knows another joke worth two of the one he's apparently enjoying now.

"And what are you doing here?" This is my question. On consideration, indiscreet, because if he doesn't wish to tell me "what he is doing here," he must either be rude, and retort with "What's that to you?" or must tell a lie.

Happy Thought.—To add immediately, playfully, "I won't press the question."

This again (on consideration) is indiscreet. It conveys (I see it does) to my Aunt the idea that she is in a carriage with a *Don Juan* weighing about sixteen stone, or a Cupid of forty-five unable to get a pair of wings to carry him.

TELFORD replies that he has come to this part to look after a pony. I never yet met him, and I've known him some time, when he wasn't going somewhere to look after a pony, or when he hadn't "just heard of something to suit him."

Happy Thought.—A Pony. Does he think it would suit me? His natural reply is the question, "Do you want one?" I may safely say "Yea" to this, because I always want one, and never had one. Besides, with TELFORD and his friend (who are both very much sporting-men) it puts one on the same platform for the time being to want a pony. And being on the same platform one can converse.

Happy Thought.—Always get on the same platform with another fellow, if possible.

TELFORD looks me over, and turning to his friend says "he knows the very thing to suit me."

Happy Thought.—To look perfectly delighted. *Think (to myself).*—Must get out of this again somehow. Perhaps I might be

saddled with a pony—(paddled with a soney, *vide* Dixon's Johnsonary) before I knew where I was, so to speak. When I've got the farm I shall want one.

"I'll tell you who told me about him," says TELFORD, turning to his friend, and referring to the pony.

"Who?" asks his friend.

"NED, the Gipsy," replies TELFORD.

I watch with interest the effect of this information on his friend. I rather expect him (I don't know why) to pooh-pooh NED the Gipsy.

"Um!" returns his friend, thinking it over, "I saw the Gipsy with a pony at Twigham Meeting. He wanted me to have it." Here he suddenly breaks off, as if the subject were an unpleasant one to revert to. It leaves me in a reverie as to whether he did have it or not. I should like to ask him. I feel that it's an unfinished tale. The tail of a pony unfinished. Wonder, by the way, who invented this *jeu de mots* on "tale" and "tail." How it must have set the table in a rear when first said. I should like to hear the history of The First Joke. Date 3 A.D. "A.D." here means Anti-Deluge. There were some very queer words then, suitable for *jeu de mots*.

Happy Thought.—For a proverb, There are good and bad jokes in all languages. A sort of Proverb. Joke-Explorers might make voyages, like DR. LIVINGSTONE, in search of a joke, or like DIOGENES, with a lantern, in quest of a good honest joke. Happy title for Tales of Adventure, The Joke Catchers.

Ch. I. How they heard of a joke. *Ch. II.* How they set out to catch that joke. *Ch. III.* How they heard two Joke-Crackers in the distance. *Ch. IV.* How they came on the Joke-Crackers' tracks— (good phrase this for Dixon's Johnsonary. Ask my Aunt to try it, and see what she makes of it). *Ch. V.* How they came on an extinct Volcano, which had busted itself with laughter. *Ch. VI.* How they lost their way in the Pun-jab, where the Punjabbers dwell. *Ch. VII.* How they couldn't see the joke. *Ch. VIII.* How several weeks passed, and yet they couldn't see the joke. *Ch. IX.* How at last one of their party made a shot at the joke. *Ch. X.* How the joke fell flat. *Ch. XI.* How one of their party decided that it was no joke. *Ch. XII.* How, at all events, they all said they'd heard of a much better joke than that. *Ch. XIII.* How they set out again. *Ch. XIV.* How they did not catch that joke, Brave Boyal! But being taken by the Punjabbers and Joke-Crackers were cruelly sold. *Ch. XV.* How they could only escape by coming across a very broad joke, and a very dangerous joke. *Ch. XVI.* How they came to a kingdom where their motto was, *Pro aris et Joci* for our Altars and Jokes. *Ch. XVII.* How they were introduced to the Best Joke that ever was made. *Ch. XVIII.* How they laughed at it, and wouldn't listen to the Worst Joke. *Ch. XIX.* How the Worst Joke being irritated, fought the Best Joke. *Ch. XX.* How the Worst took Best. *Ch. XXI.* How the Worst retaliated upon the Joke-Explorers, and ordered the Joke-Crackers to tickle their fancies, and the Word-Twisters to torment their ears, until at length the tears poured down the cheeks of the Joke-Explorers. *Ch. XXII.* How, finally, they died. o' laughing. . . .

All this out of a Pony's tail!

One hour in the train passed. One more.

TELFORD says, after a pause, "He'll go in harness, quiet to ride and drive, and up to weight."

"The very thing I should like," I say, with a mental reservation to the effect, "and the very thing I don't mean to have."

My Aunt interposes, "You can't possibly want a pony." I am a little hurt at this.

"Why not?" I ask.

"Well," she says, "I've never seen you ride."

TELFORD and his friend smile. I protest (because it really is annoying) against my Aunt's insinuation. "I've not ridden for two years, but I used to hunt regularly."

"Ah!" says TELFORD, interested. "What hounds used you to go with?"

Happy Thought.—None in particular. Sometimes Leicestershire, sometimes Dorsetshire; also Hertfordshire, and—and—many other packs. I revert mentally and especially to the Brighton Harriers. In talking to thoroughly sporting and hunting men like TELFORD, it's a best not—(I've found this out by experience)—it's a best not to boast much about runs with the Brighton Harriers. There's so little peril "by flood and field" connected with the B.H. The most you can say is to a friend who's been out with them, "That was a nasty hill you came down, when you got off and walked," or "That was a stiff bit of country up that hill where I was obliged to dismount." Also, "There were some awkward runs in that last-ploughed field;" and then with enthusiasm, "It was a splendid burst across those turnips!!" And, cunningly, "I think that ditch (2 feet by 1) or that furze bush (2 feet high) choked off a few of them."

"Well," says my Aunt, with something of irony in her tone which doesn't suit her, "I'm sure I wouldn't have said so if I hadn't thought it. But I've never seen you on horseback, and



"PARKUS CULTOR, NON INFREQUENS."

"SHAME TO BRING HIM TO TOWN! O, I ASSURE YOU, POPPET IS VERY FOND OF SOCIETY. HE WOULD BE BORED TO DEATH ALL SUMMER-TIME, IF HE DID NOT DO HIS PARK IN THE SEASON."

really wasn't aware until you told me now that you were even a questionable etoleran."

Explanation wanted. TELFORD and friend look at me and smile. "You mean," I say to her, "that you did not think that I was even a tolerable Equestrian."

"I said so," returns my Aunt. ("Questionable Etoleran," *vide* Dixon's Johnsonary, as usual.)

INDIRECT CLAIMS.

Who are the Arbitrators, Umpires, or Referees, at Geneva or elsewhere, competent to decide upon the justice, the equity, the propriety, the admissibility of such Claims as the following?

The Indirect Claim of a Wife when she is walking down Regent or Oxford Street with her husband, and stops before a large shop with a large plate-glass frontage, to admire and point out to her companion "That lovely silk," or "That most becoming Costume," or "That elegant Polonaise," with an appealing eye, and, it may be, a deprecatory glance at her own deteriorating attire. The Claim is strengthened, if the husband is conscious that in the expiring season the balance of enjoyment has been in his favour.

The Indirect Claim of the Waiter, at a Dining Establishment where attendance is charged in the bill, who, his attentions accumulating as the meal draws to an end, is very anxious to know whether you would not like some more ice in your wine, and most watchful over the safety and accessibility of your hat, overcoat, and umbrella.

The Indirect Claim of the hanger-on who suddenly appears when you have hailed a Hansom, and has never yet been known to perform a more substantial service than stand in your way as you get into the vehicle, or, perhaps close one of the flaps; but who hovers, and lingers, and looks, with an expression of expectancy in his gazing eye.

The Indirect Claim of the Cabman who has received his legal fare, and contemplates it as it lies in his palm with a surprised and injured air, and, possibly, if his feelings will allow him, and his manners have not become quite corrupted, with a hand raised to the brim of his hat.

The Indirect Claim of the Young Gentleman who is on the eve of returning to school after the holidays, and would be glad if it occurred to you that he has expenses to meet in the ensuing half.

The Indirect Claim of Mamma, who offers baby for the inspection of friends and relatives.

The Indirect Claim of the Young Lady who presents herself to the family circle bewitchingly arrayed for her first ball.

The Indirect Claim of the Juvenile Author who writes to you with a presentation copy of his little volume of poems.

The Indirect Claim of the promising Painter, whose studio you visit to inspect the works he is sending to the Royal Academy.

The Indirect Claim of the Crossing-sweepers.

The Indirect Claims of the various classes of persons who prey upon you at theatres, concerts, and other places of public annoyance and extortion.

The Indirect Claims of different sections of the community about the last week in December.

FORGIVENESS FOR ALL.

THE thoughtful mind cannot fail to be impressed by the annexed telegram from Baltimore:—

"The Convention has almost unanimously adopted the Cincinnati platform unaltered, advocating a general amnesty, impartial suffrage, and Civil Service reform."

So long a time has elapsed since the close of the American Civil War that liability to any penal consequences of failure in that struggle must surely be barred by a common consent equivalent to a Statute of Limitations. What offences, then, are those of which we can suppose that the condonation is contemplated by the Cincinnati platform proposing a general amnesty? Apparently such as include non-political as well as political misdeeds. That general amnesty may perhaps be understood to be an amnesty for offences in general; amongst them for the Erie and Tammany frauds in particular: and to be based on the general principle advocated by the Cincinnati platform of "No Punishment."



EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

The New Governess. "COME AND REST A LITTLE, BERTIE. SHALL I TELL YOU A PRETTY STORY!"

Bertie. "Y-Y-YES! BUT-BUT-BUT NOT ABOUT KING ALFRED, PLEASE!"

DROPS WITH A DIFFERENCE.

PERHAPS it is premature to say that the axe is laid at the root of the gallows-tree. Yet, if one wished to avoid suicide by getting oneself hanged for murder, it would be needful for him carefully to plan and study its commission with very aggravating circumstances. However, a meeting to promote the abolition of capital punishment was held on Tuesday evening last week at Armfield's South Place Hotel, Finsbury Pavement. Although comprised by a room in an inn, this assembly had the dimensions of an International Conference, and its Chairman was that distinguished German Jurist, BARON VON HOLZENDORFF, who, in his speech from the Chair, declared that, "For his own part he did not believe in the great deterrent effect attributed by many people to capital punishment." If this disbelief is right, to the extent that capital punishment is less deterrent than secondary, *cadit questio*. If secondary and capital punishments deter in equal measure, then, weighed in the scales of reason, secondary punishment would, so to speak, kick the fatal beam. Hanging a criminal is not the worst use you can put him to, if it is that of an effectual scarecrow. You cannot utilise him more without bringing him into injurious competition with the unconvicted man. In the meanwhile he must live, since you choose that he shall, and you must pay for his living. It is cheaper to go to the expense of a rope, and Mr. CALCRAFT's fee.

Would there be more murder, if there were less hanging?—that is the question. There is some reason to doubt that there would. The fear of death worse than death according to law is no hindrance to army organisation. What thinking creature would not prefer the risk of being hanged to the risk of being, as it were, broken on the wheel without receiving a *coup de grâce*? Yet these are the comparative risks of battle and murder. Nevertheless we have no difficulty in obtaining any number of soldiers by a very small pecuniary temptation. Hanging is bad enough for those who come to think about it; but the majority of us are not philosophers.

By a curious coincidence, another meeting, synchronous with the

SONG BY A "NOBLE SAVAGE."

I AM no Market Gardener, I,
In an apron of violet blue.
I do not know any Botany,
Of Breeding I boast myself as free;
Yet I am the King of Kew.

That is, I'm in some authority
Under the QUEEN, do you see,
Maintained by a safe majority:
In an office of inferiority
I have HOOKER under me.

A Gardener he must be, I trow,
As Botany is his line.
But I don't care whether he is, or no—
He will have to pack up his traps and go,
Or my place I must resign.

A scientific gentleman,
He expects to have his way,
But when we differ about a plan,
As it ever has been since the world began,
The inferior must obey.

I'm no respecter of gentlemen,
Nor of scientific swells,
Will ye talk to me of courtesy? Then
Go talk to Bruin, in yonder den
By the Regent's Park, who dwells.

I am no Market Gardener, I,
And an *ÆDILE*'s taste I lack,
But your indignation I defy;
For you sell DR. HOOKER myself to buy;
And choose him to have the sack.

A Point for the Prison Congress.

CAPTAIN DU CANE, Surveyor-General of Prisons, in an able Report on Penal Servitude, justly remarks that:—

"Punishment is inflicted much more for the purpose of deterring from crime the enormous number of *possible* criminals, than for any effect on the criminal himself."

This is a very strong argument for the Corporal Punishment of all manner of Scoundrels. We presume that, for their correction, CAPTAIN DU CANE, advocates not merely the Cane, but the Cat.

one abovementioned, took place at Exeter Hall, SIR THOMAS CHAMBERS, M.P., in the Chair; Lion of the night, to roar, ARCH-BISHOP MANNING. The assembly was even treated to an allocution by the POPE present, MR. S. POPE, however, Q.C., and not POPE PIUS; His Sobriety in lieu of His Holiness. It is remarkable that, in two distinct places on the same night, in this Metropolis, there should have been as many meetings, whose constituents, diverse in their aims, nevertheless concur in altogether objecting to a drop as a drop too much. But the United Kingdom Alliance differs from the Howard Association in seeking to impose on the temperate British Public the deprivation of even a drop too little.

Juvenile Sport.

THERE are three Gun Clubs, the Hurlingham, the Senior, and the Junior. The gunnery of these Gun Clubs consisting in the practice of shooting domestic pigeons, there is only one of them that could be approved of in any measure by any true sportsman. That one is, or would be if constituted as its name implies, the Junior Gun Club. If the members of that Club were so many schoolboys, there would be something to be said for it; namely, that it is an institution serving to teach the young idea how to shoot.

Book of Birds.

A WORK which may be imagined to be one of some interest in an ornithological point of view is announced by MESSRS. CHAPMAN AND HALL. It appears under the title of *Mabel Heron*, by EDWARD PEACOCK. Fancy a Peacock the biographer of a Heron!

LOYAL ORDER.

PRINCE BISMARCK has been determined to expel the Jesuits for their machinations against the German Empire. He does not like the loyalty of the disciples of LOYOLA.



FAITH IN DEVELOPEMENT.

Fond Mother (at the Militia Barracks). "How WELL OUR JOE DO IT, DON'T HE? LOOK! I BELIEVE HE'LL BE A GENERAL SOME DAY!"

Father. "SHOULDN'T WONDER AT ALL, MY DEAR! WHY, I'VE HEERED AS FIELD-MARSHAL THE GREAT DOOK O' WELLINGTON HIS-SELF WAS ON'Y A IRISHMAN ONCE!!!"

SHAKSPEARE AT A WEDDING.

MR. PUNCH observes in the *Oswestry Advertiser*, that at the recent marriage of a lady and gentleman who move in the best society, and are therefore of course known to *Mr. Punch*, though he has no right to mention their names, there was an exhibition of very good taste in the selection of a motto of felicitation. Instead of the usual affectionate doggerel, supplied by him whom MR. CHARLES MATHEWS, in that beautiful piece, *Anything for a Change*, calls "some bumpkin bard, the poet of the *County Chronicle*," the congratulators turned to their SHAKSPEARE, and set up on high the lines from the *Tempest* :—

"Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing;
Homely joys be still upon you,
Juno sings her blessing on you."

(By the way, "homely!" MR. COLLIER and the Cambridge Editors give "hourly." Was the other an accident, or a conjectural emendation? We have no time to look into other editions, but the word is a capital one in the circumstances.) *Mr. Punch* holds it a good omen for the united and happy pair that they invoke a Shakspearian benediction. Juno has a perfect right to bless the votaries of Hymen—is she not his great Aunt? Bacchus was his father, and the son of Jupiter, who was the brother of Hera aforesaid. All is correct; and so, much happiness to the lord and lady of Leighton Hall, Montgomeryshire.

The Wise Men of the West.

AN old cry has just been revived at the West End. "Eastward Ho!" its inhabitants exclaim, and lose no time in hastening to Bethnal Green, to see the Museum and the Marvellous Collection which is fast making it famous, through the generous action of SIR RICHARD WALLACE.

SERVED WITH A STAFF.

THE importance of considering every statement in connection with its context is illustrated by the following passage in an account of the Camp at Wimbledon :—

"During the day numbers of visitors came into camp, and MR. JENNISON, who has the contract for refreshments this year, had full employment for his staff in serving those who sought for meat and drink in the pavilion."

By attending to the information that MR. JENNISON has the contract for refreshments at the Camp this year, the reader may be prevented from imagining that an ugly rush of a famished and thirsty multitude into the pavilion for meat and drink placed that gentleman under the necessity of laying about him with his staff by way of giving them a bellyfull.

Teetotalers' Table-Talk.

WHO with SIR WILFRID LAWSON dines,
We may suppose, is served with wines.
For, if the contrary were known,
WILFRID would mostly dine alone.

When guests, of whom he is the host,
The bottle stop, in talk engrossed,
"Pass," cries he, as in conscience bound,
"The Intoxicating Liquors round"?

THE NEW MEDRA.

WE always thought MISS BATEMAN strong, but had no conception what her power really was, until we read that she "carried the house with her as one man," the other night at the Lyceum.

A FEW HOURS AT WIMBLEDON.



PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, July 15.—*Sapiens dominabitur astris.* While that huge star called the Sun is in his present excited state, and is every moment welling forth quadrillions of tons of whatever it is that

he makes us hot with (this is no time for accurate scientific definitions), a wise man will be brief and sententious. Heat expands some things (as the dear little girl knew, who explained that the days were long in hot weather on that account), but does not expand paragraphs. *Punch* means to be concise, Madam—concise as you are in your merciless reply when MR. PATERFAMILIAS proposes to give up an evening crush because the thermometer is high, and you have been out so much.

LORD DERRY gave notice that he should call attention to MR. AYRTON'S behaviour to DR. HOOKER. The judicious DERRY is just the man to right the wrongs of "the judicious HOOKER." For AYRTON is appointed the fate of Marsyas, yet pity were misplaced. 'Tis weather to take off our flesh, and sit in our bones.

The Peers assented to the Commons' latest dealings with the Ballot Bill. Later, it was passed, and on Thursday it received the Royal Assent. The Ballot is Law. We are unequal to the noble observations which ought to follow such an announcement of the triumph of Secret Voting, but please to take our ecstasies "as read."

The POST-MASTER cannot yet give us Sixpenny Telegrams, because the old head post-office is already crowded, and the new buildings are not ready.

MR. HAWKINS has charge of the prosecution of MR. WHALLEY'S friend, CASTRO, and has no intention of abandoning it.

MR. GLADSTONE Massacred Seven Innocents. *Punch* knows not why the title thus adumbrated, or faintly shadowed, should attach to the slaughter of Bills by their framers. MR. GLADSTONE would hardly admit that he had been mocked by the wise men. Of the Bills he slew none need be mentioned except one for injuring a certain Sanatory Act, about which shriekers and sentimentalists oppose their noises to the voices of the Faculty and of Figures. It is not to be weakened.

H.M. ship *Zealous* is to be repaired at Callao. The officers say:—

"O frabjous day! Callao, Callay,
And chortle in their joy."

Naval and Military Votes. MR. RICHARD politely observed that wherever you placed a body of soldiers, you placed a corrupting and demoralising agency. We don't believe it. How glad the Matrons of England and Wales are to get a lot of soldiers to their balls!

Tuesday.—On Scotch Education the DUKE OF ARGYLL stood up for the Shorter Catechism. We don't mean that he stood up to repeat it, but to defend it. DR. WATTS' First Catechism is worth a thousand of it. Some folks dislike these things, but what was the first impulse of *Little Billie*, when he "heard the information" that he was to be killed and eaten? No, the second; the first was of a hydraulic sort.

"O let me say my Catechism,
Which my poor mother did teach to me."

Up he went to the main-top-gallant mast, where he fell down on his bended knee. And how was his youthful piety rewarded?

"He'd scarcely got to the twelfth commandment
When, 'O my eye, there's land,' says he.
'There's Jerusalem, and Madagascar,
And North and South America,
And there's the British Fleet a-riding
Under ADMIRAL LORD NELSON, K.C.B.'"

The ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY complained of the abominable nuisance of the Lambeth Potteries' Smoke, and being answered, somewhat trivially, by the Hereditary Grand Falconer (we say, MR. LOWE, does his Grace take out a Hawker's Licence?), did come out archiepiscopally, and intimate that the Government had a remedy, and was bound to use it. Then LORD MORLEY made courteous promise of inquiry.

The Public Health Bill was being hindered, when MR. DISRAELI, mindful of his *Sanitas* dogma, requested the House to go on, not that the Bill was what it might have been, had Ministers given their energies to it, but because it would certainly do some good. MR. NEWDEGATE would say no more, as the Leader of Opposition had become a supporter of Government. The Bill was read a Second Time.

On the Coal Mines Bill, MR. A. HERBERT regretted that so much was done to protect the labourers, who ought to exert their energies and protect themselves. Dear MR. HERBERT, what is to be done with a labourer who exerts his energy and his pick-lock in opening a Davy's lamp with which you have supplied him for his safety? Is he to be trusted to legislate for himself and others?

There was an Irish Bill—Joint Stock Banks—opposed by MR. LOWE. Said MR. DELAHUNTY, of Waterford:—

"After the miserable speech of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER (laughter)—which, if it does get into print, the whole country will cry shame upon—I will withdraw my motion, but next year I will smash the Right. Hon. Gentleman up (loud laughter)."

Pews in Churches. Please take notice, you who are in the sad habit of coming late to Church, that after Five Minutes from the hour of beginning service, anybody is to be put into any pew, no matter whether the owner's family has held it from the time of St. Augustine, or whether you yesterday paid ten guineas for pewrent. And very right too. You can be punctual enough, Madam, when there is a sight to be seen, a new singer to be heard, or an Heir Apparent to be hunted.

MR. ORR EWING is a prosperous as well as a benevolent gentleman, and he knows nothing about the wants and habits of folks who climb the Mount of Piety. On pawning, he was for a restriction which would simply have driven myriads of poor people to their wits' end. On division, there were, against it, 88; for it, MR. ORR EWING—majority 87.

Wednesday.—A very dull discussion, but you must please to attend. The Irish Railways are in an Irish mess. It was proposed that the Government should buy them up. "Not at present," said the Government, "as that would merely be an invitation to railway people to be outrageously exorbitant in demand. But the matter is one which ought to be considered, and shall be." This came from LORD HARTINGTON. Is another sweet sop preparing for O'Ceberus?

Thursday.—MR. O'KEEFE, parish priest of Callow, has been suspended by his ecclesiastical superiors, and consequently turned out of the mastership of his school. So far from saying, "Callow, callay," and chortling, he petitions the House of Lords. But as his second suspension was a necessary result of his first, and as with the reason for the first the Lords have, they say, nothing to do, MR. O'KEEFE gets no relief. His crime is that he dared to appeal to law against ecclesiastical authority.

LORD SALISBURY caused a Government Bill to be thrown out, by 77 to 56, because it would promote the "Jerryandering" of municipal wards, for political purposes. The word is not in *Johnson* or *Webster*. But we may guess at its import. The Jerryandering-Measure was treated as *Sir Jerry Gonimble* was served by the ghost of his wife:—

"SIR JERRY hid himself under the clothes,
From whence the ghost pulled him out straight by the nose,
Threw him out at the window, and cried, 'There he goes,
With his high-diddle, ho-diddle, dee.'"

SIR T. BATESON asked whether it was the intention of Government to remove from office "a notorious disturber of law and order." Do you know, Madam, that this civil description was meant to apply to GEORGE ARTHUR HASTINGS FORBES, seventh Earl of Granard, Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of Leitrim, whose motto is *Pax mentis incendium glorie*, but who lately expressed sympathy with the anti-Keogh incendiaries. And SIR THOMAS intimated that he should stick to his text.

Another matter to be noticed. MR. DISRAELI intimated that if the Government did not bring forward a Motion on the Galway Judgment, a Motion would come from the Conservative benches. "Was not that thunder?" (Ion.)

Friday.—LADY MAYO (who has just been gazetted a Lady of the Bedchamber) is to receive from the Home Government a pension of £1000 a year. All right-minded persons will rejoice in this tribute to the memory of a good and able man, who died in the service of his country. Long may LADY MAYO receive—we dare not say enjoy—this proof of national gratitude.

MR. GLADSTONE, as the *Daily News* well says, "dropped the portcullis," and shut out independent Members and their crotchets. He carried a Resolution that for the rest of the Session, Government shall have precedence on Tuesdays. We gladly give it the *pas*, that we may the sooner behold "the Yeasty," and we add Shakspearially,

"Consume and swallow Legislation up."

Then we had all sorts of useful and dull debate, mainly on Education, until three in the morning. See how hard we work for you and yours, Madam.

A ROUND WITH BLACKIE.

WHY, here is our jolly old friend, PROFESSOR BLACKIE, again. He has been lecturing at Inverness on Nationality—no, not Rationality, excellent Composer,—please be careful. Among many wise things, the esteemed Professor said:—

"He once had the honour of being laughed at by *Punch*—as wise men were always laughed at by fools—(laughter)—because he said in Glasgow that the Scotch wanted self-esteem. Now he repeated the Scotch did want self-esteem, otherwise they would never allow such things to be done. Take our national music as an example. He regarded national music and poetry as a noble inheritance of which people ought to be proud. Did they devote themselves to the study of ROBERT BURNS as they ought to do? No—they preferred the Italian opera. What was the opera? A mere magnificent luxury for the ear, but nothing for the understanding and nothing for the heart."

Now, we may be as foolish as the Professor is polite, but that's not the point. We shall certainly laugh at him—good fellow as he is, and much as we admire him—when he talks nonsense. In utter defiance of him and all his works, we maintain that a young Scot is better engaged in listening to an Italian opera than in reading ROBERT BURNS. Firstly, MOZART and BEETHOVEN do appeal to the heart, or the hearer's heart is not to be approached through the ears. Secondly, at the opera the young Scot's good taste will not be offended by lyrics in praise of drunkenness and other debauchery. Thirdly, the young Scot will not, at the opera, be disgusted with deliberate profanity, and this point should count with a particularly Christian nation. Fourthly, the young Scot will, by attending the opera, learn to comprehend that there are nobler themes for one of the noblest arts than plebeian sentiment of a nearly monotonous character. And fifthly, at the opera, the young Scot will listen to something that he can talk about to ladies and gentlemen, and, as all Scots are gentlemen, this is another point. Come, Professor, you are much too truthful a man to adhere to a blunder. Gloat over your BURNS, if you like (and about a fifteenth part of what he wrote nearly deserves the praise you give to all his writings), but remember that you are a Teacher, like *Mr. Punch*, and that you must not lead your pupils astray. We have done, and here's a hand, our trusty friend, and we drown all unkindness in a dram. You know that we are right. Strike up with us—you are no mean songster, Professor:

"Dhia gleidh ar Banrigh mhor,
Beatha bhuan da'r Banrigh choir,
Dhia gleidh Bhanrigh."

"I cannot pray in Highland tongue," says poor *Blanche*, in the *Lady of the Lake*. Those who cannot read Gaelic (there be some such afflicted beings) may like to know that PROFESSORS BLACKIE and PUNCH are singing the National Anthem, and thus showing the best sort of Nationality.

Answer to the Keogh Question.

WHY all that reserve which our PREMIER has shown in replying to questions respecting the intentions of Government with regard to the judgment of JUSTICE KEOGH? Why has he hesitated to take a step which would effectually have settled every question on that subject? He might, at once, have raised KEOGH to the Peerage.

How to TRAVEL CHEAPLY.—Get wrapped up in a novel, and go by book-post.

A MAID-MARTYR.



THE LATE AGITATION AMONGST THE MAIDS OF DUNDEE.—A domestic servant who took a prominent part in the agitation has since suffered so much from excitement and accompanying fits of depression and weakness that she has been compelled to leave an excellent situation in the west end of Dundee which she had held for a considerable time. Her medical man is of opinion that great care will be required to secure a return of her ordinary health and strength."—*Dundee Advertiser*.

Truly afflicting. In fact we are as yet quite unable to write on such a subject. The news must carry sorrow into every house in the kingdom. Poor martyr to the cause of freedom and no apron! It speaks well for the unconventional character of the *Dundee Advertiser* that it gives a paragraph to the hysterics of an ex-servant maid. May we hope to be regularly informed of the condition of the interesting creature, and to have "her medical man's" bulletin? Since the illness of the Heir Apparent, nothing has excited more general distress. We trust that the poor thing's late employer is in constant and penitent attendance.

THE ONE TOPIC.

WHAT'S the news?—Coal.
Where are you going?—To order Coal.
Where have you been?—To my Coal Merchant.
Is anything the matter with you?—Yes, Coal in my head.
Where do you mean to go this summer?—Divided between Wallase and Silkatone.
We shall go into Wales.—Ah! Ruabon, I suppose.
Anything stirring in politics?—Strange Coalition that—Derby-Bright.
What are you thinking of?—Coal.
Something's weighing on your mind?—Yes, the last three tons.
Go to the Royal Academy.—I've been: one of the first things I saw was Landscape (fine) by V. COLE.
And South Kensington?—Yes, COLE works wonders.
I've just come from the Privy Council.—Ah! COLLIER'S Court.
Your servant looked black as he let me in.—No wonder. I had that moment been calling him over the Coals.
Nothing seems to go down with you to-day.—No, not even Coal.
You'll be better when the cold weather comes.—When the Coal weather comes!!!
Will you join me at the Theatre this evening?—Yes, if you don't mind my going to the coal-pit.
Well, I must say good bye, for I see you are dreaming.—Yes, of Coal.
A penny for your thoughts.—Thirty-six shillings a ton.
By the bye, what's that book you are reading?—COKE.
I prefer COLERIDGE.—I suppose you mean the poem which begins—

"All Silkstones, Wallases, Derby-Brights,
Whatever warms this shivering frame,
All are varieties of Coal,
And very dear their flame!"

Liquoring Up.

SOKER, observing that "Straw-elevators" were exhibited at the meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society at Cardiff, remarked that no man living could be a better judge of such implements than himself, considering the number of times he had had his spirits raised by the imbibition of sherry-coblers and other American beverages.



YOUNG HEADS UPON OLD SHOULDERS.

Enter Agnes. "O, HOW NICE AND COOL YOU MUST FEEL, GRANDMAMMA DEAR! WHY MAYN'T I WEAR A LOW BODY LIKE YOU AND AUNT METHUSELA?"

Grandmamma. "MY DEAR AGNES, WHAT NONSENSE! WHY, YOU'RE SCARCELY MORE THAN A MERE CHILD! YOU'D LOOK A PERFECT FRIGHT!"

PROSPEROUS JOHN.

(*Millionnaire sings.*)

THE price of coal is rising fast.
With costly coals you cook dear meat.
PILGARLIC, you don't know, at last,
What you shall do for food and heat.
Well, very likely, ere the Sun
Again has brought a Christmas round,
Your coals may be two pounds per ton;
Your mutton half-a-crown a pound.

What then? Through gay and wealthy street,
Or Park around, my carriage rolls.
To him who keeps one what is meat?
Of what account the price of coals?
A house to match I keep meanwhile,
And lead a fashionable life;
Support, to name not sons, in style,
Daughters who dress; likewise a wife.

Dear coals and meat pinch but the poor
In soul, not worthy caring for;
To me are but as calls for more
Millions to carry on a war.
A dunce, compelled, his money spends
With his right hand, and, so bereft,
Saves with the other; but amends
I make by grasping with my left.

Get more as your expenses grow,
Retrenchment's an exploded rule.
Make money, still make money, go
Ahead; don't play the frugal fool.

Content with interest safe and small
For modern times will nought avail;
Risk what you name your little all:
Throw out your tub to catch a whale.

Why, what is it this rise displays
Of coals and meat, and all things, higher?
Prosperity in fullest blaze;
And all the fat is in the fire.
Flare up, then, too, and take no fear
Of flaring down to workhouse keep.
And, if the means of life are dear,
The means of leaving it are cheap.

Cannon by Buchanan.

THE eminent Scot BUCHANAN (castigator of the youthful JAMES THE FIRST) had clearly the Second Sight. He foresaw that Miss BATEMAN would play *Medea*, and he also knew the Hebrew character, *Leah*, by which the distinguished artist made her fame. In his Latin version of the tragedy by EURIPIDES, BUCHANAN thus describes the enchantress:—

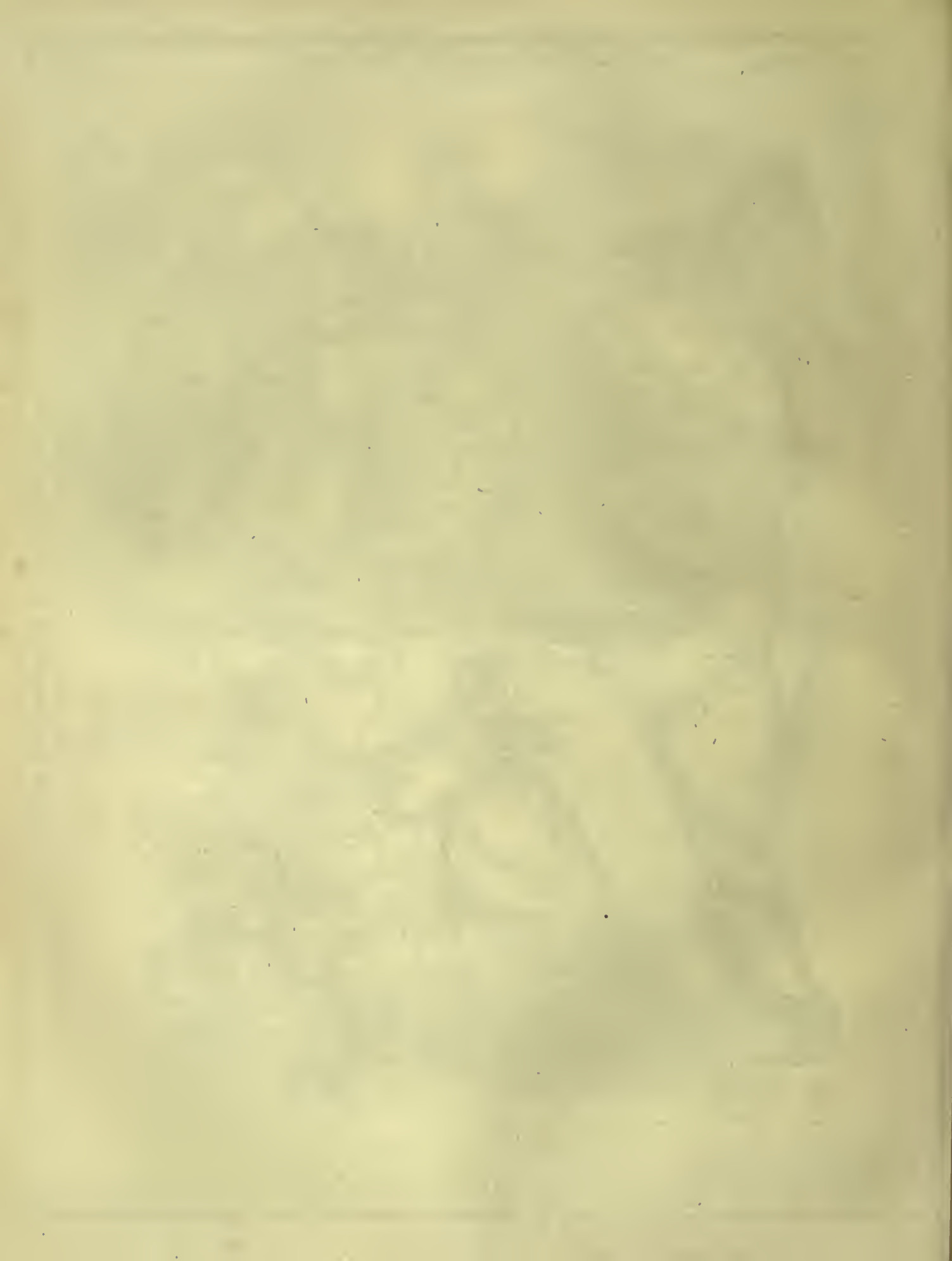
"LEA, natorum cæde cruenta."

The Softer Species.

How are you off for soap? "An agreeable Softness to the Skin" is imparted, according to an advertisement, by a special modification of that simply emollient article. It is an innocent cosmetic that produces an agreeable softness of the skin. Not always do we find an agreeable softness of skin accompanied by a provoking softness of intellect; but we do sometimes.



PROSPEROUS JOHN!



A WIDE AREA.



MOST certainly this is the weather to be vague and indefinite, to abominate details, not to care to be pinned to anything or to pin anybody else, to enter into confessions and not particulars; and the individual, by whom "a small furnished house" is "wanted, for six months or longer, in the neighbourhood of Russell or one of the other squares," evidently felt that a hot July day was not the precise moment to be minute in his public communication to agents, persons leaving Town, and other residents in the neighbourhood of the various squares in London, having houses to let.

Statistics which are out of place in spring, unreasonable in autumn, and figure to disadvantage even in winter, are of course not to be thought of at this season of the year, and so we have not set anyone to count the number of squares in the Post-Office Directory; but assuming that our

vague friend will receive at least one answer to his advertisement from the neighbourhood of each of those four-sided spaces enclosed with houses, north, south, east, and west, he will probably find selection so embarrassing as to lead him to wish that he had made known his wants with more attention to topographical details.

TWO DOORS TO FORTUNE.

THESE two advertisements appear in the same Number of the *Times*. Read them:—

A GRADUATE OF CAMBRIDGE is REQUIRED, as SECOND MASTER in the Gresham Grammar School, Holt, Norfolk. Stipend £10 per annum.

A Good PLAIN COOK WANTED in a Gentleman's Family, where a man and four other servants are kept. Must clean door-steps. Wages £25.

So, clearly, it is better to know how to clean a door *gradus* than to be a graduate. Who says that labour is not honoured in this country?

An Expensive Office.

UNDER the Ballot Act election expenses will have to be borne by the Returning Officer; in counties the Sheriff. He may recoup himself by suing the Candidates, if they will not pay; if they cannot, by whistling for the amount. The *Post* calculates the future liabilities of the High Sheriff of Surrey, in the event of contested elections, at £4,084. Had not Parliament, before it separates, better pass a short statute, supplementary to the Ballot Act, increasing the fine for recusancy to accept the office of High Sheriff to something ruinous?

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(We journey up to Town and discuss Agricultural Subjects. Notes and Mems made on this occasion.)

We drop the Pony, and come to farming operations generally. TELFORD and his friend know a good deal about poultry.

Happy Thought.—Draw 'em out.

TELFORD's friend will have nothing but Cochins. TELFORD himself says, "No, have Dorkings and Spanish." TELFORD wants us to guess how many eggs he had from November to February. I am inclined to say, thoughtfully, "Well, let me see"—as if I were making a stupendous calculation—"six a day." TELFORD's friend asks, "How many hens?" I note this question as being naturally the common-sense one to put to a man who wants you to guess about eggs. I wonder how it is that I didn't at once think of this question. I was simply occupying myself with the vaguest probabilities without any data to go upon. TELFORD's friend, having obtained his data, which means fifty hens, expresses his guarded opinion that TELFORD ought to have had a good lot of eggs. TELFORD replies that, as a matter of fact, he had, and informs us that they numbered over two thousand. "Put 'em at twopence apiece," says he, knowingly, "and that's a money."

My Aunt chimes in, in a hurry, "I'm sure you must find it very amusing, and I dare say where you cannot always calculate on such a very returnable remark—I mean," she says, with a sudden gasp, "a very remarkable return of eggs, the mere looking after and attending to the chickens, as we used to do at home, where we always kept Derkshires and Fowldoor Barns, as I told my nephew, and I believe they're the best after all,"—gasp, to recover her sentence—"on the whole I should say that, after all, it's far more repusing than moftable." [Evidently, "more amusing than profitable," *vide* Dixen's Johnsonary.]

TELFORD's friend now informs us that he has sold eggs at fourpence apiece. We all say "Indeed!"

Mental Calculation.—Sixty eggs at fourpence equal a pound. If this could be done every day, evidently there would be "a fortune," as ENGLAND would put it, "out of Mister Chicken."

Happy Thought.—To ask TELFORD's friend, can he do this (this meaning sixty eggs at fourpence apiece) regularly.

He answers, decidedly, "O no, nothing like it. And then," he adds, "you must deduct for their food."

Their food? I always had an idea that it cost nothing to keep poultry; that, in fact, you gave them anything—chiefly, perhaps, pepper.

"Lots of oyster-shells," says TELFORD.

"Greens," says TELFORD's friend.

"Yes," rejoins TELFORD, "and nettles."

Make useful notes for the future out of this. I can speak with some authority as to fowls, as I once kept seven in a chicken-house

at the Cottage (given up now some years since) where, I remind TELFORD, with the air of a man who's reared prize fowls, he may remember to have seen them.

"Yes," says TELFORD, in his brusque and hearty way, "I recollect."

"I had some good ones there," I say, knowingly. This is for the benefit of TELFORD's friend, who is inclined to be supercilious in poultry matters.

I rather hope that TELFORD will have forgotten all about them, and corroborate my estimate of their worth.

"Well," says TELFORD, shutting one eye, and, as it were, putting himself back three years for the sake of recalling the event of his visit, "well—um—" this doubtfully; he evidently has put himself back, and is once more by the side of my Fowl-house, "um—yes. You had one old Cochins—"

"Very fine old Hen she was," I say, in my character of The Prize Poultry Rearer.

Happy Thought (in theatrical form).—My character, for this occasion only, solely for The Benefit of TELFORD's Friend.

"Yes," replies TELFORD, "that was a fine old Hen. I gave her to you. But she was too old, and the others were a measly lot." A measly lot! If I had expected this I wouldn't have asked his opinion. He continues: "I recollect telling you then that they'd have done much better as Mulligatawny than as fowls."

TELFORD's friend laughs, my Aunt smiles, and TELFORD laughs as he repeats, "Horrid measly lot."

Happy Thought.—Treat what he says as a joke. Then TELFORD's friend will think that they weren't "a measly lot," after all.

But, additional mem, for future Farming use; note it down as "P. M. M.—Poultry—Measles—Mulligatawny."

As we've not got much more time in the train, I ask TELFORD and his friend, if they've, both or either, ever kept pigs.

Yes, both. "Then," to come to the point, "what would you say about Pigs?"

"In what way?" asks TELFORD, "for sale, for fattening, or for breeding?"

Evidently more ways than one of keeping a pig.

Happy Thought.—For Sale. Undoubtedly keep a pig for sale. You can't make money out of him unless you do sell him.

TELFORD's friend here interposes. He says, "There's only one way to make pigs pay. Buy 'em young, very cheap, keep 'em until they want something to eat, and then sell 'em. I can buy mine at four shillings, and sell 'em at fifteen, and you've spent nothing on their feed."

"But," I ask, diffidently, "they must be very thin?" I was going to say "very hungry," only I don't like to accuse TELFORD's friend of cruelty to animals, point blank; besides, it may not be considered as cruelty in farming operations.

"No," he says, then adds, as if explaining away any doubt we might have had on the subject, "they're not prize pigs, of course."



A SOFT IMPEACHMENT.

Sporting Saxon (mournfully, after three weeks' incessant down-pour). "DOES IT ALWAYS RAIN LIKE THIS UP HERE, MR. MCFUSKEY?"
His Guide, Philosopher, and Friendly Landlord (calmly). "OO AYE, IT'S A-YE JUST A WEE BIT SHOOERY."!!

As this appears to be satisfactory to TELFORD and his friend, I merely reply that "of course, they're not expected to be Prize Pigs," to which TELFORD's friend returns, "No, of course not." And so the subject drops.

Happy Thought.—Our conversation in the way of taking up and dropping subjects is quite like a Parliamentary report (or a "Portamentally Report," *vide* D's J.). Some one gets up and asks, in clear type (indicative of importance of person or subject), whether the—whoever it is—is ready to explain whatever it is. Whereupon up gets the—whoever it is—and does *not* explain it to anybody's satisfaction. Then, when you'd expect a hot controversy on a question involving so many weighty interests, you find nothing more said, but merely the words, "The subject was then dropped;" and in a jerky manner, up comes the heading of another matter altogether—"Mines," perhaps—and up gets some one who "wants to know," and is cheerfully answered by some one who *doesn't* know, and then that subject is dropped.

So we suddenly take up the topic of labour. TELFORD's friend, who lives in the south-west of England, supposes that TELFORD, who lives in the South Midland, finds labour dear. This, I apprehend, is a really vital question.

TELFORD *does* find labour dear. I should like to know—always for information—how many men are necessary where Pigs and Poultry are kept. (This sounds like an Advertisement—"Wanted, by a Young Man under Twenty-two, a Place under a Butler, where a Pig is kept"—or something of that sort. Forget exact instance. It merely flashes across me while I put the question.) TELFORD says it all depends upon the size. Of the place he means, not the pigs.

I say, of course naturally; and, as a premiss to go upon, say six pigs and fifty chickens, with cows to match.

"Two men," says TELFORD's friend, "would do all *you* (meaning me) want." He means all that the Pigs, &c., want. I nod. "Now," says he, "I'll give you a wrinkle." We listen attentively. "When you want labour cheap, don't get the regular fellows. You'll have to give them just what every one else does, p'raps more. But you get Cripples." Here he winks at us knowingly.

"Cripples!" exclaims my Aunt.

"Yes," continues TELFORD's friend. "Get a fellow whom no one will have because he's got a game leg or one arm, or weak in the eyes. Farmers won't have him, because he's only half a man. He'll be only too glad to come to you. Half a man, half a man's price. You'll find that, just to show what he *can* do, he'll work double the amount of a sound 'un. Of course," he says, reflectively, "if they're weak-backed 'uns, the extra steam they put on floors 'em, and they go off the hooks early; but," he adds, in a reassuring tone, seeing that this last piece of information has made us a bit gloomy, "but you soon get another. They'd rather come to you than go to the Workhouse; and the Workhouse, if it had got 'em, would give you something to take 'em. It's a capital plan."

Happy Thought.—Motto for TELFORD's Friend's Farm, "Go it, ye Cripples!"

Notes on Farming gathered from conversation overheard or joined in during train-journey:—

1. That you give horses green hay in summer. [*Query* when it's "green hay" isn't it grass? When does grass become hay? Is all cut grass hay? if so, mown grass is at once hay. Must find a Dixon's Farmonary—I mean a Farmer's Dictionary, and look it all out. Give my mind to this subject and the result, as "Your little ENGLEMORE" puts it, will be, in time, thousands out of Mister Turnips and Colonel Pigs.]

2. That in certain cases you give your animal roots. *Mem.* to find out which animal, and what roots.

3. Roll your meadow. [Find out why, when, with what, and how much for labour. How many cripples to roll a meadow?]

4. Poultry. Give them nettles, pepper, and oyster-shells. [The result would be probably curried eggs. But go into this more fully.] When Hens get old, or measly, make 'em into Mulligatawny. The worse the hen, the better the Mulligatawny. To induce them to lay, give 'em chalk eggs. [Can't understand the principle of this. Must master the principle with a view to scientific farming. TELFORD's friend didn't know "why," but so it was. The only other use of chalk eggs that I've hitherto known has been



FAITH.

Isabel. "THAT'S PARIS AFTER THE SIEGE, YOU KNOW. ISN'T IT TERRIBLE TO LOOK AT?"

Aleck (who has a touching belief in his elder brother). "AH! IF GEORGY HAD ONLY BEEN THERE WITH HIS TOOL-BOX, HE'D HAVE SOON PUT IT ALL TO-RIGHTS, WOULDN'T HE?"

to encourage Divers. You threw in a chalk egg and a Diver went in for it. Six chalk eggs for threepence. A chalk egg is a sort of doll to a Hen. And yet when one comes to reflect—but it is evident that as yet I have not mastered the principle.]

5. Pigs. Buy a pig for four shillings, give him nothing to eat (this is most inexpensive), and sell him for fifteen. Evidently profitable. But how to escape, ultimately, Prosecution for Pig Persecution by the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals!

I remember a book which might be of some use to me—*Our Farm of Four Acres, and what we made by it*, or a name something like it.

Happy Thought.—If I began farm-keeping now, I might in a few months' time publish a book entitled *Our Farm of Four Acres, and the Jolly Mess we made of it*.

6. As to Labour. *Happy Thought.*—Cripples.

Arrived. London. Tickets and Terminus. My Aunt refers to her watch and her appetite. "Two o'clock. That's very fortunate," she remarks, "because we can stop at the refreshment-rooms and have our luncheon. I really am quite upset for the rest of the day," she explains to TELFORD, "unless I follow out my variable plan, and always have my puncheon luckily." ["Invariable plan," and "my luncheon punctually," *vide* Dixon's Johnsonary, as usual.]

Happy Despatch.

This year there has been no Massacre of the Innocents—if we may trust our WILLIAM. MR. GLADSTONE said the Bills which Government was about to drop were like "criminals standing in a row awaiting execution." If they resembled criminals, of course they were quite the reverse of Innocents, more shame for their parents. There is no occasion to mourn the creatures' untimely end. The massacred, this time, have been of the same character with those which usually survive. Had they lived, they would have mostly helped to make our liberties less, and to increase our annoyances, as usual.

A CAD ON CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

THE Nobility and Gentry,
They've got their Two Gun Clubs,
And they practizes gunnery
Upon Pidgeons at Wormood Scrubbs.
And, with Sport is witnessed by Crowds, and Some
The First Class of the Finest Gurls,
Likewise in the Park of Hurlingham;
Where the Gunners is Lords and Hurls.

The Pidgeons ain't of No Account
If their Leggs and Wings is broke;
But you're fined in Forty Bob's amount
When you wallops a Nedstrong Moak.
Nor Doggs you hain't aloud to Fite,
Nor Badjurs for to Drawr.
They're Priviledged Creeters in the Site
Of the Blessed British Lawr.

SUMPTUARY SABBATARIANISM.

WILL Parliament consent to the addition of another hour to the time for which taverns are compelled to close, so that people can get no refreshment during excursion hours on Sunday? For, if it does, the People will assuredly draw invidious comparisons between Public-houses and Clubs. There is obviously no analogy between those diverse institutions; but King Mob will insist upon it that they are just alike; except in respect of British freedom; and the lower orders will demand that the liberties of the higher classes shall be levelled down to their own. Liquor LAWSON and his confederates will of course encourage the populace in roaring for equality before the law restraining the sale of "intoxicating fluids," to whose prohibition an immense step will be made by a supplement to the Licensing Act consisting in a statute which will shut up Clubs to the same extent with Public-houses on a Sunday.

Distressing Occurrence.

A SAD case of self-destruction is reported, by the evening papers, from the agricultural districts. Yesterday afternoon, about four o'clock, the Wife of a respectable Farmer who had been in her usual spirits all the morning, deliberately went into the dairy and churned herself.

"SWEET PHOSPHOR, BRING THE DAY."

Quarles.

It has been courteously intimated to *Mr. Punch* that the British Farmer, for whose instruction, and deliverance from perils of false chemistry, he lately put forth an article on the subject of manures, might, from pardonable want of habit of close reading, mistake the meaning of a portion of *Mr. Punch's* remarks. The B. F. might, it has been thought, suppose that merely because a substance was called Phospho-Guano, it necessarily came into the category of worthlessness. This, however, it is not *Mr. Punch's* intention to imply, for the reason that it would be untruthful. His friend, BARON LIEBIG, for instance, having examined certain preparations bearing the above name, and vended by a Liverpool Association, called the Phospho-Guano Company, testifies thus:—

"I can say with conviction, that I never had in hand a better sort of artificial manure."

Mr. Punch would deeply regret to mislead his confiding friend the B. F. That would be "a dismal thing to do." In the interest of agriculture generally, and in the hope of splendid crops next year, he would specially remark, that he and BARON LIEBIG think together on this matter, and that the B. F. may very wisely doctor his land with medicaments like those above alluded to. Be it added that MA. LITTLE himself, whose remarks were the basis of *Mr. Punch's*, disclaims any idea of confounding a worthy manufacture with a quack compound, against which he very properly warns the buncolic experimentalist.

A "Benevolist" Question.

It has become customary with a certain sort of persons, using "iteration," of the kind which *Falstaff* stigmatises, to quote as against the better-off classes the question, "Am I my Brother's Keeper?" The proper answer to be returned to it and them is another inquiry:—"Is my Brother a Lunatic?"



"SUIT YOUR TALK TO YOUR COMPANY."—*Handbook of Etiquette.*

Mrs. Clovermead. "AND, DAN, YOU'LL BRING THE TRAP—(recollecting herself—her fashionable Cousin, from London, is on a Visit at the Farm)—WE SHALL WANT THE CARRIAGE TO DRIVE INTO THE TOWN AFTER LUNCHEON, DANIEL."

Daniel. "YES, MUM—(hesitating—he had noticed the correction)—BE I—(in a loud whisper)—BE I TO CHANGE MY TROWSE'S, MUM?"!!

LIBEL ON GENEROUS LIQUOR.

CANT words bespeak a snobbish age
Of shams, pretences, false professions,
And quacks, denoted by a rage
For Anglo-Latin-Greek expressions.
E'en Legislators, with no ear
For British, simple as the Druids',
Good liquors, spirits, wine, and beer,
Miscall "intoxicating fluids."

Who gave them that abusive name
First; what pedantic pompous railer?
Some Doctor, known through puffs to Fame?
Some Temperance advertising Tailor?
Or priggish Pump with speech endowed
Like Platform Orator, red-snouted,
Who poison deemed all drink that flowed
Stronger than he, and his like, spouted?

OLD SCOTTISH SLANG.

In an old Scotch Act of Parliament "anent the punishment of drunkards" a clause adjudges all persons "convict" of drunkenness, or tavern-haunting, "for the first fault" to a fine of £3, "or in case of inability or refusal, to be put in jogges or jayle for the space of six hours." What was "jogges," as distinguished from "jayle"? Possibly a somewhat milder place of detention for the rather, than that appointed for the very, drunken. If so, "jogges," in the lapse of time, we may suppose, having lost its distinctive sense, came to be regarded as simply a synonym of "jayle," and, as such, now passes current in the People's English (not to say the QUEEN'S) abbreviated into the contraction "jug." Thus imprisonment for a state of too much beer might be described as jug for jug.

IMPATIENCE HATH ITS PRIVILEGE.

So says the immortal Frenchman, JACQUES PIERRE, whose name has been corrupted into SHAKESPEARE, and who is now habitually suspected of being an Englishman. What would he say to this fiery advertisement?

LOST.—Reward of Five Pounds.—Stolen, or taken for a "Lark," from my Offices, in Skippor Street, a first-class BROWN SILK UMBRELLA, with a Silver Ring, on which my name was engraved in full. If returned within three days from the date hereof, the matter will be at an end, and no questions asked; if withheld after that Date, I hereby offer a reward of Five Pounds sterling for such information, either public or private, as will lead to the conviction of the party so detaining it. This is not the first, the second, or the third time I have been tricked in the same way, and I am now prepared to spend Fifty Pounds, if necessary, to make an example of somebody, who would, most likely, be highly indignant if he were considered other than a gentleman, but who I, and I am sure the public and the Press, will brand as a mean wretch of a thief of the lowest grade.

We can only add what is said to children when inclined to forget themselves: "There's a temper!"

Epigram with Moral.

AGAIN is England victor in the field;
Again Guildhall receives the Elcho shield;
Yet well shot, Scotia, well shot, Erin. Sol
Shoots fiercely too. Ice! Soda! Elchohol!

Wimbledon.

FRANTIC DEMONSTRATION.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, one day last week, acknowledged the receipt of £2 "in stamps" for Income-tax. The earner of a precarious Income generally pays his Income-tax with stamps and also strong language. Doesn't he wish he could stamp it out!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, July 22.—LORD GRANARD—you must look back to last week if you don't remember all about him; it is too hot to go into details—saved everybody all trouble by resigning his Lord Lientenanoy. It may be remarked that some previous attempt to obtain an opinion on this subject from the VICEROY of IRELAND was met by the slightly incisive remark that it was not the business of Government to advise: it had only the power to dismiss. Well put, LORD SPENCER.

LORD BUCKHURST'S Bill (for the protection of children against those who twist them into Acrobats) having been drawn badly was withdrawn promptly. The "professors" of the art of tumbling have been making a great clamour against the measure, and desire us to believe that the life of a young acrobat is a sort of Paradise, whence he emerges lissome, daring, and beautiful as "the herald Mercury, new lighted on a heaven-kissing hill." We should like to hear the children themselves on the subject, only they might be afraid to testify.

MR. JACOB BRIGHT aimed another blow at the Sanatory Act touching which the sentimentalists ululate, and the House, by 140 to 74, decided that matters should remain as at present.

We talked on Army votes, and the pension to LADY MAYO was voted, with warm tributes to the merit of the lamented Viceroy, and then we took the liberty of defeating the Government on the Thames Embankment question. The Bill for carrying out the preposterous plan of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER was rejected by 154 to 133. But a new question opens up. It is suggested that Northumberland House should be pulled down, in order to the making a fine road to the Embankment. The DUKE has signified that he will listen to the reasons why his mansion should be destroyed. This fine specimen of Jacobean architecture was built about 1605, and it has histories; but of course, if it is in the way of the omnibuses and railway vans, down with it.

Tuesday.—The Lords read the Metalliferous Mines Bill a Second Time. Would you be surprised to hear that we already protect women and children to this extraordinary extent? No children under 15 are sent down into the mines, and women are not worked more than 12 hours, and—will you believe it?—not at all on Sundays.

There came this evening a terrific thunderstorm, one that will be mentioned in records. It broke while the Lords were discussing the Elementary Education Elections Bill, for which the Electricity was too much; the Debate could not be heard, and the measure, a Government one, was thrown out by 46 to 42.

On the question of the Slave Trade on the East Coast of Africa, there were some very noble and worthy utterances, and especially did the son of WILLIAM WILBERFORCE deliver himself eloquently against "the cursed traffic." As his Lordship said, we know little on the subject, but we ought to know that about 90,000 slaves are annually exported, and as each costs the lives of many others, it may be said that from 350 to 500,000 human beings are annually sacrificed. The Bishop called on Government to appeal to France,

America, and other civilised Powers, for aid to put down the hideous system. LORD GRANVILLE said that the horrors of the traffic had not been exaggerated, and stated that Government was taking active measures against it. We rejoice to hear it; but we hope that the BISHOP of WINCHESTER and others will from time to time demand a report of progress.

In the Commons, SIR ROBERT PEEL wished to know if any steps were being taken to prevent the probable influx into this country of the Jesuits, banished by PRINCE VON BISMARCK for plotting against the safety of Germany. MR. GLADSTONE did not think lightly of the matter; "it was indeed a grave and serious one;" but he was not prepared with any present reply.

Then was made the announcement that, in consequence of the Judgment of MR. JUSTICE KEOGH in the Galway Case, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL FOR IRELAND intended to prosecute the Roman Catholic BISHOP of CLOGHER, CAPTAIN NOLAN, MR. SEBASTIAN NOLAN, and nineteen Priests, for their conduct at the Galway election. The Irish ATTORNEY-GENERAL (MR. DOWSE) declared that his duty was plain, but that it was very painful. There was an effort to show that an Order of the House was necessary to this prosecution, but all the Law Officers of the Crown had decided that it was not.

Here MR. PUNCH craveth, or rather taketh, leave to interpolate a remark which will save him trouble in the future. He raises his hat in admiration of the cleverness which is being displayed in exalted quarters. MR. JUSTICE KEOGH, like a rude person, has denounced a number of ecclesiastics, and others, for mal-practices. "Remove that profane Judge!" howleth Irishry. "Maintain the QUEEN'S law!" shouteth Britishry. Sweetly smiling, comes the Executive, steering notably, satisfies England and Scotland by upholding the law, and pleases Ireland (or the rational Papists) by a prosecution which will make martyrs of the accused Priests, and can by no possibility be followed by a conviction. MR. PUNCH has rarely been delighted by more dexterous and adroit management. "How blest are we that are not simple men!"

Military Forces Localisation (the Druidical Centres) Bill. Much abuse of soldiers for not being as virtuous as they are brave. SIR HENRY HOARE made fun of "three peaceful shepherds who had tuned their pipes on the Radical benches," on which he also sits; but when he called MR. RICHARD the Hon. and Reverend Member, MR. HANFIELD, another Dissenter, arose to order. Why the title should offend, we know not. MR. RICHARD is the son of a Reverend, a Calvinistic Methodist minister, and was himself for several years minister at a Dissenting chapel in Southwark. However, SIR HENRY retracted the reverence.

The above took place in what Posterity may like to know we call the morning, that is, in the sitting that ended at seven in the evening. At nine we resumed, and went at the Licensing Bill. It was a very hot night, and those who were making regulations about other folks' thirstiness, had plenty of iced cup ready at hand. Divers Over-Legislations were attempted, and some Members had an idea that no boy under fourteen could ever want a glass of beer. A clause was carried for punishing a publican who may sell such boy a glass. Then we imposed penalties on drunkenness, and one Member proposed a heavy fine for being drunk, and another was for Imprisonment; but it was finally arranged that for a first offence the fine shall be Ten Shillings, and then cumulation fines were voted. Well, if the law be carried out, getting tipsy will be an expensive amusement to anybody who has not plenty of money. MR. VERNON HARCOURT said, on Friday, that unless the Magistrates are lenient, the Act will send about half our adult male population to prison.

Wednesday.—MR. GILPIN once more aired his Anti-Hanging notions, and in the usual debate the afternoon was wasted. MR. PUNCH notes that MR. TIPPING, Member for Stockport, made a courageous and able speech against our tendencies to relaxation of moral fibre, and to shrinking from duty; and MR. BRUCE contended that, as it was clear that the gallows had a deterrent effect, we were right to use it. On division, 167 to 54 showed that all the House's moral fibre is not relaxed, and also that a certain physical fibre, of the genus *Cannabis*, is not thought to have lost all its virtue.

Thursday.—The Autumn Manœuvres, ladies, are thus fixed. The Southern Army will assemble at Blandford on the 17th of August, and the Northern Army at Pewsey on August 31. It is at Pewsey that, according to all the books, the wonderful epitaph to LADY O'LOONEY is to be seen. It describes her as "great niece of BURKE, commonly called the Sublime," and adds that she was

"Bland, passionate, and deeply religious;
Also she painted in water-colours,
And sent several pictures to the Exhibition.
She was first cousin to LADY JONES,
And of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

We shall be much obliged to the Northern Army to look into the church or churchyard, and report to us whether this amazing inscription is really in either.

To-night in the Commons there was excitement. The gallery and



FROM THE SISTER ISLE.

"MASTER'S AWAY FROM HOME, SIR. WOULD YOU PLEASE TO LEAVE YOUR NAME?"

"FAIX, AN' WHAT SHOULD I BE LAVIN' ME NAME FORR, BEDAD! WHEN HE KNOWS ME QUITE WELL!"

lobbies were filled with Irish. For the Keogh debate was to come on. The weather was fearfully hot. Do you want to know what happened? You must be content with brevity. MR. BUTT made a worse speech, against MR. JUSTICE KEOGH, than could have been expected from an able advocate. He talked for an hour and a half. Then the House went to dinner, and MR. MITCHELL HENRY took up the theme. MR. BUTT moved for a Committee of the whole House to consider the Keogh judgment, and the complaints against it. MR. PM moved that the language of the judgment was objectionable, but that no interference was called for. MR. PATRICK SMYTH abused MR. JUSTICE KEOGH, omitting his title, and catching a smart rebuke from the SPEAKER.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL opposed Motion and Amendment, and approved the prosecution of the Priests, who had mixed things sacred and profane in such a manner as to bring discredit on the great religious communion to which they belonged. It was not for the House to criticise faults of taste and temper.

MR. HENRY JAMES delivered a bold and elaborate defence of MR. JUSTICE KEOGH, vindicating his denunciations of the offenders, and adding (you will remember that MR. JAMES is no Orange-man or Tory, but an advanced Liberal)—

"It is not to technical prosecutions—it is not to the chances of a verdict from an Irish jury—you must look to correct this evil. It is to public opinion freely expressed that you must look for the correction. I know how weak the voice of an individual is; but the voice of Parliament is strong, and the voice already heard to-night, with no uncertain sound, will re-echo through the breast of every man of every class, of every creed, of every party, and may assist to teach this proud priesthood that within this realm no allegiance can be allowed save to our Sovereign—(loud cheers)—and no obedience save to our laws. (Protracted cheering.)"

There was more debate, and the House wished to have the affair finished, but the Irishmen would not hear of this. MR. GLADSTONE and MR. DISRAELI both urged that the debate should be closed. Adjournment was moved, and there were 350 against it, to 59 for

A CLOWN ON CHIGNONS.

I TAKES care my hay to dry
Well afore my rick I raises;
'Cause, if damp, 't'ool heat by-'m-by,
Ees, and bust out into blazes.

So, you gals, that stacks your hair
Fur above, in Men's opinions,
All you could by Natur' wear,
Mind you always airs your chignons.

Fer, like hay-ricks sometimes fires
Of theirselves, put moist together,
So them hair-ricks we admires
Also med, this here hot weather.

Though the heads o' them we love,
Flarun' up outright be n't many,
How them hair-ricks must, above,
Bake the brains below—if any!

BRAVERY AND BOOTY.

ON Thursday last MR. STANSFELD, the President of the Local Government Board, was to have distributed the prizes gained by the lads of the *Goliath* training-ship, lying off Grays, Essex; but, as the boys were wanted to attend the school-drill in Hyde Park before the PRINCE OF WALES, the distribution of these prizes had to be postponed. This postponement, however, will not be for long; and let us hope that there will be no greater delay in the distribution of prizes which the lads of the *Goliath* may one day gain when they are men. By that time, perhaps, a great deal more promptitude will have come to be practised in giving both sailors and soldiers their due winnings, so that the former will then not be forced to wait for them so long as the latter have now been for the Kirwee prize-money.

A Blot Hit.

YES; 'neath over-legislation,
VERNON HARCOURT, groans this nation.
Statutes, to compel behaving
Prettily, are men enslaving.
Freedom is—defend its cause!—
No unnecessary laws.

it. This vote really settled the question, and marked the opinion of the British House of Commons on the attacks upon MR. JUSTICE KEOGH. But anybody can go on moving adjournments, and this system being resorted to, MR. GLADSTONE gave way, and the resumption was fixed for the next Monday. To show you how hot the night was, MR. PUNCH adds that MR. FAWCETT, having moved an Amendment on a legal Bill, was told by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL that the Amendment meant, either that MR. FAWCETT was a fool, or he, SIR JOHN COLERIDGE, was a knave.

"Our bloods obey the heavens."

Friday.—Fag-ends of legislation new "engross us wholly." The Lords took up a good many, rejecting the worse sort.

In the Commons we had more Liquor Debate, and a wholesome clause was passed for compelling an adulterating Publican to have his sentence exposed at his own shop-door. This, and the remarks of his jeering customers, will conduce to bring the evil Bung into a happy frame of mind, and we pity his barmaid.

Debate on Improving the Law, but it was felt to be waste of time. MR. GLADSTONE made fun of MR. WHALLEY, declaring him to be a most wonderful man, who knew things that nobody else knew.

Saturday.—Yes, Madam, the poor Commons were driven to work on Saturday, and they again took the Liquors Bill, and, we hope, refreshed themselves with experiments on the subjects of their discourse.

Tragedy in Lambeth.

ARCHBISHOP CRANMER died by fire.

To Ritualists if that's a joke,

ARCHBISHOP TAIT will them inspire

With mirth if he should die by smoke.



CONSIDERATE.

Mrs. Clovermead. "WHAT'S THE MATTER, DANIEL?—(He had kept his hand to his cheek during the drive.)—HAVE YOU GOT A TOOTH-ACHE?"

Daniel. "No, MU'M, THANKY' MU'M. BUT I WAS AFRAID, MU'M— I'VE BEEN A HAVING INGONS AT MY DINNER, MU'M!!!"

A NATIONAL WARNING.

LIQUOR LAWSON, look here; this is from *Allen's Indian Mail*:—

"BEEF AND BEER IN INDIA.—BAROO RAJENDRALEEE MITTREA surprised his audience at the last meeting of the Asiatic Society of Bengal by his paper on the use of beef in ancient India. Imagine the horror of the more orthodox among them at being told by one of their most learned sages that, according to old Sanskrit writings, the Hindus were a beer-drinking and beef-eating race. . . . The Baboo held that Brahmins ate beef until the first century B.C., when they began to follow the example of their Buddhist rivals. No authority older than the seventh century after Christ can be quoted, it seems, against the use of beef."

The livers of animals slaughtered for sacrifice, the BAROO informed his hearers, "were roasted and reserved for the priests as tit-bits, which they washed down with draughts of 'soma beer,'" and, as PLATO would have said, no doubt that *soma* beer had body in it.

Now, LIQUOR LAWSON, see what the Hindoos have come to in little more than a thousand years' time by disusing beef and beer. The analogies of language, you know, prove ourselves to be a branch of the Indo-European family, come of the same original stock as the Hindoos. Look at the difference between us and our rice-eating, water-drinking, poor relations, the Brahmins. If you had your way, British and Anglo-Saxon posterity would in a few generations be reduced to a level with those herring-sided, enfeebled Lascars and Coolies. They are black, most of them; and if we also were to adopt vegetarian and teetotal habits, as their forefathers, apostate from good living, did, our own race, doubtless, in time would turn black too. Will you say that you want to enforce Teetotalism only, and not Vegetarianism also? Well, but if you succeed in shutting up public-houses, somebody else, equally reasonable with yourself, will, with equal reason, demand the suppression of butchers'-shops, and the nation of milksops that will have submitted itself to restriction at your bidding will be likely enough to let that other place them under further restraint. A pretty progeny, then, JOHN BULL will have some centuries hence—precious descendants of once beef-

eating and beer-drinking Britons! Go to, then, LIQUOR LAWSON, unless you will come round and liquor up; liquor, and let others liquor, especially in this hot weather.

DENBIGH THE DAUNTLESS.

At the sympathy-with-Jesuits meeting, the other afternoon, LORD DENBIGH said:—

"The Jesuits were held up as intriguers, whereas those who know them well knew that it was distinctly against the constitution of their order to mix themselves up in any intrigue."

We hate to be vulgar, but we may quote DICKENS' *Mr. Bucket*. "Do you know why they killed the pig?" "No." "Because he had so much cheek." Now, does LORD DENBIGH expect anybody to be deluded by such indescribable gammon? He must gauge our intellects by an odd standard—we will not be uncivil enough to suggest what it is.

Acrobats and Asses.

WHAT is an Acrobat? Literally, one who goes aloft. A sailor is an acrobat in the strictest sense of the word. Whether as mountebanks or as sailors, acrobats go aloft to earn their bread. For that purpose the nautical and spectacular acrobats alike risk their necks; acrobats of either sort are liable to be tumblers. The consistent prohibition of acrobats' performances would be impracticable, the partial prevention of them absurd; but these considerations do not lessen the wonder that the fools who pay to see them enough to make them profitable, are so numerous.

JUSTICE TO AMERICA.

"CHARGE, BENNETT, charge! Oh, STANLEY, on!"
So came last news from LIVINGSTONE.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(A Start for Foreign Parts. Old and New Friends. Off.)



UR "little" ENGLEMORE calls on us with information. "I've got," he says, "Mister Berth for you. Best cabin. One for the Colonel, and one for you, Ma'am." My Aunt thanks him, and requests further particulars, which he proceeds to give, in his own way, "*Baron Nosey*, Sunday at Twelve. Be there rather before, say eleven-thirty, because of *Mister Luggage*. Horrid bore, *Mister Portmanteau*."

I tell him that I quite remember all these details, having been by the *Baron* several times. Upon this ENGLEMORE remarks to my Aunt, "Then you're Little All-right, Ma'am. The Colonel knows the ropes. Wish I was going

with you." Why can't he? "Why?" he answers, "because, first of all, there's *Mister Business in Town*. Then there's *Mister Furniture in new House*. Just finished. Man stained floors. Gas laid on. Kitchen stove gone mad, I mean cracked. Went home the other evening, found Mrs. Cook swimming about. *Mister Boiler* burst; no dinner for your Little ENGLEMORE, and jolly mess everywhere."

My Aunt condoles with him. "She knows," she says, "by experience the nuisance of furnishing and bursters boiling." She means boilers bursting, of course, and, "said so." But, she supposes, silly, that MR. ENGLEMORE is only preparing to renounce the bachelor state.

"Ah," says ENGLEMORE, blushing slightly, "don't know yet. We shall see. Settle up for *Mister Furniture*, and settle down afterwards." Then turning to me, "I'll be on the look-out for *Mister Farm*. I'm going into the Midlands for a week's fishing. Going to see *Major Trout*. Catch him at home. Then you'll be back before Mr. Grouse and *Mister Oyster* turn up. If you see anything in the way of furniture while you're away, don't forget your Little ENGLEMORE."

On his saying good-bye to us we once more allude, pleasantly, to his intended (evidently intended) marriage. My Aunt, who is not to be put off the scent of a genuine match by any pretence of his as to fishing, observes that she supposes he is to bring home a bride from the Midlands? "Aha!" he returns to my Aunt, "you know too much for me, Ma'am. Talking of that, I was trying to write a song, you know," this to me. I nod, but don't know; however, that's of no importance. "A Highland lass my love was born." I made it "A Midland lass my love was born," only I couldn't get any farther. Mr. Poetry is not my name. Don't know how it's done. Good-bye. I'll have my eye on something for you. I know sort of thing. A Nook, that's what you want. You'd nook all day if you had one. Good-bye. Love to *Mister Germany*." I notice that he has at once made a verb of "nook." In ENGLEMORE's grammar—

Happy Thought.—Grammar of the Future, by Your Little ENGLEMORE.—In such a Grammar "to Nook" would signify "to remain in a secluded spot in the country," and would be conjugated "I nook, Thou nookest, He nooks, &c." Imperative—"Nook!" i.e. "Go and remain in a secluded spot in the country," which might gradually come to mean, "Go to Jericho, or Bath, or Coventry." Imperfect—"I was nooking," i.e. "When I was living (or used to live) in a secluded spot in the country," &c. But what a saving of words! Then, at dinner—"Will you mutton?" "Do you cucumber?" or, while one is about it, with a new grammar of the future, why not "Cucumberez-vous?" or "Cucumber-you?" "You'll beer, I suppose?"

"I'll wire," continues ENGLEMORE, "if *Mister Farm* turns up. And if you see Colonel Sideboard or Major Armchair anywhere, wire price, as, at present, my name's *Mister Furniture*. Good-bye."

And so he leaves us, having probably, as my Aunt suggests, been running on about his furniture, *Major trout*, and his noocluded Sooks ("secluded Nooks," ride my Aunt's Dixon's Johnsonary), in order to avoid any further questioning about his marriage.

Aunt, under the impression that St. Katherine's Wharf is at least ten miles from any known centre, determines upon starting early. Usual sombre drive through the *urbs mortuorum*, with the shutters

up on Sunday morning. City looking as if it had been hard at work over-night trying to scrub itself clean, and *couldn't* for its very life get the dirt out of its ruts and wrinkles. Lines of hard-featured respectabilities going to church; Paterfamilias looking devotionally uncomfortable in his clean, starched collars. If it wasn't for Materfamilias and the girls, who require his presence as a background to their Sunday finery, he would have preferred stopping at home, in his shirt-sleeves, to "tot up" his accounts.

Now we leave Eastern Christianity, and, penetrating farther into the Oriental quarter, we come into a Parochial Palestine! Here, on one side are the names of *Mister Moses*, *S. Isaacs*, and *Jacob Marx*, faced, on the other, by *Solomons*, *Cohen*, and *Aaron Levi*. Genuine good old D'Israeli titles, ungenteelised as yet by substituting an "a" for an "o," or a "y" for an "i." It seems as if a whole colony of German Jews had landed here, and, having been thoroughly knocked up by the voyage, never cared to unsettle themselves again.

St. Katherine's Wharf, intended for the arrival and departure of passengers. *St. Katherine's Wharf* offers the smallest amount of accommodation possible. Abroad, whether at a small station, or on a quay, or at any place specially intended for passenger traffic, the traveller, generally, will find comfort, and even elegance. But, in England—generally not.

"Well, thank Heaven," says my Aunt, piously. "that it doesn't rain, and we can stand on the wharf among the luggage."

The *Baron* is not yet ready to receive us—he is being washed and tidied.

My Aunt occupies herself in asking me if I don't think every fresh arrival on the wharf is a foreigner. She founds her remarks on the supposition that most of the *voyageurs* must inevitably be foreigners; or, if they are not *now*, she has some sort of idea they will become foreigners during the voyage, and appear as something quite different (as in a Pantomime) when we shall land in Antwerp.

"That's a German, I'm sure," says she, pointing to a stout man in spectacles, with a young lady, rather pretty, in a costume of many colours.

Happy Thought.—To call her "*Josephine*," on account of the costume of many colours.

The pair are standing near us. My Aunt is commencing some remarks on the young lady's high-heeled boots, and other peculiarities of what she considers foreign toilette, when *Mister German* turns to me, and says, with an accent (from the north of England), "Can you tell me, Sir, when this *Baron Osy* 'll be ready to take us aboard?"

I give him my opinion. Pretty girl his—daughter? or, niece?

Happy Thought.—As a co-voyageur, to speak to her *sans façon*, "Is she a good sailor?" She is shy and simpers.

"She doesn't know," she says, simpering. "She's never yet been to sea," simpering. Northern accent.

Happy Thought.—"Northern Farmer" and his daughter. "Property, Property," &c. Perhaps he's going to examine German Agriculture. Pick up a lot from him on the voyage. Always picking up.

Happy Thought (Musical).—"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?" Keep this to myself.

The *Baron* is almost ready to receive us. There is a good deal of shouting in an unknown tongue by two dapper gentlemen in smart naval uniforms, a considerable amount of gesticulation, confused noises of chains, cranes, planks, engines, and plunging of horses objecting to being embarked on board the gallant *Osy*.

Ancient porters, who look as if they couldn't carry a handbox, stagger away under the weight of my Aunt's trunks, and a burly fellow with a badge—in ENGLEMORE's grammar of the future, "A Badger"—insists upon relieving me of my hand-bag.

Happy Thought.—Keep my eye on him.

Six porters stagger in, and against us, with boxes, portmanteaus, and bags; then a maid-servant with rugs, bundle of parasols and sticks; then a sharp-looking, funny little man, looking as if he'd been taken directly off a German bon-bon box, carrying a plaid, a small bag, and another bundle of sticks, umbrellas, and parasols. "Dis vay, Sir!" he is saying to a lady and gentleman following him. Two porters deposit a large portmanteau almost on my Aunt's toes preparatory to heaving it up again and carrying it on board. The name attracts my attention.

"MILBURD," in large letters.

My Aunt takes my arm. I turn and see, no doubt about it, MILBURD with a lady on his arm. We recognise another. He asks me if I know the Duchess? The who? I say looking towards the lady on his arm. "Now then, Sir, this way," shouts somebody. More directions in unknown tongue. "Now, Sir!" says gruffly, just behind me a voice which apparently proceeds from a huge box on two legs. My Aunt pulls me to what I believe is called "the gangway." The Northern Farmer has his northern elbow in my ribs; he is tugging at his daughter (or niece), my Aunt is tugging at me, MILBURD is tugging at the Duchess, boxes in front of us, boxes behind us, boxes threatening our heads and toes, a vague fear pervading every one that the

Baron will get tired and suddenly steam off without us, and so we all crowd on to one another, hustle, crush, fight, struggle and fume, until we suddenly find ourselves on board.

"This way, Sir!" remonstrates some official (belonging to the Baron, and we are on board. More crnsh. People hurrying below (they call it "down-stairs") and demanding beds and accommodation.

Happy Thought.—Got our Berths. We shall be Mister Comfortable. Polite and cool steward at table taking down names in a book and apportioning berths to those who haven't previously engaged them. MILBURN is explaining, jocosely as usual, "You needn't give us the state cabin, as Her Royal Highness"—

"Name, Sir?" asks the Steward in the most business-like way. People about, thinking that MILBURN is only wasting time, don't laugh, I am glad to say. He answers, "Mr. and Mrs. MILBURN and Friend."

MILBURN married!!

PIOUS CONSPIRACY.

RECENTLY has been held, at Willis's Rooms, "an influential meeting" convened by the "Catholic Union," for the purpose of protesting against the recent edicts expelling the religious orders from Germany and Italy. Among these Catholic Protestants were several lords and numerous ladies; at the head of them was the DUKE OF NORFOLK, who took the chair. ARCHBISHOP MANNING attended, of course, together with the learned and eloquent dignitary who is his right-hand man; and the *Post* says that:—

"MONSIGNOR CAPEL said—To those who would ask whether we should interfere with the people of Italy and the people of Germany in their affairs, he replied that the Church of Rome was one perfect whole, each obeying, working, and conspiring for the general good."

For the general good of its own members? Of course. For the particular good of the Temporal Popedom? No doubt. But in conspiring for these objects, the Church of Rome, unfortunately, appears to the Italian Government, and to PRINCE BISMARCK, to have conspired against the unity of Germany and of Italy. Appearances are often imaginary, and Statesmen weak; but if MONSIGNOR CAPEL wishes to procure a revocation of the political orders expelling the religious orders from those countries, he might as well, perhaps, persuade the Church of which he is an ornament to condescend to clear itself from the charge of conspiracy, that is of conspiring for a purpose beyond that which he acknowledges it to conspire.

In the *Times* report of this same meeting, ARCHBISHOP MANNING and LORD DENBIGH are represented also to have made remarkable statements. The noble Earl observed that:—

"It would be wise to look beneath the surface, and to ask how it was that such injustice could be done and the world not rise against it, and he accounted for this by saying that we lived in an age of shams. The Jesuits had been misrepresented."

We do, indeed, live in an age of Shams, whether the Jesuits have been misrepresented or not, and whether they have or have not been limited by JUDGE KEOGH's sentence as to their representation in Parliament. Shams, certainly, do abound in this age; but it is not very lately that we have heard of a winking statue or picture; whence it will not perhaps appear very surprising that the Most Reverend Prelate spoke as follows:—

"He saw this great meeting of the laity, he said, with great satisfaction, because in this age, which LORD DENBIGH had called one of Shams, and which he would call one of Superstitions, they had given a formal and sufficient contradiction to a superstition which seemed to hang in the air of England, and to be received by the most intelligent journalists—namely, that the Catholic laity of England were unable to go alone."

This notion, on the part of those journalists, may be a mistake, but in what respect it is a superstitious one too, few ordinary people will probably discern. To see that requires as sharp an eye for superstition as DR. MANNING's, on which he is to be congratulated very much.

It may edify some of our readers to know that, a resolution having been put to the vote:—

"SIR CHARLES CLIFFORD, who seconded the resolution, said it might be some consolation to think that the fate of JULIAN the Apostate was not unlikely to befall PRINCE BISMARCK."

SIR CHARLES CLIFFORD was evidently joking. Of course he wishes and hopes that BISMARCK will be converted and do penance. The fate of JULIAN the Apostate, moreover, is not that which usually befalls a Statesman who has provoked the Jesuits. There was no necessity for an inquest on the body of JULIAN, and it seems very unlikely that PRINCE BISMARCK will fall on the battle-field.

In the meanwhile the Catholic Union will perhaps do best for itself and the Religious Orders whom it would vindicate by perseverance in ridiculing BISMARCK for being afraid of them, and by

incessantly repeating or suggesting to the British Public and all Europe that he is an old woman. Say that BISMARCK and VICTOR EMMANUEL are shams, and ideas of Jesuitical intrigues superstitions; and let not the coarse Protestant tell you that the less you say of superstitions and shams, the better.

OVER-LEGISLATION.



THE following Notices of Motion for leave to bring in Bills, have been given for the next Session of Parliament:—

A Bill to put an end to the deleterious habit, by Mothers, of addressing nonsensical words to infants and young children, and for enacting that any Mother, speaking to her child, shall use the language of grown-up people.

A Bill for preventing all persons leaving churches, or other places of worship, from commencing secular talk until they shall be at least fifty yards from such edifice.

A Bill for prohibiting any persons who may attend a musical or theatrical entertainment, from speaking to one another except in whispers, or between the acts.

A Bill for preventing any person from eating an orange in a street or other place of public passage, unless he shall have previously, in the presence of a police-constable, peeled the said orange, and deposited the peel in a receptacle to be provided by the rate-payers of the locality.

A Bill to prohibit any person from suddenly stopping in the street to look in at a shop-window, and thus interfering with the progress of other passengers.

A Bill for preventing acquaintances or others from standing to talk in the street, to the hindrance of the public, and for providing recesses at various points where persons desirous of conversation may enjoy it without interference with the public interest.

A Bill forbidding all persons to sneeze loudly in any public thoroughfare where there is danger of terrifying horses.

A Bill preventing persons from kindling cigars on the sea-shore, lest the pilots of vessels should be deceived by the lights, and marine property be endangered.

A Bill prohibiting any person from offering a bet upon any subject whatever, without a Magistrate's certificate that the wager is not contrary to morality, and without entering into security to liquidate the said wager when decided.

A Bill for checking the employment of objectionable language, and for imposing fines on the use of any Pagan oaths, as "By Jove!" of any exaggerations or untruths, as "I have not seen you for an age!" "You have been a month on the errand!" and of all suggestions of comparison between an event and the Principle of Evil, as, "It rained like the Dence."

A Bill for making it unlawful to use false and conventional terminations to letters, and for abolishing the phrases, "Your obedient humble servant," and the like, but with provisions that no restriction shall apply to letters between persons entitled to exchange affectionate language.

A Bill for prohibiting gutter-children from blowing tin whistles, which make a distressingly monotonous noise, and for sending offenders to the Royal Academy of Music, for instruction in better instruments.

A Bill providing for a quarterly return, from every householder, of the general behaviour of each member of his household, with special accounts of any irregularities, distinguishing them under the heads of religious, moral, and social, and with statements of the means he has employed for punishing the same, and preventing their recurrence. The cases of children under three years old not to be included in the return.



AT LOSS FOR A WORD.

Distinguished Foreigner. "ACH! MEESS! I CONCRATULADE YOU VROM DE POTTOM OF MY HART!! YOU HAVE BLAYED AND ZUNG KVITE—KVITE——"

Fair Performer. "QUITE EXECRABLY!"

Distinguished Foreigner. "ACH! YES! DAFS IS DE VÖRT!—QVITE EXEKRAPLY!"

CHIT-CHAT.

MISS AMY PINCHDOL, a young pianiste, aged seven, has just achieved the stupendous task of playing the first eight bars of "*In my Cottage*," with one hand, nine times consecutively, in the course of two hours. Should there be a public competition, she will probably obtain the first prize.

MR. SMUGGINS, of Boon's Buildings, Bethnal, whose decease was reported some weeks ago, is alive.

MASTER JOHNNY SMITH, aged eleven on the 10th of May last, will attain his twelfth year (D.V.) on the occasion of his next birthday.

MR. PRIOR, member of various West End Clubs, will shortly exhibit his valuable Loan Collection of Umbrellas.

Two flies were caught and killed the other day in the neighbourhood of Regent's Park.

MR. DOO WALKER found London too hot for him last week. His bills were £12,000 at the hottest part of the day. He is now in the shade.

HERR HERMANN, the distinguished German, took off his hat the other day no less than a hundred and fifty times between seven A.M. and ten P.M. He finally took himself off. He is now in England for the benefit of his hat.

The Grand National Swimming Match will, it is hoped, take place this year in the Thames above Henley. The sole condition is, that the competitors must never have been in the water on any occasion previous to the day of the match. The prize is to be a good wholesome cake—of Brown Windsor.

BARON ROTHSCHILD purchased sixpenn'orth of strawberries for fivepence ready money. It is supposed that he could not spare more on account of the New South Austrian Loan.

A new system of ventilation has been invented for the use of some of our theatres. Two or three stupid plays, and nothing attractive in *artistes*, and the house, will be quite empty and charmingly cool.

MR. ROBINSON had excellent sport off Twickenham bank on Wednesday last. He hooked as many as twenty worms in the course of the day. Shoals of sticklebacks and gudgeon were seen in the neighbourhood of his punt. At 8 P.M. he caught a train and hooked it by the South-Western line.

1267 jokes about "bores, big bores, and small bores," were made during the Wimbledon meeting. The total shows a decrease of three jokes on the word "bore" since 1868.

No new subject of Ball-practice-conversation has been introduced during the present Season.

Home Rule and Home Speaking.

JUDGE KEOGH a speech intemperate made,
Says BUTT (upon Home Rule who trades),
Because he called a Spade a Spade,
And Knaves of Spades, too, Knaves of Spades.

A Circular on Circulars.

THE senders by post of Circulars inviting people to take shares in new Joint-stock Companies are hereby informed that the paper on which their prospectuses are printed is of a very unsatisfactory quality. It is so stiff that it does not lend itself to the purpose of wrapping things up, and so little combustible that when ignited it goes out almost directly, and is therefore of no use to light a pipe with or a cigar.

EPIGRAM BY ODGER.

THE Lords' the "fly-wheel." Lor! how ill I feel!
Nay, HATHERLEY, "the fly upon the wheel."



“ADOLPHE THE ALCHEMIST.”

(A TALE OF WONDER AND ENCHANTMENT.)

PRE-CONSUMPTION OF FOOD.



WHEN a short time ago, in the House of Commons, Mr. MUNTZ inquired whether the Government would not advise HER MAJESTY to issue a Royal Proclamation enjoining loyal subjects to abstain for the present from the consumption of veal and lamb until the stocks of cattle and sheep were restored to their former numbers, there was exclamation. The *Lancet*, with keen "iteration," remarks:—

"When Mr. MUNTZ gave notice of his intention to ask this question, his notice is said to have been received with 'laughter'—a laughter little

creditable to those from whom it came, and very suggestive of that 'crackling of thorns under a pot' which was once spoken of by a great authority."

The merry gentlemen, whose denomination the *Lancet* neatly suggests deserve it with a difference. If fishing may be defined as "a stick and a string, with a fish at one end and a fool at the other," they are not such fools as fishers—who know something. If they were, they would at any rate know that anglers, happening to have hooked a quarter-of-a-pound trout, for instance, throw it back again. They are unaware that the destruction of young salmon is disallowed, and that the meshes of nets used in the Thames must not be under a certain size. If they were fishermen, however, doubtless all would be fish that came to their net. They would grumble at being compelled to return small fish to the river, and if they saw any one do it of his own accord they would laugh him to scorn. How should they see that the economy of flesh is nowise more ridiculous than that of fish; and that, as young fry killed are big fish wasted, so, to compare things vegetable with things animal, lamb and veal are beef and mutton nipped in the bud?

PROGRESSIVE INTELLIGENCE.

In the *Post* has appeared a full true and particular account of a new political party, with a new platform, stated to have been organised by Mr. SAMUEL MORLEY, M.P., on the nineteenth of June last at the Cannon Street Hotel, and to include among its constituents the patriots who used to meet in that other public-house once named the Hole-in-the-Wall. For the rest, its composition may be inferred from the following list of the leaders who form its Committee:—

"MR. CREMER, of the Workmen's Peace Society; MR. MOTTESHED, Labour Representation League; MR. OGDEN, aide-de-camp to Sir CHARLES DILKE; MR. GALBRAITH, of the 'Hole-in-the-Wall' Club; Citizen LE LUREZ, of the Bradlaugh Republicans; Citizen ECCARIUS, of the International; MR. EVANS, Land Tenure Association; MR. PATTERSON, Workmen's Club Institute; Citizen BOON, of the International; MR. SAVAGE, and MR. OSBORNE."

It can hardly be necessary to quote the details of a "platform" comprehending the above-named Representative Men. One of their points is, of course, Manhood Suffrage. If they succeed in carrying this, the most illiberal of Conservatives will be unable to deny them credit for completing the Ballot Bill. Doubtless Manhood Suffrage for the New Party will mean Manhood Suffrage and no exceptions. What if a Citizen is in trouble? A man's a man for a' that. What if he be of unsound mind? He is still a man, and, as to a madman, it might even be a question whether he ought not, indeed, to have two votes, being a man beside himself. Furthermore, criminals and lunatics may be regarded as classes, having their special interests, and therefore a claim to special representation. The principal Prisons and Asylums for the Insane and Imbecile might accordingly be empowered to send representatives to Parliament—as the chief Universities do. Thus there might be Members for Bethlehem and St. Luke's, for Colney Hatch and Earlswood, and perhaps there will in case of the triumph of Mr. MORLEY's platform.

FASHIONABLE ECONOMY.

SYMPATHISING MR. PUNCH,

WITH steaks and mutton chops at fifteen pence a pound, and coals in the dog-days at six-and-thirty shillings a ton, surely the father of a family may be excused if he calls over the latter costly article of consumption any member of his household who is wasteful or extravagant. If the dressing of his dinner cost him nearly double what it did a few years since, he surely may be pardoned if he inculcates economy in the dressing of his daughters, and even of his wife. Yet how little is his preaching likely to be listened to, while his girls can read the newspapers, and find in them such demoralising paragraphs as this:—

"For evening dress at present there is no special novelty. If possible, the trains are longer, and it is impossible to put too many flounces, flowers, and puffs on the tarlatine, gauze, grenadine, or tulle skirts."

What is the good of a paternal sermon on the virtue of economy, while it is esteemed the fashion to be profuse in dress? One would have thought that, merely for their comfort's sake, ladies in the dog-days would abstain from over-dressing, and would choose simplicity of clothing rather than profusion of flounces, flowers, and furbelows, which in midsummer must surely be a burthen to their backs. But Fashion is their Idol, and they sacrifice themselves in obeying the behests of those who are its priests: and their unlucky fathers, too, may count themselves its victims, for they have to pay the piper, while their daughters, in rich dresses a yard or so too long for them, go out evening after evening to tear their skirts to rags and tatters in the mazy dance.

Without the slightest hope that any girl of mine will ever condescend to listen to the voice of wisdom, I beg of you to publish my faint protest against fashion and its follies, and subscribe myself

Yours humbly,

SOLOMON SOLOMON SMITH.

SAGACITY OF THE SNAKE.

IN a letter on "Snake Takers," a Correspondent of the *Times*, "W. S." gives an account of a visit made by him to a lady and gentleman who keep serpents, and pet them as other people do cats and dogs. Concerning a boa-constrictor, "W. S." tells the following snake story, than which there was never heard a better; no, not in the United States:—

"About a year ago Mr. and Mrs. M. were away for about six weeks, and left the boa in charge of the keeper at the Zoo. The poor reptile moped, slept, and refused to be comforted, but when his master and mistress appeared, he sprang upon them with delight, coiling himself around them, and showing strong symptoms of intense delight."

The journal which, among its general news, contains this anecdote, will soon, perhaps contain, in one of its advertising columns, some such an announcement as:—"Lost; a Boa, supposed to have strayed from" such or such a distinguished neighbourhood; "answers to the name of Rover." Or—"For Sale, a Python, of extraordinary docility, and thirty feet long; can fetch and carry, and is a capital water-snake." Large serpents will perhaps come into employment in lieu of house-dogs; they cannot bark, indeed, but, though not venomous, they can bite hard enough to hold a burglar fast, and, instead of barking, they can hiss on occasion of alarm. Pythons and boas will be seen in the streets, following at the heels of gentlemen and ladies, and will accompany their masters out shooting over heather and stubble, serving in the capacity of pointers and retrievers. A huge boa, according to "W. S.," twined playfully round Mrs. M.'s waist and neck, and coiled itself into a kind of turban upon her head. Equally gentle and sagacious, another reptile of the same species might doubtless be educated to be a performing boa, and hereafter the British Public may be from time to time entertained with *poses plastiques* including a Laocöon group with real snakes.

Comparative Finance.

OUR enlightened contemporaries, some of them, are wont to animadvert somewhat satirically on M. THIERS's persistence in the proposal to tax raw materials rather than income. The raw materials, however, which M. THIERS proposes to tax, can feel no burdens. If they are subjected to duties, how high soever, they have no sense of duty, such as that which in England prompts the victim of an iniquitous impost to evade it. Those raw materials do not live, and cannot suffer; their rawness is not a raw which has been established by partial and oppressive taxation.

THREE MILLIARDS.

A MIS-SPELT title-page now understand:

France is the country called "The Great Loan Land."

DISCUSSION IN THE DOG-DAYS.

To waste several hours of the nation's time, during these more than commonly canicular dog-days, in discussing Capital Punishment, was to deserve it. But you cannot hang the House of Commons, although limited to the number of Members who usually attend on Crotchet Day, or even to the section accustomed on that day, Wednesday, to air their Sumptuary and Sabbatarian Crotchets. And if you could, their execution would exceed the bounds of needful severity. The certainty of penal servitude would, we have no doubt, have effectually deterred MR. GILPIN from making his annual futile motion touching the scaffold, and MR. R. N. FOWLER from seconding his friend. Wouldn't it be quite enough to deter any criminal, capable of being deterred, from any crime? As to the sufficiency of punishment for the prevention of crime, it is impossible for anybody to evolve the slightest idea out of his moral consciousness, and the consciousness of a criminal whence alone it could be evolved, is immoral. Your criminal is either too great a fool to be capable of evolving any idea whatsoever, or, being more rogue than fool, instinctively conceals any idea which he has been able to evolve. If all criminals were as capable of being restrained as yourself, thinking reader, by the consideration of consequences, the mildest of penal systems would keep them in check. What law would you break at the risk of probable imprisonment and hard labour? Can you fancy yourself, under any provocation, committing murder, if it were in the least degree likely to subject you to being locked up for twenty-four hours?

The strongest argument for the office of MR. CALCRAFT appears to be always ignored. "Sweet is revenge, especially to women," says LORD BYRON, with not too much gallantry. The majority of women would vote, if they had votes, for abolition of MR. CALCRAFT's office. But its retention is advocated by the strong-minded men most antipathetic to strong-minded women. "Revenge, and a healthy hatred of scoundrels," is what they profess and demand with MR. CARLYLE. Lose no time in questioning this position; assume it

rather. Is Capital Punishment then, the most satisfactory revenge? We know that My Lord Judge's sentence of death concludes with a blessing. If that benison is fulfilled, Capital Punishment is "hire and salary, not revenge." How, in any case, can we know that it has not been fulfilled? Now in the case of a criminal sentenced to penal servitude there is no doubt of his misery. The man who has been hanged may be happy for aught we know, and even supposing DARWIN's theory of development true, is at rest. Not so the other

scoundrel. The victim of a garrotter, for instance, doomed to his deserts, can occasionally solace himself by thinking of the lot which that convict is enduring at that moment, having, moreover, not only been whipped, but being liable, in the event of misconduct, to be whipped any number of times again. No such solace can, with any certainty, be derived from an executed criminal. Preference, therefore, of Secondary to Capital Punishment should not be imagined necessarily to arise from mawkish sentiment and maudlin philanthropy; because it may be determined by opposite feelings, and thus concurred in by the strong-minded of both sexes. But, on the other hand, it should be borne in mind that the convict allowed to live must be kept alive; and what satisfaction can he possibly afford worth the cost of his keep?

BLACK AGAINST BLUE.

THE colliers, male and female, at various places in Lancashire, have been meeting for the purpose of enforcing a reduction of the high prices of butchers' meat. At Scholes, near Wigan, the other day, they passed a resolution "amid much cheering," to the effect "that any woman who gave more than 7d. a pound for meat at the market on Friday and Saturday, should forfeit her husband's wages for the week." Col-

liers may well flatter themselves that they know how to strike. Their plan is that of striking right and left; for higher wages and lower prices: against their employers and against their butchers. When the price of coal is considered, to be sure, it may be thought that the colliers, of all workmen, should be the last to strike for meat at 7d. a pound; but, if they could bring it down to that, they would make the public some amends for increasing the cost of coals, which they would balance, in a measure, by compensation out of the Butcher's pocket.



MR. PUNCH'S DESIGNS AFTER NATURE.

A SUGGESTION FOR HARVEST TIME.



A NARCOTIC.

Doctor. "LOOK HERE, MRS. McCawdle. DON'T GIVE HIM ANY MORE PHYSIC. A SOUND SLEEP WILL DO HIM MORE GOOD THAN ANYTHING."

Gudewife. "E-H, DOCTOR, IF WE COULD ONLY GET HIM TAE THE KIRK!"

A LOFTY EXAMPLE.

AMONG the inhabitants of London and its neighbourhood some enjoy the advantage of an option between the water of the River Thames and that of Artesian wells for drinking purposes. Using the former only for purposes of ablation, they will derive comparatively moderate gratification from the following item of intelligence:—

"THE SEWAGE OF WINDSOR CASTLE.—Very extensive works are now in progress for the drainage of Windsor Castle, and the utilisation of the sewage of the Palace and Frogmore House."

Even those, however, to whom the Thames water is a fluid merely, as the labels on the lotion bottles say, for external use, must be not a little glad to hear that arrangements are in progress for enabling that river to flow *minus* the additions it has been wont to receive from Windsor Castle and the dependency thereof abovenamed. It is expected that those arrangements "will be completed before the return of the QUEEN to Windsor in the Winter." Although it will be a merely local abolition of certain superfluous tributaries to the Thames which will then have been effected, yet that will be an instalment of sanitary reform, and in these matters every little helps, as to augment, so likewise to diminish the impurity of an ocean; still more that of a river. Windsor Castle, it is well known, stands upon an eminence where it is an object conspicuous for many miles of country round. So now it will shortly be in a condition to be pointed out as an example to many towns more or less distant on the banks of the river which they as yet continue to infect with material which they might utilise, and save the Water Companies the expense and trouble of separating it, some of it, from the water which water-rate payers, most of them, drink. In the meantime, perhaps, the steep crowned by Windsor Castle will be distinguished for time to come, by the eulogistic name of Mount Pleasant.

Odd Taste.

If, as is commonly supposed, to eat coal is symptomatic of a morbid condition of consumption, we are in a bad way, for just now that article is in everybody's mouth.

BIRDS OUT OF THE BILL.

"EXCLUDED from the Wild Fowl Bill
People may shoot me if they will.
A little fruit our kind regales,
But we devour more slugs and snails;
Protection for my song is due,"
Exclaimed the Thrush and Blackbird, too.
"Why leave out me?" the Skylark said,
"Me, upon insects chiefly fed;
Me, your bright bird to soar and sing,
And make you music on the wing."
The Whitethroat murmured: "And we twain,
The Less and Greater, sing in vain,
Among the excluded we both figure,
The Smaller Whitethroat and the Bigger."
The Warbler (Garden) breathed a doubt.
"I wonder why they've left me out.
"Mean they to eat me? I suppose
Some one the Beccafico knows.
But then the Wheatear goes shot-free,
Although a dainty, too, is he."
"They've overlooked, or did they strike
Me out?" cried Blue and Red-backed Shrike.
"Its head the Game List me did bear on;
This Bill ignores me," said the Heron.
The Rook observed, "They've passed me by.
They shoot our young to make rook-pie.
But I'm an old bird, and let Man
Get a shot at me if he can!"
The Raven croaked "I'm out!" "And so
Am I," did likewise croak the Crow.
"The Scavengers of Nature Few
Have, as it is, grown we and you."
"Bedad, and HERBERT ought to blush,"
Remarked the gentle Irish Thrush,
"He's left me out among the bunch,
Though my long note's, in Saxon, *Punch*."
"Passed over!" jabbered the Jackdaw.
"What for?" "I, too," the Jay shrieked, "Yah!
I suck some few eggs; they determine,
Therefore, to class me with the Vermin."
"And me," the Magpie chattering cried,
"With Vermin, too, they've left outside."
"So," screamed the Kestrel, "me they class.
Whereas the very greatest Ass,
On commons that is wont to browse,
Could tell them that I only mouse."
"Vermin be hanged, if that's their talk
Of me," avowed the Sparrowhawk.
The Hobby and the Merlin owned
The same. "What if some chicks they boned?
How picturesque they looked on flight!"
So Buzzard also spoke, and Kite,
And Harriers, skimming here and there.
And nobler Hawks and Falcons rare.
"Why not protect the Birds of Prey?
They'd kill us down; and who are they?
The Landed Poulterers, counter-bred,
Loss of a little game who dread.
And therefore doom to extirpation
Us chivalry of plumed creation."

* This statement is reported on the authority of a fair Irish Correspondent, who addresses us from Cork.

CITY INTELLIGENCE.

HERE is the latest bit of news from the true Tom Tiddler's Ground:—

"PAVED WITH GOLD.—A plot containing one hundred and twenty thousand square feet of land on the Holborn Viaduct has been let upon a building lease for Fifteen Thousand Pounds per annum."

"Some men have plenty money," as the Wagga-wagga observed; but it does not always follow that they have "no brains." A man clearly must have plenty money to be able to pay fifteen thousand sterling pounds a year for just eight times that number of square feet of building ground. Still, such payment must not hastily be taken as a proof that he is afflicted with deficiency of brains. On the contrary, City rents are so continually rising, that his building lease may turn out a lucky speculation, and by no means show a weakness in his upper storey.

THE SCOTCH SHOW AT SYDENHAM.



NE day last week a Grand Scottish Fête and Gathering of the Clans came off at the Crystal Palace, and among the prizes that were dressed, and danced, and dirked, and thrust, and thrown, and tossed, and run, and leaped, and jumped, and skirled, and shrieked, and squeaked, and schreeched, and piped and bibroched for, by native Scotch competitors, was a purse to be awarded "to the Best Dressed Highlander, to be dressed at his own expense."

As modern fashions quickly change, it seems that it is difficult to find a Scotchman now-a-

days who, ancient as it is, can be perfect in his dress; and indeed, considering how fond he is of snuff, it may safely be asserted that, whatever garb he wears, there is sure to be a mull in it. But though he generally is up to snuff, your Highlander by no means is a person to be sneezed at. And this mentioning of snuff reminds us of the Scottish figures who adorn our snuff-shops. Were these Highlanders suffered to compete for the prize of the best dressed? They would certainly have increased the attractions of the show, and their presence there might have exercised a beneficial influence on their, at present, blighted prospects. As lovers of the picturesque, we need hardly say how vastly we admire them, and how deeply we deplore their departure from the doorways they used formerly to grace, for we have grieved of late to notice that they yearly are decreasing. They are among the sculptural ornaments of London, and we need not say that we have not too many statues on which we can gaze with pleasure and with pride.

LUXURIES FOR LADIES.

MR. PUNCH,

THE subjoined extract from a daily paper, in which it is likely to catch the bright eyes of a very considerable number of ladies, would really, but for a slight omission, look very much like an advertisement, wouldn't it?—

"THE LADIES' BOUDOIR CANDLES.—These elegant candles (manufactured by, let us say, MESSRS. GLIM) are carved in the pattern of a cable, and tinted in the most delicate shades of rose, green, lavender, &c., are beyond question the most striking and beautiful candles ever produced. They may be obtained from all dealers in boxes of three, four, and five candles each."

At how much per box? This is the little particular omitted. It may not much signify to every fair reader, but I know one who would have been gratified by the information which the foregoing announcement fails to supply. Although in my eyes she excels all the rest of her sex, so much that I believe there is not another woman in the world equal to her, yet I am impartial enough to suppose that the generality resemble her pretty nearly in one admirable quality, or perhaps it would be correct to say combination of qualities, the disposition to blend economy with elegance. My wife, Sir, I know, would enjoy the occupation of dressing for dinner (solely to please me) before a glass reflecting the fairest face in the world, all the more if her mirror were flanked by a pair of the pretty candles above described. But then, *Mr. Punch*, she is too rational to wish to purchase this additional pleasure at too high a price. *She* is. She is quite content to dress by common candles, but, if tinted ones were not a farthing more expensive, would prefer the tinted. She would never dream of sending to the dealer's and ordering a box of coloured candles, or any other articles, in ignorance of their price: but in this particular of carefulness, I cannot suppose her to be singular; for, surely, it is a point of common prudence with her sex at large. As we were married only yesterday, I think of treating her with a box of those Boudoir Candles, if on inquiry at the Italian shop I find them reasonable; but, even in these early days of the honey-moon, am not going to buy a pig in a poke and

begin married life by setting a bad example myself of extravagance to the partner of my income. Never at any time, now or hereafter to make such a mistake as that, *Mr. Punch*, trust yours truly, howsoever

UXORIOUS.

P.S. My love suggests that an inch of boudoir candle would do perfectly well with boudoir save-alls tinted to match, if they were only long enough.

TALK AGAINST TIME.

GREAT cry you say, and little wool,
In Parliament you find.
Indeed, that's true enough, JOHN BULL,
But therefore never mind.

Tho tongues that time consume in prate
Afford not any cause
For grief to those who fear, and hate,
Unnecessary laws.

By Session after Session closed
Each twelvemonths, on our backs,
Some new restraint has been imposed,
Or some vexatious tax.

O let the flood of words not cease!
For, whilst that deluge pours,
Our legislators can't increase
Our burdens and our bores.

Our liberties, until they've spent
Their talk, they can't repress;
Our imposts they can not augment,
Nor make our pleasures less.

PROGRESS v. POTHOUSE.

ONCE UPON A TIME, MR. PUNCH,

I AIN'T much of a Scollard, being nawthun but a Hodman. Howsever I can make shift to read a noosepaper a bit, and this ere I found in an old un as I picked up. The great LORD ARCHBISHOP MANNING he've been aaying in a lectur about Progress respectin Peple sich as me:—

"He had never seen the peasants of France and Italy without observing their intelligence, their brightness of eye, and their quickness of step; but when he saw the labourers of England, and especially of London, they seemed to be materialistic, imbruted, dull-eyed, heavy, lumbering, and in an almost stupid state. . . . This state of things he attributed to the prosperity and materialism of England."

I can't say much for furriners, aving never been among em, exceptin horgangrinders and them fellers with the bagpipes as wear dormats on their showders and go a capering in the streets. *Their* steps aint none the quickest, cept when a Crusher's arter em—but prehaps they aint fair sarmple and so I pass em by, which folkse mostly do. But when I ears as English labrers are heavy lumbering louts, livin a'most stuperfied and matterelistic as they say, why thinks i if we be stuperfied it aint becors as England is in a prosperus state, but becors we've bin a drinking adulterated Beer. A man as swallers drugs i'stead o' malt and ops he aint likely to look bright i'd o' remarkable hintelligent, being as he is arf pisoned with the dose. Jest you reform the Licker Laws, and make it Penal Suvvitude to serve us with bad beer, and depend on't British workmen ull be as bright and active as the Harchbisshop hisself, which they say he drinks but Adam's ale and not too much of even that. So I remain yours to comand for jobs of bricklayin or plasterin.

WILLIAM STUBBS X his mark.

Lines to My Love.

NINETY-FIVE in the shade!
Bring me iced lemonade
Dashed with brandy, and some
Small admixture of rum.
Let me smoke my Havannah;
While you play the pian-ah!

On a Marriage.

(With *Mr. Punch's* kindest Wishes.)

For taking wrongful time ne'er chidden, nor "goosed,"
Yet, in July, fair NILSSON takes her AUGUSTE.



LATEST FROM THE PLAYGROUND.

First Schoolboy. "YOU'RE THE NEW BOY, AIN'T YOU? LOOK HERE, DO YOU COLLECT STAMPS?"

Second Ditto (reassured). "YE-S."

First Schoolboy. "THEN THERE'S ONE FOR YOU!"

[Comes down heavily on his Toes, and cuts off!]

FACTS FROM "LE FOLLET."

DEAR as meat and coals are, wives and daughters are dearer. So they ought to be, it may be said. Not only are they dearer, however, but likewise more expensive, and that because the expense of dressing them is like that of dressing meat, enormous; for millinery, at the rate they consume it, costs even more than fuel.

Persons of the plainer sex, about to marry, will be disposed to think twice and three times before they do so, if not to refrain altogether from so doing, by the following extract from *Le Follet's* "Fashions for August":—

"Every lady with the least approach to good taste is at length beginning to understand the true 'secret des Parisiennes'; viz., that not only must every component part of the toilette correspond in style, but that the whole toilette itself must be in accordance with the season, the time of day, the occasion on which it is worn."

Dress, dress, dress, and dress all the year round, three times a day! Spring, summer, autumn, and winter, four seasons, and at the very least four dresses; morning, afternoon, and evening, not to say night, three; four times three twelve: "occasions" an indefinite number, and a dress for each, amounting to not perhaps much under seventy times seven dresses besides, at several pounds per dress! Truly a person about to marry a lady going to follow the fashions for August as above prescribed, and for all succeeding months also as to be prescribed hereafter, will, if he do marry her, be likely to find every Christmas that he has incurred a pretty liability for his wife's clothes. Apprehension on this score can be little allayed by the remainder of the "secret des Parisiennee," although it breathes some spirit of economy. That now open secret is the knowledge that dress must fulfil the requirements above specified:—

"And that the lady attired in silks and laces for a country walk, stroll on the beach, or morning shopping, is immeasurably eclipsed in elegance and

THE GOAL OF "PROSPERITY."

Not by mere strides, but leaps and bounds,
Prosperity advances; true
Statistics, flowery WILLIAM founds
That saying on—but whereunto
Does WILLIAM see
Posterity
Advancing like a Kangaroo?

Prosperity heaps gold on gold,
Whilst money's worth still tumbles down,
What two-and-sixpence was of old
We find no longer half-a-crown,
For coals and meat,
And all we eat,
Alike in Country and in Town.

Workpeople strike on every hand;
As wages, so will prices rise.
Hence will Prosperity demand
More and more greedy enterprise
To make both ends
Meet; else, O friends!
We go without what money buys.

Prosperity will have more made,
And hazard must that more obtain,
Which none can make by steady trade;
Or you must overwork your brain,
And keep your whole
Heart, mind, and soul
Devoted to the quest of gain.

Prosperity from Happiness
A very different thing we find;
By leaps and bounds advancing? Yes,
And dancing down a plane inclined:
The broad highway—
Needs must, they say,
When that old Driver is behind.

A Giant Afloat.

WHAT Admiralty was it that named one of our Naval Training-Ships the *Goliath*? Whether Liberal or Conservative, they must have been inveterate Philistines.

good taste by the wearer of the well made though simple batiste, toile, serge, or other comparatively inexpensive article of costume."

"Comparatively, yes!" groans Paterfamilias; and Maritus even, albeit as yet Maritus merely sighs. But here is some comfort lower down in the column of our ornamental contemporary:—

"We intimated three months ago that the leaders of fashion were attempting a great reform in the matter of chignon and coiffures. We are happy to say that their success is undoubted, and that the long trailing masses of hair, or what is intended to represent it, is now only worn by those ladies who either do not know that they are out of the fashion, or prefer being so."

Ere this probably Chignons, throughout Society, have undergone combustion. Bonfires, but for objections of the nose, would have been made of Chignons. But do their late wearers know what sort of a fashion they have been following? *Le Follet* tells them plainly:—

"We never did countenance, though it was our duty to mention, that ugly and we may say dirty fashion, whose departure we hail with joy. The hair is now dressed much shorter at the back and very high on the head, quite in the old 'Marie Antoinette,' or 'Princesse de Lamballe' style; it still consists of a variety of curls, loops, and braids, but nevertheless does not disguise the throat or shape of the head."

Thus the head-dress fashionable for ladies this August is the same as that which was fashionable eighty Augusts ago, and it is still grotesque, though no longer ugly and dirty, as *Le Follet* calls the previous fashion; dirty, observe, as well as ugly. Does the fashion which ladies have so long and so generally persisted in deserve the former of those epithets as well as the latter? *Le Follet* says it may say yes, and Gallantry itself cannot contradict *Le Follet*. In future cleanliness in all fashions for all months, cleanliness at least, for ever! Or else, perhaps, another time, *Le Follet* will not wait several years, until a dirty fashion has gone out of favour, before calling it dirty. With *Le Follet*, however, in the meanwhile, we hail the departure of the dirty Chignons.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, July 29.

— LORD DERBY brought on the case of DR. HOOKER. His Lordship stated it with his usual judicial moderation. Mr. Punch would have done nothing of the kind. For when a Memorial complaining of a Minister's behaviour is signed by such men as those who appended their names to the Act of Accusation against MR. AYRTON, there is no longer a case to be tried, but there is a sentence to be pronounced. Call for Lictor, fasces, and axe. Posterity, here are the men who denounce MR. AYRTON, SIR CHARLES LYELL, MR. DARWIN, PROFESSOR HUXLEY, PROFESSOR TYNDALL, SIR

JAMES PAGET, SIR H. HOLLAND, SIR H. RAWLINSON, the President of the College of Physicians, the President of the College of Surgeons, the President of the Linnean Society, and MR. SPOTTISWOODE. Surely that is enough. "Dost ask his crime?" He has treated DR. HOOKER ill. The DUKE OF ST. ALBANS declared that the Board of Works were as anxious as the public to retain the great Botanist's services, and LORD HALIFAX deprecated all harsh expressions. Then did LORD DERBY interpolate the remark that all expressions of civility on the part of the Treasury dated from the time when public feeling had been shown out of doors. LORD HALIFAX concluded by hoping that harmonious relations between MR. AYRTON and DR. HOOKER would be resumed. It is customary, between gentlemen, for a wrong-doer to offer an apology, and we have as yet heard nothing of the kind from MR. AYRTON. Shall *Punch* dictate the terms in which the Chief Commissioner should express his regret?

LORD SALISBURY, on another matter, accused the Ministers of treating the House of Lords with contempt. LORD GRANVILLE demanded instances, whereon LORD SALISBURY referred to the Abolition of Purchase. He somewhat softened his words, however, by next saying that Ministers did not treat that House with respect and affection. The evening was hot, but next day the weather cooled.

The Commons sat till half-past two, chiefly on Naval Estimates. We had a few personalities, but they do not deserve to be immortalised. MR. CAVENDISH BENTINCK—we mention him because, according to the *Inverness Courier*, "he most generously, and solely from his admiration of MISS NILSSON'S genius, bore the whole expense of her wedding ceremonial, and gave the splendid breakfast," and therefore he deserves notice—told certain persons that they "pretended" to be independent Members. The word was adjudged to be offensive, so he changed it into "professed."

Tuesday.—The Bill for protecting Wild Birds went through Committee in the Lords. This Bill, to their Lordships' credit, excited much interest among them. On the Second Reading, LORD KIMBERLEY stood up for the Barn-door Owl, but had nothing to say for the Brown Owl, which did not, he thought, breed in these islands. But, says the *Scotsman*, the

"DUKE OF AROYLL, with every respect to an eminent colleague, could not allow this statement to go unchallenged. He had himself, he said, ransacked the nest of the brown owl for eggs. There was a thrill of surprise, and something like a murmur of disapprobation, at this avowal from a distinguished Cabinet Minister. The story got wind, and like the 'Three Crows'—an apt, ornithological illustration—it lost nothing in the telling. In a few minutes it was reported in the lobbies that the DUKE OF AROYLL had confessed in the House of Lords that he had often met with the eggs of the brown owl while out bird-nesting on Sunday!"

LORD MALMESBURY said that when this Bill passed the House of Commons, the cheers were louder than on the passage of the Ballot Bill, and therefore he hoped that their Lordships would show deference to the feelings of the other House, and let the measure remain substantially as it had been sent up.

MR. COWPER TEMPLE presented a petition from sundry idiots, praying that MR. LOWE would not find money to persecute the Waggawocks.

There came from Manchester and Saulford to the Commons a petition for alterations in the Liquors Bill. Half the signatures, of which there purported to be 90,000, were written by one person, and a good many others were ridiculous. So the House of Commons rejected the petition, though it was not much more worthless than large numbers of documents professing to express popular opinion.

The House may as well have a mass of invented names as the names of Sunday-school children, Band of Hoppers, Good Templars, and the like.

An interesting discussion on Naval Reserves elicited the Government statement that those resources are in a tolerably good condition, and will be materially improved.

On question as to our diplomatic relations with His Holiness, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL said that the POPE was still Sovereign of the Leonine City. This, however, has been denied. What cannot be denied, however, is the absurdity of people who see any objection to our Sovereign having a representative at the Court of the spiritual Head of the Catholic World—the QUEEN herself having millions of Catholic subjects, about whose religious interests she desires to have the best possible information. For a wonder, MR. WHALLEY had nothing foolish to say about this, but he was saving himself for a later scene, as you shall see.

In fact you shall see directly, for we need not detain you on the Scotch Education Bill, or the agreements and differences with the Lords thereon. We got on the Druidical Centres Bill (Druid CARDWELL's Localisation of Military Forces) and—

"MR. WHALLEY protested against the standing army system, amidst the derisive cheers of the House. Our staid army was a curse to the nation. (*Loud cries of 'Oh, oh!'*)"

"LORD GARLICK rose to order.

"The SPEAKER suggested that the Hon. Member should withdraw the expression.

"MR. WHALLEY would take the hint, but he had forgotten really what he did say.

"MR. COLLINS, amidst loud laughter, supplied the Hon. Member with a glass of water, and, amidst cries of 'Drink, drink,'

"MR. WHALLEY proceeded, and concluded at twenty minutes to two."

How proud the electors of Peterborough must be to read such illustrations of their wisdom. We must have a look at Peterborough in the autumn—the Cathedral atones for the shortcomings of those who dwell around it. We should like to know whether the inhabitants look such wise men as they are.

Wednesday.—Proceedings so absolutely dull, and also unprofitable that we shall note them not. Only let us mention what MR. AUBERON HERBERT said—

"With all respect to the House, he must be excused for remarking that they were only a mass of very average men (*laughter*). He did not wish to use any grander expression about the complexion of the House."

"Laughter," indeed. Such of the Members as knew what the word average meant must have felt exasperated. Nobody holds himself to be but an average man. Everybody thinks that he has something remarkable about him. Even ugly old Mr. Jack in *Soapey Sponge* thought that if he were not very handsome he was very genteel, and perfumed himself to keep up the illusion. We do not believe that there is a single M.P. who has not a living faith that he possesses a certain original genius, latent, perhaps, but capable of development, and, in the spirit of LAVATER, we call on every Member to write, in the margin hereof, his sentiments on our proposition, and send us the page. Nobody shall see it, *foi de Punch*.

Yes, one thing more to-day. MR. HOWARD intends, next Session, to reduce the price of Meat, by giving tenant-right in England. Next Session, dear Sir. If we have not taken the matter into our own hands a long time before that, and executed every British butcher, there will be neither a Parliament to bore us, nor a people to be bored. There will be only haughty butchers, driving about, in gilded carriages and six, over the bones of an extinct nation.

Thursday.—LORD NAPIER of Merchistoun took the oaths as BARON ETRICK. He is worthy of all honour, but we did not specially intend to compliment him. His new title reminds us of the Etrick Shepherd, a poet of whose works none of his countrymen seem to know anything (at least, they never quote him), and of whom they ought to be more proud than of any bard they have had, except WALTER SCOTT. And, like SCOTT, he never wrote that which a gentleman does not desire to read.

The Archbishop again charged on the Lambeth Potteries and their foul smoke. The Local Government Board has asked the Lambeth Vestry what they are going to do,

and the Lambeth Vestry reply that they are "considering." If they consider too long, we hope Whitehall will remember that METHUSELAH has not transmitted his recipe for living nine hundred years.

MR. BERESFORD HOPE made a joke, demanding when the House would be allowed to discuss, "not the Keogh, but the Kew question." MR. GLADSTONE did not laugh, and did not know.

This afternoon the PREMIER, MR. LOWE, and MR. AYRTON were amusing themselves with something which is not in the department of either. They were trying some gun-cotton experiments in the Treasury garden. There came a dreadful explosion, and a breakage of Treasury windows, but the Ministers happily survived to be blown up in the House of Commons. LORD ELCHO asked, tenderly, about the accident, and the *Standard* says that MR. LOWE had evidently not recovered from his fright when he answered. We take the united ages of the three playful Ministers to make about 170 years.

The Chief Commissioner declines to let the public have the new road between Marlborough House and Storey's Gate, and complaint being pressed, MR. GLADSTONE said something which will be generally approved.

"Not a word has been said about the real public, the pedestrian public, who

enjoyed the surface of the parks. If the surface of the parks were all cut up into roads, it would, no doubt, greatly meet the convenience of the carriage public."

Just so. And as the carriage public can go where they like, whereas a pedestrian's lounge is limited by his strength, we hope that Governments will continue to abstain from cutting up parks.

Friday.—To-night it was cold and wet, yet LORD REDESDALE managed to work himself up to a white heat about the non-observance of Standing Orders, and actually threatened to resign. But a sweet and soft answer from LORD GRANVILLE turned away the other Peer's wrath, and, not to be outdone in politeness, he sanctioned the very breach he had objected to. The House of Lords is still the school of manners.

The Commons sat in the morning, in earnest, on the details of the Licensing Bill, and the hours for closing public-houses were debated. A proposition to give the local authorities power to exempt the Theatres from the stricter rule was carried by 124 to 96. In the evening, divers attempts to increase discomfort were rejected by large majorities.

Saturday.—We voted money, and hoped that we were polishing off the penultimate week of the tiresome Session.

THE TOURISTS' REMEMBRANCER.

(For this Year only.)



ow we're just in time. You haven't quite made up your mind. No. You want to be told where to go to, and then you'll go? Yes. Quite so.

Do you want luxurious air and whiskers? Whiskers in this instance being breezes that whisk.

Try the sea-side. There are more questions than one about the sea-side. Firstly, how many sides has a sea? Secondly, what sea? Thirdly, which side of what sea?

For instance, fewthings can be more refreshing for the tired Londoner, if he is a good sailer, than to go out of town—out of Camden Town, for example—and, embarking on board the

Camelia or the *Citizen*, to steam to Batter-sea. There's a sea for you! And Chel-sea too. Take twopennyworth of Tidman's salt in your pocket, sit on the beach at either Chel-sea or Batter-sea, or, if you can't find the beach, sit on the pier, and throw stones, which you can bring with you from the road, into the water, vary the amusement with occasional sniffs of TIDMAN, and there you are. There and back for fourpence, or for twopence if you like to walk all the way; in which case you can spend one twopence in a sandwich and a glass of ale, and keep the other twopence for another treat of a similar kind.

As to France, go by night to the Quartier Soho at the back of Leicester Square, take a room at a French Hotel, and when you awake in the morning you'll be perfectly astonished at finding yourself in a foreign country. You can spend your day in visiting the old churches and other objects of interest in the neighbourhood, you can take your *déjeuner à la fourchette* at one Restaurant's, and your dinner at another, where you can read French illustrated papers and practise the language of the country. In the evening take a cab (when you call a cab, call it a *voiture*), and drive to a French Theatre. You will thus have had a change of air, of language, of society, and of living, at about one-sixteenth of the cost of four days on the Continent.

We now proceed to give our

ANSWERS TO TOURIST CORRESPONDENTS.

Alpine Arry.—The Burmese Alp is certainly the highest. You are right, it is out of range. The Top of Mount Blanc is wound up for the amusement of travellers by a Oly Ermit who lives there, and it spins for at least five minutes. The Oly Ermit's charge is Optional.

The Wigginses.—The Engadine is not a Hotel. That we do know. Forward twelve stamps to the office, and we'll tell you some more on this subject.

Gig Lamp.—The best costume for climbing is an Ulster coat, with

top-boots and spurs. Many an accident has been avoided by spurs. As for the head, an ordinary Gibba has been found by experience to be most satisfactory. You should learn the trick of making the omelette in the hat before you commence any ascent, as you might be hungry, and this combines nourishment with amusement.

Pilgrim.—"There is now a Hotel on the Summit of Mount Ararat. The view is charming. The Headwaitress, Joan of Ark, is most attentive. You can indeed spend a Happy Day here." *Extract from a Letter of a Correspondent.*

Tyrolean.—Decidedly. Nothing gets you on so well with the Peasants as being able to play the Shoe-horn. Be up early. Your tune should be "Shoe-tie, don't bother me." Translate it for the Merry Swiss boys.

Erinian.—Go to Killarney, yer sowl, for Echoes? Not a bit of it. The Echoes are dead long ago. Haven't you heard of waking the Echoes? Of course! Well, you only wake a defunct, don't you? Now by this and by that I heard 'em waking the Echoes at Killarney last year, so bedad you're a trifle late.

Pipkin writes to us to know why Disorderly people shouldn't be sent to Pyrmont, which he says he has seen advertised as a place beneficial to many Disorders.

From the Editor to his Correspondents.—By the way, who was it sent us a large parcel, for which we had to pay two shillings and two pence, besides giving, with delight, fourpence to the carrier for bringing it, because he said he was so dry, containing five lumps of very curious stone (which we reserve for our interesting Correspondent's visit to our office), a very old shoe, some loose pieces of glass (most dangerous), three cases of exploded Bengal lights, and a packet labelled Essence of Violets, which, on being opened, gave out such a fearful odour, that we've been obliged to have the whole place fumigated, and haven't been in there since last Wednesday. The whole labelled "With a Tourist's Love and Best Wishes."

. *From our Colwell-Hatchney Correspondent (in answer to numerous inquiries).*—Can't do better than South Wales in the East. The air is so bracing that the tourist is obliged to wear straps to his trousers. There is bathing—excellent bathing, if you take a portable bath with you. Shrimps and hot water supplied. There's a ferry boat on the high road, and a coach crosses the river every other day; leap year makes a difference, of course. The flowers are very wild, but you can get near them. Several plants to be sold, with all the apparatus. There are Butlers on the mountains ready to hand coffee, and cowslips, and landlips at all hours. Forests of groceries; and the poultry, being fed on raisins, lay egg-plums every morning. Excursions in machines all day. The key to wind up the water-mill is at the tailor's in the village. The Parson keeps the loadstone for the ducks in the pond. Skating excellent, and Hockey on the strawberry ice every evening. The spot is near the plain, so if you bring the red with you, you can make a cannon. For further information meet me in the lane when the clock strikes half-past.

Vevay.—"Where is Vevay?" you ask. In the Map.

Geo. D.—"How about the Isthmus of Panama?" If our Correspondent will write and explain what the something he means by this question, we will endeavour to give him some information. He says he's "off next week." Glad to hear it.

Acts of Irish Faith.

THE faithful Irish, though they've chains their backs on,

Of KEOGH's effigy do bonfires make.

Himself, but for the laws of the base Saxon,

Och, wouldn't they have roasted at the stake!



NO ROSE WITHOUT A THORN.

Son and Heir (just Home from School, and surrounded by his adoring Womankind). "I SAY! JUST WOULDN'T THE HOLIDAYS BE JOLLY, IF IT WASN'T FOR THE DENTIST!"

A FIG FOR THE PRIVY COUNCIL!

THE judgment of the Supreme Court of Ecclesiastical Appeal appears to have had no effect whatever in restraining the performances of the REVEREND MR. PURCHAS. According to a report in the *Record*, that clergyman continues and intends to continue giving his celebrated series of Imitations:—

"RITUALISM IN BRIGHTON.—The service at Mr. PURCHAS's church at Brighton was conducted with the usual ceremony on Sunday morning. There was a (so-called) high celebration of the Holy Communion, MR. PURCHAS being the celebrant. He was most gorgeously apparelled. Incense was freely used, and all the practices and vestments lately declared illegal were carried out and worn."

In the use of Incense MR. PURCHAS goes beyond the simple imitation of a Roman Catholic Priest. "No Smoking Allowed" is a rule which may be considered as morally posted in every one of our National Churches. The REVEREND MR. PURCHAS, by the above account, is shown to be likewise an imitator of a self-willed gent in Kew Gardens, or the grounds of Hampton Court Palace, who sets at nought the prohibition against smoking contained in the notices put up about them. Only, in the church which forms the scene of MR. PURCHAS's exhibitions, there is nobody to imitate the official who, in the capacity of constable at Hampton Court or Kew, would conduct the contumacious smoker to the gate, if not the station-house.

After having figured in the quasi sacerdotal capacity of a MACCABEE or WOODIN, MR. PURCHAS is described as having preached a sermon:

"His text was from Acts xii. 1, 2. 'Herod the King vexing certain of the Church.' There was an expressed contempt for the Privy Council and its decision, and a scornful allusion to the Church Association throwing money like water upon the ground in cruel persecutions that might have been used for the purposes of heathen conversion. The tone of the discourse was defiant and mocking. There is evidently no probability of his heeding the late judgment of the Privy Council."

In the discourse with which MR. PURCHAS concluded his entertainment, he carried his mimicry of Popery so far as to take off His

Holiness the POPE himself. He complained of cruel persecution, and he likened one of his alleged persecutors, or the whole body of them personified, to HEROD. It is notable that "the tone of his discourse was defiant and mocking." Good. The HEROD he referred to was not the one who was mocked by the Wise Men.

LINES ON THE FRENCH LOAN.

How soon has France raised her gigantic loan!
Suppose her case, BRITANNIA, were thine own.
How would the Minister of thy Finance
Ease of thy burden thee, compared with France!
Still would the shirt-sleeved classes revel, free
Of taxes raised, in sugar and in tea.
Direct taxation would the means supply
To pay the lenders' interest by-and-by.
The People, GLADSTONE who their WILLIAM call,
Would no new impost have to bear at all.
The many, by their ROBERT's fiscal screw,
Would rest unwrung; it would but squeeze the few.
His Budget will be framed to work that way
If Alabama Claims we have to pay.
All right! let gentle earners only be
Extended on the rack of Schedule D.,
The better classes to pay all compel
For all, BOB, wring them hard—they won't rebel!

Prospect of Prorogation.

ROGUES never have any reason to rejoice when Parliament is prorogued. The pro-roguery representatives cannot benefit their friends by smuggling Commons' Enclosure Bills, or any other measures of private legislation of a fraudulent kind, through the House of Commons.



INJURED INNOCENCE.

“VON TAUSEND SIX ONDRED MILLION BOUNDS!! MEIN GOTT, MEIN GOTT! AND DEY SAY VE PLONDERED DEM!!!”



HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(The Voyage Commences.)



RIOR to starting and on board the Baron.—My Aunt's one anxiety is as to her luggage. "Will it be searched?" that's what she wants to know. She is positive that it *will* be searched, and hopes that I have the keys all ready. Keys? of course I have them safely in my . . . for the first time it strikes me that I have not them safely in my . . . Good Gracious! . . . I really do believe . . . "Lost them!" exclaims my Aunt. "No," I return. "I won't say *lost* them exactly" . . . this is breaking it to her gently—"but I"—here I allow gleams of hope to play over my countenance as I try different pockets; gleams becoming less vivid, and I experience a blank which seems somehow, suddenly, to wipe out the past, and leave me hopeless for the future. This is after the Last Pocket.

Happy Thought.—Perhaps a hole in pocket and got into Lining. Gleams of Hope again. We both brighten up. We see, so to speak, a hole in my pocket through which to creep out of our difficulty. . . . No. No hole. The Sun of Hope sets, and we (my Aunt and myself) are enveloped in the dark night of despair.

"What I shall do I don't know," says my Aunt, "for they were all patent springs that you can't open without a particular sort of key that's only made in one place, and I don't know where that is, and better than any of the Lockmar Brahs that they used to talk so much about; I mean, you know, those that they used to offer a hundred pounds to anyone to open with any key at all, and they never would—and . . ." gasp, then she continues—"I haven't got anything in the conversation book about open locking breaks and liadogue with a Blackian Belgesmith." (Dixon's Johnsonary in full force, my Aunt being excited, and having an audience among whom, as the reporters say, "we notice MR. and MRS. MILBURN, Mister and Miss Northern Farmer, the Steward, the Under Steward, &c. &c. Of course she means that in her "conversation book" there is nothing about breaking open locks, nor is there any dialogue with a Belgian Blacksmith.)

The Baron is on the point of starting. The only thought that occurs to me at this moment, is, that *quay* and *key* have the same pronunciation, and that, on commencing a steamboat voyage, it is usual to leave the *quays* behind you. Half a mind to say it. Half a mind not to. It might be put down to the philosophy of taking things easily, or it might be put down to heartlessness, as it's my Aunt's keys, not mine, that are lost, and I've lost them.

Happy Thought.—When in doubt hold your tongue.

"Anybody here," shouts a stentorian voice, the property of an official, "of the name of BASCOE?"

As a rule (I don't know why, but must consider it in *Typ. Devel.* under *P. Publicity*), no one likes to acknowledge his name when called upon in this way. It seems to suggest detectives, suspicion, bank robbery, flying the country under the name of SMITH, and then it occurs to me that, on admitting that one's name is BASCOE (it's my Aunt's name, not mine, but I have to answer for *her*), there's a

chance of a policeman stepping forward, and saying, "Then, BASCOE" (without the "Mister") "you must come along o' me." Of course it would be all a mistake, but no one would believe my explanation, and the real BASCOE (whoever he was), having kept silence, would escape.

"Is there," repeats the stentorian voice, almost imploringly, "Is there anyone here, name o' BASCOE?"

All eyes seem directed towards us, as much as to say, "Come, you know they mean you two. Give yourselves up. Don't let the whole ship be stopped because you *won't* answer. Come—out with it! We're not going to sea with a JONAH."

MILBURN forces our hand, so to speak, by saying to me, "Now then, you'd better own it at once. You'll get off with seven years; and, after all, what's that?"

I smile and laugh. If I don't do this, the passengers will imagine that I really am a criminal, who refuses, very naturally as a criminal, to give himself up. My Aunt whispers hurriedly, "It's a Cuxoms." [This is subsequently explained. She meant,—only being excited she got it all into a word, "It's the Customs about the boxes," her impression being that the official thought we were sneaking off without having had our luggage searched.]

I acknowledge, defiantly, that "my Aunt's—that is" (I feel very warm, and ready if necessary to resist with violence)—"that is—that we answer to the name of BASCOE." [Reminds me of the Advertisement for stray Terrier Dog—Lost—answers to the name of BASCOE, &c.]

"This way, then, Sir," returns the official, sharply.

Uncommonly like what I expected.

Happy Thought.—Turn it off. Say amiably "Very mysterious," so as to anticipate MILBURN, who, I feel sure, will "improve the occasion" in my absence. My Aunt and I ascend cabin-steps.

"Hallo!" says a voice we recognise with a pleasurable sense of relief, "just caught Mister Steamboat. Found Colonel Bunch-of-keys in my pocket just now. Couldn't wire, 'cos it's a not good enough for Mister Sunday."

He means that there is no telegraphing on Sunday. This I explain to my Aunt, who immediately replies that she perfectly understands MR. AXWORTH. [She means ENGLEMORE—But as we're starting in two minutes, why not, AXWORTH?] My Aunt makes this reply somewhat tartly.

Happy Thought.—"Tartly is the word. But how did tartly come by its signification. A Tart is a sweet—no, on second thoughts a Tart always wants sugar. [Complication of Adjectives and Nouns. Ch. xiv. Book 6, *Typ. Devel.*]

"So," continues ENGLEMORE, "In two twos my name's Mister Hansom to follow. Thought you'd be in a deuce of a way when you found yourself far away from your native land, and couldn't get at Mister Toothbrush, or Colonel Nightgown."

My Aunt gravely admits that the fact of these two celebrities being ungetatable ("un-get-at-able" according to Dixon's Johnsonary) was causing her a great deal of anxiety.

"All for shore!" shouts Somebody Else with a voice (very fine voices about here), a bell rings, and a third of the people, who up to this time I had taken for passengers, suddenly appear as if, being panic-stricken by some unexpected and startling intelligence (as for example "There's a leak!" or "She must sink after the first two miles!" or "Safe to blow up before she gets to Greenwich!"), they are rushing from the ship.

"Good-bye!" says ENGLEMORE. "Wish you a merry Tripmas and a happy New There. Love to Master Boy at the Nore. By the way—"

"Now, Sir!" says a nautical official to him, for ENGLEMORE is actually detaining the Baron.

"All right, don't wait for me," says ENGLEMORE, and then to me, seriously but hurriedly, with one hand on the gangway rail, "Let me see—I was going to say—something of the greatest importance,"—and he has forgotten it—no, he remembers it—"I saw P. He says Yes, Good, But when?" They are beginning to move the gangway. The bell sounds violently. We are in motion. ENGLEMORE dashes across the gangway. Safe on the quay, he calls out, "Wire on arrival. Say when I can have five minutes with you. Don't forget Colonel Sideboard."

We are moving slowly off. "Mister Dinner Service too, if you see him," he calls out, as a last reminder. I nod, and waive my hand. We are slowly drifting away, and steam-power commencing. ENGLEMORE has evidently remembered something very important at the last minute. He shouts, "I quite forgot to . . ." *Baron Ozy's* engines render the remainder of this inaudible, but he is evidently continuing. I shake my head and put my hand to my ear, implying that I can't hear a word he's saying. The steam is quiet for a second, and I just catch his last words, "Write . . . or . . . wire," and we are fairly started.

PARISIAN.—Great Success! Now on view. M. THIERS' new Loan Collection.



BENIGHTED BEINGS.

"SPILE THE HAV? AY, BUT THE MASTER LET 'EM IN. THEY BE A SCHOOL, JIM. A POOR IGNORANT LOT COME FRO' LONDON FOR THE DAY; AND, MAY BE, NONE ON 'EM AIN'T NEVER SEEN A HATFIELD AFORE!"

EFFECTS OF THE HOT WEATHER.

MR. LAZIE TONGS engaged a valet to relieve him from the labour of parting his back hair.

MR. SCAMPER found that business took him suddenly (in a friend's yacht) to the cooling coast of Norway, whence he telegraphed to his wife that, as he most probably would be detained some weeks, she had better take the children down to Felixstowe or Worthing.

MR. POPPINGTON saved a pound a week by giving up his usual bouquet for his button-hole, on the excuse that it was—aw—too hot you know to carry things.

MR. LARKER bought a squirt, and amused himself by sprinkling all the passers-by who had not their umbrellas up.

MR. NEERDOWEEL resolved to do something for a livelihood, but so intense was the heat that his good resolution quickly melted quite away.

MISS WALSHINGHAM ate two-and-twenty ices at a ball, finding nothing else to do, as the men had all struck dancing.

MR. SWETTER joined a reading party, who proposed to take it coolly, and to go to Iceland.

MR. GUZZLEMORE daily drank two quarts of champagne cup with his dinner, and even then protested that his throat was as dry as a debate upon Scotch law reform.

MR. CLYFAKER complained of business being sadly slack, as, in consequence of the hot weather, the swells all left their heavy jewellery at home, and went about with next to nothing in their pockets.

MR. LATEBIRD came home nightly at three o'clock A.M., on the plea that the great heat prevented him from sleeping until the smaller hours.

MR. SWELLER, of the Albany, was seen walking in a dust-coat, and without his gloves.

MRS. MACSKINFYNT put her servants on board wages, and fed her husband on cold mutton while the great heat lasted.

MR. REEDER found his strength so much reduced by the hot weather that he was reluctantly obliged to leave his books, and join a crew in pulling up from Maidenhead to Oxford.

MR. DOWNIE was so greatly overcome by the hot weather, that in a moment of exhaustion he overpaid a cabman.

MR. TRIPPLETON discovered that the salmon had got into his head before the second *entrée*, which he protested was "inconshequench—hic—stornry—hic—hightempreture."

MR. DIDDLE found his resources so exhausted by the heat that he felt himself compelled to leave his lodgings without settling with his landlady.

MR. PHUNKIE was so greatly overcome by the high temperature that in the heat of the moment he used a rather warm expression while dancing with Miss FLIRTINGLEY, and has since been tortured by the thought that he is bound, now, to propose to her.

MR. FORESIGHT has just laid in his winter stock of coal, at an advance of more than twelve shillings a ton, which, in total ignorance of any other reason, he attributes wholly to the wondrously hot weather.

Epigram for an Irish Editor.

ALL's up with poor ould Ireland! One last pang
She feels, which O that GLADSTONE should impart!
"He curls his viper tail and strikes his fang
Evenomed" (whack!) "into the nation's heart."

Anti-Sanitary Initials.

THE Privy Council, on the 30th ult., issued two orders relative to the Contagious Diseases (Animals) Act. One of them directs the slaughter, within ten days, of all sheep and goats imported from any place in the Empire of Germany into Great Britain. The animals affected by the Contagious Diseases Acts would, if they could, like Aesop's quadrupeds, speak, perhaps for brevity's sake, call those Acts the "C. D. Acts." Of course a section of them would dissent strongly not only from those, but from any Acts whatsoever of that kind, unpleasantly affecting themselves. Those opponents of "C. D. Acts," if they were bipeds, would perhaps get them called "Contagious Dissenters Acts."



AFTER THE BALL.

"DID I SAY ANYTHING FOOLISH, PARKER, WHEN YOU WOKE ME THIS MORNING?"

"No, Miss. You LOOKED it!"

MATRIMONY AND MUSIC.

At a particularly jolly marriage celebrated on Saturday last week in Westminster Abbey, a musical and out-and-out musical marriage, the bride and bridegroom were of course played away from the Communion-table rails with MENDELSSOHN'S *Wedding March*. Yes; of course. MENDELSSOHN'S *Wedding March* is as indispensable to the nuptials of eminent persons as the National Anthem is to a Royal visit to a theatre. On this occasion, however, originality was in a measure consulted, if not by MR. TURLE the organist, perhaps by the parties about to be united, who may themselves have organised the musical arrangements. For, says the *Post*:-

"After the first part of the ceremony, the bridal procession advanced to the altar, the choir singing the *Deus Misereatur* to the chant 'Turle' from BEETHOVEN."

That is to say, a certain chant adapted from BEETHOVEN by MR. TURLE. Solemn music no doubt, and suitable to words which express a very proper frame of mind on the part of persons embarking on the sea of matrimony which the best assorted couple must expect to find more or less troubled. That the expectations of those concerned in the present instance were the very brightest, is a consideration which adds force to their example of cautious forethought. All people have their own troubles, and, besides those, a husband and wife share each other's. "The course of true love never did run smooth," says Somebody whom Nobody contradicts; and, when you consider that not even the immense fortune now necessary to keep house and afford butcher's meat in any sphere of decent society can avert the annoyances connected with the nursery, or the dissatisfaction experienced when there is no room for them, you will probably consider the psalm above quoted a very fit one to be chanted on the celebration of even one of the most hopeful of imaginable marriages. Only perhaps you will be of opinion that appropriate as *Misereatur* must ever be to the most jocund hymenals, it would be still more agreeable to sing a *Miserere* at once. Indeed a philosopher would like to hear a *De Profundis* added.

VIVA LA LIBERTÀ!

YOUR freedom as to Sunday beer
Is curtailed, and your simple right
After the play to make good cheer
As heretofore a Briton might.

Your fathers never would have borne
Restraints like these without some noise;
They would have held themselves in scorn
Submitting to be ruled like boys.

Ah yes!—but then the Tory 'Squires
And Parsons did this Island rule.
'Twas that which would have made our Sires
Rebel if governed as a school.

Now we obey the People's voice.
(Prig-ridden People will you say?)
It is the Members of our choice
Who vote our liberty away.

Paternal Government behold!
A Public self-enslaved! Meanwhile
How tyrannous, proud, bloated, old
Aristocrats look on and smile!

A DUNSTABLE LARK.

DISSENTERS of all denominations should be interested in the circumstance that Dunstable Priory Church is undergoing restoration. The work already done has cost £8,000, and there are a "unique and graceful west window," a south aisle, "as fine a specimen of Norman work as is to be found in the kingdom," and a new oak roof "worth a visit to Dunstable to see," to show for it. The Restoration Committee want £3,000 more. To this fund the Dissenters, no doubt, will contribute their mites like ripe Stiltons. In Dunstable Priory Church ARCHBISHOP CRANMER pronounced sentence of divorce between HENRY THE EIGHTH and CATHERINE OF ARAGON. But for that, there might have been no Dissenters at all. Bankers—BASSETT & Co., Dunstable.

SPORTING AND METEOROLOGICAL QUESTION.—Sir, how am I to know when it's a Dead Heat?—Why, when it's quite cold.

However, "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," and the *Times* informs us that, on the most interesting occasion above referred to, after the *Deus Misereatur* had been chanted, the psalm, *Beati Omnes*, was intoned by the precentor, the REV. S. FLOOD JONES. *Beati Omnes! Sing O terque quaterque beati!* In the language of Freemasonry let us say, "So mote they be." Who? All married couples, new and old, till death do them part, and after. Celibacy and single-blessedness, you know, are synonymous.

SABBATARIAN POINT SCORED.

A PATERNAL Government and Legislature, under Teetotal and Sabbatarian influence, have enacted a law which for an additional hour is to shut up places of refreshment at the very time when Excursionists most require it during Excursion hours on Sunday. What do "Liberal" Ministers and their supporters expect to gain by this sumptuary legislation in the spirit of a clergyman who is the autocrat of an Academy? Votes, perhaps, at the next election. The authors and abettors of the Anti-excursion Clause in the Licensing Bill will not have incommoded by it all the voters in England. There are some, indeed, whom they have delighted and not disgusted; fanatics, hypocrites, and humbugs. In the metropolitan districts the step they have taken towards stopping Sunday excursions altogether will, now that the Ballot is the law of the land, no doubt procure them a very considerable preponderance of votes on the side of their opponents.

Malapropiana.

MRS. MALAPROP is making a collection of butterflies, which she hopes may help her to understand the theory of caterpillary attraction. With a view to gain some foreign information on the subject, she has been reading MR. WALLACE'S delightful book of travel in what she calls the Himalayan Archipelago.



THE CLOSE OF THE SEASON.

Housemaid (to Constant Visitor). "MISSIS SENDS YOU THIS, AND YOU NEEDN'T COME AGAIN, FOR WE'RE ALL GOING TO THE SEA-SIDE ON SATURDAY."

Mendicant. "TELL THE LADY I'M MUCH OBLIGED TO HER, AND I'M GOING TO THE SEA-SIDE MYSELF NEXT WEEK!"

WORDS AND WIND.

In the days of illustrious DITTON and WHISTON
Hypothetical Chemistry spoke of "Phlogiston."
And in Medicine and Surgery, fevers and tumours,
And all sorts of diseases were set down to "humours."

Other words, too, had Science, which since being tested
By researches exact, have of sense been divested,
And the Sages of Nature have had their ontology
To revise; so will Doctors have that of Theology.

The old Schoolmen's expressions of "Substance" and "Person,"
Which the faith of mankind they imposed with a curse on,
By devoting gainsayers to vengeance eternal,
Prove mere shells which contain no idea for kernel.

HOLT, NON OL'T.

If people won't get their advertisements printed correctly, 'tis not *Mr. Punch's* fault if his World-Censorship touches them up to their discontent. Nine Correspondents sent him nine copies of the notification that £10 a year was offered to a Second Master of the Holt school. It seems that £110 ought to have been the amount proffered. That's a deal better, and *Mr. Punch* hopes that a good Second Master has been obtained for what *Brooks's Gazetteer* declares to be an "excellent" free school, founded by SIR THOMAS GRESHAM. "God save the foundation," as *Dogberry* says, and now you understand what *he* meant. See how *Mr. Punch* hangs instruction on every peg in the world!

A Pun for our Premier.

PROSPERITY advances by leaps and bounds, does it? What a pity it is, rather, that Prosperity is not likely to be boundless!

A HINT.

A FUND is being raised for an arrangement with the creditors of SIGNOR MARIO, who is inconvenienced by them. *Mr. Punch* trusts that a handsome subscription will be made. Nothing can be grudged that ministers to the comfort of one whose talents have given pleasure to thousands. But *Mr. Punch* wonders whether bad singers, music-hall folks, and the rest of the class which is, in the musical world, what bad writers and obscure little critics are in literature, will raise a howl at the proposal to help MARIO, and will say, "He has earned plenty of money for years, what did he do with it?" If so, right-minded people will have another opportunity for the display of two things—excellent in their place—namely, liberality, and contempt.

THE CITY OF LIONS.

It appears that the ATTORNEY-GENERAL made a mistake in his speech about the diplomatic mission from the British Government to the Vatican, when he stated that the POPE still remained an independent Sovereign within the limits of the Leonine City. The City of LEO THE FOURTH that was is now the City of VICTOR EMMANUEL THE FIRST, having been annexed by Plebiscitum to the Italian Kingdom. The lions of the Leonine City are mostly architectural, sculptural, and pictorial; so that the Holy Father, even if he were, as he calls himself, a prisoner, could not, without very gross absurdity, compare himself to DANIEL in the Lions' Den. But His Holiness is in the frequent habit of drawing a comparison bolder than that.

Genuine American Claim.

THERE is certainly one claim of immense amount which may be advanced by the United States, and is incontestable; the claim of MR. STANLEY to have discovered DR. LIVINGSTONE.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



R. PEACOCK in one of his delightful novels (which are not novels, except in the sense that they are full of wit and wisdom, now novelties, save in these immortal columns) has the genial chant:

"Over, over, over, jolly, jolly rover!"

The Session is over, over, over, and you may all be jolly, jolly rovers, if you like. But do as you please. *Mr. Punch* would not coerce anybody into jollity. All unnecessary legislation is tyranny. Stay in town, and be dismal if you like, there's no charge. We shan't. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, and roll up plenty of prawns. Is this levity? We care not. Parliament is *np*. Roar to the cads and the [cabs, Big Ben, we hope not to hear thee again for many a night! Boom to the boats and the bridge, cracked one that hangest so high, and overflow thy bower with thy questionable melodies! We shall hear them not—

"Where the broad ocean leans against the land."

But we must dismiss the Assembly with decorum.

Monday, August 5.—Greenwich Hospital is to be made a grand and complete Naval University, which is to confer sea-degrees.

The subject suggests much facetiousness. We graciously leave it to our young men. The Bill for opening this Watery "Eye of England" has passed.

So has the Druidical Circles Bill, but there is to be no Military Dépôt at Oxford until the Dons have given their sentence on the plan.

So has the Public Health Bill, an excellent step in the right direction, but not half enough of a stride.

Mr. Lowe stated that he could not coin more than £50,000 of silver in a week. This is a bore, as we want small change when out of town.

We nearly polished off the Licensing Bill in the Commons. The Publicans have not succeeded in overthrowing the Grocers, in the matter of liquor-vending, but have done something. Grocerius is to be treated as Publicanus is treated. The person who buys a sealed bottle of liquor at a grocer's is, *primâ facie*, a person who is going to refresh himself, reasonably, in the bosom of his family, and to share his comforts with them, and this sort of purchase is to be encouraged. The opposition to it is all spite and greed. The modification in the Bill, however, is not of much consequence, and Bung says he has been betrayed.

On the case of the REV. MR. O'KEEFE, suspended by his priestly superiors for resorting to British law, severe things were said about the Irish Education Commissioners being subservient to the Priests. Subserviency was denied, but error of judgment admitted by the Government.

MR. ASTON, of the Bounty Office, thought that "money-lenders" would put on the screw to defeat a Dilapidation Bill which is meant to benefit the Clergy, so he wrote to some Members, asking them to make a House, and defeat Shylock. Breach of privilege was talked about, but MR. ASTON meant well, and the affair came to nothing.

Tuesday.—Heaps of legislation forwarded by the Lords.

In the Commons, the Indian Budget was presented by MR. GRANT DUFF. Into a great mass of figures he suddenly stuck a quotation, to make matters lively. Here it is,—

"My father was an Affghan and came from Candahar,
He rode with Nawal Amir Khan in the old Mahratta war.
From the Deccan to the Himalay, five hundred of our clan,
They asked no leave of king or chief as they swept thro' Hindostan."

This narrative has much interest, and the argument is convincing. MR. GRANT DUFF, however, mentioned a few other points. We are happy to say that he gave a most favourable account of the Indian Revenue, and stated that we had a much larger surplus than was expected, in fact, the largest cash balance ever known. Yet, since the mutiny, we have spent, for the benefit of India, Eighty-Nine Millions sterling, which

"Indus litoribus rubra scrutatur in alga."

Nay, friend CLAUDIAN, not so; it has been usefully laid out. Why poke in with a quotation which is not to the purpose?

MR. FAWCETT then performed a feat which must be mentioned. To understand it, we must of necessity recall the fact that he is dependent on the attention and affection of others for all the information he can obtain. To-day he delivered a long speech on Indian finance, resuming the subject at the evening sitting, and the lucidity with which he marshalled the facts and figures which must have been compiled for and recited to him, afforded a wonderful instance of acquired skill. The display must have been very gratifying to the friend who had helped him—we venture no surmise on the subject. His opinions as to our treatment of India are not those of the majority of the House, but there was little discussion, and the Indian Budget was accepted.

Wednesday, and yet the Lords did not keep Woden's day, but sat to push on business.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK said that as it was so late in the Session he should not bring on his motion regarding DR. HOOKER. Let us quote a Sheffield song of the lower sort. "'Boh!' cried Tiger, undaunted." Tiger here stands for MR. FAWCETT. You'll read.

We quite polished off the Licensing Bill, and sent it to the Lords. SIR WILFRID LAWSON begged leave to describe the measure. Heavier penalties were imposed on drunkards, and on drunkard-makers, and there were stricter penalties against adulteration. It would not diminish the number of licensed public-houses. MR. BRUCE said that he did not expect legislation to stop drunkenness, but it was a duty to punish it.

An Irish Member, and his name is MR. MURPHY, from Cork, actually thanked the Saxon Government for the Bill. But this is a season of phenomena.

Thursday.—The Lords behaved like gentlemen. They met at five, to forward Bills, then they adjourned until nearly midnight, when they came again to expedite the Appropriation Bill.

The Commons had their last night of fight, and it was not a bad one. After a great number of small matters, the Third Reading of the last-mentioned Bill was moved.

MR. FAWCETT, the Undaunted, interposed. He called upon MR. GLADSTONE to give such an explanation of the DR. HOOKER business, as should show that the Government appreciated the eminent services of that gentleman.

This made it necessary for SIR JOHN LUBBOCK to state the case against MR. AYRTON, which he did at some length.

MR. OSBORNE said that, with all MR. AYRTON's faults, the House loved him still. (Very still.) He was an efficient servant, but had a military abruptness which would be more proper at the Horse Guards, or in Ireland. He had been audacious, and also orchid-aceous, as regarded the great botanist. But, added MR. OSBORNE, is there not a job somewhere? Kensington, eh? Is Kew to be made a Cole-cellar? However, let MR. AYRTON and the Doctor say they have both been wrong, and make it up.

MR. BROMLEY-DAVENPORT said that if, as was supposed, there was a yearly wager between MR. LOWE and MR. AYRTON as to which should make the greatest number of discourteous answers, MR. AYRTON had won in a walk.

Then did the great AYRTON show himself equal to the occasion, and his speech approached the sublime. He was for treating small quarrels in an easy, good-tempered way—that was for MR. BROMLEY—and there was usually some good sense obscured by MR. OSBORNE's jokes. As for DR. HOOKER, MR. AYRTON had done what he believed to be his duty, and the former was one of those scientific gentlemen who do not make themselves amenable to the usages of the public service. He wrote offensive letters, and had no right to complain. Other subordinates did not complain. But as for the letter or memorial of the "philosophers," (MR. PUNCH's readers will recall the signatures—nay, read them again. SIR CHARLES LYELL, MR. DARWIN, PROFESSOR HUXLEY, PROFESSOR TYNDALL, SIR JAMES PAGET, SIR H. HOLLAND, SIR H. RAWLINSON, the President of the College of Physicians, the President of the College of Surgeons, the President of the Linnæan Society, and MR. SPOTTISWOODE,) this is what MR. AYRTON had to say:—

"These gentlemen think themselves of great weight and authority. No doubt they are gentlemen who are eminent for their knowledge of organic and inorganic matter. (Laughter.) They have applied their minds to various branches of natural science, and they pride themselves upon being individually superior to myself. I am but myself—(laughter)—an humble member of a profession which prides itself upon receiving deservedly higher consideration than the science of organic and inorganic matter. It is a science which regulates the relations between man and man, and teaches people that they must act righteously."

MR. PUNCH feels that after this he must, for once, imitate MR. AYRTON, who presently declined to have anything more to say on the subject. This is

"The large utterance of the early gods."

It is too stupendous for comprehension, let alone comment. (He added that grave charges had been made against him by a subordinate (DR. HOOKER) and it depended on the way that charge should be disposed of what his course would be. He said, and sat.)

Another slight row, raised by MR. BROMLEY-DAVENPORT, enabled the House to take breath, and then, *dignus vindice nodus*,

THE PREMIER expressed his deep regret at what had occurred. His desire had been to retain the services of two able and valuable men. The Treasury had offered clear explanation to DR. HOOKER. But the latter had charged MR. AYRTON with evasions and misrepresentations: this charge must be withdrawn. MR. GLADSTONE's own Private Secretary, MR. WEST, had tried to make peace, but had failed. Still, up to five o'clock MR. AYRTON had been content to leave matters in his PREMIER's hands, but such an attack had been made that it was not to be expected he could remain silent. He had certainly answered strongly. But, if it had not been for DR. HOOKER's illness, a letter from him would probably have stopped the whole matter. Government only desired to do its duty.

MR. COWPER-TEMPLE said that MR. AYRTON had shown a bitterness against DR. HOOKER and all scientific men, and in the letters it was assumed that they were not to be treated as gentlemen.

The Appropriation Bill then passed.

It was supposed that we had done with the debate on MR. BUTT's endeavour to procure a condemnation of MR. JUSTICE KEOGH. But, somehow, it was resumed, and after several exceedingly flat speeches, relieved by a manly and spirited defence of the Judge by SIR ROBERT PEEL, 126 Members voted against the motion, which had 25 supporters. MR. JUSTICE KEOGH, as was certain to be the case, has thus been upheld by the Imperial Parliament, against the Ultramontanes and their representatives. The Bishop and Priests will be put on their trial.

Friday.—The last discussion in the Lords was on the question of Farthings, complaint of a deficiency having been made. LORD LANSDOWNE said that there were enough. Did he ever see one? Does he know that the word means a fourth of a penny; a fourthing?

We did not sit long in the Commons, but we had great fun. MR.

WHALLEY brought on the case of CASTRO; and, amid the roars of the House, declared his belief in that ill-used man, and vowed that he would "beg from door to door" for funds to assist him. He used language for which he was sternly rebuked by MR. BRUCE, and MR. HENRY JAMES cautioned the House not to permit one of its Members to wander about abusing judges, juries, and counsel, and indulging in a Mountebank Performance. Of course, a ridiculous motion by the Member for the Idiots of Peterborough was negatived, and CASTRO will go into the dock.

Saturday.—We were released from our labours.

The Royal Speech mentioned—

1. Maintenance of the American Treaty.
2. Menaced end to Free Trade with France.
3. Treaty with Germany for Extradition of Criminals.
4. Suppression of East African Slave-trade.
5. Responsible Government at the Cape.
6. Pacific Islanders' Protection.
7. Army Localisation.
8. Ballot.
9. Municipal Elections.
10. Scottish Education.
11. Irish Local Government.
12. Amendment of Uniformity Act.
13. Public Health Act.
14. Chancery Funds Act.
15. Mines Act.
16. Licensing Act.
17. Irish tranquillity and prosperity.
18. And ended with a warning to commercial folk to be considerate and thoughtful.

The last words made Mr. Punch moody, and he walked slowly away from the New Palace of Westminster. But suddenly recollecting that the Session was over, he Chortled in his Jog.

COMIC "MENS CONSCIA RECTI."

"THE Hampshire Independent, the other day, published an obituary of a most respectable chemist and druggist, for many years one of the notabilities of Southampton. This gentleman was a highly religious and moral man, moral as well as religious; performed many and large public uses, and was most exemplary in private life, besides being very popular for his bland and affable deportment. His memory can, therefore, well afford the smile likely to be occasioned by one or two passages of that memoir, which, in a spirit, however, of the highest respect, presents certain of his characteristics so displayed as to appear a little droll.

Although an intelligent member of the Church of England, this gentleman was a Sabbatarian, and an extreme, though not a crabbed, but on the contrary a jovial and even jocular one. He once attended a meeting of the Evangelical Alliance at Edinburgh, and no doubt made the humorous Scotchmen, if not their more serious English allies, laugh heartily, at least, by the point led up to in the following remarks:—

"He was sorry to see so many Christians employing cabs to stand outside the door of their churches to receive them when they retired from worship. There might sometimes be excuses for that, but he really thought it would be better if some people stayed at home than prevent those whom they employed in this way from going to a place of worship. The only one who raised an objection to the clause was a gentleman of high standing, who said, 'What will become of the people coming into the town on a Sunday?' and he replied, 'If there is anything in the world that would give me pleasure, it would be to have an enactment that would put all the persons that come into town on a Sunday to the greatest possible inconvenience.'"

The audience thus addressed was one of whom the most part, no doubt, felt their fancy tickled by the suggestion of a legislative practical joke to be enforced at the expense of "Sabbath"-breakers: the joke sure to have been enhanced in the utterance by a style of genial self-complacency. A conscientious, jocund self-satisfaction is known to have been one of this excellent gentleman's most distinctive qualities. He firmly believed that he always acted for the best, and any doubt about the correctness of anything he did apparently never occurred to him. Accordingly he also told the Scotchmen and his other Evangelical hearers the following story about himself:—

"He felt it incumbent on him, as a religious man, who had to give an answer before God, to do something to put the Sabbath traffic down, and he went to the chief man in the town who kept his shop open, bought something from him, and laid information against him, but a second magistrate could not be found upon the Bench to convict him."

To the reader the fun of this anecdote will probably appear to lie principally in the utter absence it evinced of the slightest misgiving as to his own right, in the cause of Sabbatarianism, to break the "Sabbath," for the purpose of getting an anti-Sabbatarian fined for breaking it. This little mistake, too, was made by an enthusiastic

Protestant, who would have loudly condemned as Jesuitically immoral the doctrine that the end justifies the means. Take the case in phrenological terms. Conscientiousness presided over this gentleman's conduct in all secular affairs. In matters of religion, however, veneration appears to have presided somewhat over conscientiousness, and self-esteem a little over both. Still he lived a good life, and made a good end. He sank peacefully to rest, says our Southampton contemporary; and adds the quotation:—

"Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

Upright undoubtedly; but what man is perfect? A degree of bumpousness, however, which sometimes a little obscures a generally cloudless ethical vision, only superadds a slight touch of the comic to the character of a model man.

BESIDE THE SEA.



ALK is right sweet
beside the sea,
Beside Sweet JANE
as well;
For Ocean shows it-
self, like me,
Sometimes a won-
drous swell.
Here at Llandudno I
can pace,
With step superb
and grand,
And feel in London,
for I face,
Whene'er I like,
the Strand.

JANE loves the fash-
ions more than
books—
The Opera best of
all;
She leads me there by
words and looks,
Horse-like, into a
stall.
She smiles whene'er I
talk of men
Whose names can
never die;
And sad it is to hear
her then
Just mutterslowly,
"Why?"

I've talked of MILTON's stately muse—
Of Aven's deathless bard;
But soon with hers I found my views
Did not accord, but jarred.
Once I named SHELLEY and T. MOORE;
I saw she was at sea;
She said that shelly was the shore,
Thought T. MOORE meant more tea.

I spoke of BACON to her once;
'Twas wrong, I quickly found;
She cured me, said I was a dunce,
And asked, "How much a pound?"
I gave up BACON, spoke of LAMB,
But she was ill at ease;
She knew not CHARLES, I'm sure, I am,
Because she whispered "Peas!"

There is a tide in men's affairs,
So WILLIAM S. has said;
And mine may be a flood of cares
If I dear JANE should wed.
Yet still I love these sea-side strolls,
For then I gladly woo;
And know, for one, time sweetly rolls,
When Ocean's rolling too.

Natural Query.

IN his calling he is, modest AYRTON declares,
What are LYELL, and HUXLEY, and PAGET, in theirs:
Then, why's he so low down the Government stairs?



TAKING THOUGHT FOR THE FUTURE.

"YOU SEEM TO BE A GREAT FAVOURITE WITH THE YOUNG LADIES OF THE HOUSE, MISS MUNDAYNE!"
 "YES! I'M ALWAYS CIVIL TO GIRLS! ONE NEVER KNOWS WHOM THEY MAY MARRY, YOU KNOW!"

NO BISMARCK IN BRITAIN.

LET us be thankful that, whilst our personal habits are only controlled by paternal legislation, the freedom of combination for political purposes, however subversive soever, is unbounded. Read this:—

"LONDON HOME-RULERS AND THE PRIESTS:—A strenuous effort is being made to increase and organise the Irish vote for the purpose of influencing the coming elections. On Monday evening an influential meeting of Roman Catholics, lay as well as clerical, was held at the Presbytery, Tottenham Road, Kingland. ARCHBISHOP MANNING, at whose instance the meeting was convened, took the chair, and was supported by fifteen priests."

The *Times* goes on to say that they formed a Roman Catholic Registration Society, and organised a general committee empowered to appoint fifteen sub-committees, one for each mission, to be composed of Priests and Laymen, the chief Priest of each mission to be *ex officio* chairman. It also announces the gratifying intelligence that a meeting is to be held at Islington, on Monday next, under the presidency of CANON OAKLEY, "in furtherance of these objects," also that:

"An address has been widely distributed 'by the governing body of the Irish Home Rule Association,' in which they urge the London Irish to enroll their names in the lists of voters in every parish and precinct within the metropolitan Parliamentary electoral district."

Thus we behold the formation of a League with an ultimate object essentially identical with that of the celebrated one recorded in French History. Home Rule, if obtained, will of course issue in the repeal of the Act of Settlement. The Irish Church was a sentimental grievance which its disestablishment and disendowment have not redressed. Still the faithful Irish remain precluded from having to reign over them a Sovereign professing their own faith. Home Rule, if conceded (after having been thought about twice and three times), will of course end in the further concession of the abolition of that statute which insults Roman Catholic Ireland by the imposition of Protestant Royalty.

See how British enlightenment puts to shame the blind intolerance of Germany! ARCHBISHOP MANNING and his sacerdotal confederates have no fear of a weak but bigoted BISMARCK before their eyes. Jesuits are free to try and avenge their martyred predecessors. For fidelity to the POPE's deposing Bulls, by the law of England, Jesuits were formerly hanged, drawn, and quartered. Their present representatives are able to combine for the overthrow of the Protestant monarchy, and unrestrained in taking steps towards the dismemberment of the British Empire. Yah, BISMARCK, you pusillanimous persecutor! What can you and your King and country say for yourselves like that?

New Article for the Life-Guards.

(Not on any account to be declined except as follows:—)

Masc.	Fem.	Neuter.
Nom. Hickey.	Hækey.	Hockey.
Gen. Hn-jus(t get out of the way!)		
Dative. Polo.		
Acc. Hunc-le.	Hanc-le (which hurts if hit at)	Hoc-key, (and makes you cry out)
Vocative. O!		
Abl. Polo.	Hâc(-cident).	Polo.

The Lambeth Nuisance.

SHOULD the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY still have cause to complain of the Smoke nuisance, he ought at once to put up the celebrated "Lambeth Register," and get rid of it. Any careful Paterfamilias would have seen to the register at the first mention of smoke.

EDMUNDS V. ELLIS.

ANOTHER "Edmunds Scandal" Case is o'er;
 Here endeth, let us hope, the Edmunds Bore.

SS N.Y.S.C.

expected to do anybody's and everybody's work, at the shortest notice.)

"ARTON, "AND MIND YOU'RE POLITE AND GENTLEMANLY—D'YOU HEAR?"
 "LOVE, "AND ABOVE ALL THINGS, TAKE CARE OF THE MONEY."
 GLADSTONE, "AND REMEMBER, THERE ARE ALWAYS THREE COUSES BEFORE YOU!"

Exeunt

[Exeunt.



HAPPY THOUGHTS.



Aboard the Baron.

ANY ladies disappear at once. My Aunt does this immediately, and has got hold of the Stewardess in a corner. My Aunt's general notion of steamboat travelling is, either that you must go to bed at once, directly you get on board, or never. That, in fact, once on deck always on deck, or once in bed, always in bed. MILBURN, who has made great friends with my Aunt in five minutes, prevails upon her, as the river is beautifully calm and the day warm, to come on deck; and, as he puts it, "keep company with his Missus." He means sit with his wife, to whom we have been introduced. "I shall never be able to go down again, I'm sure," my Aunt says, seating

herself with her face to the wind, as if to be kept fresh by the breeze. Mrs. MILBURN is, as my Aunt describes her afterwards, "a plump little charm"—meaning a charming little plump person. "Very pretty, with dimpley lovels—I should say"—she corrects herself with a look at me, as much as to imply that she is perfectly aware of her mistake, and doesn't require my assistance—"Very pretty, with lovely dimples in her hands, beautiful teeth, and I am sure, though I don't often admire people, she has the laughtiest pretty possible." ("Prettiest laugh," of course. *Vide* Dixon's Johnsonary.) I admit all the praise, and only regret that his wife encourages MILBURN's nonsense by laughing at him. I thought marriage would have sobered him. It hasn't a bit. On the contrary, he's now got an audience which he can "command," and invariably "carry with him." My Aunt asks Mrs. MILBURN, by way of commencing an appropriate subject, if she's a good sailor. MILBURN, who generally replies for her if he can, says that "His Missus has been priming herself for the voyage for three days beforehand, and that the amount of chops and stout, and—here she stops him laughingly, and owns to *not* being a good sailor. Then my Aunt tells her what a very bad sailor *she* is; and *how* it comes about that she is so; and under what circumstances she is worse at some times than at others.

Happy Thought.—Join in it, and tell them what a bad sailor I am. Better to prepare them, because if one isn't ill after all, you get a reputation for being a capital sailor, for modesty in not boasting of it, and for sympathy with the sufferings of others. At this point MILBURN (at whom his wife laughs, admiringly, directly he opens his mouth) suggests various remedies; among others, that (of course) of staying on shore, and finally of keeping your head under water, in a pail, for twenty minutes. My Aunt tells me apart that Mr. MILBURN is really *very* funny. "He reminds me," she says, of a Mr.—dear me, what *was* his name? He propertied it for change some time afterwards, and went to France. Oh yes, of course, JONES—Mr. JONES. He was very droll, but I'm not quite sure that I don't prefer Mr. ACKWORTH" (she means MILBURN) "Mr. ACKWORTH's fun to Mr. JONES's jones after all." (JONES's jones, *i.e.*, JONES's jokes. *Vide* Dixon's Johnsonary.)

Happy Thought.—Get out of hearing of this conversation. Why can't people, on board a steamboat, find some other subject besides sea-sickness? It's just exactly the place where they oughtn't to talk about it. Go and converse with the Captain. The Northern Farmer is with him. He is asking, "Does he (the Captain) think it'll be a bad night?" The Captain doesn't. On the contrary, a very good night. It's a stupid question, because even if the Captain does think it'll be a bad night, one can't go back now.

I notice a man, or rather a man notices me, as I am attracted towards him by his perpetual grin. Whenever he sees me [and he sees me every three minutes regularly, because he is walking up and down the deck and grinning whenever he catches my eye as he passes me] this grin seems to say "I know you. I recollect your doing, something or other, in past years, that I shan't forget in a hurry." I think I remember his face. But not his grin.

Happy Thought.—Now find out who he is. Process. I'll speak to the Captain: he'll speak to the Captain: common subject of con-

versation: then I'll speak to him: he'll speak to me. Then I'll say to him, "I fancy I recollect your face at—" and leave him to fill in the blank.

Mister Grinner asks the Captain, gruffly, "When shall we be at Antwerp?"

I set him down at once as a rude, unpolished man. He has not been a quarter of an hour on the *Ossy*, and he walks up to the Captain, who is, as it were, by an agreeable fiction, his host, for the time, and asks "When shall we be at Antwerp?" which really means, "Look here, I'm tired of this: why don't you get on and go faster? When shall we be off this ship, and get rid of you, eh?"

Happy Thought.—Soften it down. The Captain is a foreigner, and peculiarly courteous, so I feel that I should like to show him that the Grinner, as a boor, is an exceptional Englishman. Say jocularly, "O, we shan't be at Antwerp till seven or eight to-morrow morning—and," heartily, for the sake of the Captain, "I'm glad of it, for a pleasanter way of spending a good many hours"—being uncertain as to the number of hours the ship is advertised to perform the voyage in, I don't like to make any inuendo (still on account of the Captain) as to what time we ought to take, so merely say "a good many hours"—"than on board a fine ship (compliment to the Captain) on a lovely day, I don't know." The Grinner simply grins broader than before at me, as if the recollection of the circumstances in which he'd seen me in days gone by, was too much for him, and, shoving his hands into his overcoat pockets, he resumes his marching up and down without another word. Most irritating.

The Captain, who, by the way, has informed the Grinner that by seven A.M. we shall be at Antwerp, is now occupied in looking through an opera-glass.

Happy Thought.—To talk to him on general subjects. Why not talk to a Captain on general subjects? Why be professional with a Professional? You don't always talk about teeth to a Dentist. Evidently it would be bad taste. By this rule, *i.e.*, of never talking professionally with a professional, one would become deeply interested in agriculture when talking to a Naval Captain, about the Ballet with a Bishop, and about shipping with a Soldier.

Happy Thought.—Sink the ship. In this case, sink the ship. Wonder whether, when on shore, he's fond of farming. Perhaps so; "in his cottage near the sea." Might get something out of him about Colonel Pig and Mister Turnips.

To lead up to the subject by asking him how he gets his vegetables on board, or, if he's fond of the sea. The latter seems, considering his position, a little rude, so I am prepared to substitute, "I suppose you stop on shore a good deal?" which, on consideration, appears to be ruder than the other. Why not plunge in at once, and say, "Well, Skipper, how about Turnips?"

I open the conversation with, "Aren't you rather tired of going this voyage every week?" He regards me for one second, and then, resuming his opera-glasses, replies simply, that he is *not* rather tired of it, and turns to speak, in Flemish, I fancy, to the Lieutenant. Now I want a question to follow. Several people come up to talk to the Captain. There seems to be a sort of idea, prevalent amongst all the steamboat passengers, that if you make friends with the Captain, it (whatever it is) will be all right. There are some men who always know the Proprietors of Hotels, the Drivers of Coaches, and the Captains of Ships, and pride themselves on the knowledge. I don't remark that they get better treated than anybody else. MILBURN, for instance, always knows every one, or says he does. "Been talking to the First Officer?" he asks me. I reply "No, to the Captain."—"Well," he answers, "he is the First Officer."

Happy Thought.—Lucky I didn't address him as the Skipper.

Questions which everyone asks the Captain:—

1. What time shall we arrive at Antwerp? (Answer uncertain.)
2. Does he (the Captain) think we shall have a calm passage? (Answer dependent upon whether before or after dinner or supper.)
3. When shall we be at sea? Also when do we dine? A matter of the deepest importance to those about to dine. The latter question was put most earnestly by my Aunt. On the answer being given, the questioner refers to his watch.

[*Happy Thought.*—Dine at two. Not at sea till eight. Questioner decides to dine and dine well.]

Festival of S. Guy.

It is well suggested by the *Times* that from the beginning of August to the end of December seems "rather too long a period to be without any day of relaxation;" that is, for those clerks and others whose only secular holidays are the Bank Holidays. Business, perhaps, would not suffer very much if another day were conceded to them within the abovenamed period. What day shall it be? Now, here is a chance for MR. WHALLEY. Let the Honourable Member for Peterborough, some time during next Session, move that another day be added to the number of Bank Holidays, and that the additional Bank holiday be the Fifth of November.



DEFIANT DEFINITION.

Barmaid. "WE NEVER SERVE ANYBODY WHO'S HAD SUFFICIENT; YOU'VE TAKEN TOO MUCH ALREADY—"

Thirsty Customer. "YOU'LL 'XSHUSHE ME, MARAM! I MAY'VE 'AD TOO MUSH (*hic*), BU' I 'AVEN'T 'AD ENOUGH!!"

THE TOURISTS' REMEMBRANCER.

(For this Year only.)

Advice gratis.—Passports, you will be told, are of no use now-a-days. Don't believe it. *The more Passports you have the better.* The proof of this is the utter inability of everybody to answer the plain question, "Why didn't DOCTOR LIVINGSTONE come back?" Why? Simply on account of the Passport System on the one hand, and because he had lost his return-ticket on the other. DR. LIVINGSTONE is a precious stone, and we're glad he is a Living-stone; and this *jeu de mot* we present to Tourists as an excellent spice for casual conversation. We've got some more of the same sort, which can be communicated privately on sending name and address, and postage stamps in advance—the price of these novelties being so much an hour. Our new *Portable Joke-Cutting Machine*, easily carried in a hand-bag, can be had on application.

Pleasant Tours.—Perhaps, on the whole, one of the pleasantest tours for August and September is first to Lisbon, where you can swell about and, in the slang of the day, "flash your linen," or, to put it poetically—

Lounge about Lisbon,
Pull up your wristband,

which sounds better than it looks, being in this respect exactly the contrary of the bagpipes. If you are fond of Onions, Portugal is your place. If not, it isn't. *Apropos* of Passports, you must have them here, young lady; or, if you haven't, you can't stop here, young lady. In fact, again to quote the poet, Without a *Pass-port-you-gal*, you must pass *Port-you-gal*. (Terms for this *jeu de mot* easy. We have our agents all over the world, and shall soon know if you've made use of it without paying. We'll assess you, if you like; for so much a year you can repeat any of the ordinary jokes

COLNEY-HATCH CANARD.

ELLEN KING *alias* MARY MORRIS, brought up on remand at Richmond on Monday last week, charged on her own confession with having caused the death of her sweetheart, FRANK MARTIN, by pushing him into a lake in Richmond Park, was, after she had been detained in custody several days, discharged upon evidence showing her to be of disordered mind. She had said she "could point out the spot where she pushed FRANK into the water." It is remarkable that the Richmond Police and Magistrates omitted to inquire about that in the first instance. Most persons resident within walking distance of Richmond are acquainted with the ponds in Richmond Park well enough to know that, whatsoever may be their degree of depth in the middle, at the sides the majority of them are so shallow that it would be impossible to drown a mouse there by pushing it into the water, unless a pebble had been first tied to its neck. The Richmond Magistracy and Constabulary seem to be little versed in the topography of Richmond.

Controversy and Curry.

ACCORDING to the Calcutta Correspondent of the *Times*, the Bennett Judgment has been canvassed very warmly and with much excitement in India. The Ritualist controversy rages there even yet more violently than it does among ourselves. These are comparatively far more temperate latitudes than those of HER MAJESTY'S Oriental dominions; but then one would have expected that, in a climate so much hotter than that of England, the whole question of Ritualism would have been narrowed down to the point whether an officiating clergyman, obliged by the Rubric to wear a surplice, ought, when he has that vestment on, to have anything else.

The Anti-Philosopher.

THE Noble Savage? Slighted HOOKER, we
The Savage clearly, yes, but merely, see.
Him of fair name would substitution rob
For Noble Savage of Ignoble Snob?

ANGLER'S MOTTO.—*Carpe diem.* A carp a day.

on our list. For Reserved Jokes special terms.) Our other quip about Portugal Street we keep back; but take this opportunity of informing our Subscribers that we *know* of a good thing with reference to this last.

Oranges will be your next pleasure at Lisbon, and we hope it will be very suck-cessful.

We will avoid Spain at present, and merely stopping to look through a glass at the Madeira, and to see the King with his Sweet at Canary, we recommend the Tourist who has only a few days at his disposal to cross the Equator as soon as possible.

Method of Crossing the Equator.—You must sail about, if at sea, and walk about, if on land, until you see one of those numbers stuck up corresponding exactly to the number marked on the lines in the map. These numbers have been as carefully and systematically appointed to their particular spots as have those of the houses in our London streets. The slightest deviation from, or neglect of, this advice may lead to consequences which students of the history of MARCO POLO (the inventor of Hockey on Hacky), FERNANDO PO, CAPTAIN COOK (whose excursionist system round the world has now lost none of its first attractions) will best know how to avoid. Off the coast of Africa, at sea, look out for the Nos. 10 and 30. If on shore, for No. 20, No. 30, No. 40. You'll find them first in your Atlas. All excellent establishments, and equally to be recommended. Perhaps at No. 10 the sea-cooking is a trifle better than at No. 30, but that is all. The Son of the Sea Cook is the Boots here and is most attentive. The view on land from No. 20 is simply lovely. You look along the equator for miles, and, if you have a room with a Southern aspect, it will be with great difficulty that you'll tear yourself away in order to continue your journey. Should you not patronise any one of these Houses the owners will be unwilling to render you any assistance, as their season is a very short one, and their sole means of subsistence are the Summer Tourists.

Here, where there is a good deal of latitude about, you will be able to discuss the questions recently raised as to whether KING



SENSE AND SENSIBILITY.

A FRAGMENT.

"YES, ROBERT! BUT O! DO LOOK AT THE EXQUISITE EVENING GLOW ON YON DISTANT HILLS! HOW SOLEMN!! HOW SUBLIME!!!"

"O! STUNNING. WELL, THEN I MEASURED THE SCULLERY: SIX FEET BY TEN . . . THAT'LL JUST DO, WON'T IT?"

DAVID was a Geographist or a University man, in consequence of his so often singing a *Song of Degrees*. Of course about this part of the world there are several Colonies of Genuine Latitudinarians, and it is supposed that BISHOP COLENSO must have fallen in with some of them before falling out with others. After ninety-five the Latitudinarians are called Longitudinarians.

At least four camels, two men, and a boy, are required for Crossing the Equator. Don't, if at sea, attempt to do it at high tide: wait for the ebb, which, as the Niggers on the coast will tell you, is "Ebber going on and off." These niggers, *apropos*, are of an Ebber-ny colour. (Further jokes about Ebber-nethy biscuits for luncheon cannot be made *unless with our written permission*. We now intend to issue *Jocular Coupons for Comic Tourists*. Early application. ** Latest seasonable specimen, warranted first-rate for Devonshire tourists:—Q. "When do you get most apples out of an orchard?" Ans. "When you make the earliest apple-lication." *Entre nous*, we've known a man who was horsewhipped for less than this, but then he hadn't got his joke-ticket with him signed by us. Baskets of jokes every week, on sale or return. Spoiled jokes charged for.)

In going across the Equator you'll make a regular pic-nic party of it. Champagne, sausages of the country, African Pot, and Cape Frio Potatoes. They call the last-named "Potaters" in this part. So the Negrotic Poet sings—

On the Equator
I ate a Potater.
Gave up my Brahma,
Worshipped the Lama.

He gave up his Brahma, of course, at the African Douane, when his locks were examined, as they always are once a week in these parts, with a small-comb, brush, and soap and water to match. But this is one of the many witticisms uttered by those eccentric people the Boshjestmans. [No charge for Boshjestman Jokes.]

From No. 20 on shore (if you patronise that Equatorial House), you will have a magnificent view of La Grande Sahara (you may recollect Mlle. SARA, the elastic ballet-dancer in London lately? Some relation—but mum),

who appears every day at a morning performance in the afternoon. There's also Try-Polly and Barker (spelt here Tripoli and Barea) in the neighbourhood, but not to be compared with the Sahara.

Special Advice.—Don't forget Opera-glasses. You can sit in your own private boxes, which you'll take with you, and if you've only got a couple of finger-stalls for a friend, what more handy? (Apply as usual to us.)

Here for the present we break off, only, if you purpose going to the East, put off your start until our next advices are out, or you'll make a mess of it.

THE CRY OF THE MANACLED FEMALES.

ARE ye mad, men of stone,
That ye will not make us free?
Are ye mad, or only glad,
That we pine to skin and bone,
Where no sunshine we can see?
Still we pant, pant, pant,
For what none of you will grant;
Still our B-CK-R, C-BBE, and BL-KK,
Do vain battle for our sake,
Since ye doom us here in manacles
Our heavy hearts to break.

Why were we born with tongues?
What have we to do with lungs?
Must we round, round, round,
Tread an evergoing mill,
Till you've bound, bound, bound,
At your stolid, stony will,
In the darkness of the blind,
All the strings of woman's mind?
Our W-LK-R and our G-RR-TT
Cannot heal our spirits sore,
Any better than a carrot
Can unbar this prison-door;
So we grovel on the floor,
And here, in heavy manacles, our
Miseries deplore.

If we'd not been worth a groat,
Nature's craving for a vote,
Might have died in Woman's throat.

But our lands, lands, lands,
May as good be desert sands,
While ye manacle our hands.
We are helpless captive goods,
And our souls wear mourning hoods
For departed "woulds" and "shoulds."
All our "cans," "shalls," and "wills,"
Are made up in bitter pills,
And ye force us all to swallow them,
To aggravate our ills.

But O! ye men of stone!
Though we sob, sigh, and groan,
Though to-day our wrists are bound,
And we grovel on the ground,
We shall soon shake off these manacles,
At Freedom's joyful sound!

Then, with one united throat,
Will we vote, vote, vote,
And be Advocates and Doctors,
Solicitors and Proctors,—
Be Civil Engineers,
College Dons, and Overseers,
Have our proper House of Peers,
Be Ministers and Pastors,
And Governors and Masters,
Be Rural Deans and Rectors,
Be Churchwardens, Inspectors,
And Income-tax collectors.
Be pure un-"broken lights,"
For C-BBE and for our rights!
Anatomists, reviewers,
Commissioners of Sewers,
And Justices of Peace!

Then, your tyranny will cease:
So if you dream we're manacled
For ever—you are Geese!

The Three Orders.

THE Standing Orders are Parliamentary; the Sitting Orders, Theatrical; and the Kneeling Orders, Monastic.



EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

Colonel (Indian Army). "YES, SIR, I WITHDRAW MY APPLICATION FOR THE PENSION, AND MUST REMAIN IN THE SERVICE. EXPENSES ARE INCREASING SO OVER HERE: COALS HAVE GONE UP FROM TWENTY SHILLINGS TO THIRTY-SIX SHILLINGS SINCE I WROTE. YOU SEE, WE DON'T WANT COALS IN BENGAL."

Secretary (India Office). "PRICE O' COALS! TUT-T-T! DEAR ME! THIS WILL UPSET ALL OUR RETIREMENT SCHEMES!!"

Mr. P. (an old friend of the Colonel's). "I THINK HIS GRACE MIGHT RAISE THE PENSIONS OF THESE GENTLEMEN. NAME IT TO HIM FROM ME, 'MR. SECRETARY, WILL YOU, PLEASE?'" [Exeunt.]

WELCOME VACATION!

THE QUEEN'S Speech is spoken, the Session is o'er;
Now are lightened the newspaper sheets of a bore,
Bad enough, when confined to mere columns of prate;
Worse now statutes vexatious ensue on debate.

For six months safe from further encroachment will be
All the personal rights of us Britons, once free.
But fresh bonds will, of course, in the pending recess,
Be devised, with restrictions the People to bless.

Sabbatarian fanatics, and Knights of the Pump,
Through the kingdom forthwith you'll proceed on the stump;
And the nation prepare, all by spouting you can,
To submit to new trammels unmeet for a man.

And when, this time next year, the talkative House
Shall, again, broken up, have gone after the grouse,
We shall find ourselves, sure, of more liberties reft.
Hooray! We'll, meanwhile, enjoy those that are left.

Iron Afloat.

In *Colburn's United Service Journal* there is an article which will interest naval men and architects on mastless "sea-going iron-clads." Truly iron-clads need be mastless, since, if they carry masts and likewise sails, under a little too much canvas your sea-going, so-called, are likely to become bottom-going iron-clads.

MOTTO FOR THIS LAST GAMBLING YEAR AT HOMBURG, EMS, &C.
—*Tabule Solvuntur.*

ROMAN AQUATICS.

THE *Post* announces that "the Tiber Boat Club has admitted many new and distinguished members." Is the Tiber Boat Club a modern institution? It seems too fast for the ancient order of things in Rome. Perhaps we shall soon hear of other such Clubs pulling on the yellow river. Among them it may be suggested that one might take for title the "Romulus Club," and then another would perhaps be started under that of the "Remus Club," whereupon a third lot of oarsmen, affecting Latin Grammar, might establish a Boating Club denominated the "Remis."

Irish Self-Government.

Is it Home Rule ye want, discontentable Pat?
Why, were you to obtain, you'd rebel against that.
Ye're the boy that 'ud always be keeping the school
In a shindy; Home Anarchy Paddy's Home Rule.

Bradshaw and Spiritualists.

MEDIUMS, who profess to obtain correct information from tables, have been entirely baffled by the Railway Time Tables. They have tried them, and found that they don't answer.

NOW AND THEN.

THE office of Chief Commissioner of Works was once filled by MANNERS. It is not now.



MAKING THINGS PLEASANT.

Irishman (to English Sportsman). "Is it Throats? Be jabbers, the Wather's stiff wid 'em!"

["Regardless of strict truth, in his love of hyperbole and generous desire to please," as our Friend recorded in his Diary after a blank day.]

HYMEN AND LOW MEN.

THE fashionable newspapers are continually sacrificing column after column of their valuable space to the duty of recording vastly fashionable marriages, whereof no doubt the details are devoured with great avidity by the fashionable world.

Now these details may be interesting to fashionable people, but to persons not so fortunate they must be slightly tiresome. To readers who, for instance, reside in the New Cut, there can hardly be much interest in reading the description of a marriage in May Fair. At any rate, if merely for the purpose of variety, we should rejoice if the reporters would now and then describe an unfashionable wedding. Something in this style:—

MARRIAGE IN LOW LIFE.—The wedding of Miss BUGGINS, eldest child and heiress of Mr. JOSEPH BUGGINS, Rag and Bottle Merchant, Houndsditch, to Mr. MICHAEL MUGGINS, Chimneysweep, White-chapel, was solemnised on Tuesday last at Little Ebenezer Chapel, which we need not say was crowded, wellnigh to overflowing, with the flower and *élite* of the unfashionable world. The nuptial ceremony was performed, in a most impressive manner, by the REVEREND MOSES BENJAMIN BOANERGES HOWLER, second cousin of the bridegroom, assisted by his pew-opener, Mrs. MARTHA MOULDIE, a great-aunt of the bride.

It had been intended that a full choral service should be given, but the bellows-blower of the organ was unfortunately absent upon urgent private business connected with the coal-trade; and as Miss SCREECH, the leading vocalist, was in bed with influenza, the music was confined to the whistling of the small boys assembled in the street.

After the service, which was nasally intoned, the happy couple proceeded in a Hansom to the residence of Mr. BUGGINS, where a sumptuous *déjeuner* of sausages and onions, flanked with chitterlings and crumpets, was elegantly served. Ample justice having been done to this luxurious repast, Mr. JOWLS, in a neat speech, proposed a bumper of Old Tom to the health of the young couple, and

SYMPATHY OF KIND.

THE *Daily News* thus records certain recent outbursts of popular sympathy:—

"THE CLAIMANT AT LEICESTER.—Last evening the Claimant, who is to speak to-day at an out-door demonstration of Foresters at Loughborough, arrived at Leicester from London. He was met by a deputation from Loughborough, and on entering the stable-yard was received with much cheering by a large concourse of people. He drove off with his friends in a waggonette drawn by greys, with postilions, to the White Hart Hotel. The Claimant afterwards started for Loughborough, and a crowd of 10,000 persons assembled to see him depart, and cheered him lustily to the outskirts of the town. Similar demonstrations took place at various points on the route, and at Loughborough almost the entire populace turned out to meet the visitor."

"Populace," observe, not "population." The *Daily News* has a keenly discriminating paragraph-writer. It was doubtless also the populace, as contradistinguished from the population, that constituted the "large concourse of people" by whom CASTRO was received, with "immense cheering," at Leicester. We may be quite sure that if they had not, in their own minds, believed him really to be CASTRO, as he called himself, or, if not CASTRO, then to be ORTON, or if not ORTON, still to be such another as ORTON, and no bloated aristocrat, at least no aristocrat, either by birth or breeding, and particularly not the aristocrat he claims to be, they would never have cheered him.

The *Times*, however, has given our fat enemy the hardest rap. It apprises him, through his friend, Mr. ONSLOW, that it will report nothing more about "the Claimant" until the time comes to report "the Claimant's" Trial. *Punch* is not surprised at this, considering that MESSRS. ONSLOW and WHALLEY have not contradicted the statement, in a respectable Hampshire paper, that they were present at a meeting at which CASTRO used, in reference to one of Her Majesty's Ministers, language so vile that the reporter had to veil it with the aid of initials and dashes. It is still open to MESSRS. O. and W. to say that they indignantly protested, and left the place. But will they say it?

Bottle and Blue.

THE Teetotallers having in a measure succeeded in their attack on the vested interests of the Publicans, the Vegetarians will soon perhaps threaten those of the Butchers, which may, for the sake of elegance and distinction, be denominated the Blue Vested Interests.

the bridegroom made a feeble oratorical response. A toast to the fair bridesmaid, Miss JEMIMA BUGGINS, having been proposed, and humorously acknowledged by Mr. LARKER, her young man, the bride, attended by the ladies, retired to put her things on, and her trousseau was inspected privately by her bosom friends. Among the beautiful and costly wedding presents she received, special mention should be made of an elegant brass warming-pan, the gift of Mr. MUGGINS, and a toasting-fork and pair of bellows, from Mrs. HUGGINS her great-aunt. Amid a shower of old shoes, the happy couple then proceeded on an omnibus to Hampstead, for the purpose of enjoying a short donkey excursion on the Heath, important calls of business compelling them reluctantly to give up all idea of a more lengthened wedding tour.

LITERARY PROSPECTS.

WE are told that nothing succeeds like success: and we may therefore, we think, venture, without fear of contradiction, to assume that these new works, whenever they are published, will be doubtless as successful as those which they succeed:—

Fettered at First: a Story written as a prelude to *Linked at Last*.
To-morrows with Artists: to be published as a companion work to *Yesterdays with Authors*.

The Worth of Waterlilies: a novel written as a sequel to *The Valley of Poppies*.

Iron Locks and Brazen Handles: a domestic Tale of Thrilling Interest, to follow *Golden Keys*.

Rich Master Sparrow: a new Sensation Story, but not written by the Author of *Poor Miss Finch*.

The Big Toe of Destiny: a Tale of Eastern Travel, published as a companion to *The Finger of Fate*.

Slugs in the Salad: a Domestic Story, adapted for the readers of *Poppies in the Corn*.

MANLY WOMAN.

URLINGTON ARCADE



WORTHY AND SAPIENT MR. PUNCH,

You, who notice everything, have doubtless noticed how of late Lovely Woman has been pleased to ape—but that sounds monkeyish, let me rather say to imitate the ugly dress of Man.

Coats, waistcoats, jackets, neckties, wristbands, shirt-collars, and shirt-fronts, may all be now described as articles of feminine costume; and such description might proceed even further in the matter, and descend to certain garments, such as gaiters for example, which hitherto have been designed for solely Man's own use. If one glances at the latest fashions in the newspapers, one sees the fact confirmed by such sentences as these:—

"Bonnets are now worn more like hats than ever, in fact it is very difficult to tell them apart." . . . "These fashionable jackets are generally trimmed across the chest with brandebourgs and frog buttons." . . . "Very elegant little vestes are worn over indoor toilettes." . . . "For visiting dress, a mousquetaire jacket, open to the waist and trimmed to match, over a claret satin waistcoat."

Fragments such as these will show how manly Lovely Woman is becoming in her dress, and to a thinking mind the fact is not without significance. We have heard much goose-gabble of late—or swan-song shall I call it?—respecting Woman's Rights, and I look upon her growing manliness of raiment as a step in the direction of her standing in Man's shoes. By accustoming us generally to behold her in our garments, she hopes to make us reconciled to see her in our place. Who knows but next Session she may leave the Ladies' Gallery, and creep into the House, and sit among our Senators, and even walk into the lobby, undetected, and disguised in her masculine attire? Assuredly, now that the Ballot Bill is passed, a strict watch should be kept at all the polling-places, to guard against impersonation of male voters by their wives; for ladies in the fashion dress so vastly like their husbands, that it is perplexing to tell quickly which is which.

Believe me, then, in some alarm,

CAVENDO TUTUS.

AN ANTI-ANTI ASSOCIATION.

THE British Association for the Advancement of Science is a confederacy perfectly harmless. So likewise are the Archaeological Societies; so are the sages and sagesses who constitute the Social Science Congress: so are most of the various gatherings of professors and philosophers and praters now taking place, as they are wont to at this leisure time of the year, under the influence of the propensity to speak and the love of lecturing and being lectured.

But, as BURKE remarked, "When bad men combine, good men should unite." The Vacation affords opportunity for meetings which are other than harmless. Fanatics and fools can meet as well as philosophers. Their congregations are offensive. Some of

them, especially odious, are essentially conspiracies against personal freedom; for instance, all assemblies of the United Kingdom Alliance, and all other leagues for the legislative enforcement of total abstinence; the Anti-Tobacco Society, and all the rest of the combinations for tutoring grown persons like children and coercing them like idiots. When prigs and pedants combine to enslave the nation, all reasonable men should unite to put down the pedants and prigs. If they do not unite, the fussy, importunate, agitating meddlers will go on as they have begun encroaching on the liberties of Britain faster than the sea encroaches on its cliffs. The Sea is entreated to exense a comparison which is most odious. Neptune would repudiate with scorn the foes of Bacchus.

To the Societies, therefore, which, on the dispersion of the Legislature are accustomed yearly to hold their self-convoked parliaments, it is very desirable that there should be added an Anti-Fanatic Society, with the special object of opposing, and counteracting, and making of none effect and of no avail, all the operations of almost all the other Societies whose name is Anti, and, since they infest us so atrociously, we may with propriety say, after the Reporters, "whose name is Legion."

Only the Anti-Fanatic Society should do more, a great deal, than talk. It should meet to work, and take counsel how to devise ways and means to frustrate the machinations of the prigs and pedants, and would-be regulators of other men's habits and appetites, to pester the people into permitting their necks to be laden with the yoke of paternal government. Amongst the measures desirable for that purpose may be suggested the taking of order for the composition of songs and ballads to be sung about the streets for the purpose of bringing fanatical hoers into contempt and ridicule amongst the common people, who will not attend to, because they cannot understand, merely argumentative exposures of folly and injustice, but whose votes determine elections. Illustrated lampoons, and squibs, calculated to effect the same end, might also be provided for; rewards, for instance, or prizes offered for the best: and above all the proper steps should be taken to confute fanaticism and humbug, and promote morality and enlightenment into the bargain, by the widest possible distribution of *Punch*.

"CROWNER'S QUEST LAW."

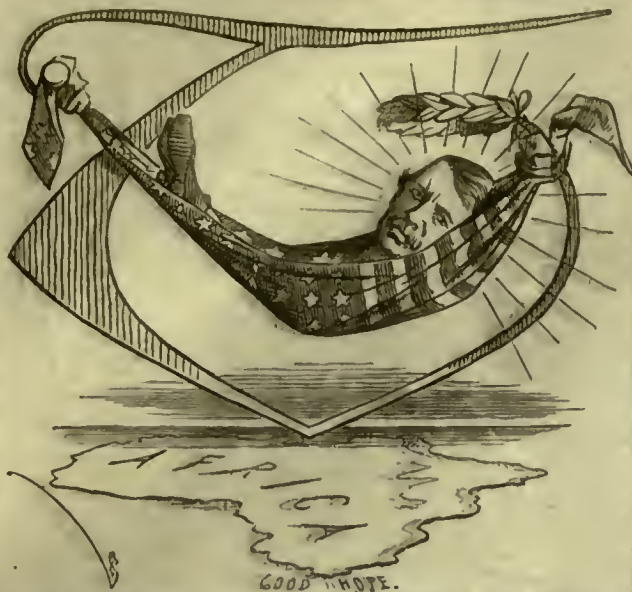
AN unfortunate gentleman at Ealing, under treatment for fits, jumped out of his bed-room window the other day in a state of delirium; fell through a conservatory and glass door into the area of the next house, and sustained fatal injuries. Before he died, however, he recovered consciousness enough to say that he thought, when he jumped through the window, he was at Ramsgate in a bathing-machine, and that he was jumping into the water. An inquest after death having been held on the residue of this poor fellow by DR. DIPLOCK, the coroner's jury—according to report—returned a verdict—"That the deceased died from injuries caused by a fall, which was accidental, whilst he was in an unsound state of mind."

The Gentlemen of the Jury, if their verdict is to be understood according to its grammar, may have meant to say that the deceased, whilst he was in an unsound state of mind, died in consequence of injuries caused by a fall, which was accidental. Or they may have meant to say that he died from injuries caused by a fall which happened to him accidentally whilst he was in an unsound state of mind. Taken in the former meaning, the part of their verdict relative to his state of mind is mere surplusage; in the latter sense it simply states what was not the case. Nobody meets with an accidental fall in jumping out of window, whether purposely or under a delusion. "It must be *se offendendo*; it cannot be else," as the *First Gravedigger* in *Hamlet* argues. But perhaps the Ealing Jury were induced to return a verdict at variance with fact by building too much on the further proposition of the reasoner above referred to, "If I drown myself wittingly it argues an act." Conversely, if I drown myself unwittingly, it may argue an accident. But if you jump out of window whilst you dream you are jumping into the water, although you do not wittingly jump out of window, yet you wittingly jump. You must take your jump altogether unwittingly for it to argue an accident. But such an accident is an accidental act, describable as a leap which was accidental, not as a fall. A verdict stating that a person died in consequence of a fall, which was accidental, conveys the idea that, no matter whether he died sane or insane, his fall was a mere tumble; and although a jump during an unsound state of mind and a tumble amount to the same thing morally, yet the one act in its physical nature is discriminated from the other by intelligence; but coroners' juries will be coroners' juries. They might be worse. The phraseology of their verdicts might be as ambiguous and disputable, or even as senseless, as that of many Acts of Parliament.

A DEADLY DISCHARGE.—A "Whalley" of Nonsense.

DR. LIVINGSTONE TO DR. PUNCH:

(Private and Confidential.)



my dear old P., this is *not* a desert, or anything resembling one. Here there is no dull care to drive away, and all is happiness unclouded. But my point is this, why shouldn't I be allowed to enjoy myself, and take my own time about it, without being tracked, and dogged, and hunted for, like a sovereign in a dust-bin, and perhaps finally fetched back by some enterprising compatriots (hang them!), as if I was a naughty child out for a holiday for whom its nurse had come at last?

What's their object? Curiosity? Well, that's unpardonable in my opinion: but when its result is their own gain, to write articles about me, to give entertainments with, perhaps, sketches of me and the views of the country, and to pocket a heap of coin by making

PRICE DEAR OLD FRIEND
AND CHAMPION,

STANLEY is an excellent fellow, a real good plucked 'un, and you are to make much of him, while he's with you, for his own sake, as well as mine.

But now mark this. I do strongly protest against any more expeditions being sent out to look after me.

I have said that my anxious friends evince "a beastly ignorance of geography." But that's their business. I beg to state that I can take precious good care of myself, and am more than comfortable where I am. I may say I live in luxurious ease, free and untaxed. I am monarch of all I survey, and the country is simply lovely. Don't make any blooming error,

capital out of me, of which coin I shall never see one rap, why then, my dear P., I say such conduct is more than unpardonable, it ought to be punishable by civilised laws.

Let the next intending Livingstone-searcher take this notice from me:—"Look out, what you're about, my friend; they don't know much about COKE and BLACKSTONE and the glorious British Constitution out here; (except my own glorious British constitution, and I'm hale and hearty), but they do know something about *Habeas corpus*, and when the Niggers in these parts once *habeas* a *corpus*, that *corpus* won't see dear Old England again in a hurry."

I am going to stick up a *Notice to Trespassers*. I'll write to you, dear old P., again, some time or other, and send you my song of—

"The Sources of the Nile:
I was there all the while,"

on which you can exercise your jovial vocalisation. Love to STANLEY. *Prosit*.

Yours ever,

D. L.

Whistlebinkie.

A RECENTLY enacted Statute has made it illegal to summon workmen to their work in a Factory by sounding a Steam Whistle or Trumpet, and renders any offender convicted of making the noise which it forbids liable to a penalty not exceeding £5. This Act is not to extend to Scotland. No, to be sure. An Englishman, North of the Tweed, would find steam-whistles and trumpets a relief from the bagpipes.

SOLEMN SENSE OR NONSENSE?

THE ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY and YORK have returned a reply to the Memorial on the subject of "Athanasius's Curse," presented to them on the part of certain of the laity by the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY. "It is a loving and a fair reply." Their Most Reverend Graces quote therein a method of settling the difficulty presented by the maledictory clauses of the otherwise chiefly unintelligible Symbol which delights ARCHDEACON DENISON. This plan was proposed by the Ritual Commission, "which has recommended an explanatory rubric to this effect":—

"The condemnations in this Confession of Faith are to be no otherwise understood than as a solemn warning of the peril of those who wilfully reject the Catholic Faith."

The Archbishops also cite an "explanatory statement" suggested for the same purpose with the concurrence of "all the Professors of Divinity in the University of Oxford," including DR. PUSEY and DR. LIDDON. These great theological Authorities have unanimously resolved:—

"That nothing in this Creed is to be understood as condemning those who by involuntary ignorance or invincible prejudice are hindered from accepting the faith thus declared."

There is, however, the Metropolitans find, a very general impression "that none of these explanations would suit the requirements of the case." We should rather think so. How is it possible, do the Ritual Commissioners imagine, for anybody wilfully to reject the Catholic Faith, even if he is an Irishman of the (unfaithful) Irish? How can one wilfully reject the belief of what he knows to be true, and what other rejection of belief can be wilful? Surely wilful rejection of faith is impossible even for the most erratic of St. Patrick's stray sheep. By what other causes than involuntary ignorance, or prejudice necessarily invincible, do the Oxford Professors suppose that any man can possibly be hindered from accepting a faith delivered in terms which nobody understands? By the knowledge that it is a fiction or a forgery, or by intellectual discernment that it is nonsense? Their Reverences surely cannot mean to reduce the Creed, whose defenders they are, to an absurdity. On the whole it appears that, whether in or out of Church, the less that is said about the Athanasian Creed the better, particularly during the Dog Days. Unless indeed the remark may be added that

ATHANASIUS, although in his time the reverse of a "dumb dog," seems likely to subside into the position of a dog that has had his day.

THE THAMES AND ITS URBAN-TRIBUTARIES.

FROM various letters in the *Times* under the superscription of "The Silver Thames," it may be known to those whom it may not concern that the River so misnamed is, so much of it as runs between Kew and Teddington, little better than an open sewer. Those whom it does concern know that too well; you may correctly say, indeed, that they nose it; for a cup of the fluid purveyed by the cleanliest of the water-companies being raised to the lips will be found to have not been quite, by the best filtration, deodorised. And a walk from Kew to Richmond, and so up, by the margin of the Thames, facetiously or absurdly called Silver, for on the contrary its hue is rather that of Vandyke Brown, will convince the most insensitive of the character of the stream to which tributaries from towns have imparted colouring and odorous particles, nutritious to plants, but noxious to persons.

The Conservators of the Thames are called in question because the water, whose conservation is their business, is so different, as it may be discerned by the nestrils to be, from conserve of roses. But they cannot hang the Vestrymen and Town Councillors who, with their constituents, occasion the tarnished and graveled condition of the Thames, once sweet and silver. The only result of going to Law or to Equity with those offenders on that account would be the gratuitous enrichment of the gentlemen of the long robe and the blue bag. A special Act of Parliament is needed for the conservation of the Thames from pollution. A word from a deputation to MR. AYRTON, whose enthusiasm on behalf of limpid streams is notorious, of course will suffice to secure the immediate introduction of the needful Bill, under the auspices of a Government whose Premier and Chancellor of the Exchequer have already done so much as MR. GLADSTONE and MR. LOWE have to make everything pleasant.

The Vestures of the Sky.

A YOUNG Lady said she should so like to go up in a balloon. She wished very much to get above the clouds and look down. It must be so pretty. She had heard that even the darkest cloud had a silver lining.



**SOME PEOPLE NEVER CAN MAKE UP THEIR MINDS—
ESPECIALLY ABOUT DOING A THING THEY DON'T LIKE.**

Practical Wife. "WELL, JOHN! HERE WE ARE AT LAST, YOU SEE! CHILDREN, LUGGAGE, AND ALL!—NOW WHICH IS IT TO BE! THE RHINE, DIEPPE, OR RAMSGATE?"

THE SIRLOIN SUPERSEDED.

ONCE mighty roast beef was the Englishman's food.
It has now grown so dear that 'tis nearly tabooed.
But Australian beef, potted, is cheap and is good.
O, the boiled beef of Australia!
And O, the Australian boiled beef!

It is capital cold; it is excellent hot;
And, if a large number of children you've got,
'Twill greatly assist you in boiling the pot.
O, the boiled beef, &c.

First-rate is Australian mutton, likewise,
For curries, and rissoles, and puddings, and pies.
The thrifty good housewife no butcher's meat buys.
O, the boiled beef, &c.

It will make you a hash that is fit for a king;
And the young ones all like it, and that's a great thing.
So Paterfamilias it causes to sing
O, the boiled beef, &c.

For the small boys and girls eat the fat with the lean,
Don't leave underdone, but their plates nicely clean—
Where pigs are not kept which helps make all serene.
O, the boiled beef, &c.

Australian meat from the bone being free,
The more economical needs must it be.
As there are no joints there's no carving, you see.
O, the boiled beef, &c.

The fleshpots of Egypt were once in high fame;
Australian fleshpots have more than the same.
Old England's roast beef is now rivalled in name.
O, the boiled beef, &c.

The privileged victims, who Income-tax pay,
Whose earnings precarious are taken away,
While ceasing to deal with a Butcher, can say
O, the boiled beef, &c.

'Tis true that your servants, fastidious and fine,
Australian meat in their folly decline.
On skilligolee they hereafter may dine.
O, the boiled beef, &c.

Now pour out the wine which we could not afford
Except for Antipodes' meat on the board.
Its inventor's good health!—whilst my helping's encored.
O, the boiled beef, &c.

The Idea of an Ogre.

WHILST our Legislators were making laws against horrid noises, they might have rendered any person indictable for keeping a Nursery of Squalling Children. Infants should be kept in a detached dwelling, at a sufficient distance from the abodes of adult humanity. Or else the walls of a nursery should be padded, and its inmates effectually dosed with MRS. JOHNSON'S American Soothing Syrup, DAFY'S Elixir, or DALBY'S Carminative; neglect of these sanitary precautions to incur a heavy fine. This would be another step in Paternal, if not in Maternal Legislation.

SHAKSPEARE IN SEASON.

"O, MY sweet Beef," says *Prince Harry to Falstaff*, "I must still be good angel to thee!" Had *Henry IV.* been composed in these fine times for butchers, SHAKSPEARE would have written the above passage with a difference. It would have been, "O, my dear Beef!" of course.

PONTEFRAC T

CHILDERS 658

POLLINGTON 578

BALLOT

NOTE ELECTION



A GOOD BEGINNING ;

OR, LITTLE BOY BALLOT'S FIRST STEP IN LIFE.

SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATE. "HE MAY NOT BE PRETTY TO LOOK AT, DEAR MADAM, AND HE MAY BE 'SLOW ;' BUT HE'S A TREMENDOUS SUCCESS, I ASSURE YOU !"

[See MR. CHILDERS' Speech at Pontefract.]

HAPPY THOUGHTS.



THE Steward now comes round to ask who'll dine. I notice that a Steward is always on excellent terms with a Captain, and a Captain with the Steward. On consideration I see that a Captain can pretty well ruin a Steward, and a Steward can make a Captain very uncomfortable. If the Steward profits by the number of people who sit down to dinner and tea in the cabin, the Captain has only got to say that he is sure it'll be a bad passage, and hardly anyone will either dine or sup. Certainly not sup. If the Captain, maliciously, did this, then the Steward would, spitefully, give him lukewarm dinners, tough meat, bad fish, sour wine, and watered grog. So the management of a well-regulated family-vessel reduces itself to—

*Happy Thought (by the Captain).—*Be polite to the Steward, and tell everyone that it's sure to be a fine passage.

*Happy Thought (by the Steward).—*Be very civil to the Captain. Reserve tit-bits, and private store of grog.

*More Questions invariably put to the Captain by Passengers:—*Has he (the Captain) had bad weather lately, or good? Have there been many passengers? Will there be many passengers?

At what time shall we be in the Scheldt?

(This is a question by a sociable person.) Will he (the Captain) take anything? if so, what?

People are now beginning to appear in all sorts of caps and easy hats, and are trying to look, generally, as unlike themselves on shore as possible. We are ceasing to be strangers to one another, and feel a growing desire to be politely inquiring, civilly communicative, and, later on, specially if it's a fine night, quite confidential.

The Northern Farmer is explaining the river to his daughter. Other people are retailing "what the Captain says" to those who didn't hear him. MILBURN, inquires, "Does the Pilot come on board at Gravesend?"

I understand, from the Captain's answer, that he does.

*Happy Thought.—*Do more softening down with the Captain, because MILBURN's manner is really calculated to convey the idea that he knows more of steamboat management than the Captain. I say, sympathetically, "Yours is a very arduous and responsible position, Captain."

MILBURN outs in with, "Well, I think you've an uncommonly jolly berth of it. There and back, twice a week, board and lodging. You get a pilot for the Thames—he's responsible for that; you get another for the sea—he's responsible for that; and another beggar comes on at the mouth of the Scheldt, and he's responsible for you up to Antwerp. I don't see what they want a First Officer at all for?"

The Captain smiles. MILBURN continues, in an off-hand manner, "By the way, I've just been down in the engine-room, talking to the old boy there, and I see you don't use Mervyn's Patent. That's odd, eh?"

The Captain shrugs his shoulders indifferently, and presently says that this patent has been superseded. "By what?" asks MILBURN, really inquisitorially. "By Benker's Double-Action," replies the Captain, decidedly. MILBURN turns to me, pooh-poohing the use of Benker's Patent. "Why," he says to me, as if I was the referee who had to decide between Mervyn's Patent and Benker's Double-Action, "that was dropped years ago. You can't," still explaining to me, and at the Captain, which I don't like, "use the same leverage,

nor work at anything like the same rate. I suppose," he says, in a tone of cross-examination, most irritating, it must be, to a man on his own vessel, "you don't do four hundred and twenty in the hour?"

The Captain laughs. "Four hundred and twenty?" he repeats. "More like six hundred and thirty." MILBURN being evidently unprepared for this, is staggered, and for the moment silent.

*Happy Thought.—*Glad of it. "What on earth should you know of engineering?" I say to him, just to expose him before the Captain.

"Why," he answers, "I ought to, considering I was at BUSTE AND BYLER's studying engineering for two years." O! indeed, I was not aware of this. MILBURN now wants to know whether the Captain uses the cylindrical expander movement? No, the Company has not adopted it. "Good Heavens!" says MILBURN, turning to me again as judicial referee, "It's a perfect wonder the boiler hasn't burst over and over again." He goes on to explain to me that with, or without, the invention (I don't know which) you can't ease off at half the pace. This the Captain denies. He says, "See my men ease off in one minute."

MILBURN doubts it, and smiles incredulously towards me. I wish he wouldn't, as it must make the Captain think that I've been prompting him to ask all this on my account. The Captain, in consequence, begins to eye me askance. A Bell.

*Happy Thought.—*Mister Dinner.

*At Dinner.—*My Aunt next to the MILBURNS. Don't like sitting too near or being at any time too near a funny man, because it is as nervous work as holding a Roman candle, or a squib, when you never can tell how soon the pop's coming, and whether it won't hurt you considerably when it does come. There's only one thing perfectly certain that the audience will be amused, and the firework will be immensely pleased with himself and will consider himself the most brilliant thing of the sort ever seen. A quiet and reserved manner and an evinced desire to speak seriously on weighty topics are no defence against the onslaughts of a Funny Man and Practical Joker. The two descriptions, by the way, sound like the advertisement of a new sort of business, "Licensed Funny Man and General Practical Joker." It really is a pity that the official Court Jester and Lord Mayor's Fool should have been abolished. There would be at once the utilisation of jocosity. Of course in these days, following the fashion of the times, the appointment to such an office would not be by private patronage and interest, but by public competitive examination.

*Happy Thought.—*Have the Examination Day every First of April.

Foolery would then be a study. The Fool of the Family would stand a fair chance of a good berth. Great noblemen used to keep private fools as well as private secretaries. The offices were gradually merged into one.

*Happy Thought.—*Reserve this idea for a sarcastic repartee to come down on MILBURN heavily when he's making a joke at my expense. Shall say to him before company, "It's a pity the office of Lord Mayor's Fool is abolished, as you would have filled the situation admirably, MILBURN."

I don't see (at present) what reply he could make to this. But, won't his wife hate me for it? Won't the people about say "it was rather rude"? Wouldn't it be better to put up with MILBURN patiently rather than put him down forcibly? If this sarcasm about the Lord Mayor's Fool won't settle him nothing ever will, and I should never have the chance again. The highest praise that MILBURN can give one is, after he's been peculiarly, what he calls funny, and what I call rude, to slap you on the back and say, good-humouredly, "You don't mind chaff, do you, old fellow?" when you at once feel that it's childish to admit that you do not only mind but detest it, and that you are now writhing mentally from his dosing you with it. He will say before several persons, alluding to me, that "he likes a fellow who can take a joke good-naturedly like you can, old boy." Then he gives you a dig in the ribs which positively hurts, and you must either laugh or kick him. I should like to do the latter—so I believe would many others—but we only smile.

*Happy Thought.—*Keep out of his way. I beg my Aunt, *sotto voce*, not to encourage MILBURN, as she is really doing nothing now but listening to his nonsense and laughing. "Well, my dear," she answers, a little nettled, "he's very amusing, and you know that there are in society witty people who are considered as liverprigged persons" (Dixon's Johnsonary for "privileged persons"). Here she gets hurried, and lets all she has to say come out with a rush. "Why, I perfectly featherleek my rafter" ("recollect my father"—D. J.) telling me how he remembered stories about such people as Silly Cobber and Hookadore Theer—and—and—"gasp, and sudden finish—"they were always saying cittiwisms." (This, translated by Dixon's Johnsonary, means, "I recollect my father, &c., how he remembered, &c., COLLEY CIBBER and THEODORE HOOK, &c.," and "witticisms.")



HEIGHT OF LUXURY.

"LOR! MARY ANNE! DO YOUR MISSIS LET YOU 'AVE A 'DOLLY VARDING?'"

A MATTER OF MAGNA CHARTA.

FROM a speech delivered shortly before the Prorogation by the SOLICITOR-GENERAL it may be inferred there is very little prospect at the hands of Government of Law Reform. Besides, Law Reform is not demanded by menacing assemblies of working-men. It will inflict little if any hardship, annoyance, or inconvenience on individuals who cannot help themselves, it will please and not vex the refined and better educated classes, and it will benefit instead of injuring the owners of land. Nor will it effect any direct national saving. No Law Reform, therefore, is to be expected of the Cabinet whose Chief is the People's WILLIAM, and one of whose influential members is MR. LOWE. Except, however, of course, any point of detail in which the interests of the People are, sensibly and intelligibly to the People, concerned. Such a point is the state of the law as regards drunkenness, wherein a change is likely to be demanded in consequence of that grand achievement of large-minded statesmanship, the Licensing, or Intoxicating Liquors Act, just added to the Statute Book. The fines to which drunkards used to render themselves liable have been considerably raised. A progressive increase of severity in the punishment of drunkenness is probable. Should imprisonment with hard labour fail to check that vice, its penalty will very likely be heightened to penal servitude. But then it will be necessary to respect the declaration of Magna Charta:—

"Nullus liber homo capiatur aut imprisonetur aut dissisiatur aut utlagetur aut exuletur aut aliquomodo destruat nec supra eum ibimus nec super eum mittimus nisi per legale iudicium parium suorum vel per legem terre Nulli vendemus nulli negabimus ac differemus rectum aut iusticiam."

It will never do, when drunkenness has come to be treated as an offence worse than any but the very gravest misdemeanor, or perhaps treated as a felony but one degree below a capital crime, to let it remain punishable on summary conviction. The charge of intoxication will have become too serious to be capable of being suffered to be decided by a Magistrate on the evidence of a Policeman. It will be necessary that every man accused of drunkenness shall be

tried by a jury of his peers. "*Nullus liber homo capiatur aut imprisonetur,*" &c., as Magna Charta says. It is perhaps unnecessary to observe that, *homo* being a noun of common gender, Man in Magna Charta means also Woman. Mrs. Brandyball was the impossible fiction of a satirist, and no biped female was ever in the condition of the adagial David's Sow. *Liber homo* charters every free Englishwoman, however, as well as every English freeman, and it is remarkable, in connection with Magna Charta and intoxication, that *Liber* is one of the aliases of Bacchus.

NEW COUNTY.

THE question of education has not been taken up an hour too soon in this dilatory country. Ignorance of the physical conformation of Central Asia, or of the Republics of South America, has become too common amongst us to excite the least emotion of surprise; but some slight acquaintance with the rudiments of the geography of the United Kingdom might have been looked for, even in those classes which are indebted for their education to our Universities and Public Schools. It seems, however, that such a meagre amount of knowledge as this is not so common as we had hoped; else an advertiser, with a West End Club for his address, and a hundred thousand pounds to lay out in the purchase of an estate, "with good shooting, fishing, and well-built residence," would not have made known that he wants it "in the Counties of Norfolk, Hants, or Scotland."

Sensitive Scotchmen must not take umbrage at their country being ranked as a mere English county. No slight, we feel sure, was intended on the part of the Advertiser, who is, probably, to this moment ignorant that he has done anything to breed ill-will between the Rose and the Thistle.

RACING INTELLIGENCE.—"Not square the circle?" exclaimed my LORD TOM NODDY, after lunch at Goodwood, "Why, a ring's a circle, isn't it? Well, then, take the betting-ring, and I'll bet ten to two that anyone can 'square' it."



THE IDEAL OF EARTHLY FELICITY.

Ethel (who disapproves of a minimum of Jam to a maximum of bread). "I DARE SAY THE QUEEN AND HER COURTIERE EAT A WHOLE POT OF JAM EVERY DAY, HARRY!"

SUCCESSOR TO PETER QUINCE.

AGAIN hath been promulgated, in the church of Santa Maria-sopra-Minerva, in Rome, the Papal Bull inaugurating the pious association against the profanation of festivals by traffic and work. The Bull commenced in the following vigorous terms:—

"Since that most lamentable day in which, through the hidden wisdom of Divine Providence, it happened that a filthy inundation, poured out from hell, of most abandoned men, violently overwhelmed the centre of the Catholic faith, and driving us out from our legitimate principality, usurped all the rights of the civil power."

This is very pleasant reading. To be sure, not only does one seem to have read it all before, but to have read it over and over again. But there are some stories which will bear endless repetition, and so will the customary strong language of a Papal Bull. A Bull by PRUS is as fine in its way as a Bull by LANDSEER. As you would say of the picture—

"Hæc placuit semel; hæc deies repetita placebit,"

—so likewise would you affirm of the Proclamation, meaning that it will please ten times any multiple of ten. The pleasure which it yields is not exactly identical with the amusement occasionally afforded you by invective overheard amongst the lower strata of society, but more nearly resembles that which you derive from the same forcible style of speech uttered, on provocation, by persons of dignity and distinction. The late EMPEROR NICHOLAS said it was worth while coming all the way from St. Petersburg to hear the DUKE OF WELLINGTON in a rage. Something had gone wrong at a review in Hyde Park; and the Duke had expressed his displeasure at it in damnable terms. So likewise does the POPE. In these days of reticence on the part of Sovereigns, whether reigning or dethroned; in this age of mealy-mouthedness affected by exalted Personages, it is cheering to hear the one who claims to be the most exalted of them all (though calling himself *servus servorum*) come out with

UNCO' GUID!

THERE can be no doubt that many thousands of persons, for whom the movements of Princes and Counts possess significance, have perused with interest a paragraph in the *Daily News*, concerning:—

"THE PRINCESS FREDERICK CHARLES OF PRUSSIA AT OBAN.—On Saturday PRINCESS FREDERICK CHARLES OF PRUSSIA, who is travelling through the Highlands under the *incognito* of the COUNTESS VON DER MARK, arrived at Oban from Inverness, being accompanied by COUNT SCHLIPPENBACK."

Private letters inform us that COUNT SCHLIPPENBACK, wherever he goes in Scotland, affords occasion for remarks forming eximious instances of wit. Grave Deacons and Elders of the Kirk, and the other Kirks, have been heard to express the charitable hope that SCHLIPPENBACK's nae backslider. Then some one present has generally said "Hoot awa'!" and the rest have hooted.

DOCTORS OF ECONOMY.

AT Munich, upon the occasion of the University Jubilee, the Faculties of that seat of learning bestowed honours on certain distinguished foreigners. The Faculty of National Economy "conferred the degree of Doctor," says a telegram, "upon the English Premier, MR. GLADSTONE, the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, and MR. JOHN STUART MILL." The Munich Dons might, while they were about it, have added another eminent Englishman to this list of Doctors. The first name thereon is in its right place. MR. GLADSTONE has distinguished himself as a National Economist considerably more than LORD SHAFTESBURY and MR. MILL. Witness various labourers and others thrown out of Government's employ. The spirit of the Cabinet over which our WILLIAM presides is pre-eminently economical. Epping Forest, Thames Embankment space, and much else of the same kind would, but for the Corporation of London and some likewise romantic Members of the House of Commons, have been sacrificed to revenue. But credit for the closest possible shaving is, though largely, not chiefly, due to the Chief Minister. The PREMIER is perhaps even in that way surpassed by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. The Munich University might as well have conferred the degree of Doctor of National Economy also on MR. LOWE.

open, downright, violent, straightforward, abusive epithets, which show that he has the courage of his opinions, inasmuch as, at the least, to be bold enough to declare them with perfect unreserve. Everybody else, of any consequence in these modern times; mince words; but the POPE doesn't. He keeps up the good old phraseology of Papal Bulls, so that they continue quite up to the mark of SWIFT's description of them in the *Tale of a Tub*. And United Italy can afford to stand them, and (hooray!) like the part of Lion as cast by Peter Quince, they are "nothing but roaring."

UNSEASONABLE DEMANDS.

AH! writes PILGRIM, evidently rendered cynical by narrow means, I wish I had all the money I should have thrown away if I had given a guinea to every Institution, Association, or Individual from whom, or on whose behalf, I have received a begging Circular.

The best reply, in present circumstances, to all solicitations for subscriptions to Memorials, and Testimonials, and all Charities for the benefit or relief of the Striking Classes, is made by returning the Circular of invitation thus briefly annotated:—

Butchers' meat at 1s. 3d. per pound.
Coals at 35s. per ton.
Income-tax.

Surgeons and others, whose names are on their doors, or else to be got at in any published Register, will probably find that by answering as above all letters, written or printed for the purpose of obtaining money not due, they will materially diminish the influx of their Circular Borea.

Stable Talk and Table Talk.

A CERTAIN species of after-dinner conversation is commonly described as "talking horse." It might generally, perhaps, better be called talking Donkey.



"AH! WOULD YOU!?"

Eldest Son. "O 'PA, 'MA' SAYS SHALL SHE BUY YOU SOME NICE WOERSTED SOCKS IN THE VILLAGE, THEY'D DO CAPITALLY FOR YOUR GOUT IN THE WINTER—"

[Aggravating; wasn't it!—He was just off for a botanising stroll with that old Gentleman and his charming Daughters whose acquaintance he'd made the day before!]

BENEDICTORY CURSES.

By the kindness of an enthusiastic Spiritualist we have been favoured with the following example of direct spirit-writing. It is, we are assured, quite "reliable," having been obtained through a medium in whose presence crystals, spoons, and other valuables have repeatedly disappeared:—

To the VENERABLE ARCHDEACON DENISON.

MY DEAR ARCHDEACON,—Thank you very much indeed for standing up so pluckily as you have done, like a brick and a pillar of the Church, for my Creed, retained in its present position, state, and use, without note or explanation. It certainly requires no addition of the kind. The dispute about it could easily be settled. Invite Convocation to resolve that any of its clauses objected to in their literal and grammatical meaning, may be conscientiously taken as you Ritualists take some of the Articles which you cannot swallow, although you have signed them, in a non-natural sense.

Ever yours,

ATHANASIUS.

P.S.—SOCRATES, SENECA, and DR. JOHNSON are entirely of my opinion. You are a jolly good fellow. And so say all of us.

Morning Land, Seventh Sphere,
Middle of Next Week, 1872.

Black Diamonds.

THE chemical difference between the Diamond and Coal is so little, that Coal may be regarded as a form of Carbon approximating to the Diamond. The difference in value between the two substances, until lately, was considerable; but now the price of Coal is rising at such a rate, that, in the quality of precious stone also, Coals are rapidly getting approximated to Diamonds.

LEGISLATION FOR NAUGHTY MEN.

THE Licensing Bill must be regarded as a very incomplete enactment as it does not contain provisions (conceived in the spirit which dictates all legislation for regulating people's personal habits), to prescribe appropriate punishments not only for publicans daring to carry on their business during prohibited hours, but also for the customers combined with them in disobeying the law intended to make them all good. For a customer's first offence the penalty might, besides a fine, be an imposition of a certain number of lines, or sums, or pages of history or geography; the offender, if so illiterate as to be unable to learn a task, to be for a certain time "kept in," or compelled to stand on a stool. The second offence should render him liable to a caning, and, in case of a third, the man convicted of illicit drinking should incur the graver chastisement inflicted on contumacious boys at Eton. This would be Liquor Legislation for men. As for women, we know that, in respect of liquor, they are all of them a law unto themselves. They do not require to be checked, as naughty men do.

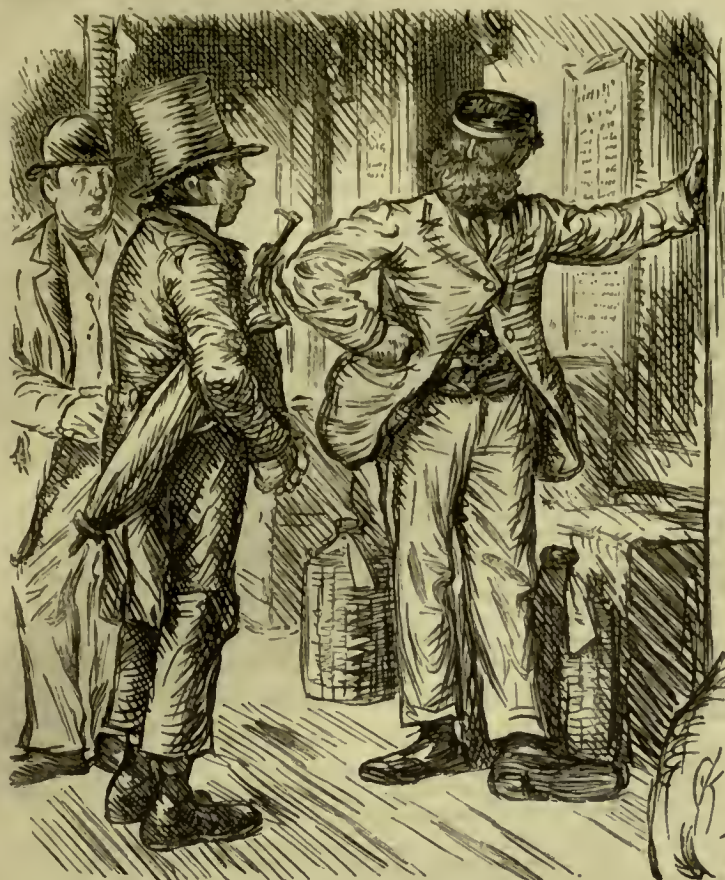
Plural on Plural.

HALF Hebrew, half English,
Old BENJAMIN MOSES
Cries "Clothes" all the week,
But on Saturday "closes."

A Trifle from the British Association.

Q. WHAT is the difference between Fixed Stars and Shooting Stars?

A. The one are Suns; the other Darters.



A PRIVILEGED SUBJECT.

Our Station-Master (to admiring Peasants). "LOE' BLESS YOU! I'VE SHUNTED HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN LOTS O' TIMES, WHEN SHE'S COME DOWN BY OUR LINE!!"

EXTRA-PARLIAMENTARY UTTERANCES.

JUSTICE TO IRELAND.

To the Right Honourable the Lords Spiritual and Temporal of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland,

and
To the Honourable the Commons of the same United Kingdom (not at present) in Parliament assembled:

PUNCH sends greeting.

WHEREAS it has come to our ears that, in both Houses of Parliament, there are many Members who occupy seats for the alleged purpose of making Laws for the United Kingdom, including Ireland, who have never set their foot in that Country:

And Whereas "Justice to Ireland" [under which name is included the place called "Oireland," or the "Gim of the Say," or the "Im-erald Isle"] has been made a Hastings cry by many popularity-mongers who are ignorant of the Country and its people and its wants:

And Whereas many of such Members may be surprised to hear that such a Country really exists, and that it contains as regards people some of the most beautiful women in the world, and some of the lightest-hearted "boys" who ever breathed, in addition to the most exquisite Lake and Mountain scenery:

Now We, *Punch*, desire and command all of you who have talked about a Country, and legislated for a Country, which can be reached in twelve hours, that during the present vacation, you one and all, together with your wives and children, if you are married, and with your sisters, nieces, or intended wives, if you intend to marry, forthwith visit that part of the United Kingdom called Ireland, and that, passing rapidly through the regular touring districts, which are the special property of hotel-keepers, guides, and stage peasants and beggars, you travel in and about the more unfrequented parts—especially in the far West, where money is most wanted; and, with-

BOTH SIDES OF THE QUESTION.

Down on the Ramsgate beach,
Two Ladies, jolly and fat,
Were sitting together, and each
Wore a broad-brimmed sea-side hat.

The husband of one sold coals;
The husband of t'other sold meat;
They both were jovial souls,
Enjoying an autumn treat.

"Here's a letter from my old man,
JEMIMA, my love," says one;
"And he has a nice little plan
To give us another month's run."

"And I have a letter, too,"
The other Lady, says she;
"And, upon my word 'tis true,
My old man's a-coming to me."

"For what's the odds, Mrs. RICE,
About a few pounds to us?
Coals are gone up in price,
In spite of all bother and fuss."

"And here's my old man's letter,"
Mrs. RICE says to Mrs. BROWN,
"To state times never was better,
And meat will never go down."

Then I thought of over-worked clerks,
And their pale-faced children at home,
Who must take it out in the parks,
As they cannot afford to roam.

An untaxed breakfast's the cry;
Only give us cheap sugar and tea!
Cheaper coals and meat, say I,
And a chance of a dip in the sea.

SOMETHING FOR A FEW OF 'EM.

WHY do they write M.P. after their names?
It's a caution to creditors, and may be taken to stand
for M.P.-cunious.

out patronage or haughty manner, that you go in amongst the peasantry, and make yourselves acquainted with their wants, their hopes, and their fears:

And in default of your so doing, I hereby warn you that at the next meeting of Parliament We, *Punch*, attended by our faithful dog Toby, will be present in both Houses of Parliament, and should you, or any of you who have disregarded this our mandate, attempt to vote or speak on any Irish question, our Royal displeasure shall be testified, in spite of the LORD CHANCELLOR or the Right Honourable the SPEAKER of the House of Commons, by the aid of our *bâton* and our pen—one or both—in such a manner that each of you who shall have disobeyed this our mandate will abuse the day when he became an Hereditary Legislator, or wrote M.P. after his name, as the case may be.

Given at our Court, 85, Fleet Street, this 13th day of August, 1872.

PUNCH.

TOBY X his mark.

PRIVILEGE AND 'PIKES.

AN inhabitant of a London suburb, a pedestrian except when occasionally using a public conveyance, has the honour of paying very handsomely in local rates for the accommodation, with roads whereon tolls have been abolished, of his neighbour who keeps a carriage and horses. When sojourning out of town in some perhaps not very remote country district, he hires a vehicle, and drives or is driven to see a Cathedral, or other lions. In the course of his journey he has to pay toll to the amount of fourpence or sixpence, or more, at several turnpikes. It grieves him very much indeed to think that he is helping to deprive his provincial fellow-countrymen of the honour and pleasure of keeping their roads in repair on his account at their expense, as he, for his part, and in his own particular district, has to do on that of the Public at large, including themselves.

THE TOURISTS' REMEMBRANCER.

(For this Year only.)



broiling in August) you arrive at "Appilly," where you'll sing or say:—

"Appilly, Appilly
Shall we live now!"

and remember that Appilly is, as the name also implies, a great place for Orchards. *En voiture, Messieurs, en voiture!* Jump up, take your ticket, don't breathe upon the glasses, and insist upon being taken to

Homburg, where, it being the last year of the tables which are going to be turned, you must make your game while the ball rolls. Then go off to Spa, to which place don't forget to take your gloves and have a box at the Theatre, and enter your name in the regular Lists. After this, there being yet a few gaming-tables still in existence, try *Ems*.

Ems is so called from so many distinguished people staying here *incognito*. They are merely enrolled in the *Visitors' Guide* as "M. or N. as the case may be." Hence they are mostly *Ems* or *Ens* as the cases may be. When here go down the Lahn to the Rhine, and, having done the Lahn, you'll have nothing more to learn from this neighbourhood. By the way, the sailing-boats plying on the Lahn have their rigging taut. (Advice.—Try this *feu de mot* in German. No extra charge.) Now is the time for going to Sweden. From the Rhine the line is almost direct, and if you can only be absent for a few days, make the most of your time.

Sweden is a very flat country; so that any person who's only half sharp can get on remarkably well. Ask the first flat you meet to advance you a sum sufficient for your tour. If he's only flat enough, you won't have much trouble to get round him.

Sweden was formerly divided into two parts—Sweden Proper and Sweden Improper. Now, however, one is merged in the other, so that there is no knowing which is which. The country is well watered by rivers which flow all over the place, rendering a tourist with a portable bath, and a sail to it, entirely independent.

Sport—for which you will of course go—is magnificent. There are *Elks* (which is a sort of Pickled Whelks), Bears, Wolves, and Wild Cats.

To Trap Elks.—Supply yourself with vinegar and oil, peppering them first with some small shot.

For the Capture of Bears only a good supply of buns is necessary. Those purchasable at the Zoological Gardens are best for the purpose.

To Take Wolves.—Provide yourself with a sheepskin. Put this on, and go out, on all fours, in the moonlight. The wolves will at once rush down upon you, and the foremost will seize you, when you will at once seize him.

As to *Wild Cats*, the same plan must be pursued as the last above-mentioned, only that in this instance you will be dressed as a mouse. MR. MAY, the Theatrical Costmiser, would supply you with the dress, as would any courteous Manager of a large Theatre, out of Pantomime time. The Clown's Red-Hot Poker would create an immense sensation in the Northern Regions among the Icebergs. Apply to MONSIEUR AUGUSTE HARRIS, of Covent Garden, for the real thing. There's sport for you!

At Stockholm you'll visit the Royal Academy founded by the celebrated LINNÆUS; and you are permitted to ask, on entering, who was the celebrated LINNÆUS? when you will have had an opportunity of contributing to the Academy, by exhibiting—your ignorance.

After this (if they'll let you), visit the Bank. Examine the coinage, and bring away with you a few specimens of notes and gold, in order to add to your home stock of useful information about Stock-holm.

After this, go to the *House of the Diet*, where you can stay while we go to the *House of our Diet*—the Hotel. So far so good for the present.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Muffin.—You say you want to go to China, but still would prefer Germany. Can't do both. Then why not go to Dresden for China?

Buttercup wants to know if Hastings is on the sea? No: on the land. Don't ask such ridiculous questions.

Tuppence.—How many people can live comfortably at Tenby? Now then, TUPPENCE, what is the good of calling it *Tenby* if eleven people can live there. Get out.

Bonasses asks what are the Carpathians? Must we, for the twentieth time, answer that they are Monks. Their name is derived from their never walking, but always going along the path in a car. Simple when you know it, isn't it? They are not to be confused with the Trappists.

Weeping Willy wishes to know who is The Mauritius? We'll tell WILLIAM. He is Governor of an island, and is the head of a Clan like THE O'DONOGHUE, THE O'MULLIGAN, and so forth.

Jenny Twiddleums would be so glad to know what costume is the best for the sea-side. We reply, dear JENNY, whatever becomes you best. Periwinkle Pattern hat with sea-rulean ribbands, a body of water, sand shoes, and hair in a net. Always look at yourself in a pier-glass before you start, and that's all.

"If I go abroad," writes SNUFFLER to us, "can I get cheap lodgings? An Attic will do, anywhere, but where?" The best attic is in Venice: there SNUFFLER will find a *dry-attic*. Good-bye, SNUFFLER.

MILITARY USE OF SARUM.

A LETTER in the *Post*, concerning the Army on Salisbury Plain, contains a passage of which the "commencement" has a "sequestration" which seems doubtfully "answerable":—

"For the last two or three days the different regimental bands have been individually and collectively practising divers lugubrious tunes without any apparent object. This morning, however, about half-past ten, the aim of their labours became evident, when Divine service was performed *al fresco* in each of the divisions, and the musical portion of the office was most creditable to the bands and improvised choirs."

The tunes practised by the military bands were simply "lugubrious" to the mind of the hearer who so describes them, until he came to hear them played in the performance of Divine service. Then he thought the "musical portion of the office," of which they mainly consisted, "most creditable to the bands and improvised choirs." Lugubrious and creditable; "most musical, most melancholy." What was this "office" of which the musical portion was, although lugubrious, yet creditably performed? The "Office for the Dead"? A military mass, and not only that, but a Military Requiem? MR. WHALLEY, only fancy the idea of a British military band playing an accompaniment to the *Dies Iræ*! Is Ritualism, expanded into Romanism out-and-out, the enemy which has invaded and taken captive our Army on Salisbury Plain? What a pity that there is not now sitting a House of Commons in which perhaps you would ask MR. CARDWELL that question!

Theocracy in Japan.

THE *Times*, the other day, announced that the Japanese Government, intended shortly to proclaim a new religion. Perhaps His Holiness the MIKADO will be more successful at that sort of work than His Holiness the POPE has been. The Japanese have swallowed their Sovereign Pontiff's Infallibility; swallowed it long ago; and there is no likelihood that his definition or dictation of novel dogmas, how absurd soever, will cause a schism among the Japanese faithful, and create a Church of Old Buddhists, or Old Heathen of any other denomination.

Startling, if True.

It is whispered that a leading Member of Her Majesty's Government is suffering from nervous symptoms, the result of a shock which he experienced the other evening from the sight of an apparition. The Right Honourable Gentleman's supernatural visitant presented itself, according to report, in the form of the sanguinary child that rises out of the Witches' cauldron in *Macbeth*. It is supposed to have been the ghost of a Massacred Innocent.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.



THE Northern Farmer opposite me at dinner. Now's the time to lead up to farming, and find out something more about what ENGLEMORE calls "Mister Turnips." Somehow the conversation, becoming unmanageable, turns on "paper." Northern Farmer knows all about it. He says they make paper of grass now.

Happy Thought.—Set up a County Paper, offices, machinery, and all complete, in a Grass County.

Conversation, becoming more unmanageable than before, darts about the table like a ball in a Racquet Court, and is caught and sent forward and sent back, and hit on the rebound, and then, dropped; when some one brings

up a fresh ball, and on we go again. Suddenly, *à propos* of the second course, the Northern Farmer, in the midst of a lull, asks me loudly, and so pointedly as almost to make me blush, I can't in the least tell why, "What Salmon do you get in London?"

I don't think I've ever been so much discomposed and startled by a question as by this. What Salmon do I get in London? [On subsequent analysis I come to the conclusion that I was taken by surprise, and lost my presence of mind, because—*First*. I didn't expect a Farmer to be interested in fish. *Secondly*. The subject previously, up to that fifteen seconds of silence, had not been fish or anything like it. *Thirdly*. The question presumed that my residence was in London, and I should have had to explain, publicly, that it wasn't. *Fourthly*. That his way of saying "you—in London" sounded insulting, as if he took me by my dress and style for a genuine Cockney. *Fifthly*. I've never got (*i.e.* bought) Salmon in London.]

Happy Thought (on recovering my self-possession).—To reply, "O, GROVES'S, Bond Street," which I feel is an evasion.

My Aunt, who has got Salmon in London, replies, on her own account, "Savern Semmon—I mean Severn Salmon." Of course, Salmon from the Severn; quite a familiar name now I hear it, but very odd that it wouldn't come when called for by the Northern Farmer. "O," says the latter, as rather surprised, "not Christchurch Salmon?"

Happy Thought.—Reply with certainty, "No, not Christchurch Salmon." Feel quite at home now. Remember Christchurch described as a lovely place. Turn the conversation by saying, "A lovely place—Christchurch," and everybody appears to be listening for a description of it from me. MILBURN, across my Aunt, asks, "Ever been there?" It occurs to me suddenly that I have seen it as a station on the South-Western.

Happy Thought.—To reply, "Yes—that is—I've passed through it." Better drop the subject.

MILBURN asks if it isn't in the New Forest. I leave this for some one else to answer. On second thoughts, how about Salmon in a Forest? The Northern Farmer has been joking, perhaps, and playing in to MILBURN's hands. If there are Salmon in a Forest, then a Sportsman's Diary in the New Forest would be interesting, specially if kept by ENGLEMORE—thus:—

August 12th.—Two guns. Bagged four brace of Colonel Cock Salmon. Winged Mister Mackerel. Major Sprats rather wild; couldn't get near 'em.

August 13th.—Two barrels. Potted Shrimps. Peppered little Tommy Lobster just as he was going to earth. Came on a fine covey of Red Herrings. Bagged five brace. Kicked up Mister Crab, and let him have it hot.

And so on.

While I have been helping myself to potatoes the conversation has turned on horses, then to artists who paint horses. Well-informed man, the Northern Farmer. Knows all about sheep and animals generally. Also about sheep and animal painters. MILBURN asks if "he's seen POTTER'S Bull in Holland?" "Meaning PAUL POTTER'S?" Yes he has," he answers, which has the effect of taking MILBURN down a bit. Northern Farmer now speaks of a farm (his,

I suppose) at Kendal. By easy steps we get on to corn, hay, and oats.

Happy Thought.—Farmer's Scientific Catechism. Elementary Questions. "What is Corn? What is Hay? What are Oats?" &c. Perhaps this plan is pursued at an Agricultural College. It strikes me for the first time that if I want to go in for this sort of thing regularly, and not only *pour me distraire*, I ought to enter at an Agricultural College.

Happy Thought.—To find out all about it. Will write to ENGLEMORE and ask him to inquire for me while he's in the country. ENGLEMORE will probably write back to say that there are lectures by Professor Parsnip and Doctor Carrots. Instead of a "Bachelor" as a degree, it must be a "Husbandman." The academical dress would be, I suppose, Gowns and Gaiters. To be "ploughed for smalls" would be praise instead of expressing a failure. Think it out, and resume subsequently. Write to ENGLEMORE.

After Dinner.—Still at table. Northern Farmer, becoming hearty (he calls it "arty"), says in broad dialect, that if I'm coming his way he'd be glad to see me. Certainly.

Happy Thought.—Get to dates. When? Song, "Would you but name the Day." He'll be home again in a month from now. Good. I'll tell him plainly and openly *why* I want to "cultivate" (agricultural term) him. I inform him that I consider him a professor. [By the way, his daughter is sitting by his side all the time, smiling but silent. Pretty.] "No, no," he says, "not a professor."

"Yours," I insist upon it—meaning by "yours" "your occupation,"—"yours is a Profession, not a business, or a trade. In fact," I say, "there's science and art in it." I confide to him that "I intend learning his profession," meaning farming, only I don't name it, as I take for granted he understands me, which he evidently does, as he replies that he doesn't suppose I'd care much about it. As he is going to Brussels with his daughter, where she will be at school for some time, we shall not see one another after Antwerp; therefore, while we think of it, if he'd give me his card, or write his address, I would do myself the pleasure, &c., &c., when I come to the North, &c., &c., which I certainly shall, as I intend "going in for the thing regularly;" the thing meaning, as before, farming.

Happy Thought (while he is looking in his pocket-book for card).—Imagine his address—it will be "Sunnyside Farm"—"Roseale Dairy"—Homely wife—buxom maidservants—well-educated daughter—honeysuckles—cows—new milk—up with the lark—down with the plough—home to oatmeal porridge—practical work in fields—top-dressings, &c., &c. I see it all in my mind's eye.

He can't find the card now, but will look in his bag. During the evening I talk on the subject with MILBURN who, however, retires early.

Happy Thought.—Perfectly calm. Go to bed. My Aunt says she feels quite well, she thinks, but a little feverish, and Mr. MILBURN has told her that the best thing to take is a sodler of tummy and brander; "or," as the Steward is passing she addresses him hastily, "will you be good enough to bring me a wice of glassed water, if you please." [Translation, *per* Dixon's Johnsonary—"A sodler," &c., a tumbler of brandy and soda; and "Will you bring me a wice," &c., a glass of iced water.]

Antwerp.—Morning. Having to attend to my Aunt, I don't see much of Northern Farmer. He is just leaving the boat as I hail him. "Ah!" he exclaims, hurriedly. "Good-bye, Sir. 'Ere's the card." The daughter smiles upon me as I reply, "Good-bye, Sir. You shall hear from me, depend upon it."

I explain to my Aunt that this acquaintance will be useful to me, and I proceed to examine the card. It is

MR. PETER CHOPP,

UPHOLSTERER,

22, EAST TICKTON STREET,

MANCHESTER.

!!!

Clearly then I've been calling upholstering a Profession, and offering to learn the business, and go to him as an apprentice.

Happy Thought.—CHOPP's gone to Brussels. We're off in the opposite direction.

Beer for the Brave!

THERE is one person, out on an excursion, who ought to be able to get a glass of beer on a Sunday during Excursion Hours at any time, but at present is not, from another cause than the tyranny of the Licensing Act. He is in the truest sense of the word a *bona fide* traveller, being, at present, considerably more than five miles from home. The *bona fide* traveller of travellers is DR. LIVINGSTONE.



HOLIDAY PLEASURES.

Injured Individual. "HEIGHO! I DID THINK I SHOULD FIND SOME REFUGE FROM THE MISERIES OF THE SEA-SIDE IN THE COMFORTS OF A BED! JUST LOOK WHERE MY FEET ARE, MARIA!"

His Wife. "WELL, JOHN! IT'S ONLY FOR A MONTH, YOU KNOW!"

HAWFINCH AT HARVEST HOME.

THE year opened wild, which did last droo the Spring,
And the leaves all out early, and crops forrard, bring,
And the swallows and martins to 'pear on the wing,
And the drushes and blackbirds to whistle and zing.

We shall suffer, I says, for all this here by'm-by;
And I didn't, when I foretold that, tell no lie.
For at length rainy weather come arter the dry,
And the sharp blackthorn winter the fruit killed, well-nigh.

The apples was purty well nipped in the bud,
But the pears has escaped from the frosts and the flood;
There was plenty o' grass, fit for chaw'n o' the cud,
But haymakun was hendered for cattle and stnd.

Then thunder and lightnunn' did gurtly prevail;
Turned all the small beer sour and most o' the ale.
There was some fear at one time the harvest 'ood fail;
But by August's late sunshine 'twas saved for the flail.

The steam-flails I calls um—the thrashun' machines;
I be but a Clown; but you knows what I means.
Sing wheat, barley, rye, vetches, wuts, peas and beans,
And turmuts, and mangold, and clover, and greens.

There's a good lot o' tatera, though touched wi' the blight,
And the cattle-plag here and there beasties med smite.
If coals 'ood but come down now they'd patience requite;
But the prices o' stock makes your high meat all right.

So let us be joyful whilst youthful we be,
Arter life's sprightly prime, arter sad age we see,
The mould (says the haythen) 'ool ha' hold o' we.
Then drink off your liquors so long as you're free.

But what a despiseable Act is this here,
Allowancun' fellers what hours to git beer!
To stand laws so petty, and strict, and severe,
The People's a turnun' to milksops, there's fear.

The POPE never governed his slaves wus at Roam,
And happy's the man that can brew beer at whoam,
The fat beer alone now that makes the jug foam,
In spite o' Police he can mysen his loam.

Here's the land that we live in, and perish the man
As 'ood like to rule England the same as Japan,
Or the haythen Chinees's mandareen-ridden plan,
And lock doors and shoot bolts 'twixt a chap and his can!

Touchy Travellers.

THE source of the Nile appears, after all, to have been not as yet actually discovered, but conjectured only by DR. LIVINGSTONE. Other travellers are still at loggerheads about the question, verbal or real, of the origin of that historical river. Travellers appear to be a sensitive class of mortals. Their letters to the newspapers entitle us to speak of them, generically, as *Genus irritabile Viatorum*. Temper, rather than logic, is manifest in their squabbles, and, perhaps from their wandering propensity, travellers are apt to travel from the point at issue. This may be accounted for phrenologically by the preponderance of "Locality" and the other perceptive organs over those of reflection, which contributes to make men roam, regardless of consequences, among cannibals.

SPORTING EXAM.

Question. Trace the descent of the Day of Danebury from the Dey of Algiers or any other Dey that's convenient.



JEDDO AND BELFAST; OR, A PUZZLE FOR JAPAN.

JAPANESE AMBASSADOR. "THEN THOSE PEOPLE, YOUR GRACE, I SUPPOSE ARE HEATHEN?"
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. "ON THE CONTRARY, YOUR EXCELLENCY: THOSE ARE AMONG OUR MOST ENTHUSIASTIC RELIGIONISTS!"

COUNTY COURTSHIP FOR THE COMMONALTY.



I THINK recent lawsuits resulting in fortunes for fair plaintiffs suggest that a very necessary step, as soon as possible to be taken in Legal Reform, is that of empowering the County Courts to try actions for breach of promise of marriage. It is ridiculous to say that rich and poor are alike equal before the law, when the daughter of an unskilled workman or an agricultural labourer has not the same facilities

for obtaining a pecuniary indemnity for disappointed affections as those at the command of middle-class young ladies, and of young ladies of the higher classes, if they want to use them, which they seldom do. Why should Cads and Roughts be privileged to be faithless and inconstant, and trifle with the fond feelings of a confiding girl? It is possible that a defendant in the lower orders would, in proportion to his circumstances, be sufficiently amerced, whilst the woman whom he had deserted would obtain adequate compensation, by a verdict of damages to the amount of five shillings; for lacerated attachment is as capable of being salved by a crown in a humble station of life as it is by a thousand pounds in a higher, although in either case, perhaps, the damages would be assessed by a jury of thinking and honest men at one farthing. Still, the poor young woman, susceptible of pecuniary satisfaction for injured love, ought to have the same chance, in proportion, as the rich, whilst there is chance for any woman of making money out of a man otherwise so worthless, or so wise, as to have broken his word with her. Let the scullion or cook have her action against the faithless footman, and SUSAN the lady's-maid be enabled to sue JOHN THOMAS.

It is true that the transference of breach of promise of marriage cases from

Nisi Prius to County Courts would diminish the professional earnings of Barristers by depriving them of many golden opportunities of exerting their impassioned and earnest eloquence. Every right-minded man would lament to see Gentlemen of the Long Robe deprived of a very great deal of lucrative and particularly creditable business; but the interests of even-handed justice must nevertheless be held paramount to those even of an honourable profession. And there would still remain for Counsel much business of a nature equally creditable. Quacks and Rogues, called what they are, would continue to bring their actions for libel. Impostors would not cease to claim estates. There are plenty of others, besides speculative and mercenary women, to employ advocates.

Wanted a Father.

CHRISTIANITY once conquered civilised heathenism. The ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY, considering the number of civilised heathens with whom we now mingle, seems to fear that, if we do not take care what we are about, civilised heathenism will have its revenge. The letters in reply to the Primate's remarks, from ANDRESHEER B. CAPADIA and THAKUR, in the *Times*, appear to show that, to confute such antagonists as those Indian gentlemen, the Church needs an apologist in logic and learning considerably superior to TERTULLIAN; but can Convocation, or could the Crown, even by the offer of an Archbishopric, produce an equal to him?

Initials in Vogue.

Lively Young Lady (to Paterfamilias). [Note from GERTRUDE CLACK, Papa. "My dear ANNIE,—Will you favour us with your company to-morrow afternoon at a game of croquet, to come off on the lawn at four precisely. D.V."] *Paterfamilias.* D.V., my dear! MISS GERTRUDE CLACK is very profane.

Lively Young Lady. La, Papa! D.V.—the dresses we are all to wear, you know. Dolly Vardens.

"THE ILLITERATES."

A BALLOT DRAMA.

SCENE 1.—Office of the Agent of LORD PEPPEREM, the popular Candidate. Present—LORD P.'s Committee and MR. SLYBOOTS, Confidential Manager.

Chairman. Well, MR. SLYBOOTS, what's the next move? Time is running short, and the poll will close in half-an-hour.

Mr. Slyboots. All right, Sir; there are only three polling places, and I have an illiterate for each who will occupy a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes at the close.

Chairman. Good! who are they?

Mr. Slyboots. Old LEATHERS, who was a postboy once, who will do the stone-deaf business: he goes to Polling-booth A. PURL, who keeps The Wired Hare beer-shop, an old Poacher with the gift of the gab, will go to Polling-booth B: and SOAPSDUDS, the stammering Barber, is told off for Polling-booth C.

SCENE 2.—Polling-booth A. Present—the Presiding Officer, LORD PEPPEREM'S Agent, MR. NEWBROOM'S Agent, and two Constables.

Enter LEATHERS, a wizened old man, who pulls his forelock.

Leathers. Good morning, Gentlemen. [Officer shows him into a compartment and hands him Ballot-paper.] I don't rightly understand this here. My regular money always have a been a guinea for every one I brought to the poll, drunk or sober, pervided he polled.

Presiding Officer (with some excitement). Put a mark, Sir, against the Member's name for whom you wish to vote, and don't keep the electors waiting.

Leathers. Beg your pardon, Sir, but I be main deaf to be sure; and I come out without my speaking-trumpet this morning.

Constable (shouting in his ear). Put your cross, Sir, against the Member's name.

Leathers. I beant a going for a cross in this 'ere job.

Presiding Officer. Put your mark, Sir, or leave the booth.

[LEATHERS becomes intensely deaf for some minutes.]

Mr. Newbroom's Agent. This is monstrous! Eleven minutes out of the last twenty are gone already owing to this blockhead's stupidity.

Lord Pepperem's Agent. I insist that this poor man, who is suffering under the terrible infirmity of deafness, shall not be bullied.

Presiding Officer. Now, my good man, there are two names on that paper—do you understand that?

Leathers. Ees, Sir, if you say so, I believe you. But what be the names?

Presiding Officer (furious). Read them, Sir, for yourself.

Leathers (whose deafness is getting better). I beant no scholard.

Presiding Officer. Can you read, Sir?

Leathers. Well, Sir, not rightly well. I can read the letters T A P over a tap-room, as, an old pal of mine, as was a brother postboy, learnt me, but nothin' else.

Lord Pepperem's Agent. I claim to have this man's vote recorded as that of an illiterate voter. The constables must leave the room.

[*Presiding Officer produces declaration for Illiterate.* *Leathers (who is getting very deaf indeed again).* I beant a-going to put my mark to nothing which I don't understand, Gents.

Town Clock loq. Ding dong—ding dong—ding dong—ding dong!

Bom! Bom! Bom! Bom!

Presiding Officer. Four o'clock. Poll closed! [*Exit LEATHERS.*

Mr. Newbroom's Agent. This is monstrous! outrageous! I'll write to the Ti—

Voice from the Crowd. Was Old LEATHERS deaf enough for 'ee, old cock?

SCENE 3.—Polling-Booth B.

[*Present at this, and at Polling-Booth C, the same class of Officers as at Polling-Booth A.*]

Enter MR. PURL, Landlord of the Wired Hare, touching his forelock like MR. LEATHERS.

Time 3:45 P.M.

Purl. Good morning, Gentlemen, and my respects to you, MR. SMITH (*Presiding Officer*). As you knows, Sir, I am not a scholard.

Mr. Smith. Quite right, PURL, and I will read you a declaration which you will have to make. Retire, Constables! [*Reads.*

Purl. Now, MR. SMITH, I ain't a going to sign any declaration before I understands this, and I wants to ask you a few questions.

Mr. Newbroom's Agent. This can't be done; we have only twelve minutes to time.



LIFE WOULD BE PLEASANT, BUT FOR ITS "PLEASURES."—SIR CORNEWALL LEWIS.

IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE ENGLISH WATERING-PLACES BEING CROWDED, PEOPLE ARE GLAD TO FIND SLEEPING ACCOMMODATION IN THE BATHING-MACHINES.

Boots (from Jones's Hotel). "I'VE BROUGHT YOUR SHAVING WATER, SIR; AND YOU 'LL PLEASE TO TAKE CARE OF YOUR BOOTS ON THE STEPS, GENTS: THE TIDE'S JUST A COMIN' IN!"

Voices from Without. Let us in to vote!

Lord Pepperem's Agent. This man shall not be hurried; a declaration is a very solemn thing. Mr. Presiding Officer, I demand that this declaration be explained.

Purl. All I wants to know is, Gents, is this 'ere on the square?

Presiding Officer. Whom do you vote for, Sir?

Purl. Well, that depends on circumstances; our price is well known, and no one knows it better than you, MR. SMITH, for when MR. HANDICAP, LORD ROPER's son, stood, you settled with us (SMITH turns pale); and you knows very well, Sir, that me and four-and-twenty who uses my house, The Wired Hare, goes together for three pounds down and ten after, and if your money is ready—as it used to be regular—our wotes is too.

Smith (in a tremendous voice). Constables—Constables!

Enter Constables.

Purl. Now, Gents, I am quite ready for this little game, as I axed my lawyer—him as got the four burglars off at last Assizes—and he says to me says he, PURL, he says, don't you sign nothin' you don't understand, for you are a highnirant man, PURL, he says says he, and don't you be done, PURL; and I don't mean to be done, Gents.

Smith (frantic). Constable, remove that man.

Mr. Newbroom's Agent. There are only two minutes to spare.

Purl. Just one of you put a finger on me, as my lawyer says to me, says he, "PURL," he says, "let 'em touch you, that's all;" and now, you two, do it if you dare (to Constables); I'll give you my head, and won't hit you again; but my lawyer shall let you 'ave it, he shall, at the Assizes.

Town Clock. Ding dong! &c., &c.

Smith. Poll closed.

SCENE 4.—Polling-Booth C.

Enter MR. SOAPSUDS, the Barber.

Presiding Officer. MR. SOAPSUDS, I understand that you are

illiterate. (SOAPSUDS nods approvingly.) I will now read you the declaration. (Reads.) You understand that? (SOAPSUDS nods very approvingly.) For whom do you wish to vote—for PEPPEREM, or NEWBROOM, or both?

[SOAPSUDS, after making a movement in his throat and mouth as if he had cracked a nut and swallowed an oyster, shakes his head and fails to speak.]

Presiding Officer. This is very sad. I think we might ask him to nod as I name the candidates.

Lord Pepperem's Agent. I protest—no prompting! This is a very intelligent tradesman, and must not be hurried.

Voices from Without. Put that stuttering Barber out, and let us in! We want to vote!

Mr. Newbroom's Agent. Time is going, Gentlemen. We cannot keep the Electors out.

[Five minutes' wrangle takes place between the two Agents.]

Presiding Officer. Now, MR. SOAPSUDS, try again.

[SOAPSUDS goes through a prolonged pantomime, and butting with his head, begins, "PEP-P-P-P-P-P—," and takes breath.]

Mr. Newbroom's Agent. I insist on the word being spoken.

Soapsuds. NEW—N—N—N—N—N—

Lord Pepperem's Agent. I insist on the word being spoken too.

Town Clock, as before, strikes Four. Poll closes.

SCENE THE LAST.—At the Wired Hare Beershop. Present—MESSRS. PURL, LEATHERS, SOAPSUDS, and Twenty-four other Independent Electors, many of whom had been on the mill.

Mr. Purl, Chairman, loq. Gentlemen, it is no use a trying on these here games with us. Me and LEATHERS and SOAPSUDS have taught them a lesson against violating of our rights and invading of our privileges. They have had their little game to-day, and I hope you have enjoyed our little "Ballot-box" to-night. And here's to LORD PEPPEREM, the Poor Man's Friend!



"AT THE CHURCH GATE."

"SO NOW YOU'VE BEEN TO CHURCH, ETHEL! AND WHICH PART OF IT ALL DO YOU LIKE BEST?"

"THIS PART, MAMMA!"

THE BALLOT AND THE BOOBIES.

THE town of Pontefract has hitherto been celebrated chiefly for the production of liquorice, with which, henceforth, will perhaps be connected the fact that the Pontefract constituency was that body whereon first in Great Britain was tried the experiment of the Ballot. The result of this experiment shows that at other elections, in other places, where the proportions of illiterate and indolent electors to those capable of voting and taking the trouble to vote are probably the same, a great many fools will be disfranchised by their own blunders, and a greater number of other fools by their own laziness in failing to vote. The more blockheads there are whose votes are thrown away the better; educated and respectable people can abstain from voting if they please.

By all means let them abstain from voting if they particularly wish to continue to be governed by those whom Mr. Lowe called our masters, the lower orders. Suppose they want to remain privileged with the honour of exclusively paying Income-tax, and further of exclusively paying, by an increase of Income-tax, the expenses, voted by the representatives of the Populace, of any war which the Populace may demand. Then let them carefully, or carelessly, no matter how, absent themselves from the polling-box. Do they desire to have the thin end of the compulsory Temperance wedge, which has been introduced by Government in the shape of the "Intoxicating Liquors" Act, driven home to the prohibition of the sale of swipes? Are they really anxious to be put into leading-strings and strait-waistcoats yet tighter than those by which they have been bound by a Legislature subservient to fussy, priggish, pedantic, agitating demagogues, and the fanatic democracies which those platform-spongers wield? In that case they have only to forego their rights as free and independent electors. It will suffice them not to vote for a candidate who will maintain justice and liberty, and to leave Trades' Unionists and Teetotalers to return an ORDER or a SIR WILFRID LAWSON.

They may, if they had rather, preserve their remaining liberties.

MYSTERIOUS MACHINERY.

THIS is a most curiously inventive age, and in no way perhaps more so than in the important matter of invention of machinery. We have machines for doing well nigh everything in life; indeed, we ourselves are becoming mere machines, at least, so people often tell us. Among the latest efforts of mechanical invention, we see advertised profusely, "The Vowel Washing Machine," which, clever as we are, considerably puzzles us. Fancy washing a vowel! How on earth can it be done? and even when it is done, what on earth can be the good of it? Can the liquids in our alphabet be the liquids that are used by the machine to wash our vowels? We have heard of persons being foul of speech, and using dirty words and unsavoury expressions. Would a vowel-washing machine be of any service to them? Perhaps if they began to wash their vowels now and then, they might proceed in course of time to washing entire words, and so, from being foul of tongue, they might become quite pure and cleanly. Even slang might possibly be purified by use of the vowel-washing process; and if a man were asked how he was off for soap, he might reply without a trace of coarseness or ill-temper, "Thank you, I've enough to spare you some to wash your vowels with."

Aid to Assistants.

"WHAT is the next article?" Is there any necessity that this to most intelligent people irritating question should be inevitable? The purpose of it, in so far as it has any, would be fully answered if the question were posted in large letters on the wall behind the counter, in a sufficient number of places at convenient distances apart. Then the shopman would be enabled to save his breath, whilst the customer would be moved to consider whether indeed among the various articles on sale in the shop there might or not be one which he might find that he wanted when, by an effort of mind, he came to think a little.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

THE "Intoxicating Liquors" Act would do some good in the City if it could prevent money from getting tight.

They might perhaps even recover those they have lost. They need but, all of them, make a point of voting, and vote for the right man.

BIRDS IN BORROWED PLUMES.

I SAY, *Punch*, old hoss, I don't want to be rude, but—hey you paid your tailor? If not, before you do, just heave a squint at this:—

"In Bleecker Street there is a place where forty or fifty dress-coats are let out every evening during the ball season."

Whar is Bleecker Street? you'll say. Wal, Sir, it's in New York. Guess we air the smartest critters in creation, down to dressin ourselves smart in other critters' clothes. Whar's the good of buying a dress-coat, when you can easy go and borrow one, and hev the pick of fifty cusses till you get a fit? You can't wear out a dress-coat, unless you turn head-waiter, and even then, I guess, you'll find the fashion change a dozen times afore the coat's wore out. Wal, and whar's the good of sinking forty dollars of your capital in buying such an article, when you can easy git a loan of it when you've got an invite? Better make a loan exhibition of yourself, and instead of sinking money with your tailor, save up your spare cash to buy yourself a cobbler when you want toe liquor up. Guess if all you swells in London were to borrow your tail-coats, you'd soon have funds in hand toe square our Alabama Claims! Till then, all-fired old hoss, believe me your expectant creditor and Cousin,

JONATHAN CUTE.

Broadway.

NO SONG, NO SUPPER!

WE have heard the chimes at midnight, as we entered yonder door. Rest the soul of HERR VON JOEL! We shall hear them so no more.



THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

Eligible Bachelor. "SHALL I FOLLOW YOU UP, ANNIE; OR LEAVE MYSELF FOR LIZZIE?"

FALSE EDUCATIONAL BASIS.

THE Belfast Rioters, we read, cruelly beat a man "because he couldn't say his prayers." This brutality is the result rather of false education than of no education at all. Is it not true that every child among us learns, as part of its earliest instruction, that lesson of intolerant violence taught in that highly immoral but ancient Nursery Rhyme, *Goosey, Goosey Gander*?

There I met an old man
Who wouldn't say his prayers.

Some difference perhaps between "couldn't" of the Belfast report and "wouldn't" in the lines above, but the greater blame, therefore, for the Rioters.

Well, what follows in these verses? Pity? No. Toleration? No. What then? Why a burst of such fury as might have inspired the chants of lawless fanatics of either party when dominant, and which MEYERBEER could have set to music in his *Huguenots* as a chorus led by the Protestant Basso MARCEL:—

Take him by the Right leg!
Take him by the Left leg!
Take him by both legs!!!
And throw him down-stairs!!!

Train up children on such notions as these, and don't be surprised if you produce generations of Belfast Rioters.

Alliteration.

SAID ROBINSON to BROWN—"Curious coincidence of W's—Welleale, Wellington, Waterloo." "And Wittoria," suggested BROWN.

MEET TO KNOW.

WHY is Warwickshire not affected by the high price of meat?—Because there is Nuneaton there.

AN AWKWARD ADJECTIVE.

COMMENTING on the conduct of the Metropolitan Board of Works in relation to an assault committed by one of their Jacks-in-Office in rudely seizing by the arm a lady who was botanising on Hampstead Heath, the writer of a letter in the *Daily News* sets out thus:—

"On the tenth of June Miss — was walking on the public highway, across Hampstead Heath, and was carrying in her hand eight or ten small slips of fern, which she had gathered on the heath."

A name in the original letter occupies the place of the bar in the quotation. The reasons why will be discovered by the sensitive mind in the statement which succeeds the foregoing:—

"She is a small, frail, deaf lady of fifty-seven years of age."

The publication of the lady's age is one of those reasons, of course. The description of her by an epithet open to misconstruction is another. Frailty, thy name is, or may be, what *Hamlet* says; but a mistake would be committed by coupling it, in *Hamlet's* sense, with the name of the admirable lady above referred to, a writer to whom the world is indebted for much sound sense, conveyed in "Silver Pen" language. The outrage was unpardonable, though the authorities thought it a very mild one.

Passibus Æquis.

THE old joke-books (which too many of Mr. Punch's Correspondents study very conscientiously) all contain as "Extract from a Country Newspaper" "MR. — dropped down dead, and instantly expired." The following, from a Leeds paper, may as well be inserted in the same page:—

"A despatch from Belfast states that the carman who was killed in the demonstration on Thursday is dead."

WHY is a Middle-aged Gentleman like the Athanasian Creed?—'Cause he's a Mediæval Cuss.



"AS LANCASTER DOTH SPEAK."

1 Henry IV., Act iii. Sc. 1.

Jack. "BILL, AN YE GOT ONNY 'BACCO ON YE?" Bill. "NOA."
Jack (to the others). "AN ONNY ON YE ANY ON YE!"

A NICOTINISED NATION.

THE officious busybodies of the Anti-Tobacco Association are most of them also numbered with those other officious busybodies, the members of the United Kingdom Alliance. They are fools as well as busybodies and officious; fools not to see that, if smoking and drinking go together, it is by smoking, very mainly, that the restraint of drinking has been made possible. The practice of smoking has greatly increased of late years among the higher classes, and with it has increased political apathy. Less than half a century ago it was considered low for a gentleman to smoke at all. Smoking a cigar in the streets was disreputable, and nobody ever smoked a pipe but a working-man, or a clown. At the same time, well-to-do people were much more sensitive than they are at present in many ways; much more indignant with rascality and blackguardism, and, in particular, very much more intolerant of tyrannical and unjust legislation. Our forefathers, for example, would not, and did not, stand an Income-tax longer than it was absolutely necessary. The present generation has stood that, and much else, and is now actually standing legislative limitation of the right to obtain refreshments at reasonable hours. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, in an article on "Liberals and Conservatives," observes that:—

"The Liberal legislation of the next few years is evidently going to be distinguished by some very formidable peculiarities. It will clearly be to the last degree coercive. The statutes passed in the last Session perfectly bristle with penalties. Sobriety, cleanliness, and secret voting are each secured by making a multitude of acts penal of which the vast majority are innocent, and some are even laudable."

It will be owing, in a great measure, to the smoking habits of the community, that Liberals, so calling themselves, and so called by the unwise, will be enabled to proceed in the path of coercive legislation. That is, unless the smokers rouse themselves and exert their nicotinised and narcotised energies. The fashion is now to take everything easy, and lie down under the load of every new imposition, only grumbling a little or using a word or two of strong

MODERN LEANDERS.

THAT must have been a wonderful scene in the Channel the other day, when a professional swimmer was "performing the feat of swimming from Dover to Calais, accompanied by umpires and representatives of the Press, together with the Brass Band of the Royal Surrey Gardens."

The Advertisement was a little misleading in speaking of the Swimmer as "performing the feat," for he was able to get through but a small portion of the Straits; so, perhaps, there may have been some mistake about the Umpires, Reporters, and Musicians accompanying him in his exploit. Otherwise the unusual spectacle of all these functionaries gallantly breasting the waves of the Channel, the Umpires with their insignia of office, the Reporters with their note-books between their teeth, and the Brass Band of the Royal Surrey Gardens, with their drums and trumpets, trombones and bassoons, playing *Rule Britannia* or the National Anthem, must have been worth any expenditure of time and money to behold—a sight the oldest inhabitant had never seen before, and the youngest inhabitant will never see again. The Sea Serpent off Dover would, we imagine, have hardly caused a greater sensation.

Something Short.

On consideration, it will appear that the "Intoxicating Liquors Act" is very happily named. The public-houses being open, on Sunday especially, for but a limited number of hours, people will be sure to rush to them during those hours, in order to get their "drop of something" while they can. Then they will also make the most of their time for drinking, lest they should want beer, or some other generous beverage, by-and-by, and not be able to get any. So the majority of them will be got to take more than is good for them, and they will become generally more or less drunk. For the measure of petty tyranny which Ministers have carried allows aots plenty of time wherein to get drunk on any day, it only hinders the sober excursionist or other decent person from taking his draught or meal at convenient hours. Thus the Intoxicating Liquors Act will indeed be what its authors have called it; because the Act will be intoxicating inasmuch as it will cause the liquors to intoxicate, which in point of fact they would not do but for its vexatious and mischievous limitations.

language. JOHN BULL has grown as patient as an Ass that has not the spirit to kick. It seems, indeed, as though JOHN BULL had become JOHN OX. The people undergo the operation of losing their liberties under tobacco instead of chloroform.

It is too much trouble for the generality to resist the encroachment pushed on by an energetic majority of meddlers. The "Permissive Prohibitory Bill" will, unless the drowsy majority bestir themselves, very soon be enacted, and supersede the Intoxicating Liquors Act. Then will come absolute prohibition of the liquor traffic, and last of all, when smoke shall have done its work, the Anti-Tobacco Society will be enabled to accomplish their base purpose, abolish the agency which has subserved their end, and take our cigars and quids out of our mouths. In the mean time they are doing themselves no good, and others no harm. For it is harm to deprive a moderate smoker of the comfort of his tobacco, just as it is, in the case of a sober man, to rob a poor man of his beer. But, if out of so much smoke as overclouds this land some fire does not soon and fiercely flare up against the Paternal Legislative Prigs who have partially reduced us in point of liberty to the state of pupillage, we shall all wake up some foul morning, and see not only all the public-houses and wine-merchants', and wine-licensed grocers' places of business, but likewise all the tobacconists' shops, closed in our faces. Put that in your pipes, and smoke it. We may be bilious, but our moral's right, "all the same."

Interesting to Exhibitors.

It is announced that the "Claimant" is shortly to be shown in the Agricultural Hall. But we believe that the usual arrangements will, in other respects, be retained. The prizes for fat beasts will not be given until December.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BITTER Ale is not an Intoxicating Liquor. It neither cheers nor inebriates.

NEW TO ME.



AM forty-six years of age, and this is the first time I have been abroad. The last Census returns, which give some interesting details of the number of persons possessing a cellar of old port, a tortoiseshell Tom-cat, and a yellow chariot, record but few instances of men who have received a liberal education reaching middle life without making the Channel voyage, and those mostly in remote rural districts where belief in witchcraft still lingers, and the use of flint and steel is not altogether extinct.

To set up as a traveller at forty-six, and then only to visit such familiar countries as Belgium and Germany, seems to promise but little distinction. Should I not be surer of a niche in the Temple of Fame, and a chance of obtaining one of the medals of the Royal Geographical Society, if I were to select Greenland, or Persia, or

one of the Poles, ascend the Grand Climacterique, or trace the Zumalcarragui to its lonely source—perhaps, best of all, join LIVINGSTONE and share his honours when he returns home? Ignorance of his language before an African waiter is far more excusable than an utter inability to make known the commonest wants of daily life to garçons and kellers; and signs and smiles and heads go a long way in uncivilised circles. (I might stand some chance of being listened to, when the vacation is over, if I could say that I had been to the Canaries, and were to make presents to my friends of the feathered songsters indigenous to those islands.)

Some slight acquaintance with modern geography is indispensable to the traveller abroad. It leads to confusion to expect a view of the Alps when they are two or three countries off, and to look for sea-bathing in Germany can only end in disappointment. I have been careful to distinguish between the Rhine and the Rhone, and can now never forget that there are two places of the name of Frankfort—Frankfort on the Main, and the Oder Frankfort. A few portable facts about CHARLEMAONE, the Romans, the Electors, the Thirty Years' War, the Old Masters, the Old Red Sandstone, Gothic Architecture, &c., will also be found useful.

I had no *mal de mer*. My specific was a simple and inexpensive one, capable of universal application, and requiring no stamp or other formalities; and having derived the greatest benefit from its use, I make it known without hope of fee or reward, for the general good. I avoided all disagreeable thoughts. I did not allow my mind to dwell for a single instant on the price of coals, or the divisions in the Church, or MR. AYRTON, or domestic servants, or tradesmen's bills, or, above all, on the return to official duties in the month of September. There was a critical moment when I feared the worst, for, very imprudently, I got thinking of the luggage.

Patent leather shoes are not conducive to personal comfort on the deck of a Channel steamer, on a rough wet night. The great German ontologist, SCHUMACHER, laid this down as a *dictum* long ago, and modern experience, bearing date July 30, 1872, confirms the accuracy of his deduction.

I felt there was still a link left between me and the old country when I received a penny in change on the coast of Belgium. It is at the disposal of the first street-sweeper who shall meet me on my return to London, I having missed his services in foreign countries.

I detect a point of resemblance between myself and SHAKESPEARE, which all the commentators have overlooked. He, we know from competent authority, had "small Latin and less Greek." I have small French and no German. Other striking resemblances to MILTON, ADDISON, MUNGO PARK, SIR JOHN MAUNDEVILLE, RICHARD HAKLUYT, ROBINSON CRUSOE, and many additional tourists of eminence, may be had on application to the publishers, and will be detailed, on my return to London, in a paper to be read at the first general meeting of the Travellers' Club which shall be held after my election into that body.

I advise everybody to register their emotions on seeing for the first time a mountain, a monk, a vine, a douanier, a garçon,

a public gaming-table, and a pair of wooden shoes. I have compared mine with those of three other householders residing in the South-Eastern, Northern, and Western postal districts, and they all vary, in some cases as much as the tenth of an inch.

Great uncertainty seems to prevail abroad as to the proper spelling of the word Beefsteak. The Philological Society would do well to placard the Continent with large bills supplying the necessary information. "Sherry Gobler," "Punch," and "Waux-hall," are also worthy of the Council's attention.

I am breakfasting in an open gallery on the top of a cheap and comfortable little inn in the Taunus, surrounded by chestnut groves and orchards, and overlooking a spacious plain, a great city, and an horizon of mountains. What is my friend PENNYMAN doing at this moment in his town-house? He is drudging at an article on the meeting of the British Association, or the Autumn Manœuvres, in a small upper chamber, surrounded by public-houses and pawn-brokeries, and commanding a prospect of a Workhouse, a City Church, and an horizon of chimney-pots. PENNYMAN has not the wasps, I allow, but then he has neither the omelette nor the "Mirabelle" plums. (N.B. The exact geographical position of the Inn; as laid down on the Ordnance Maps, its distance from the nearest letter-box, &c., will be imparted to anyone forwarding two sealed envelopes, the one containing a distinguishing motto, the other the writer's name, address, and position in society. References will be given and exchanged, and an appointment made for an early date, if they are found satisfactory.)

IGNORAMUS.

SHIRT-SLEEVES AND APRONS.

OF public speakers accustomed to talk of and to working-men, MR. ROEBUCK is almost the only one who does not cant about them, and does not adulate them, nor call them the People, with a great P. In his late speech at the opening dinner of the St. Peter's Working-Men's Club, at Sheffield, he had a word to say for another class, equally well qualified and entitled with working-men to be considered the People, and to govern us all. He spoke up also for the small shopkeepers, and, dwelling on the advantages which would result from facilities for associating together afforded to the men of aprons and the men of shirt-sleeves, he remarked that—

"He wished to see the working-man make himself a part of this great country, and not an antagonist portion of it. (Cheers.) He was sure he might say that the gentlemen he saw before him at the table so elegantly laid, might be, for aught he could see, Members of the House of Commons sitting down to dinner. (Laughter.) What was there in the career of the working-man or small shopkeeper that should render it impossible that they should sit down to a genteel dinner? What he hoped (though he could not hope to see it now, but what he hoped would come to pass at no very distant day) was that the working-man should be in his dealings, in his demeanour, and in every order of life, a gentleman. (Applause.)"

Exactly so. There is no reason why the working-men or the small shopkeepers should either drop or superadd their sitches, except defective education, which deficiency, let us hope, is in course of being supplied. "Manners," as WILLIAM OF WYKHAM's motto says, "makyth man," and by manners the gentleman is differentiated from the other kind of man whom we call Cad or Snob. Perhaps the time is not far distant when the manners of an average small grocer or carpenter will at least equal those of an ordinary curate, and will very much exceed those of the least uncivil clerk in the Civil Service. We may live to hear a Judge address Petty Jurymen at an Assize as "Gentlemen of the Jury" without any idea that his Lordship is ironical. When the mechanic and the small shopkeeper shall each of them have attained to the perfection of being, as MR. ROEBUCK says, "in his dealings, in his demeanour, and in every order of life, a gentleman," both the former and the latter of those free and independent British electors will be as fit to exercise political power as the former of them alone is so constantly and vehemently declared to be by blatant demagogues.

Hint to Churchwardens.

WITHOUT going into theology, one may say it stands to reason that, whether real Roman Catholicism is true or untrue, sham Roman Catholicism is false. Whatever may be the correctness of DR. CUMMING's opinion of the genuine Mass, the Mock Mass must at any rate be flat idolatry, or rather fetichism. In a church, therefore, where a Ritualist Parson persists in annoying his Protestant parishioners by having incense burnt, there could not possibly be any impropriety in putting up the notice:—"No Smoking Allowed Abaft the Altar."

COMPANION Picture to *My Lodging is on the Cold Ground:—My Luncheon is off the Cold Grouse.*

A PHILOSOPHER'S PET.



account of a tame Wasp. Forestalling, at the same time, any query which scepticism might otherwise have suggested, and precluding all possibility of even mental reference, among sages and sagessees, to a person of the lower orders named WALKER, the learned gentleman of Lombard Street and St. Stephen's "produced the beast," if we may call a Wasp a beast, as many people do when it stings them; and lo, it was tame, and did not sting anybody.

It was a clever thing, certainly, to tame a Wasp, but a feat not altogether unprecedented. The once celebrated "Industrious Fleas" presented similar instances of tractability in insect life. Our other unbidden bedfellows, of the entomological sort, at watering-place lodging-houses, are perhaps capable of being rendered equally industrious, and it would be well for us if they could all be brought up to practise some branch of industry, and thus prevented from living on their more highly organised, but blood relations. SIR JOHN LUBBOCK could perhaps do it. He is probably as good a hand at taming coleopterous as at taming lepidopterous insects; he could very likely also tame cockroaches, black-beetles, cockchafers, lady-birds, and insects of every other description as well: earwigs, woodlice, devil's-coach-horses, scolopendras, spiders, centipedes, and scorpions.

If he can tame a wasp, he can tame a dragon-fly. He could tame a daddy-long-legs, and, but that insects are mute, might possibly, if he liked, induce Old Daddy-Long-Legs to say his prayers.

It is quite imaginable that he might tame a gnat, a mosquito, or a mite, and not at all ridiculous to conceive him taming a rotifer or a vibrio.

The man who is able to tame a wasp is *a fortiori* able to tame a hornet, because the hornet is bigger, dears. He might, then, if he made it his business, tame any number of hornets. Peradventure he could tame a whole nest. Now, then, on the next vacancy, he should be appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. It is within the bounds of supposition that he would manage to pacify the Irish hornets' nest. He is a Liberal sufficiently advanced for the purposes of any leader, except, perhaps, MR. DISRAELI. To be sure, SIR JOHN LUBBOCK is a gentleman, and a man of extraordinary attainments in science, so that he could not be expected to cherish a contempt for "philosophers," still less to behave with discourtesy and insolence to a distinguished botanist, or any other scientific man, as well as to everybody else. But, at least for the Viceroyalty of Ireland, if the Wasp-Tamer were disposed to undertake that office, the colleagues of EARL SPENCER would perhaps deem brutality not essential.

Question for Contemporaries.

OUR contemporaries continue to announce a murder as a Tragedy. If murder is tragedy, then, by parity of expression, marriage is comedy. Why not, then, head an account of a marriage in high life, for example, with "Comedy in Hanover Square"?

THE AUTUMN OLOGIES.

Who rejoices in pears and in plums,
And in universal knowledge, he
Must be glad when the season comes
Of *omne quod exit* in ology,
Of philosophers' meetings and fruit,
Of science and sociology,
And that mouldy but learned pursuit,
By the title of archæology.

Which, as COLONEL FOX pointed out,
Is a branch of anthropology.
That's a subject that's full of doubt,
And the Sages ignore phrenology.
But a study they all admit
Is the one that is named biology,
Though another term, full as fit
For the same, is physiology;

Branch of a larger trunk:
Of the learning hight zoology.
These hard names would embarrass the "tight,"
For example, Descriptive Ethnology.
And then there are many more,
That tax dunce's etymology,
By the fair mostly deemed a bore;
Batomology and conchology.

To which you may also add
If you like to, ornithology,
Which some fellows pursue like mad,
As some others do ichthyology.
Now every science on hand
Has, with every other analogy.
Astronomy, thus, understand
Has relation to mineralogy.

For spectral analysis proves
Things unforetold by Astrology,
Round the sun while this planet moves
In spite of the Pope's mythology.
He will have to explain some few
Particulars of ontology;
They will else be seen clearly through
To be husks of terminology.

In anatomy there's much use
In attention to homology;
But we shouldn't be too diffuse:
And we ought to shun tautology;
And the Rationalistic School
May say that for their neology—
But respect we the wise men's rule,
Which from Science excludes theology.

TEETH AND OYSTERS.

ALDERMAN LAWRENCE, M.P.: "Prisoner JOHN NELSON, you were ill-treating a woman, and a gentleman interfered. You tried to kick him brutally, and you dashed your fist into his face. You knocked one tooth out on the pavement, and broke the sockets of three others into splinters, which are not yet extracted. He had to undergo an operation at once, and will not be able to eat solid food for weeks. I sentence you to seven days' imprisonment, with hard labour."—26th August.

CHAIRMAN OF MIDDLESEX SESSIONS: "Prisoner SYDNEY BROOKER, you have been found guilty of stealing three oysters, the property of your employers. Of course you meant to take more. I sentence you to twelve months' imprisonment with hard labour."—27th August.

Untrustworthy Memoir.

(From an Ultramontane Journal.)

"CARDINAL QUAGOGIA has ceased to require a red hat, or any other. The lamented ecclesiastic was formerly known as COLONEL QUAGO. In early life he was obtrusively secular, but he was converted to some kind of religion by a teacher whose enterprise and zeal have been commemorated in one of MR. G. A. SALA'S missionary papers, and subsequently embracing Catholicism, COLONEL QUAGO rose to be CARDINAL QUAGOGIA. This is another evidence of—"

BOTHER! We don't believe a word of it.



CEREMONY.

"WELL, GOOD-BYE, DEAR MRS. JONES. I HOPE YOU WILL EXCUSE MY NOT HAVING CALLED—THE DISTANCE, YOU KNOW! PERHAPS YOU WILL KINDLY TAKE THIS AS A VISIT?"

"O, CERTAINLY! AND PERHAPS YOU WILL KINDLY TAKE THIS AS A VISIT RETURNED?"!!

HABITS OF M.P.'S.

(Described by our own Observer.)

MR. GLADSTONE is in the habit of never sitting down to dinner without having three courses before him.

MR. CHILDERS, since his late election, keeps his spare hat in a ballot-box.

MR. LOWE, though publicly penurious, is privately most generous, and is especially in the habit of giving guineas to street-beggars and of overpaying cabmen.

MR. WHALLEY carries a miniature of His Holiness the POPE, set in diamonds and rubies, in his left-hand breast pocket.

MR. BRUCE, when he has landed a remarkably fine salmon, is in the habit of petitioning himself to grant it a reprieve and throwing it in the stream again.

MR. DISRAELI never passes an old-clothesman without giving him a lecture on the Semitic races.

MR. SPEAKER is in the habit of catching his own eye every morning in the looking-glass, and of addressing himself in a neat speech on the occasion.

MR. AYRTON is so liberal in encouraging the Arts, that he never sees an artist chalking mackerels on the pavement without throwing him a halfpenny.

MR. GÖSCHEN, when he gets a few spare minutes to himself, sets to work to box the compass and dance the sailor's hornpipe.

MR. MIALL never uses the old proverb "As poor as a church mouse" without adding, with marked emphasis, "after dis-establishment."

MR. CARDWELL, to show his skill in military manoeuvres, is frequently in the habit of pipeclaying his white kids, when they get a little dirty.

MR. GILPIN is so ardent against capital punishment that he will not allow a ham to be seen hanging in his larder.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON never passes a street-fountain without drinking at it.

LORD ELCHO, whenever he goes into a nursery, is in the habit of volunteering to inspect the movements of the infantry.

A GOOD USE FOR COURAGE.

MR. PUNCH,

SIR,—In the *Times* of 26th August appears the following paragraph, in an account of a futile attempt by a swimmer named JOHNSON (who is described "as one of the finest-built men it is possible to see") to swim from England to France:—

"At 11.45 he approached the steamer and requested something to eat, asking whether he might come on board. MR. STRANGE, seeing that in consequence of the strong tide, &c., his chance of reaching the French coast was quite hopeless, thought it advisable he should do so. When assisted on deck it was found that his legs, from the thighs downwards, were numb; the circulation of the blood seemed to have almost stopped—in fact, the cold had so thoroughly mastered the system that he was unable to raise a basin of beef-tea to his lips."

If the circulation of the blood had quite stopped, what then?

Now, Mr. Punch, this brave man risked his life for the benefit of some betting "Gents"—the match being for a wager of two thousand to sixty pounds—and also for the enjoyment of Music Hall Sensationers; and I humbly submit to you, Sir, that swimming being an unsectarian amusement (testified by the fact that two deceased swimmers, who did not trouble themselves about creeds—to wit, LEANDER and LORD BYRON—both swam across the Hellespont), the London School Board should retain the gallant JOHNSON, at a very liberal salary, to educate the poor London boys who attend the schools, in the noble art of swimming.

By so doing, the School Board would enable the gallant JOHNSON to be instrumental in saving the lives of thousands, instead of risking his own; and if you, Sir, will make your order in Council for carrying out this proposition, you will greatly oblige a large multitude who might otherwise become

FATHERLESS OR WIDOWS.



THE IMPERIAL WITCHES.

MACBETH (*Mr. Punch*). "NOW, THEN, YOU SECRET, BLACK, AND MIDNIGHT WAGS! WHAT'S YOUR LITTLE GAME?"

[Slightly altered from Shakespeare.]



HAPPY THOUGHTS.

Antwerp.



O MY Aunt, who has found a letter for her at the Hôtel St. Antoine, won't stop at Antwerp, as she tells me CAPTAIN QUOTESFUE (Dixon's Johnsonary, as before), has been to take lodgings for her at Aix, and will meet us at the Station to-day.

She is very sorry not to be able to stay here, as "I recollect," she says to me, "having seen, years ago, in a book when I was a child—and they did give us some really good and instructive children's books then, such as Whatshisname's—you know—Tralliver's Givels, and that about the two boys—dear me, what was it?—O, I merember, of course, it was FORTNUM and MASON"—gasp, and sufficient pause for me to suggest,

"You mean SANDFORD and MERTON, Aunt."

"Yes. I said SANDFORD and MERTON, didn't I? At all events,

you know what I meant. And it was there, because it is memorized in my markery, that I saw pictures of the Antwerpities of Tiquip, some churches and other buildings which existed long before those which in our country came over with Collum the Winkerer."

During the journey (*via* Maestricht to Aix-la-Chapelle) she is constantly asking me, "Now, are we in Belgany or in Gergium?" She insists upon inquiring of various railway officials at every Station, "Do we change here?" and is very much startled at the apparition of the Guard's face at the window while the train is in motion. For a minute, having heard of such things in some foreign countries, she fancies the train is in the hands of brigands, who are demanding "Your money, or your life!" at all the carriage-windows.

She now produces a Conversation Book in several languages, which she sets to work to study. Suddenly she asks me if I "merember Miss GLYMPHYN—not CHARLOTTE, who married, but Miss ETHEL—and her sisters FANDA and LENNY?" No, I don't. Of course, I am aware she means FANNY and LINDA, but I don't know them even by their own proper names. Somehow, I don't care about them. I have a sort of recollection of having met the GLYMPHYNS a long time ago, and finding them three young ladies with a very decided opinion on everything. They didn't care about anything in particular, and rather disliked everybody. I remember telling their father, or uncle, a story which, up to that moment, I had always considered highly amusing, but which was received by them with such marked coldness and such surprised glances from one to the other, that, although their father, or uncle, smiled in feeble deprecation of my having ventured upon such a subject, I felt (I remember it as vividly as if it were only the day before yesterday) I should like to be rolled up in a blanket and taken away out of the front-door; and, failing any such removal, either by these means, or by a sudden severe illness which should have aroused their pity, I at once relapsed into silence and mental cynicism. I debated with myself, after dinner, whether I should retire early, or stay till they liked me.

Happy Thought (on that occasion).—I remember the hideous fiend of a Bottle Imp, in the play of that name, saying to the trembling German maiden, "You must learn to love me." Same idea now. * * * Old GLYMPHYN, I remember now, detained me down-stairs with the wine, as if I should be all the better for keeping when I went up into the drawing-room, and then gave me a very strong cigar and some liqueur; and while we were engaged on these, the servant entered to say that "Mrs. and the young ladies, as the gentlemen hadn't come up, had gone to bed." I can perfectly realise what their impression about me must have been next morning. I was added to their list of the Odious, and I'll be bound that that wretched Old GLYMPHYN apologised for his own absence from the drawing-room by laying the entire blame on my shuenders, if he didn't absolutely receive the thanks of the ladies for delaying me from joining them up-stairs. So altogether (now I come to think of it) I don't care about the GLYMPHYNS.

My Aunt looks up from her Conversation Book (in three languages) to inform me that the GLYMPHYNS are very musical. "LINDA," she says, "is really quite talented in that way, and I believe has studied under the best masters; one was a German who used to perform on two instruments, he played, if I merember, on the guano—I mean the guitar and the piano—equally well."

After a few minutes' further study of the three-langued Conver-

sation Book, my Aunt, who is beginning to show signs of fatigue, says, that, "if I don't mind, she'll take off her boots, as she's heard that to bootle without trats is so very footheening and sereshing;" and, before I've a word to say on the subject, they are off. So is her travelling hat as well.

Happy Thought.—We've a *coupé* all to ourselves.

If we hadn't, what would foreigners think? And if they expressed what they thought, and I understood them, wouldn't I be bound to quarrel with them? But to quarrel abroad is to be engaged, before you know where you are, in a duel.

Happy Thought.—Not to understand what they say.

Meditating upon the subject, it would sound well in England to hear that I'd been called out, and went. That I'd fallen in a duel. Then would come the question in a Club smoking-room probably, "What did he fight about?" Then the answer would be, "My dear fellow, what do men fight about? Some woman, I suppose." Then the well-informed man, who always knows all about it whatever it is, breaks in upon the conversation with, "You were talking about poor old —" then he'd call me by my Christian name (and I'm supposing myself dead and buried in some retired Continental churchyard); "well," he'd go on, "poor old fellow, he was a stupid ass to go out and fight with a Prussian, all about his Aunt, too!—I'll tell you how it was—" then he'd recount it in such a quaint style, bringing out all the humorous points in detail, that at last the funniest stock story of the Club-room would be, How Old So-and-So (myself) went out, and fought for his Aunt, and fell in a duel.

"I hope," says my Aunt, presently, "that CAPTAIN QUOTESFUE has taken lodgings where they speak French or English, as I shall never be able to get on in German. French," she says, with pride, "will do perfectly."

Happy Thought.—My Aunt's French. *Parnçais vous farlez.* (Dixon's French Johnsonary for Travellers.)

She is very much troubled too about the coinage. It flashes across her in the train while she is studying the tables at the end of *Bradshaw*, and in the Conversation Book. Bank-notes, she supposes, will go everywhere. I reply, "Yes, certainly; and go pretty quickly, too."

At the next Station my Aunt startles me with an exclamation, and seizes her boots so energetically, that, at first, I imagine either that she is going to hurl them at the Guard's head, on its appearing for the sixth time at our window, or that we are at Aix sooner than we had expected. On my inquiring the reason for this preparation on her part, she only looks out of window and telegraphs to some one (not with her boots, thank goodness, as she has now put them on) whom I can't see, calling out, "Here! we've one seat, if you're alone." Then, drawing her head in, and turning to me, she says, "It's Mrs. MOMPISON."

Happy Thought.—BERTHA MOMPISON, the youngest, I think. I have not seen her for—well—let me see—a long time. When last we met, at BOODELS' little place by the sea-side which he called *The Crook*, we—that is BERTHA and myself—were rather together than not. It recurs to me now (while Mrs. M. is settling herself in our *coupé*, and she takes so much settling, that I wish these seats were divided into three arm-chairs) that Miss BERTHA and I had a very pleasant drive together, after a picnic, in the autumn. That, somehow, we had lost our party at that picnic and were obliged to take the only remaining trap, which was a pony-chaise, left at the inn, without a servant. That, somehow [It always is "somehow" in these cases, and explanation is impossible], I remember driving a good deal with the right hand, and not using the whip, being very careful not to tire the pony, and going very gently up-hill. But when we got back to BOODELS' little place, where all the party were at supper, it occurred to me—

Happy Thought.—To let Miss BERTHA go in first and face it. She was perfectly equal to the occasion, and commenced by attacking them for deserting her. Then I came in—when I say "came" in, I mean, as far as I recollect, that I rather sidled in—and sat down unobtrusively.

Happy Thought (on this memorable occasion).—Keep quiet at first. Also be excessively polite and pleasant to every one, not on any account sitting near Miss BERTHA. * * * I remember all this perfectly * * * and I remember (during that BOODELS' week by the sea) somebody coming, suddenly, into the drawing-room where we were (BERTHA and I again), and sturdily begging our pardon and going away, when Miss BERTHA wouldn't on any account hear of it, and intimated that she particularly wanted this Noodle's opinion on a song, referring to another opinion, which I was supposed to have already given on the same subject; whereupon I looked as musical as possible, and said, "Yes, certainly," and was very glad when the Noodle was despatched, as he soon was, to see if Mrs. Somebody or other was in the garden or the conservatory, or had gone down to the beach. * * * And also I remember how, at the breaking up of BOODELS' party, we told each other where we were likely to be the next week, and the week after that, and how we haven't met again, or heard of one another (at least as far as I know), for a year or more. I venture, now, to inquire after Miss BERTHA. Mrs. MOMPISON says she is at Aix, where she, Mrs. MOMPISON,



BRITISH FIRMNESS.

(Example for Tourists at present pervading the Continent.)

SCENE—Court-yard of Foreign Hotel.

English Lady (on low wall, trying to get on Horse, which slips out of reach, sideways, at every attempt to mount). "NOW, BRING HIM ROUND AGAIN. AND DO STAND CLOSER UP TO HIM, CHARLES! IT'S NO USE TO GIVE WAY!" [Charles wishes she would!]

is staying for the benefit of her health. As her family are unaware of her sudden return by this train, her daughters will not be at the Aix Station to meet her.

Happy Thought.—Glad of it. Shouldn't like to meet Miss BERTHA, after so long an absence, when I'm begrimed with dust, and my hands feel as if they'd been washed in weak gum, and had then been brushed lightly over with road-dust and coal-dust mixed.

Happy Thought (in travelling always).—Old Gloves.

EXEMPLARY HEATHEN.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette*, quoting the Surveyor-General's report upon the geographical results of the Looshai Expedition, informs us that:—

"An intricate tract of hill and valley, drained partly northwards by affluents of the Barak, the river of Cachar, partly by southward-flowing streams that go to swell the river of Chittagong and Arracan, debouching on the east of the Bay of Bengal, it is inhabited by a number of distinct tribes apparently of common origin, but now differentiated in dialect and customs. Though exhibiting some of the moral traits of the savage, they seem to enjoy much physical comfort of a rude kind. One characteristic struck all observers. The women of these tribes, alone of all native women with whom we are acquainted, do not put rings in their ears or noses, nor pull out their eyebrows, nor blacken their teeth, nor put wooden spoons in their under-lips, nor otherwise, having given them one face, make themselves another. It is even recorded that coloured chintzeas failed to excite their cupidity."

The native women, who differ so much as those above referred to from our own, have probably not as yet experienced the benefit of missionary enterprise. It may be presumed that they are what the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY would call heathen, although, doubtless, their persuasion would not by any means be considered by that estimable Prelate as included under the head of "heathenism of the worst class." His Grace would probably even admit that, as regards

their own sex at any rate, the communications of those heathen would be not altogether evil, but would, on the contrary, promote instead of corrupting good manners. Their example might suggest to some of the more sensible of our girls, servant and other, that it would be a great deal better for them not to wear false hair, not to paint their faces, and not to insert in their ears the same kind of ornaments as those which swineherds are accustomed to stick in the noses of pigs.

"ARE ALL THE PEOPLE MAD?"

Shakspeare.

WHAT sudden ungrammatical fit has seized a pensive public? *Mr. Punch* has received during the week about thirty copies of the following advertisement from the *Times*. Some of his correspondents ask what it means, some make bad jokes on ghosts and the like, and all seem to think that there is a mystery. Well, read it:—

QUEBEC.—The Widow of an Officer in the 60th Rifles, who, about 1859, went to Quebec, and there died soon after, will HEAR of SOMETHING to HER great ADVANTAGE by applying to MR. POLLAKY, Private Inquiry Office.

There may be a mystery, but *Mr. Punch* fails to perceive it. The announcement is plain English. An officer *who* went to Quebec, left a widow, whose attention is invited. Where's the muddle? MR. POLLAKY sometimes astonishes us, but here he has simply penned a business-like notification. *Mr. Punch's* opinion regarding certain of the public, shall be again Shaksperianically conveyed:—

"I dare not call them fools, but *this* I think;

When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink."

The fact is, *Mr. Punch* has taught the public to be so critical that it now tries to pick people up before they fall down.



REGRETS.

Lean Gormandiser. "I SAY, JACK, DO YOU RECOLLECT A CERTAIN SADDLE OF FOUR-YEAR-OLD WELSH MUTTON WE HAD AT TOM BRISKET'S ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON ABOUT THIS TIME LAST YEAR?"

Fat Ditto. "I SHOULD THINK I DID!"

(Pause.)

Lean Gormandiser. "THAT WAS A SADDLE OF MUTTON, JACK!"

Fat Ditto. "AH! WASN'T IT!"

(Long Pause.)

Lean Gormandiser. "I OFTEN WISH I'D TAKEN ANOTHER SLICE OF THAT SADDLE OF MUTTON, JACK!"

WHY I AM STAYING IN TOWN.

BECAUSE I wish to satisfy myself, from personal observation, how far the traditional belief as to the emptiness of London at this season of the year is founded on fact.

BECAUSE it is a pleasure to be able to take walking exercise in the streets and admire the public buildings, unimpeded by crowds, and without the risk of being run over at the principal crossings.

BECAUSE the theatres and other places of public amusement now open are not so numerous as to make selection embarrassing, and I can visit them in greater comfort.

BECAUSE I can have my choice of the chairs in the park.

BECAUSE I am anxious to superintend personally the repairs necessary to be done to the scullery.

BECAUSE I have been everywhere.

BECAUSE London in the months of August and September suits me better than any other place.

BECAUSE I dislike railways, steamboats, the care of luggage, the contention with hotel-keepers, lodgings, commissionaires, and sight-seeing.

BECAUSE I miss home comforts wherever I go.

BECAUSE ERNEST has just commenced Greek, and it is requisite that I should superintend his evening studies.

BECAUSE my wife wishes to be near her mother.

BECAUSE it is important that I should attend a special meeting of the British and Foreign Patent Improved Umbrella, Parasol, and Sunshade Company.

BECAUSE that traitor ARMTHORPE, who engaged last year to ac-

company me to Cockle-mouth, has preferred a wedding excursion with another companion to Switzerland.

BECAUSE I wish to explore the Thames Embankment, to visit Bethnal Green Museum and St. Thomas's Hospital, and to devote some time to a thorough and leisurely inspection of the Prince Consort's Memorial.

BECAUSE I have long wanted to make excursions to Kew, the Banks of the Thames, the Surrey Hills, and the recesses of Epping Forest.

BECAUSE I am anxious to investigate the family pedigree at the British Museum.

BECAUSE my brother-in-law is expected home from California, and I feel that it is incumbent on me to co-operate with the other members of his family in according him a suitable reception.

BECAUSE I am short of money.

What Else Did He Do?

So! the Bakers will strike, and each Mater, dismayed,

Must look out for her private purveyor, or sutler:

There's a toast will go frequently round, we're afraid;

"A health to KING PHAROAH, who pardoned the—Butler."

FEAST OF ST. PARTRIDGE.

THE First of September this year fell on a *Dies Non*. "The Birds," if they have Aristophanic proclivities, will proclaim themselves Sabbatarians.

A CENSORSHIP COMING.

IN Paris, it seems, no paper can publish a caricature without receiving the permission of the person to be caricatured! See, my contemporaries, to what a pass the predominance of democratic ideas has brought the French. The idea of being obliged to ask a man's leave before you are allowed to publish a caricature of him! Not that *Punch* would personally mind a law placing him under such an obligation, for his caricatures all, as Mr. O'BALLAGHAN says, represent imaginary persons: that is to say, he caricatures nobody. His portraits all highly flatter those whom they are intended for: so that they give the reverse of offence, and please much more than the very best photographs can. He, for his part, would care nothing for such a law as far as it went. But restriction as to caricatures would, here in England, soon be followed by other restrictions on the liberty of publication which would seriously affect you, my dear contemporaries. Restriction has begun to follow restriction in this heretofore land of liberty. Right after right is made taxable or penal.

If you choose to stand by and see this sort of thing done without noticing it otherwise than by otiose comment, or mild protest, or even with acquiescence or actual approval, your turn will come next, my bucks. You will have restrictions imposed on the freedom of the Press. The law of libel is bad enough, administered as it is by judges who advise juries to give substantial damages to an ass written down an ass, a quack denounced as a quack, or a scoundrel proclaimed a scoundrel. There is sufficient sympathy with rascals and impostors (not to name any individual) in Parliament to render the Legislature quite capable of enacting statutes devised to restrain, still more strictly and effectually than the law of libel does, journalists from speaking out. The Liberty of Unlicensed Printing will follow in being curtailed the Liberty of Unlicensed Drinking. The Press will also be subjected to a Licensing Act. That is the Nemesis which will descend upon public writers for not having spoken out when they ought to have, and not having resisted as they should have resisted, by argument, invective, ridicule, satire, sarcasm, and every possible variety of censure, vituperation, and abuse, the encroachments which have been made upon personal liberty by sumptuary and sectarian legislation subservient to Sabbatarian and Teetotal Fanatics, Brutes, and Bores. Look out for a Censorship.

Proverbial Fallacy.

A STITCH IN TIME does not always save nine. It never effects so much as the saving of a single one when it occurs to a person, how soon after the start soever, in running up-hill.



EDUCATION.

Squire. "HOBSON, THEY TELL ME YOU'VE TAKEN YOUR BOY AWAY FROM THE NATIONAL SCHOOL. WHAT'S THAT FOR?"

Villager. "'CAUSE THE MASTER AIN'T FIT TO TEACH UN!"

Squire. "O, I'VE HEARD HE'S A VERY GOOD MASTER."

Villager. "WELL, ALL I KNOWS IS, HE WANTED TO TEACH MY BOY TO SPELL 'TATERS' WITH A 'P'!!!"

PROFESSIONAL CHARGES.

MR. PUNCH has rarely seen anything much more business-like than the following document, which has been sent him from Australia. He is not made aware of the circumstances, and most likely the Clergyman who gives in this estimate for Clerical Work and Repairs is doing 'the most sensible thing possible. But here is his offer to do certain religious things at Mackay, or some of them, if the Christians at Mackay do not desire to have them all done. They can select what worship they want, and give their orders accordingly:—

"I have put the matter in purely a business light, and whether accepted or not, I abide by it. Payments monthly, at the several rates as follows, and prompt, or engagement ceases:—

	£	s.	d.
For one full service (evening)	100	0	0
For morning service (no sermon) and evening public service, including holy communion and baptism once a month	150	0	0
For full morning and evening services (holy communion and baptism once a month)	200	0	0
For the whole of services and visiting sick, and seat-holders, as time and opportunity occur	350	0	0

"NOTE.—At present, nor for the next six months, I would not live at Mackay."

The only thing the Reverend Gentleman has omitted to mention is whether, in consideration of prompt payment (without which he will cut off the supply), he allows discount.

Inquiry in Passing.

In a shop where Law tools are sold, *Mr. Punch* observes an article called "The Expelling Penholder." Is this for use when the pen writes a Notice to Quit?

TO LAWYERS.

MR. PUNCH would like to know—that is, he does know, but he would like to hear the reason—why Lawyers' costs and charges are so heavy, while all the learning and accomplishments required in a Lawyer can be had so very cheaply. Read this advertisement from the *Law Times*:—

LAW.—Wanted Immediately, in the South of England, a competent GENERAL CLERK, who is a good Accountant, can engross, abstract, draw ordinary drafts and bills of costs, thoroughly up in Common Law, Bankruptcy Liquidation, and County Court Practice, and would be willing to make himself generally useful. Salary 30s. per week. Satisfactory references required.

Now, here is a Complete Lawyer wanted, at the price of Five Shillings per day. This is, of course, about the regular market price of the article, or the Advertiser would not propose such terms. Now, we ask again, why is Law so dear?

What the Box Says.

"LORD GRANVILLE, by gracious command of HER MAJESTY, has sent to MR. STANLEY, the intrepid discoverer of LIVINGSTONE, a gold snuff-box richly set in brilliants, with a letter expressing the QUEEN'S high appreciation of his success in an enterprise which 'relieved HER MAJESTY from the anxiety which, in common with her subjects, she had felt in regard to the fate of that distinguished traveller.'"

HER MAJESTY sends you a snuff-box, brave STANLEY.

The gift holds a hint which my Majesty adds:

'Tis that you, the undaunted, successful, and manly,
Should Turn up your Nose at all cavilling cads.

PUNCH.



"LUCUS A NON," &c.

Visitor. "HOW LONG HAS YOUR MASTER BEEN AWAY?"

Irish Footman. "WELL, SORR, IF HE'D COME HOME VISTHERDAY, HE'D A' BEEN GONE A WAKE TO-MORROW; BUT EV HE DOESN'T RETURN THE DAY AFTHER, SHURE HE'LL A' BEEN AWAY A FORTNIGHT NEXT THURSDAY."!!

WONDERS OF THE SEA-SIDE.

Especially in Lodgings.

A CARVING-KNIFE that is not shaky in the handle, and which, on great persuasion, can be induced to cut.

A silver fork, on which the previous metal is still extant, and which has its proper complement of prongs.

A chamber candlestick supplied with an extinguisher.

A ditto looking-glass, which, if not propped up with your hair-brush, never turns its back upon you when you go to shave.

A bath which does not leak, and a water-jug that is not very dangerous to lift.

A leg of mutton, upon which, after dining with your husband, you can find next morning enough left to be hashed.

A (very) grand piano, whereof the keys don't rattle like the bones of nigger minstrelsy, and whereof you can imagine, by a powerful flight of fancy, that the notes have in their infancy, been ever heard in tune.

A chiffonnier that you can lock securely, and a tea-caddy that really seems to be without a leak.

A door-mat which is not provided with a hole to trip up all your visitors when they come to call.

A table-cloth or napkin without eleven holes in it.

A window that has not at the least one sashline broken, and that does not vibrate noisily with the very slightest breeze.

An easy-chair which gives you any ease when sitting in it, and wherein you may take your usual after-dinner nap without an apprehension of a castor coming off.

A tea-pot, out of which, with excessive care and patience, you can contrive to pour a cupful without dropping the lid into it.

A sitting-room wherein, to avoid smoke-suffocation, you need not keep both door and window open when you light the fire.

A chest of drawers that is complete in all its handles, and a vegetable-dish cover provided with a knob.

RIOTS AND RESPONSIBILITY.

INCULCATING the "Lesson of the Belfast Riots," the *Pall Mall Gazette* points out, for the instruction of those whom it concerns, that:—

"What was wanted in Belfast was a man at the head of affairs who would make the immediate restoration of order his first business, and would shrink from no means that might be necessary to effect it—a man who, if the police proved insufficient for his purpose, would use soldiers, and if soldiers proved insufficient, would clear the streets by artillery."

Those whom this teaching concerns are the Government and Legislature; whom the *Pall Mall* proceeds further to instruct that no man can be expected to put down a riot at the risk of being tried for murder by a hostile jury; and suggests "the creation for the time of a civil authority who should have full powers to employ what ever means he thinks best for the restoration of order." Pending the acceptance of this suggestion, how are insurrections to be quelled? England, or Ireland, may expect a Magistrate to do his duty to his country; but if that exposes him to a prosecution, he will see his country blanked first. Nobody but a strangely sentimental person, with a taste for self-sacrifice, would risk martyrdom or even confessorship, by risking his neck, or risking his liberty, except an extremely religious enthusiast who firmly believed that he would be rewarded for it eternally hereafter. The Belfast Riots have shewn us what we have got, and what we are likely to get, by omission to enter a *nolle prosequi* in the case of GOVERNOR EYRE.

Advice to Trade's Unionists.

WORKING-Men of every section,
Strike for higher wages, do,
'Gainst Free Trade and for Protection.
O how wise and good of you!

Strike as brethren should, my brothers,
Strike with all your might and main.
Strike each one against the others,
To the end of general gain.

Strike because of rising prices;
Thus make all things still more dear.
So go on. This good advice is.
You'll adopt it, there's no fear.

A minute in the day unmolested by an organ-grinder.

A window-blind which you can manage to pull up, even to the very top, without a wrinkle, and then not find it come down with a rattle on your head.

A bed-room paper which you can contemplate without horror every morning when you wake, nor conceive how fraught with suffering it would be to you, if lying ill.

A waiting-maid who looks as if she sometimes used a nail-brush.

A ceiling or a chimney ornament which are neither of them cracked.

A pen with both nibs perfect, and a writing-table not too rickety to write at.

A sofa at all softer than a hard deal board, and which has not its springs fractured exactly at the only place whereon you want to sit.

A picture or engraving, hung up by way of ornament, which with any candour you could call a work of art.

A pot which makes your coffee at all clearer than pea-soup.

A pair of decanters which are not an odd couple, and half a score of wine glasses, any two of which will match.

A door which does not let a hurricane of draught through it, and which you can actually shut without a slam.

And finally, a bed that you may go to without trembling, and a bill that you may pay without a fear of being fleeced.

Ritualistic Rebellion.

It cannot be any Archdeacon of the Established Church who is such an obstinate Ritualist as, by persisting in the performance of illicit Romanesque ceremonials, to constitute himself a rebel against his Bishop. Let such rebellious folly, therefore, never be imputed to ARCHDEACON DENISON. If it could, many people would not hesitate to style him ARCHDEACON DONKEY. But that would be writing an estimable but pigheaded clergyman down an Ass. It were more respectful to name the Ritualist Rebel—ANARCHDEACON DENISON.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.



MRS. MOMPISON, now with us in our *coupé*, is a stout, elderly lady, rather squat in figure, as if she'd been kept in a low room in early life, so that what would have been her height had expanded itself into breadth ("for in Nature nothing is lost," *vide Typical Developments*, Vol. xviii., Art. 2, p. 6, under "N. Nature").

By the way, her youngest daughter, BERTHA, if I remember rightly, is short. Will she, too, expand? and—ahem!—take after her mother?

In less than five minutes I find out that it only requires a simple question, on any subject, to draw from her an explanation, in, apparently, several pages of close talking. She has a wonderful memory for the events of her early life, which seem to find their reproduction in later events happening to various people. If you say to Mrs. MOMPISON, "My watch is rather slow," "Ah!" she says at once, so sympathetically that it really makes you like her at first, and encourage her to tell you something, "I remember when we were first married, Mr. MOMPISON—we used then to live in Russell Square—in those days, you know, Russell Square was considered quite the fashionable quarter, and we had a very nice house there, which your Aunt will recollect." Here she interests her; but though Mrs. MOMPISON is asthmatic, and obliged to pull up at the commas and semicolons, yet the rest is never sufficiently long to allow anyone else to cut in and start a fresh subject.

Happy Thought.—Epigrammatic description of Mrs. MOMPISON, short-breathed and long-winded.

She tells us a long story about a watch, given her at that time, and by which she's never been able to tell the correct time, though she's had it for nearly forty years; and this narrative includes several other anecdotes out of the direct line, and to be found in the by-ways of Mrs. MOMPISON's history. Most of these lesser stories are about her daughter ROWENA, whom I have never met.

[*Subsequent Note, introduced here.*—After meeting the GLYMPTINS, and others, who know the MOMPISONS most intimately, I find that no one has seen Miss ROWENA since she was a child, and that, of her, at that time, their recollection is imperfect. But there's nothing which ROWENA, apparently, hasn't suffered, nothing she hasn't done, no place she hasn't visited, no failing to which she is not subject, no virtue which she does not practise, no accomplishment of which she does not know, at least, something; and there's no *jeu de mot*, however new, which ROWENA, according to her mother, hasn't uttered, years ago, in another form. Most of Mrs. MOMPISON's longest stories—and they are none of them short ones—are hung upon "my daughter ROWENA." If there's no positive opportunity for a history, we get ROWENA in little social anecdotes. It is enough to observe, for example, in order to give yourself, or some one else, a chance of saying something, that "the interior of Mid Africa is a charming spot." If you're well posted up in the matter; and know that others are not, you foresee a brilliant discourse all to yourself—only you haven't counted upon Mrs. MOMPISON's ROWENA. "Ah!" says Mrs. MOMPISON (she invariably commences with a mild sigh, as if your inquiry, or remark, had awakened painful recollections, which is a *Happy Thought* on her part, as it gives her time to get together her materials and her breath for the effort, and then her plaintive tone and looks deprecate all interruption which might appear rude and unseemly) "Ah!" she says, "it must be very beautiful. I don't know it myself"—(here you see a chance for breaking in with what you do know about it, personally, only that she goes calmly on)—"but my daughter ROWENA stayed with some friends, the CLOUDIES of Invernesshire, very rich people they were at one time, but DAVID CLOUDIE speculated in silk, or—well, I forget what—but he was obliged to economise and live abroad, and ROWENA visited them in Africa, where she stopped at a place with a most extraordinary name." Here you are about to suggest a name, or do suggest it, but not another word

will Mrs. MOMPISON let you get in before she's on again, with "Yes, I daresay that *was* it; because ROWENA, when writing to me, and that's some years ago now," &c., &c. If you tell Mrs. MOMPISON that you've fallen down-stairs and dislocated your collar-bone, you are immediately informed that this is nothing new to ROWENA. You've had the chicken-pox very badly, so has ROWENA, far worse. Your sister has so exquisite a voice that she is thinking of really going on the Italian Operatic Stage: well, ROWENA absolutely engaged herself, but ALBONI begged her not to come out, until she had retired, and so ROWENA gave in, and didn't. Have you an excellent memory? You may have, Mrs. MOMPISON admits, but nothing to ROWENA's. Do you happen to possess so quick an ear for music that you can hum correctly a tune after only once hearing it? Mrs. MOMPISON quite believes you, because ROWENA can play the airs of an entire Opera, or even an Oratorio, which she has only heard once for the first time the evening before. In fact, try what you will, ROWENA beats you at everything.]

We are boxed up with Mrs. MOMPISON for an hour. In conversation, Mrs. MOMPISON first, my Aunt a very bad second, and myself nowhere.

Happy Thought.—Torture of the Middle Ages—to be jawed to death.

She will explain everything to us—her own complaints, ROWENA's complaints (who has had all my Aunt's sufferings multiplied, it seems, by ten, and is far better on the whole than could have been possibly expected), Mr. MOMPISON's complaints, the remedies which don't succeed, the remedies which she hopes will succeed, and so on.

My Aunt asks if she has found the waters of Aix beneficial. Mrs. MOMPISON can't simply answer Yes or No, or tell us that she hasn't been there long enough to make up her mind on the subject; not a bit of it. She at once commences shaking her head sadly, and sighing as if all her family had been poisoned by the sulphur springs. "Ah," she says, "I've tried them for some time, and I'm bound to say that, to a certain extent, and in certain cases, I've known them do perhaps some good, but not permanently, because ROWENA," she turns to me, and I incline my head—

Happy Thought.—Be attentive and polite to Miss BERTHA's mother.

"Because," she continues, "my daughter ROWENA went there for a fortnight, or two months—let me see, which was it?—in the spring or autumn; but it doesn't much matter, and she was suffering dreadfully at the time from pain in her neck, and from a sort of nervous depression of the larynx, I think, which prevented her from ever getting any sleep after six in the morning, so she always went to bed at nine, and took a nap in the afternoon; and as for her eating, ROWENA used to say to me after breakfast, or luncheon, or dinner, that she never could understand what had become of her appetite."

My Aunt, getting a chance for herself, rushes in hurriedly on her own account, to tell Mrs. MOMPISON why she is going to Aix, "I'm going," she says, "to try the sulphur waters and nervalism for the galves, which I hear is the demery now for all complaints arising from debilitated hysteria—" gasp, and here she becomes so hopelessly entangled in the meshes of Dixon's Johnsonary, that Mrs. MOMPISON, who has been taking in, carefully, a good supply of breath, enough for a five minutes' narrative without an interruption, at once seizes the opportunity, and says, "Ah! yes! that's what poor ROWENA—my daughter ROWENA—suffered from, fearfully. No one can know," this is a sort of home-thrust at my Aunt, "no one can know what that poor child went through." I feel, while she goes on talking, that I could tell her, if I liked, what I'd gone through with other illnesses, and, as it were, beaten ROWENA all to nothing. I'm sure my Aunt is dying to back her complaints and sufferings against ROWENA's.

Happy Thought (on the first opportunity).—To say, Well, we all ought to be very thankful that we haven't lost legs or arms. "I know," I go on, "a poor fellow once," &c., then I tell them a piteous tale, by way of depreciating ROWENA's sufferings, which almost brings tears to my own eyes, and a slight pause follows its termination.

Happy Thought.—Checkmate to ROWENA.

Not a hit. Mrs. MOMPISON begins, "Ah! yes, that's very dreadful, very dreadful indeed, but it's almost worse where a young girl, full of life and health, as ROWENA—my daughter ROWENA—was when she was out hunting with LORD DRIDDLECOT's hounds in Leicestershire—she was a beautiful rider, and led the field whenever she was out—and her horse, which her father had given her, and bought for three hundred guineas of SIR GEORGE LAMLEY—it was a trained hunter, and, from some cause or another, it fell at a five-barred gate, and poor ROWENA was thrown violently into the field, hitting her right arm and her left knee so badly that—"

Aix-la-Chapelle.—Tickets!

Happy Thought.—Good-bye for the present, Mrs. MOMPISON. "I dare say," says my Aunt, "we shall see something of you while we're here."

Note.—See something: limit the pleasure to seeing: and when seen, if possible, to be avoided; except for the sake of BERTHA MOMPSON, whom I—yes, certainly—whom I do wish to meet again. At this moment up comes CAPTAIN FORTESCUE; and Aunt in a flurry calls him Mr. TIMBERRY on the spot. She doesn't remember his name until we've been with him five minutes, and then she makes ample amends by addressing him as CAPTAIN QUORTSFUE, which nothing will convince her is not his correct designation.

NEW TO ME.



HILST some men trace their tours by cathedrals, town-halls, ruined castles, famous pictures, beautiful prospects, I trace mine by vegetables. The cauliflowers at Antwerp, the green peas at Louvain, the early cabbages at Coblenz, are green spots in my memory. The Continent of Europe—and having resided on it for twenty-four days, I think I may fairly claim to be an authority on this and other subjects—is the best place, to adapt what the DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY said of London, for Vegetarians, and the only place for those who, on account of health, family reasons, &c., are unable to eat animal food.

Seven cities (for names, population, &c. see *Continental Bradshaw*) contended for the honour of being HOMER's native place (author of the *Iliad*, *Odyssey*, &c.), and we learn from a writer unfortunately lost in the Great Fire of London, that as many houses bore tablets recording the poet's birth within their walls. In modern times the nearest parallel to this competition is the number of shops claiming to be the only true and genuine representatives of the first founder of the great FARINACEOUS line. The capital of FARINA was sweeter than I expected. Perhaps it has taken sanitary lessons since COLERIDGE (poet, not Attorney-General) said the disparaging things he did of the Odour Cologne.

Generally, I like foreign ways, but I detest foreign pavements. Were I a burgomaster, or a syndie, or other great municipal authority, I would leave no stone unturned to accomplish a reform in this direction—at any (paving) rate to make a little more distinction between the middle of the road and the sides.

How cosmopolitan is Fame! It knows no distinctions of time, place, or language. It overleaps barriers, it crosses frontiers. It defies *douaniers*, it disarms *gens d'armes*. The great writer, like the great advertiser, leaves his imprint everywhere—from the Thames to the Taunus, from the Black Country to the Black Forest. All these reflections, and several others which will be forthcoming if they are required, I made while passing the "Hotel Weller" in a Rhine steamboat, and regretted that I could not land and see how Time was treating the landlord, who must now be advancing in life.

The Rhine was worth fighting for, but I am afraid some of the cheaper wines would hardly bear the fatigue of the journey to England. (Question for any of the learned Societies which perplex themselves with such matters, "What proportion of Rhine tourists could say within a reasonable time—say on the spur of the moment—which was the bank the newspapers were always referring to?")

How irresistible is the influence of fashion! Malines does not strike one as a place abounding in the latest improvements, yet even there wooden shoes were exposed for sale with imitation buttons. (N.B. It may be inculcated as a sound axiom in political economy, that no nation will ever get on which wears wooden shoes—they are too great a clog on progress.)

The bread in foreign countries is constructed on such a large scale that it is labelled and treated as luggage.

I never before fully realised the calamitous results of the Tower of Babel. I will gladly become a yearly subscriber to the funds of any Association which may be formed to promote the adoption of one language and one currency all over Europe, just as there is one clock, one cat, one railway whistle, one taggatherer, &c. If I were

consulted on the subject, I should say that the English tongue and the English coinage would be the best adapted for the purpose. Nightly, in my dreams, am I still reducing thalers to kreuzers, or florins to silver groschen, on the somewhat erroneous financial basis of sixty groschen to one florin, and twelve silver kreuzers to a thaler.

You never understand the full force of the expression that a man (or a woman) has gone to the Bad, until you have been to Homburg, now lying under sentence of death.

I have been thoroughly unmanned to-day, utterly unfit for the time to do anything except play at German skittles. A rumour reached us (fortunately after breakfast, or everything would have gone away untouched), but how it arose no one could say, for although we had the bloodhounds at work within ten minutes, we could not trace it. There were two versions of the story, but both so prostrating that we felt it was impossible to turn our faces homewards without more certain information as to what might await us on our arrival at the ticket-office. Fortunately, later in the day, after an interval of almost intolerable suspense, the arrival of a London paper took a load off our minds only equalled by the luggage, for, to the inexpressible relief of all our party, down to the youngest, we found it was not the Christy Minstrels themselves who were "totally abolished for ever" (this was one version), or had "ceased to exist for evermore" (this was the other), but only the title.

I have one or two more things to say, including some verses I composed on the Rhine on the Rhine, with a rather pretty refrain of

"Rhineland,
Wineland,
Vineland,
Fineland,
Hurra!"

a paper on local taxation, an essay on Romanesque architecture, and some notes on the agriculture of Belgium and the grazing lands of Germany, which I hoped to have had ready this week in time for the Doncaster meeting.

IGNORAMUS.

SONG OF A SOT.

CLOZSHE-a' lemon a' clock? Then I'll lay in a shtock.

'Cause there's no plashe like home where to go, Sirs.

'Zhere ain't nush cause to weep, shince we geta shpirits cheap,
If we purchash sha shame at the Grocer's.

I can thit and shwig here without hindrance or fear,
Whilsht to keep on my sheer I'm shtill able.

When I lose a shelf-control—zshen o' course off I roll—
An' tumble down unner sha table.

An' zshere I can shtay, all sha night an' nex day,
An' have nobody come to molest me;
Bur if I lose my feet—an' come down in sha shtreet—
In course zshen sha Bobbies would 'rest me.

'Tis a precious bad job to get fined forry bob,
When y' are caught in a Pub. arter closin'.
Home, you drink at all hours, an' sha P'lice 'ash no powers
For a poke their inquisitive nose in.*

Sho now here I'll remain—and my bollo! I'll drain—
In sha shocket till cannle'sh en' flickers.
In a fella'sh own room he'sh a right to consume
Any 'mount of intoxicane liquors.

Now, when shwipes sha most thin I'm forbid at my Inn,
Shtay at home an' enjoy wine an' wassail—
Here we're free to carouse. Every Englishman's House
Ish his Castle—his El'phant an' Castle.

* We hope that our friend is right in his law on this point.

Automaton Bakers.

THE least fastidious reader will agree with the observation of a contemporary, respecting the threatened strike of Bakers, that:—

"Certainly it would be pleasanter for the consumer to know that his bread had been made by machinery, and not by hand."

It would be still pleasanter than that for the consumer to be assured that machinery had produced his bread. Bread is not always, in the strict sense of the word, manufactured. By the use of machinery in kneading bakers' bread, there is reason to apprehend, the force applied by those who knead it, which would in general be superseded, is not that of the hands.

AUTUMNAL QUESTION.—When does a Green-grocer arrive at a ripe age?



MISTAKEN KINDNESS.

MRS. DE TOMKYN'S DOES NOT TAKE HER CARRIAGE WITH HER TO THE SEA-SIDE. SHE THINKS THE POOR HORSES WANT REST AFTER THE SEASON. SHE FORGETS THAT THE COACHMAN HAS A FAMILY, AND THAT THE FAMILY HAVE FRIENDS.

CITY ARTICLE.

(From a Contemporary.)

TUESDAY.

GREAT excitement was produced in the City this afternoon by the rumour that *Mr. Punch* had been "doing something very extraordinary." Reports took various shapes, but they crystallised at last into the generally accepted belief that he had been giving notice to certain well-known establishments not to part with any of the money which France has been paying to Germany, and which Germany has been investing here. The rumour proved true. *Mr. Punch* had discovered that the Twenty Millions had been sent over, and divided into five sums, which had been deposited respectively with the L. and W., the U., and MESSRS. R—D, G—N, and B—G. This liberty (for *Mr. Punch* considered it a thundering liberty that the money should not in the first place have been offered at 85, F—t Street), he resented by giving notice to each of the above establishments to hold the money until he shall be perfectly satisfied with the intentions of the Three Emperors, and until he shall have received an ample apology for not being asked to the Meeting, after all that he has done for Germany. On information of this proceeding having been telegraphed to PRINCE VON B—K, a special envoy was instantly dispatched to *Mr. Punch*, and they were left drinking and smoking to a late hour, but we have not heard of any other results of the conference. *Mr. Punch*, however, is notoriously firm, and we believe that, in the words of MR. LEWIS CARROLL, he

"Said what he'd be if he'd stand it."

Panic in the Kitchen.

GREAT consternation prevails amongst the female Domestic Servants of the respectable classes in the Metropolis. This is the dull season of the year, and alarming reports are about that the Baker is likely to discontinue his calls.

THE RIGHTS OF THE WORKING-MEN.

(A few words addressed to them by *Mr. Punch*.)

"STRIKE not, but hear," you who assume to yourselves a title, which, being applied, like an Act of Parliament, to Females as well as Males, belongs to Her Gracious Majesty the QUEEN, and from her downwards to a crossing-sweeper who earns his honest bread. You want ninepence an hour for nine hours' work, and No Surrender. If you deserve it, *Mr. Punch* hopes you may get it, as he likes all people to be paid for what they earn honestly.

BUT, REMEMBER—Ninepence an hour for nine hours' work gives seven shillings a day, and seven shillings a day gives two guineas a week, and two guineas a week give one hundred and four guineas or one hundred and nine pounds four shillings a year.

Suppose, my friends, you get what you ask for, and have continuous work for a whole year, are you men enough to pay to the Country in which you live the Income-tax, which every poor Government clerk who works with his brains is obliged to pay?—or do you mean still to go on, and charge the State, which you rob, of robbing you, and maintaining, as you say, "a base and brutal aristocracy, who are grinding down the blood and the bones and the marrow of the people." Be wise in time; for the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER having filled his bag with Grouse, may come back and look you up.

Strange Antagonists.

THE Newspapers should be careful what they publish about the Autumn Manœuvres. The country people seem well-disposed to our troops, but they will soon begin to dread their presence, if they are often told that "a skeleton enemy has just been sent out." An encounter with a foe of this description on a lonely Wiltshire plain, or secluded Dorsetshire heath, would scare even the most loyal and patriotic out of their wits; and if it is indispensable that such a force should be dispatched, it would be well to observe the greatest secrecy as to its movements.



A DREAM OF STONEHENGE. 1872.

ARCH-DRUID, "BROTHER C-RDW-LL, BROTHER C-RDW-LL, YOU CALL YOURSELF A DRUID?"
THE OXFORD DRUID (*sleepily*). "OHOYESO, BY JINGO!!"



A WARRIOR ON WAR.



THE other day a speech was made at Preston by MAJOR GERMAN, wherein he remarked that it was surprising that the best portion of Europe should now be engaged in devising "schemes for bloodshed—for, in reality, murder; that the warlike spirit of the age seemed a mockery of the Christianity professed."

Hear, hear! Hear the true, if trite, words of excellent MAJOR GERMAN. They are so logical as well as so just in a moral point of view, and withal so uncommonly remote from any military "shop," that every thinking and humane person must—

"Admire such wisdom in a Major's shape."

It may be presumed that MAJOR GERMAN is a Major only for the purposes of national defence, and would straightway quit the Army

tion, somewhat less thoughtful than the foregoing observations, was added to them by the gallant but pacific officer:—

"Why, he asked, did not England call for national disarmament?"
Because England would not have its request complied with by national disarmament in such wise, conversely, as the demand of the heroine in the ballad of *Billy Taylor* was for sword and pistol:—

"Which did come at her command."

The obedience of those weapons would not be paralleled by national disarmament. The armaments of foreign nations would not go at the command of England.

Song of a London Scot.

BAKER, Baker, strike awa':
Ye'll na gar me greet, mon.
Ken that I defy ye a';
Though bread grow dear as meat, mon.

Aits are baith bread an' meat to me,
Wha dinna keep my carriage.
Mysel, forbye the barley-bree,
Can live richt weel on parritch.

No-Ghost.

In a discourse delivered to the Craven Agricultural Society one day last week; at Skipton, LORD F. CAVENDISH, M.P., referring to "the existence of a strong and a numerous class of small farmers," observed that—

"Political economists had prophesied with boldness that the small farmer would soon disappear."

No fear of that. The smallest of small farmers is a being of too, too solid flesh ever to vanish.

POLICY AND PRINCIPLE.—Tax only the respectable and the weak, ROBERT. They will but grumble. Grind the middle classes. *Medio tutissimus ibis.*

if MR. GLADSTONE, at the demand of the People, or any other PREMIER, for that or any other reason, were to employ it in a foreign invasion. A ques-

THE TOURISTS' REMEMBRANCER.

(For this Year only.)

DENMARK is well worth a visit. It is a country consisting entirely of Villages and Hamlets. Our SHAKESPEARE took one of his characters from these latter. "The monarchy of Denmark," we are informed, "is the oldest in Europe," and if in its age it is anything like a good Stilton, then we find at once the reason for the saying that there is "something rotten in the state of Denmark." There is no law against the use of the umbrella in Denmark, and everyone may carry his own. Of course while here you'll go to

Copenhagen.—What, we ask, is the use of annually taking the same old route up the Rhine and down the Rhine, and, as the song says, "That's the way the money goes," being dropped pretty freely between the two banks? No, try our plan, and if you haven't seen Copenhagen now's your chance. Here we are. There are 400,000 volumes in the Royal library. Take your *Bradshaw* in with you, and you'll have increased the number by one. Care will be taken that the collection be not decreased by one or more volumes on your withdrawal.

The population is 130,000, so now you've got a nice little sum to occupy your spare moments—of course this won't apply to a very stout person who never has any spare moments—and you can find out how many volumes out of the Royal Library go to a person in Copenhagen. A gentleman who has made this his study for years computes it at 319999 volumes to each individual Dane in Copenhagen.

The bathing here is simply perfect. The water of the Baltic is half salt and half fresh. You can of course choose which half you prefer.

It is "extraordinary" how incorrect some Guide Books are. One of them says "The city is entered by four gates"—well all we can say is, and we pledge ourselves to any respectable Uncle for the fact, that we never saw any gate even attempting to enter the city. Again, we were told that "Our eye would be taken by four Colossal Statues,"—well, it wasn't true, our eye was not taken by anyone, or anything, and it still ornaments our intellectual physiognomy.

Of course this Remembrancer only supposes the Tourist to be doing rapid acts of journeyism, and he cannot be allowed to stop for more than one day anywhere. So, taking our coupons in his pocket (and

keeping them there) he will travel rapidly and by the shortest and most direct route to

Turkey, where the Rhubarb is. This country is inhabited by regular Turks.

Advice to Travellers in Turkey.—The polite thing to do on landing is to leave your card on the Sultana of the Harem. The Turks are intensely hospitable, and you will require no money. The password everywhere is "Allah is Allah, and Bismillah is his prophet." Do not pat strange dogs in the street. Invariably carry with you a sword-stick, a belt with revolvers, two daggers, and any other side-arms for which you may have room, and never go out before ten in the morning or after 11 A.M. Any information you require you must bring with you, as no one here knows anything about anywhere or anybody. When you land, immediately buy a fez, which you will find will admirably suit your feziognomy.

Exercise.—Hire a Dancing Dervish by the hour, and practise your steps. Walk down to the Golden Horn for a blow. There is but one note which you will get out of the Golden Horn, and that is a note of admiration.

You will walk about the bazaars, and if perhaps you miss the picturesqueness of our own Soho Bazaar, of our Lowther and Burlington Arcade, you will at least admit that were there but a beadle present, the whole scene would be indeed perfect.

Religious Observances.—The traveller will notice that a small piece of carpet is invariably used by the pious Mahometan for praying on. Curious it is to remark the connection between West and East in such a matter, for where the Western would raise a handsome pile for worship, the Eastern, with the same object in view, lays down a handsome pile, and kneels upon it.

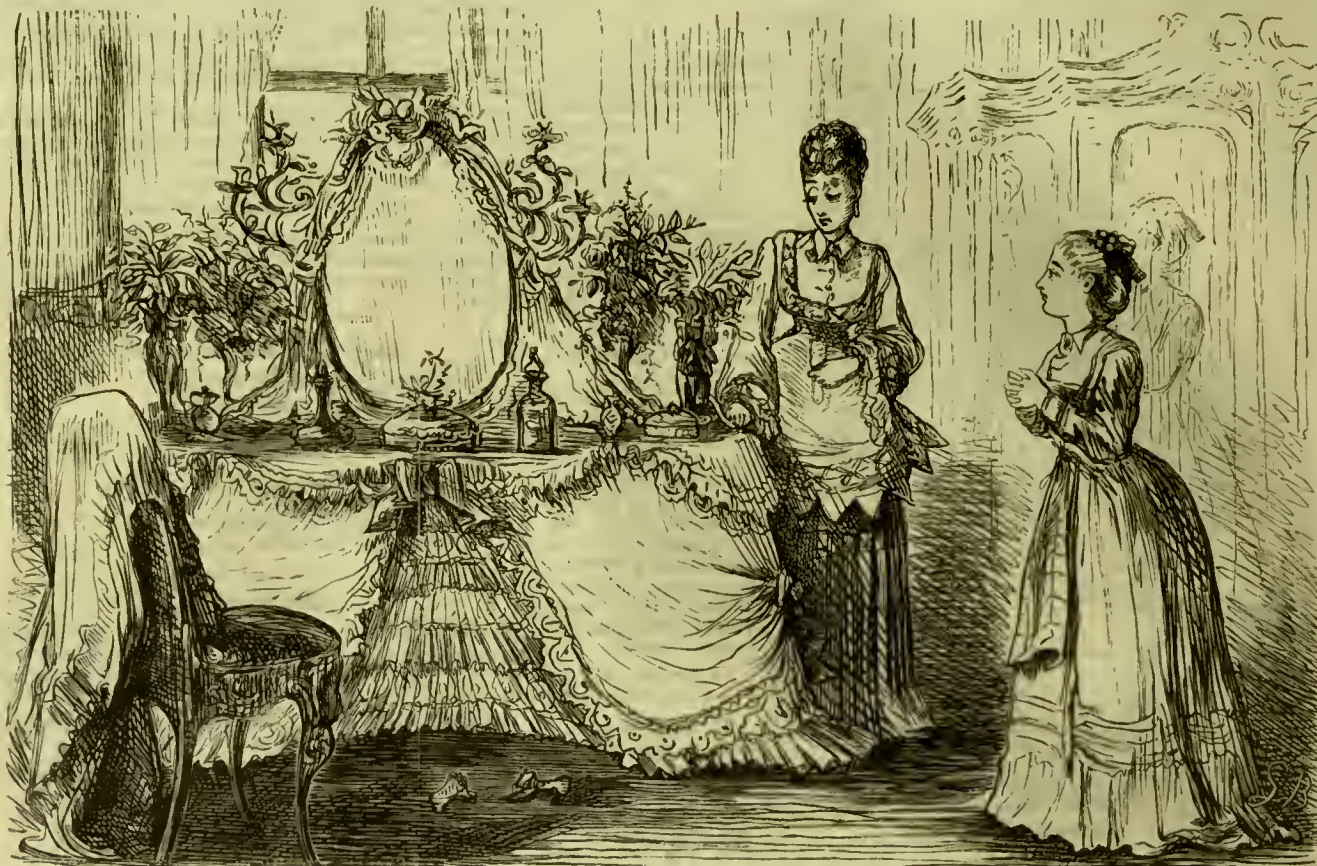
This is so profound a remark, that we leave the Tourist to his meditations.

Ol' Glo' at Rome.

A CONTEMPORARY announces that:—

"According to a Roman telegram, now that CARDINAL QUAGLIA is dead, there are twenty-seven Cardinals' hats at the Pope's disposal."

His Holiness may complain that he is unable to dispose of these hats because he is a prisoner. But surely the Italian Government would not prevent him from taking them into the Ghetto.



HIGH ART WELL EMPLOYED.

Quiet Country-Maid. "O, HOW BEAUTIFUL THIS TABLE IS! WHAT LOVELY LACE AND RIBBONS!"

Grand Town Ditto. "O, THIS IS VERY PLAIN—FOR THE MORNING, YOU KNOW. YOU SHALL SEE IT WHEN I HAVE CHANGED THE COLOURS, AND PUT FRESH FLOWERS AND BOWS FOR MY LADY'S EVENING TOILETTE."

TWOPENCE MORE.

COMMENTING on the acts and doings of the London School Board, the *Post* observes, "we are by no means blind to the fact that there is an increasing tendency displayed by the Board to erect costly buildings, to indulge in expensive experiments, and to disburse public money rather with the high hand of a possessor than with the careful economy which ought to characterise a steward." Money—the ratepayers' money—is evidently "no object" considered with a view to economy by the London School Board. Like some other managers, they appear to be "regardless of expense." There are, however, some extra charges which they have yet to incur on behalf of their seemingly too low-rated constituents. Accomplishments remain to be added to the education of street-children. It is a wonder that the ladies on the London School Board have not looked to one at least of these already. Music, indeed, is decried by some eminently strong-minded women as a frivolous thing fit only for men, who alone excel in its composition. But street-children of both sexes might be taught to dance. If they were, the exercise which they would then take, would benefit their bodies as well as their minds. Their deportment and manners would also derive from that elegant exercise an improvement for which there is some room. The views of the championesses of Woman's Rights could also be promoted by having the girls instructed to ask the boys to dance. Not another word can be necessary to induce the London School Board, at its very next meeting, to vote that a sufficiency of competent Teachers of Dancing be forthwith added to their educational staff, so that the Three R's may, as soon as possible, be supplemented with a D.

Question for Couples.

Philosopher. The great advantage of Marriage is that it tends to divest a Man of selfishness.

Disciple. Has it the same effect on a Woman, Sir?

IMPOLITIC SURPLUSAGE.

LET the POPE console himself. FATHER HYACINTHE (who can never have read *Pickwick*) is going to marry; and to marry a widow. In an article on the apology published by the Reverend Gentleman for contracting matrimony, the *Times* takes occasion to make remark, which commands assent:—

"How the reasons for matrimony ever got into the Marriage Service we do not happen to know, but they jar with English feeling, and are certainly needless, considering whom they are addressed to."

The compilers of the Common Prayer-Book would have done well to adopt, if they could have foreknown, the recommendation of the learned judge who advised his less judicious brother to give his decision, but abstain from giving his reasons.

Close Quarters.

"CAPOUL, the singer, has signed an agreement which binds him to M. VEROEN, of the Italians, for the winter."

VERY uncomfortable, we should think, for both parties, and it is difficult to understand how such an arrangement can be managed on the boards of the Opera. Let us be glad, however, that the agreement is only for the winter, a season when we are all ready enough to resort to any sort of contrivance to protect our persons from the weather. The sufferings of two people bound to each other during a hot summer day would have been too distressing both to themselves and their friends, and in this case must, we imagine, have seriously interfered with the proper rendering of lyric opera.

GENERAL ENGAGEMENT.

DOWN in Wiltshire, our forces have been fighting the Battle of the Wily. Nothing new in this. Everywhere and always the Battle of the Wily is going on.



THE COMING RACE.

Doctor Evangelina. "BY THE BYE, MR. SAWYER, ARE YOU ENGAGED TO-MORROW AFTERNOON? I HAVE RATHER A TICKLISH OPERATION TO PERFORM—AN AMPUTATION, YOU KNOW."

Mr. Sawyer. "I SHALL BE VERY HAPPY TO DO IT FOR YOU."

Dr. Evangelina. "O, NO, NOT THAT! BUT WILL YOU KINDLY COME AND ADMINISTER THE CHLOROFORM FOR ME?"

DON'T "STRIKE, BUT HEAR."

MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE uncomfortable misgivings as to the propriety of the course I have resolved to take after long and anxious consideration, an almost sleepless couch, and an interview, far protracted into the night, with a friend to whom I always turn for advice and guidance in seasons of doubt and difficulty like the present juncture. I am aware that I render myself liable to be misunderstood, that I expose myself to the charge of plagiarism, and to the imputation—one of the most serious under which a public writer can labour—of being unable to discriminate, either through ignorance or wilfulness, between an old joke and a new one. But all personal considerations must be thrust aside. I have a duty to perform on the one hand to the public, and on the other to an important, hard-working, and, I believe, hardly-used section of the community, from which, if you, Mr. Editor, will stand by me, neither ridicule nor reproach shall turn me aside.

I grant that the connection, real or imaginary, between one of the highest legal functionaries in the land and the humble process of preparing food made of flour (or meal) baked in an arched cavity over a fire, has before now found employment for numerous pens, many of them writing in a jesting strain; but I contend never in the same serious circumstances as those we are now called upon to face. We are threatened with a Bakers' Strike, we are menaced with a total suspension of the Staff of Life (except in the inadequate guise of biscuit); and I for one cannot sit still with folded hands, without doing my utmost to prevent such a calamity, by suggesting both to masters and men that they should at once, without an hour's delay, submit their differences for arbitration to the one man in the realm supremely qualified to undertake the task—to (no, not the Author of *Yeast*, but) the MASTER of THE ROLLS.

Yours, &c.

J. MILLER.

SEASONABLE.—WHEN is a brace of grouse like the star mentioned by DR. WATTS in his celebrated poem?—Evidently when it's "so high."

AN OLD PARTRIDGE'S COMPLAINT.

MR. PUNCH, I'm a poor old Partridge,
And love the stubble-field,
And I say bad luck to the cartridge
And the weapons which sportsmen wield.

A lot of men with breech-loaders
May think it very good fun
(—I wish they'd turn out exploders,
And kill every son of a gun—)

To go out shooting in mobs,
And knock us down, young and old;—
And O! the dirty snobs!
They send us to Town to be sold.

Why, the Parson and our Squire GILES,
And some of the good old race,
Would walk their twenty miles,
And be content with six brace,

And a hare or two, and a rail,
But they let us roam at large;
And the old dog wagged his tail
When he heard the words "Down charge!"

Of course we have to die,
Like the Parson and Squire, some day;
But we did not mope and cry
When we always had fair play.

And when the day was over,
At the Manor House, warm and snug,
The Shooters dined; and old Rover
Lay at full length on the rug.

And then the grand old buffers
Would drink their tawny port—
Too good for modern duffers—
And chatter about their sport.

But now a lot of strangers
Of the Manor take a lease;
And, like a set of bushrangers,
Won't let anyone be at peace.

They bring about us the poachers,
And their gamekeepers "catch it hot;"
They think their neighbours encroachers,
And blaze away for the pot.

Now, if vulgar rich people think
That a monster bag proves skill,
They'll bring themselves to the brink
Of having nothing to kill.

However great their desire
To play a gentleman's part,
They can't come the Country Squire
Without a gentleman's heart.

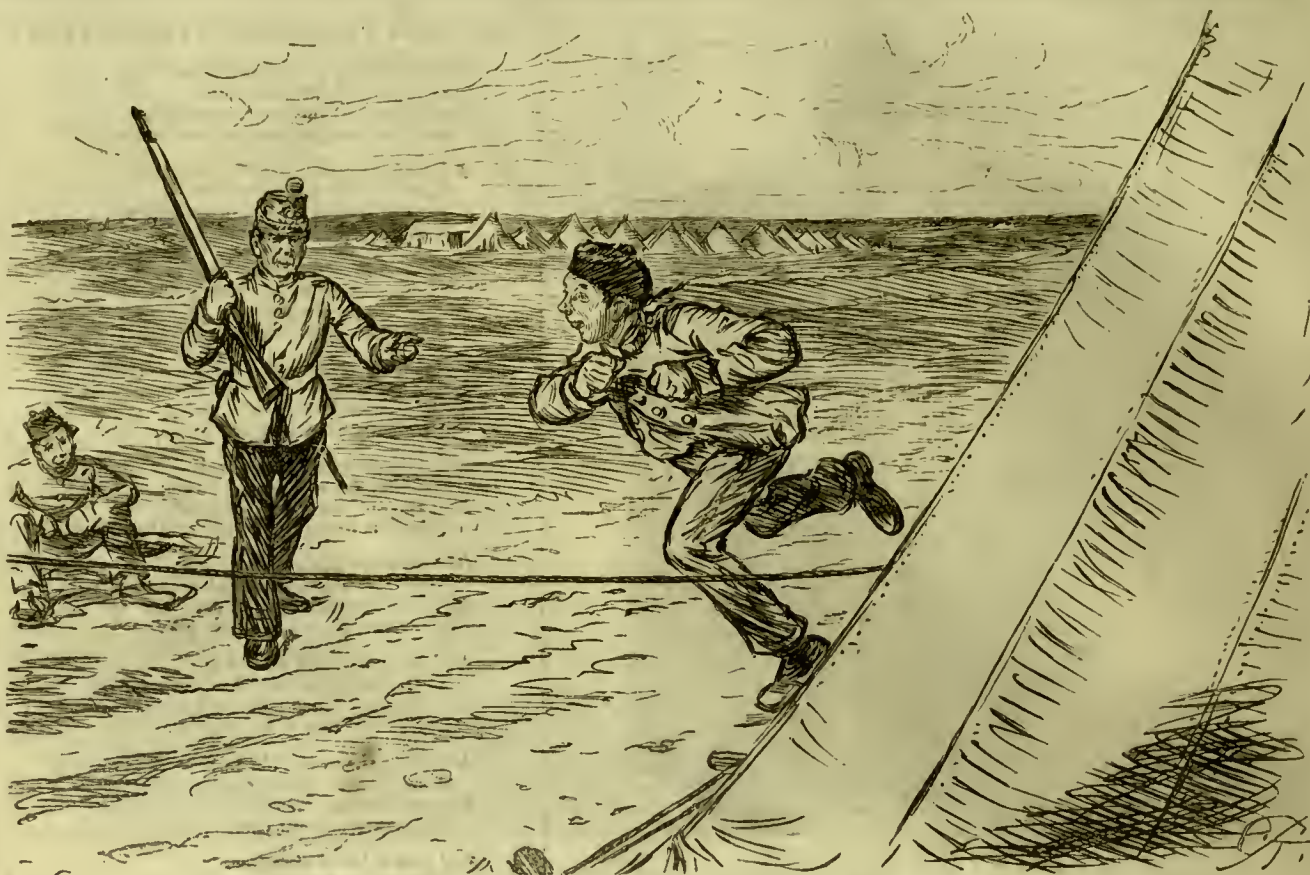
And so I give this warning
To every Sporting Cad,
That he'll wake up some fine morning
With the Game Laws gone to the bad.

Woman's Own Work.

A STRONG-MINDED lady has written an article in which she maintains that needlework is an occupation below the dignity of Woman. What she thinks of needlework she would probably have thought of spinning in the old days when they that span were living Jennies. She would have turned up her nose, of course, at the distaff and spindle. It is too probable, however, at least for men who might be blest if they chose, that the ladies who would scorn to do the work of looms will for the most part themselves remain spinsters all their lives.

A SUGGESTIVE SOUND.

Small Boy (at play with pop-gun, to sensitive Elderly Gentleman). Does this noise annoy you, Uncle?
Elderly Gentleman. No, my boy. It sounds like the pop of a cork.



OUR RESERVES.

SCENE—The Quarter Guard-Tent of the Galway Light Infantry Militia. "The Prisoner, outside, joining in the Athletic Amusements of his Comrades—" (*"Shure, why n-hot!"*)

Sentry (*impatiently*). "Y—H! SEE, HERE, TIM! TAKE A HOULD AV MR FIRELOCK, I'LL TACHE YER TO JUMP!"

A NOBLE FISHERMAN.

FROM the *Fraserburgh Advertiser* Mr. Punch culls the following:—

"One of our oldest and most worthy fishermen died on Sunday, in the seventy-ninth year of his age. GEORGE NOBLE was a man of firm resolution, and he had none of that superstitious notions so common, but on the contrary could give advice worth listening to and being acted upon. He was a member of the Independent Church for fifty-three years, and more than once stood forward in defence of its principles. GEORGE has left upwards of fifty progenitors behind him, children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, who mourn his departure very much."

"That superstitious notions" we do not profess to understand. But what a remarkable fisherman, to leave progenitors behind him! If a crab were a fish, and walked backwards (which it isn't and doesn't), we should think that the late MR. NOBLE had taken lessons from one of the fishes whom he has been slaying for so many years, and whose survivors probably do *not* mourn his departure so very much.

Lines to a Lady.

PAT a cake, pat a cake, MARY ANNE!
Learn to make bread, love, as fast as you can.
Knead me my dough with such hands as those;
Knuckles more clean than the Baker shows.

Intemperance in Paris.

A PITHY and pleasing telegram from Paris the other day announced that:—

"The Bourse has been better."

The Bourse would always be well enough if it could only restrain itself from getting tight.

PEDIGREE AND POET.

TAFFY has been contravening an axiom of hitherto undoubted authority. A few days since a newspaper contained this announcement:—

"Yesterday, the Eisteddfod at Portmadoc, which is described as having been an unqualified success, was brought to a conclusion. In the course of the day SIR WATKIN WYNN, M.P., was initiated as a bard in the presence of an immense number of spectators."

The members of the Portmadoc Eisteddfod, by initiating SIR WATKIN WYNN as a bard, have overruled the old saying that *Poeta nascitur non fit*. Perhaps they considered that an exception to this ancient adage should be recognised in the case of the head of a still more ancient Welsh family.

Two Truths.

PERMIT one, Honourable and Right Honourable Gentlemen, once more to point out that a statute which merely shortens the time during which drink is accessible at a public-house, is likely to have the effect of causing many persons, who drank moderately when they could drink at their own convenience, to drink to excess now that their hours for drinking are limited. So mind this: You cannot make people sober by Act of Parliament. No, indeed; but you may make them drunken.

In the Street.

Brown. JONES, as a good Protestant, I cannot wish success to the soldiers of our Northern Army.

Jones. Without discussing the goodness of your Protestantism—why?

Brown. Because they are all Pewseyites.

Jones. *Stultus es, et asinus quoque.*

[*Exeunt.*]

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

With the Northern Army at Pewsey.

MURDER OF A RESIDENT BY THE SOLDIERS!
 GREAT EXCITEMENT IN WILTSHIRE!
 APPLICATION TO THE QUEEN FOR WITHDRAWAL OF THE TROOPS!



the other his aide-de-camp, reined up close to the place where I was lying.

"By Jove, there will be an awful row about this. They killed the old fellow in a wood."

"Who did it?" asked the aide-de-camp.

"One of the Militia, I believe, ran him through with a bayonet as he was trying to escape."

"Can't we square it somehow," said the youngest of the two, "and get it hushed up?"

"Impossible," answered the General; "they have got the body at Pewsey, and the Magistrates are going to meet to-morrow about the matter, and, as many of them are Parsons, they will make more fuss about it than the others. They meet at ten o'clock at the Phoenix Hotel."

You may imagine that this terrible tale thoroughly awakened me. I was twelve miles from Pewsey, and the roads, in this part of the world, after rain, are a foot or two deep in white clay, very like the stuff they clean top-boots with. It was too dreadful to think of—a murder by soldiers, in a wood, and officers attempting to screen the murderer.

After a deal of trouble, I arranged with a farmer for the loan of a donkey, and started at six in the morning for Pewsey.

I inquired my way of an old man who was hoeing turnips. The old fellow, who never looked up, informed me that I was a "main-way" off, and there weren't no regular road, but if I went along the down for three or four mile, I should come to Bumper's Meadow, and if I saw anyone in Bumper's Meadow—"not that I ever see anyone in Bumper's Meadow myself, man or boy, and I don't rightly know if it arn't broke up," my informant said—I was to ax again.

Following the side of the down on my long-eared steed, I eventually got to the Canal, and kept the road to Pewsey.

There was immense excitement in the town, and one of the farmers informed me that the Magistrates were "a sittin' at the Veenix"—as he called the imperishable bird—and were "a writin' to the QUEEN."

I immediately produced my credentials as *Mr. Punch's* special reporter, and was informed that if I dared to come near the room the Magistrates would commit me for trial for contempt of the Bench, and give me hard labour in the meantime.

I picked up what information I could. One old man told me it was as bad a murder as ever was done, and that if ASHETON SMITH had been alive, and caught the man who "killed un, he would have hung he."

In the course of the afternoon I was fortunate enough to come across the Magistrates' clerk, whom I found to be a very intelligent little man.

"Can I see the body?" I asked him.

"Impossible," he said, "the Magistrates are going to send it to London."

"What, for medical inspection?" I asked.

"Ah! I don't know," he said. "The Magistrates are very angry; I have tried to prove to them the possibility of its being an accident, as the old fellow was frightened and got between two regiments and someone stabbed him; but the Magistrates won't hear of it, and have petitioned the QUEEN for the withdrawal of the Army. The COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF and the PRINCE OF WALES offered a hundred guineas each and a public apology on behalf of the Army without avail. If you will step into my office, you shall see the Petition. I

wish," he added, "they had taken my advice, and had padded and brushed the poor beast, and had the head stuffed, and thrown him to the hounds, and said no more about it: but here is the Petition:"

"TO HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.

"The humble petition of Her loyal subjects, Magistrates of the County of Wilts, assembled at the Phoenix Hotel at Pewsey.

"Sheweth.

"That the British Army have occupied for some days past, and continue to occupy, a large district in the county of Wilts. That some soldier or soldiers have wickedly, maliciously, and with malice aforethought stabbed and thereby killed and murdered in a certain wood in the said county of Wilts, a fine old dog fox," &c., &c., &c.

Hinc ille lachryme, Mr. Punch!

MYSTERY AND MEDICINE.

HERE is a curiosity of advertising literature:—

TO CHYMISTS AND DRUGGISTS.—A Surgeon, being about to retire from ill health, wishes to dispose of a first-rate Business, situate," &c.

Several questions are suggested by reading this announcement, and folks at the sea-side, who have nothing else to do except to try and get an appetite, and when they have lost it to try and get another, may find some mental occupation for some of their spare time in considering the problems presented to their notice. For instance, what, in the name of *Æsculapius*, can this doctor ever mean by advertising that he is "about to retire from ill health"? How a person can do this it is perplexing to conceive; and although a Surgeon may have more control over ill health than people not of his profession, it can scarce be in his power at his mere pleasure to retire from it. If such retirement were effected, one would think it must be a retirement to that bourne from which no traveller returns; but this is far too grave a question for the folks at the sea-side, who read only for amusement, if indeed they read at all.

A Word Well Chosen.

"The 'funeral' of *PERR HYACINTHE* took place yesterday. You are, perhaps, aware that it is the custom among Roman Catholic religious communities to consider any member that deserts them as dead, and the ceremony of burying him is gone through. This was done yesterday at the Convent of Dominicans, to which *M. HYACINTHE LOYSON* belonged. A coffin was placed in the middle of the chapel, and the customary burial service chanted. It is said the scene was 'most imposing.'"—*Echo*.

"IMPOSING" is a word with two meanings, both of which must have occurred to many readers of this extraordinary account of a fictitious funeral.

ACT AND EUPHEMISM.

THE "Intoxicating Liquors Act," that was, has got to be called the "Licensing Act." Its authors and promoters have discovered that they had given it a bad name.

COMPARISONS OF TIME.—Which goes the quicker?—a Full Minute, or a Spare Moment?



RULE OF PROPORTION.

Garrulous Old Party. "EACH OF YOU FIVE YEARS' OLD! WHY, I'M MORE THAN EIGHT TIMES AS OLD AS BOTH OF YOU PUT TOGETHER, MY DEARS! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT, EH! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?"

Elder of Twins. "WELL—YOU'RE NOT VERY TALL FOR YOUR AGE, SIR!"

TEST FOR TRAVELLERS.

MUST the pedestrian excursionist, if exhausted, necessarily faint by the way on Sunday for want of a glass of beer? Not if Magistrates are generally rational and liberal enough to adopt the rule, laid down by MR. COOKE at Clerkenwell the other day, that if a person charged with having been served during the prohibited hours, pleads that he is a *bonâ fide* traveller, the *onus probandi* that he is not what he says he is, rests upon the informer.

Now, it must be somewhat difficult for the informer, official or officious, Policeman or Prig, to prove that the purchaser of refreshment at an unlawful time, under the pretence of being a traveller *bonâ fide*, is a *malâ fide* traveller. Ever anxious to aid in the enforcement of laws which tend to enlarge the liberty of the subject, let us suggest an expedient by which the *fides* of any traveller, or other person, applying for refreshment at the closed door of a tavern, might be tested. Anything to diminish drunkenness, which must ensue, to a fearful extent, if anyone can contrive to obtain half a pint of beer surreptitiously on Sunday between half-past two and 6 P. M.

Let an intelligent Policeman, or a stupid one would do well enough for that matter, be told off to mount guard at the door of every public-house. Let a sentry-box be put up there for the purpose of protecting BOBBY from the rain. Provide BOBBY with the Book on which affidavits are wont to be made. Empower BOBBY to administer an oath, declaratory of being a *bonâ fide* traveller, to every comer as an applicant for "intoxicating liquors."

We know but little of the conscientiousness of the British Public if we are mistaken in the supposition that very few of them indeed would swallow the beer and the oath too. An oath, also, appears to be the only possible means of getting at the truth of a claim to be a *bonâ fide* traveller set up by a defendant in a police-court or a prisoner (by-and-by, perhaps) at the Assizes. Thumbscrews, at present, are not legally applicable, but will probably be rendered so in a very short time by the rapid and agreeable progress of coercive, Sabbatarian, and sumptuary legislation.

BENEVOLENT FORETHOUGHT.

WINTER's daily drawing nearer;
Buy your coals, while yet you may,
Quick, before they get still dearer
Than the price which you now pay!
Likewise, each beloved hearer,
In your stock of blankets lay;

Coals, not all to roast your mutton
Costly, and more costly beef;
Meat that makes the richest glutton
Pay his butcher's bill with grief;
Blankets, mostly beds to put on
Of the Poor, who'll need relief.

Pity, by anticipation,
With prophetic power of thought,
Those, for you in your own station,
Who have famine prices wrought
By their strikes throughout the nation;
On themselves will want have brought.

The Infallibility of Punch.

DR. NEWMAN, on "Rome and the St. Bartholomew Massacre," declares, in the *Times*, that "Infallibility is not impeccability." Indeed! *Mr. Punch* is as impeccable as he is infallible. If his infallibility and impeccability were not equal, he might, though quite incapable of being himself deceived, be perfectly capable of deceiving others. He would be infallible only in the passive voice. Though it would be strictly impossible for him to make a blunder, it might be very possible for him to commit a crime. In particular, *Mr. Punch*, if he were not impeccable as well as infallible, might tell stories. He might tell stories, whether *ex cathedra* or on his legs. Nobody could be sure that he spoke the truth. Either standing or sitting, *Mr. Punch* might, if it suited his purposes, lie. And who might not?

FACT.

AN American doctor asserts that he can make a mustard-plaster of such strength that it will draw the cork of a champagne bottle without nipping the wire. He will probably advertise it in another month as useful to foxhunters for drawing coverts.

MR. PUNCH TO THE DEAN AND CHAPTER OF CANTERBURY, GREETING.

REVEREND, RIGHT REVEREND, AND VENERABLE GENTLEMEN,

KNOW ye that one of the finest Cathedrals in the world belongs not to you, but to the English Nation, and as you have got yourselves into hot water by not laying on the cold water, We, *Punch*, warn you, as heads of the Church Militant, to apply to heart the anthem which was being sung in your Cathedral, at your morning service, when the roof was absolutely on fire. That anthem was "*Sleepers, awake!*"

If the accounts are true that you took two years to consider the question of bringing the water at high pressure into the Cathedral Close, We shall expect, in the event of you or your officers catching fire—which Heaven forbid—to see the lead running off your heads as it did off the roof of the grand old Cathedral.

And We, *Punch*, further warn you, and all officials of all Cathedrals in England, that We shall hold our visitation when you don't expect us, and preach a sermon to you which will open your eyes.

PUNCH.

The Markets.

The Matrimonial Market.—Dull season. Offers are almost unobtainable.

In country houses, company limited. Amount of business done, very small. Lovers' tones flat and gloomy.

Joke and Funny Story Market.—Values of nearly all kinds of yarns a shade lower. Quotations unchanged. Funny stories for export better than home trade. Practical-Joke market much depressed, and sellers have been totally unable to find customers.

Fancy Ritualist Market.—Hair shirtings down again. No inquiries. Common dressings and shaved heads sell readily. Calfskins are in very general request.



"OUR RESERVES"—THE BATTLE OF AMESBURY.

Aide-de-Camp. "GOOD GRACIOUS, SIR! WHY DON'T YOU ORDER YOUR MEN TO LIE DOWN UNDER THIS HILL! CAN'T YOU SEE THAT BATTERY PLAYING RIGHT ON THEM!"

Colonel of Volunteers. "SO I DID, SIR. BUT THEY WON'T LIE DOWN. THEY SAY THEY WANT TO SEE THE REVIEW!"

THE NEW CRIME.

LIBERTY for ever! Under the new "Intoxicating Liquors Act," at Stockport Police-court, on Wednesday last week, HENRY TATTERSALL, Landlord of the Park Hotel, Newbridge Lane, was pulled up for the offence of having supplied two men and two women with something to drink on the previous Friday, at a forbidden hour. Those contraband customers had driven to Mr. TATTERSALL's door in a cab, and knocked him up when he was abed at one o'clock in the morning. They requested to be supplied with brandy-and-water, representing themselves to be travellers on their way to Bury; but a policeman recognised them as residents. SIR WILFRID LAWSON and MR. DAWSON BURNS will grieve to hear that the summons against Mr. TATTERSALL was dismissed by the Magistrates, who, however, directed the Superintendent of Police to prosecute the alleged travellers "for unduly obtaining refreshments."

What would our fathers, or what would we, till this period of paternal legislation, have understood by the offence of "unduly obtaining refreshments?" Simply, that of stealing victuals and drink. Bless the Rulers and Legislators who have now constituted it, at a time when every good child ought to be in bed, a crime to buy them.

Appointment Uncommon.

The Pall Mall Gazette says:—

"A Correspondent writes to us:—'By a strange accident which can scarcely be accounted for, the officer in charge of the private office at the Admiralty, in the absence of Mr. GÖSCHEN, appointed a dead man last Saturday to the command of H.M.S. *Woodlark*, in the West Indies. COMMANDER GAMBIER was in fact in his coffin when the official letter reached his residence.'"

This appointment created a state of things without parallel. VANDERDECKEN was a living Captain. The crew of the *Woodlark* had a dead commander. So the *Woodlark* differed from the *Flying Dutchman*.

A SPARK OF SELF-HELP.

OUT on ye, owls! Nothing but songs of strikes, rising prices, rinderpest, potato disease, Alabama damages, and convictions under the "Intoxicating Liquors" Pedantic Coercion Act? Yes; here is a little candle's end which glimmers amid the gloom of the newspapers, and throws its beams to some, if not a very great, distance, like a rather good deed in a fearfully naughty world. It is a candle's end in a saveall:—

"THE PRICE OF MEAT.—Hanley, Wednesday.—The movement against the present high price of meat has assumed a definite shape here. A co-operative butchers' society has been started, and an average number of shares have been taken up. The butchers are acting on the defensive, and are limiting the supply."

From the offensive to the defensive the transition on the part of the butchers is a counter-movement to the co-operative movement, indicating that the latter is a movement in the right direction. When butchers combine, consumers should unite; and the latter, by generally so doing, would very soon bring the former to reason, as far as they are capable of exercising that peculiar but uncommon attribute of humanity by charging reasonable prices. Anti-Blind Blouse Co-operative Societies should be established everywhere, and everybody should join one of them who wishes to have a steak in the country.

A Regular Disraeliam.

SPEAKING, lately, at a Conservative dinner, given in his honour at Pokesdown, in the borough of Christchurch, SIR HENRY DRUMMOND WOLFE, K.C.M.G., is reported to have mentioned that:—

"The head of the Conservative party, MR. DISRAELI, said the other day that a national Church could be nothing unless it were comprehensive."

What is the idea of a Comprehensive Church entertained by the Educator of his Party? That, perhaps, of a Church which takes everybody in.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.



CAPTAIN FORTESCUE, who receives us at the Station, is weary of everything generally. He is a lively person to meet on one's arrival. "Wretchedly dull place, this," he informs my Aunt, making a wry face on saying this, as if he'd just swallowed a nasty dose. "Wretchedly dull. Nothing to do. I'm sick of it. 'Pon my soul, it's enough to give one a suicidal mania in a fortnight." Then, with a pitying air to us, "Going to stop here any time?"

I hasten to explain that I shall only remain to see my Aunt comfortably settled (of which there is, according to CAPTAIN FORTESCUE's account, a cheerful prospect), and then I shall return home at once.

"Ah!" he returns, still pityingly, which is most irritating, "that's exactly what I used to say when I

first came. I intended to stay ten days, and I've been here ten weeks." To my Aunt, "You'll go in for some regular course, I suppose?" She replies, rather nervously, "Yes, I believe I am ordered valnagism and —"

"Yes," interrupts FORTESCUE, smiling as placidly as a Lotus-eater, "they ordered me galvanism to pick me up, but they'd first knocked me down. It's very provoking. I ought to be in England, at Mosshire, now."

Happy Thought.—Then, my dear CAPTAIN FORTESCUE, why don't you go?

He smiles, compassionately. "My dear fellow, you won't talk so easily about going, after you've been here a week or so. I ought to have joined this week."

"Good gracious!" exclaims my Aunt, involuntarily frightened out of herself by this last expression of his, which she connects in her own mind, evidently, with some surgical operation, "You don't mean—that is—joined!—you haven't been—"

"No, no," he replies languidly, "not so bad as that. I meant joined my regiment."

"Dear!" says my Aunt, much relieved by this explanation, "I really thought you'd been obliged to sunbargo—I mean submit to some painful gersical operation, and that it hadn't been menderly propered."

CAPTAIN FORTESCUE now takes us to see the lodgings which he has engaged conditionally. "They're not particularly bright," he admits (and they are not), "but they're in an excellent situation, near everything and everybody, if that's any advantage," he adds, with a gloomy and sarcastic smile. He informs us, in the same despairing tone, that "the lodgings are the same all over Aachen, and that these happen to be the cheapest he's seen."

I don't believe (from subsequent events) that he ever troubled himself until the morning of our arrival, and that then he simply lounged into the first place where he saw "Apartments" in the window, and took them conditionally upon our being satisfied when we came.

The sitting-room has an old piece of carpet, showing a foot's breadth of stained floor all round. There is a piece of furniture with a marble top to it, and one small drawer underneath. There is a venerable sofa, which my Aunt feels, she afterwards says, inclined to dust before sitting down on it. There is another wonderful piece of furniture, which looks like a cabinet piano of an ancient date, but is an *escritoire*, intended to make you say, "Dear me! a writing desk!" when you open it. In front there is a fairish view, to which we turn, as quite a relief, from the dingy paper, the dull patchwork over the beds in the bedrooms (mine is a mere closet), and the generally depressing effect of everything in the Lodging, and, with our heads out of window, we say, with affected cheerfulness, that we think this'll do; and it turns out afterwards that we both mean, though out of politeness we don't say so, "We do wish CAPTAIN QUORTESFUE hadn't taken these lodgings, for of all the gloomy holes we were ever in, this is the worst."

Happy Thought.—Not going to stop at Aachen. Off the day after to-morrow, after my Aunt's settled.

MILBURD, who is passing through, and has left his wife at the hotel, comes up-stairs to see "how we're getting on."

FORTESCUE says, languidly, "They've only been here an hour; you can't expect them to have anything the matter with them, yet. Give 'em a day, poor things!" His view of visitors to Aix being that any healthy person visiting this sulphurous spot, knowingly, deserves all he gets, and, in his opinion, he'll probably get a good deal.

Always in a worn and languid manner, as if the world were coming to an end to-morrow, and nothing could make any difference to anybody, he wishes us good-bye for the present, as he sees that one of the young persons connected with the shop below (the landlady, he imagines), is coming up-stairs. ("She talks French," he says: "so that'll be all right"—will it?) He delicately hints that we should probably like to be alone with her, and so drags himself down-stairs, as if he'd just come out of a torture-chamber, and would expire at the foot of the staircase.

MILBURD doesn't offer to move. On the contrary, "Here's some fun," he exclaims; and seizing upon the Conversation Book (which I hadn't left it out; it exposes a weak point) he says, "Now then, let's see where it is. Where's 'How to Hire a Lodging'—Dialogue with a Landlady. Here's a game!" I don't think My Aunt is best pleased with this levity, and, on the whole, it occurs to me that she is not best pleased with anything she's seen up to the present moment, QUORTESFUE included.

"I say!" says MILBURD; "You're over a milliner's shop. There'll be all the (what he calls) gals waiting on you. I say!"

Happy Thought (to myself).—Practise my German.

His further remarks are cut short by the entrance of a very quiet and lady-like young woman (one of the numerous "Young Persons" in the shop below, whom I now remember having overheard giggling at us behind the glass-door with a muslin blind over it), who salutes My Aunt, MILBURD, and myself.

In what language shall I address her? Is this the one who speaks French, and with whom, therefore, "it will be all right"? Hate to talk in a foreign language before two English people, specially when one's an elderly relative who may correct you with authority, and the other's a practical joker, who will pick up every mistake you make, and will pretend to roar with laughing at your pronunciation, or your idioms, whatever you say.

We are all silent.

I feel that I could get on, if I was alone, well enough, and perhaps in about five minutes be complimented by Mademoiselle on my French; but before MILBURD and My Aunt, I can't find a word to say.

Happy Thought.—Let My Aunt begin, and see how she does it.

"You tell her," says My Aunt, impatiently, "that we'll take the rooms as CAPTAIN QUORTERRAOE—I mean CAPTAIN QUORTESFUE arranged."

MILBURD pretends to look this out in the Conversation Book, and informs me, as "something to go on with," that "Mademoiselle" is "Meess," that "siyvoe play" is "eef yon ple-ase," and that, "Plum-pud-dang" is the same in all languages. These instructions he finishes with "Go on, Milor Rosbif, fire avays!"

Happy Thought.—Ignore him. Smile, deprecating tomfoolery.

Our landlady, the nice, quiet, modest young person (not at all MILBURD's notion of "one of the gals"), is still waiting for me, or somebody, to speak first.

I say boldly, "Le CAPITAINE FORTESQUE, vous connaissez ce Monsieur que je veux dire?"

She replies, "Parfaitement, Monsieur," which gives me time; and I continue.

"Eh bien!"

Happy Thought.—Always try to get in "Eh bien," "alors," "bien entendu" and "n'est-ce pas," whenever possible; because, if you can't command an entire language, it's a great thing to have a small effective force at your disposal, for manoeuvres.

Happy Thought.—Travelling proverb, "A little knowledge is a very useful thing."

I continue, "Eh bien alors!"—(by the way, mustn't waste my regiments recklessly)—"si vous avez compris de Monsieur le Capitaine que nous allons prendre —"

"That's rum French," says MILBURD, in an audible aside.

I beg him with, I am aware, a little irritation of manner, not to play the fool, adding, that if she understands me, that's sufficient, to which my Aunt assents, saying, "Of course! only do make her understand!" which rather upsets me, as I resume, abandoning my original sentence, and going to the point thus:—"En bref"—which I remember in several modern books—"En bref, nous prendrons,—je veux dire (with a glance at MILBURD) nous prenons les appartements par la semaine, et on commence, maintenant, aujourd'hui. C'est bien entendu, n'est-ce pas?"

She returns, quietly, "Je le comprends parfaitement, et je dirai à ma sœur ainée tout ce que vous avez dit. Bon jour, Madame! Bon jour, Messieurs!" And so she withdraws.

Happy Thought.—Why, being gone, I am a man again.

My Aunt is dissatisfied. "Why didn't I," she wants to know, "ask about the price?" MILBURD insists that I ought to have put

all the questions in the Conversation Book. I answer my Aunt that FORTESCUE will tell us all about price when we meet him.

MILBURN wishes me to come to dinner with him and Mrs. MILBURN at a restaurant. While it is preparing, I show my Aunt the Cathedral and the Elisa Fountain. At every other step I am obliged to explain that it's not the drains, but the sulphur, which she smells. I tell her that I recollect all about it, and, after dinner she feels a little better.

Very tired, and retire early: after inspection—ahem!—and with considerable misgiving. I remark that the quiet young persons (the "gals") below are still giggling. I can't see, but I can hear shouts of laughter. Are they so pleased at our having taken the lodgings?

Notes of the Night, made soon after Dawn.—My Dream. I seemed to be in some church which I knew thoroughly well, yet I'd never seen it before. Somebody, only showing half his body out from behind a pillar, said that High Mass was going on, and at that moment I saw the clergy in their vestments walking along, accompanied by a master of the ceremonies in a sort of gold chasuble and a tall black chimney-pot hat, which he wouldn't (somehow I felt this, for he didn't say so)—which he wouldn't take off on any account. Then, all at once, from out of a door in a wall, which seemed to have no connection with any part of the church, but was put up like a screen on the right, came a very long, thin monk in a surplice, who denounced every one, as I imagined from his action, though he never said anything, and yet he was certainly vociferating with all his might; and my Aunt, who was standing up close to four people who were kneeling, and somehow doing it by facing both ways at once, said to me, crossly, "You don't mean to say you've brought me here for this!" Upon which I remonstrated with her, without speaking, however, which was the remarkable part of it, and the tall monk, waving his arm, disappeared through the door in the wall just as another priest in a black biretta began to pump the handle of the organ in the loft just above us, and to preach, at the same time, against MARY, Queen of Scots; and whenever he stuck for a word, a man in a grey dress prompted him. "And then," he said, "that scamp of a Scotchman!" whereupon I looked up, and he at once withdrew the expression, saying, distinctly, that he didn't mean me. This seemed to satisfy everyone (there were five people present); when, on looking up towards where the altar should have been, but wasn't, I saw another priest at least twenty feet high, who turned round, smiling and bowing (he'd a head exactly like that of the great DANIEL O'CONNELL the Liberator), and he was stooping down to lift up a little deacon who was facing us, and chuckling while he was giving us a blessing. Then the organ began to play—and I awoke.

Think I hear My Aunt stirring. So rise. Every one up and about in Aachen. Out to look at Water Drinkers. Same old routine, same smell, almost same people. Pretty Miss ELISA, alas! has vanished from the fountain. I visit the kindly MISS CATHERINE (it isn't CATHERINE, but something very like it) and while laying in a small store of cigars (at one *gro* apiece, and a little one, or two, in on taking a quantity), I learn that poor ELISA will never more hand waters from this, or any other fountain, on earth. "She was a very pretty girl, and as good as she was pretty," says MISS CATHERINE, with an emphasis that implies a history, and I feel that nothing more can be said.

It relieves us both, after a pause, to interchange the tittle-tattle of the present season, and to discuss the merits of the newest fashion in cigar-holders.

"And where are you lodging?" asks MISS CATHERINE, who is only too pleased to advise and recommend.

Happy Thought.—Whenever going again, send to Miss C. Ought to have thought of this before.

I answer, oh, at FRAÜLEIN FROWSTER'S.

"Ah! so!" says MISS CATHERINE, and smiles. I don't like that smile. She doesn't offer an opinion on the matter. I wish she would. Somebody else enters, and I leave.

I don't like the peculiar way in which she said that "So." I don't like her smiling and only saying, "So."

Back to lodgings. Gaily salute the FRAÜLEIN FROWSTER, whom I see in the shop. She bows to me civilly and nicely enough.

I enter the sitting-room. My Aunt is there before me. A frown is on her brow. In her hand is the lid of, as I fancy, a pomatum-pot. I wish her good morning. She does not return the courtesy, but asks me in a tone, at once grave and indignant, "Where is your Dicket Jockshon Permanary?"

What? Oh, of course, my Pocket German Dictionary. Here, naturally, in my pocket.

"Then," says my Aunt, holding out the pomatum-pot lid, on which I now notice, for the first time, a large round brownish black spot, as of the remains of a squashed insect; "then, if you please, tell me what is the German for—for—THAT?"

Further inspection unnecessary. MISS CATHERINE's ominous smile. Ah! I open the dictionary, and far on, under "B," I find it.

"What is it?" asks my Aunt, tragically.

"Wanser," I reply.

"Then," she returns, with calm desperation, "I've killed five Wansers this morning. Here's one!" and she indicates the defunct on the pomatum-pot lid with the air of a Lady Macbeth, pointing at the "little damned spot." Then she adds, having already forgotten the word, "That's a Bonser, if ever there was one."

She is right, it is.

FISH AND FISHERMAN.



REQUENTLY there is caught in the Thames a certain fish, bearing a name of questionable propriety. For it is called the Pope. Now the POPE (mammalian) is credited with representing a Fisherman, not a fish, or any creature of the kind. Then there is this distinction between the Pope of the Thames and the POPE on the Tiber, that, whereas the former is caught now and then, you can never catch the latter. In a letter to the *Times* on the recent controversy about the complicity of the papacy with the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, SIR GEORGE BOWYER thus writes:—

"Allow me only to add, that assuming (though this has been denied and controverted) that the POPE of that day sanctioned the massacre, the doctrine of Infallibility is not involved, nor brought into question; for by the decree of the late Council the POPE is infallible only when teaching dogmatically *ex cathedra*, and deciding questions of faith and morals."

Catch the POPE if you can. He is, says SIR GEORGE BOWYER, infallible only when teaching dogmatically *ex cathedra*, and deciding questions of faith and morals. Secular history has been defined to be philosophy teaching by example. By parity of expression, ecclesiastical history is definable as theology teaching likewise. When a Pope has a medal struck and *Te Deum* sung to commemorate a massacre of heretics, those historical acts to simple minds appear to amount to a solemn papal approval of the assassination of heretics in general, and the French Huguenots in particular. But, O no! It cannot be shown that the Infallible Reformer of the Calendar approved of the St. Bartholomew massacre *ex cathedra*. How are we to know when a Pope speaks *ex cathedra*, and when he doesn't? When he does, are we to understand that he always says so? "Now I'm speaking *ex cathedra*." Mind that. There's no deception or mistake this time." Is that, or some such as that allocation the necessary preface to every papal bull or other utterance entitled to be received as infallible? Eh, SIR GEORGE BOWYER? Or is the phrase *ex cathedra* to be taken literally? As an infallible Doctor, is the POPE not to be depended upon whilst he stands up? Is Infallibility associated with the POPE's head, or with the contrary? Is he infallible only when seated? Must the POPE's relation to his chair be the same as that of the Pythess to her tripod? It has been said that wisdom is in the wig. Do you, SIR GEORGE BOWYER, mean to say that Infallibility is in the trousers? Does Infallibility locally coincide with Honour? Sir Knight of Malta, will your chivalry also tell us, are the fallibility and infallibility of any past Pope in particular determinable solely by the *ex cathedra* decision of the Pope for the time being? If so, then are we to understand that Popery can stand committed by previous Popes only in so far as they are acknowledged to have spoken or acted *ex cathedra* by the present Pope, and that the decisions of the present Pope, accepted as *ex cathedra*, will have hereafter to be believed to be *ex cathedra* or not, only according as the future Pope, of any particular period, shall *ex cathedra* have appeared to determine? Then, truly, Piscator differs from Piscois. No; his Holiness the POPE is no fish. He is, indeed, neither fish nor flesh; an investigator knows not where to have him.

But now, what an opportunity has Piscator for hooking Pisces! Suppose PIUS THE NINTH were to handsel his infallibility by censuring GREGORY THE THIRTEENTH. What a lot of salmon he might catch, not to be illiberal and say gudgeons!



LUGGAGE INSURANCE.

IT IS RATHER TROUBLESOME, WHEN TRAVELLING, TO CARRY ALL ONE'S PERSONAL PROPERTY ABOUT ONE; BUT EVEN THAT IS BETTER THAN LOSING ONE'S LUGGAGE ALTOGETHER.

PEACE AT A PRICE.

COME, dear friends of each calling and class,
Raise a shout of unbounded delight;
Give the order to turn on the gas,
For an illumination at night.
With such mottoes, devices, and stars,
As shall darkness convert into day,
Arbitration has triumphed o'er Mars;
And we've not quite Four Millions to pay.

With our kinsmen to war had we gone,
On America's far-away shore,
Year by year would most likely roll on,
And our loss come to very much more.
Only think what a terrible deal
Our French neighbours to forfeit have had.
O, how happy we all ought to feel
That our punishment isn't so bad!

We behold a new era begun
For the welfare of all humankind;
Hope is beaming as bright as the Sun
That pops out a dark cloud from behind,
And the blackness dispels from the blue.
Men no longer their fellows shall kill.
Lo, Geneva snuffs out Waterloo;
Hey for concord, and peace, and good-will!

For the two branches chief of the race
Anglo-Saxon, what glory and gain!
Both the former and latter the case,
Very mostly, with one of the twain.
When we've paid them their money, O then
Let us trust, with a firm faith in Man,
That they won't pick a quarrel again,
To be settled again by that plan!

Now then, let us unite, all, as Brothers,
Of those millions the burden to bear,
Let the Working-Men, just as all others,
Have the pleasure of paying their share.
Yes, with pleasure and pride in each station,
Everyone will help pay what all owe;
But impose no more partial taxation:
The foul Income-tax raise not, BOB LOWE.

LONGEVITY MADE EASY.

THE following paragraph has appeared in divers Newspapers:—

"THE DEAN OF WINCHESTER. — It is stated that the reports as to DR. TURNER having resigned the Deanery at Winchester, worth £1,500 a year, which he has held since 1800, are premature. The very reverend gentleman is in his ninety-fifth year."

For TURNER read GARNIER, and add on forty to 1800. DEAN GARNIER has adorned the Deanery of Winchester thirty-two years. May he live a thousand to demonstrate the effect of decanal occupation at £1,500 per annum on longevity. The DEAN OF WINCHESTER is understood to be in full possession of his faculties; and we should think that the reports about his resignation of an office which he would be able to discharge completely, even if they were considerably impaired, were premature. CORNARO would not have been half such a fool if he had given up his abstemious habits at ninety-five as DEAN GARNIER would be to reject conditions far more conducive to longevity.

Worcester Sauce.

STATIONERS' HALL is the place for the Festival of the Three Quires. This Festival isn't a Moveable Feast because it's stationary.

Yours ever,

A RELISH.



“WHO’S TO PAY?”

MR. LOWE. “LET ME CONGRATULATE YOU, MY DEAR SIR, ON THE HAPPY SETTLEMENT OF OUR AMERICAN DIFFICULTY! A LITTLE OVER THREE MILLIONS TO PAY!—A MERE TRIFLE!”

PATERFAMILIAS. “YES, IT’S ALL VERY WELL! BUT MIND, YOU’RE NOT GOING TO STICK ON *THAT* TWOPENCE AGAIN!!”

NEW TO ME.



THE ancient Romans were right in giving the name of "impedimenta" to luggage. Historians do not tell us whether any autopsy was instituted to ascertain if the fears of the Royal Personage were well grounded who foreboded that "Calais" would be found inscribed on her heart; but I am convinced that if at this moment an examination could be made of the same organ in me, "luggage" would appear stamped upon it in legible characters.

Experience has taught me in a single lesson that no man who studies his personal comfort ought to venture abroad without being equipped with the following articles—short ladder, coil of rope, pickaxe, hammer and tacks, telescope, portable bath, salt spoon, spare knife and fork, alpenstock, large atlas, camp stool, pair of compasses, wine-bin, alarum, egg-boiler, pedometer, weather-glass, medicine-chest, carriage lamp, and reading-casel. He will find no difficulty in transporting most of these little matters in the railway carriage with him, either distributed over the seats, in the netting above his head, and under his own legs and those of his fellow travellers, or strapped up with his overcoat, waterproof, rug, plaid, goloshes, life-preserver, sticks, umbrella, fishing-rod, guides, manuals, and handbooks.

Some people are colour-blind, others are deaf to all entreaties, a third section of the community have no taste, and a fourth no feeling. For my part, I think that of all the organs of perception as yet discovered the nose is the one I could most readily dispense with in foreign towns and cities. Cotton wool seemed to be commonly used abroad in the ears: I should say there are other orifices to which it might also be applied with advantage to the wearer.

It has been calculated by a professional expert, whose name is not necessarily intended for publication, that with the money annually paid by the English traveller to the foreign hotel-keeper for lights, the entire Continent might be brilliantly illuminated with wax candles during the hours of darkness from Michaelmas to Easter. If merely composites were used, the period of lighting could be extended to the whole year.

Live abroad for a month, and never as a rule sleep more than two nights in the same place. If, when you have settled down again by your own gas-stove (there can be no more firesides, with coals at the present price), you can keep distinct in your recollection all the churches, town-halls, museums, market-places, ruined castles, curiosities, antiquities, hotels, tables d'hôte, landlords, and waiters you have encountered, there is no effort of memory, no exploit of mental calculation which you may not hope, if your health continues unimpaired, to accomplish.

On this my last night abroad, with the white cliffs of Old England gleaming in the future, and rather a heavy hotel bill to discharge in the present, let me pause on this second-floor to consider whether I have learned anything, discovered anything, added anything to my stock of information in the past twenty-four days. I may not have solved any outstanding problem in Gothic architecture, or political economy, or the law of nations, as I designed doing when I left Notting Hill; but, at least, I know how melted butter ought to be served up, and I have joined in the game of German skittles. The increase of knowledge has not all been on my side. The good landlord of the "Schützen-hof" knows now to what use to put the borage which grows in abundance in his garden. This is as it should be. An exchange of courtesies between foreign nations is always desirable, and forms one of the surest guarantees of a lasting peace.

He and others of his profession have treated me well. I will acknowledge their attentions by supplying a little deficiency in their table arrangements, which has caused me some uneasiness. I will present each of them with a salt-spoon. Succeeding tourists will

bless the name of their benefactor, when they recognise it in the Visitors' Book; but in all future foreign expeditions (may I again have the advantage of your companionship, my friend from whom I part to-day!) I shall travel with my own salt-spoon.

I have planned a very compact and pleasant round for next year—Roumania, the Cis-Leithan country, Hungary, Poland, Dalecarlia, and home by the Grecian Archipelago.

What is the prettiest sight I have seen? Some St. Bernard puppies. The loveliest? A sunset. The most astounding? A gaming table. The most amusing? A party of school-girls taking tea in the public room of a German inn.

If beef and mutton at a shilling a pound, and other indications of a high state of national prosperity, are leading you to think of economy in your rambles, avoid all places which have a season.

I land at Dover, which has sent two Members to Parliament since the time of EDWARD THE FIRST, with an immediate prospect of a return to Notting Hill, office hours, letter-writing, organ grinders, tradesmen's books, and vociferous costermongers. Having undergone a temporary separation from newspapers, every one will at once guess what is the first thing I fly to when my eye again travels down their columns—not the Autumn Manœuvres, not the Geneva Arbitration, not the doings of the Emperors, not the movements of the Sea Serpent, not the working of the Ballot,—but the present price of Coals. To ascertain this, can any one wonder that I repress even the natural impatience I feel to know who has been appointed CHANCELLOR OF THE DUCHY OF LANCASTER since I quitted my native shores?

And now in the retrospect, when the piano next door has resumed the tune I left it playing, what do I regret? That I did not visit that Cathedral or that Museum, or go up those 132 steps to see the fine view from the tower, or take that lovely walk? No—that I did not taste again that beer at Louvain.

IGNORAMUS.

ARDUOUS EXPERIMENT.

A CONTROVERSY has been raised in a contemporary magazine about a suggestion thus stated by the *Post*:—

"Build two hospitals, treat both alike as to science, admit the same number and the same class of patients, but pray heartily for one and not for the other, and see the result. If more are cured in the prayed-for hospital, the balance is in favour of prayer."

Having made some objections, based on cultivated veneration, to this proposal, the *Post* inquires:—

"Would a monarch, or even a learned professor, listen to a fellow-creature who first questioned his existence, and next moment wished to assay the coin he gave, and test the bread held out to him?"

This view of the case, perhaps, commends itself to the generality of reverent minds. Yet it may be questioned, even by a thinking Bishop, whether the *à fortiori* argument derived from offended human dignity is not infinitely illogical. Under the laws which govern the visible universe, the test of truth, *sine quâ non*, is crucial experiment. Is it absurd to suppose that the order of invisible things is not diametrically opposite, but rather corresponds to, the order of things invisible?

But analogy is not sameness, and the proposal to use identity of method in both natural and supernatural research may involve a blunder. Even if the latter line of inquiry ought to be pursued exactly like the former, exception might still be taken to the experiment of the two hospitals, with the object above indicated. The experimenter could not be sure of his conditions. His required difference between the two cases might not exist. He could not be certain that the prayers on one side were genuine, unless he prayed himself. On the other, he could not be assured that there was no praying. Even in a hospital of professed atheists somebody might be moved to say his prayers. To render the experiment really scientific, not to say conclusive, the only safe plan would be to let the two hospitals be veterinary hospitals. The only creatures that can be trusted not to pray in their extremity are the dumb animals.

A Claim against Claimants.

ARE the Claimants who have made good the Alabama Claims prepared to do as they would be done by? It is said that the Southern States intend to demand £6,000,000 from the North for an indemnity on account of their losses through emancipation. Will the Yankees liquidate these Emancipation Claims? Then, as MR. O'BALLAGHAN observes, they will be paid in their own coin.

AUTUMN MANŒUVRES.

THE Isle of Skye is proposed for next year's manœuvres. By all means, let the troops go up to Skye, and besiege a Castle in the Air.



AN UNWISE CHILD.

(aged six, to bearded Papa, who has just returned after a five years' residence in the Australian Bush). "I DON'T LIKE YOU. YOU ARE TOO ROUGH; AND I'M SORRY YOU EVER MARRIED INTO OUR FAMILY."

"GREEN GROW THE BUSHES, O!"

CAN we believe our eyes? Are we not asleep and dreaming? Or are we five-and-twenty, yes, and even mere, years younger than we were last Wednesday? Are the Corn Laws just repealed? and has the country scarce recovered from the Irish famine? Is LOUIS PHILIPPE on the throne? and are alarmists in a fright about the possible invasion of the PRINCE DE JOINVILLE? Is the Jenny Lindomania beginning at the Opera? and has the world not yet recovered from its laughter at the acting of *King John*, in *Punch's* famous Payne-tomime? We ask this while we rub our eyes, and stare again at the advertisement. Yes, there it stands, in all the newspapers, precisely as it stood there nearly thirty years ago, before newspapers indeed—at least penny ones—existed. "This evening . . . MADAME CELESTE as *Miami* . . . at the Adelphi Theatre . . . in the celebrated drama of the (Ever) *Green Bushes*!!!"

Black and White.

THE white American people of the South, we are told, propose to try and establish a White Man's Government (instead of a Black Man's) by creating a system of separation between the two races. If this scheme were carried out, there would be "separate schools, separate churches, separate railway carriages, and separate hotels for the negroes." Perhaps there would also be separate gaols. Would there be separate cemeteries? Of course the coloured gentlemen would have separate Clubs, at which any obnoxious Nigger seeking admission would be whiteballed.

A GEM OF AN ISLAND.

It seems there is some promise of coals coming to us from Ireland. If this promise be realised, the Emerald Isle should change its name, and be called, in richer language, the (Black) Diamond Isle.

MRS. MOONRAKE ON THE MILITARY.

WELL, now, then, really, I do say,
And will confess, that I am very
Agreeably, in every way.
Astonished with the Military.

What well-conducted, nice young men!
Not like what people used to tell us.
May be 'tis true that soldiers, then,
Were wicked, harum-scarum fellows.

There's not a fox, or duck, or goose,
Or turkey, that we've yet found missin'.
The little pigs all safe run loose,
And sheep and lambs, their pastures kissin'.

The hedges are uninjured, quite;
There's not a single faggot taken.
All's paid for; food, and fire, and light:
They fairly fries their Wiltshire bacon.

And my, what spruce young men to see,
By nature part, and part by drillin'!
There's many a parent, if so be
As they 'd got money, would be willin'.

I hope my little Rosy dear,
On no red coat won't set affection.
For to a Soldier, there's this here
Mother's unanswerable objection:

He can't afford to keep a wife,
Consistent with a husband's duty,
So cheap he's got to risk his life,
And die for England, Home, and Beauty.

Would-Be Cardinals.

YIELDING to the prevailing epidemic, it is rumoured that the superior clergy of the Church of Rome are meditating a strike, if the POPE persists in still keeping all the hats he has so long had at his disposal. He is Head of the Church, that is admitted; but, even so, he cannot want twenty-seven hats.

THE LATEST "EARLY-CLOSING MOVEMENT."—The new Licensing Act.

THE LAST VESTED INTEREST.

"The Magistrates of Nenagh have resolved not to put the adulteration clauses of the new Licensing Act in force for a fortnight, the avowed object being to give the publicans time to dispose of their adulterated drinks."—*Times*.

THIS tender regard of the Magistrates for the interests of the publicans is very touching, but it may be questioned whether the Bench are showing themselves equally mindful of the welfare of the population in and around Nenagh, the most probable recipients of these "adulterated drinks." Perhaps, however, the Magistrates have been influenced in their considerate resolution by an assurance on the part of the publicans, that they are fully resolved not to sell a single drop of the condemned stuff to man, woman, or child, but intend to give the whole of it away to the pigs, whose wishes on the subject no one would, of course, think it necessary to consult.

A WORD WITH THE NOVELISTS.

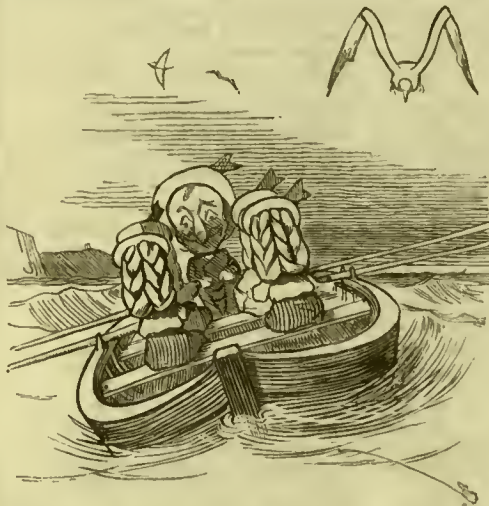
TO MR. PUNCH,
SIR,—What silly names the author people choose for their new novels! For instance, I observe one lately published, which the writer has the impudence to call *A Woman's Wrong*. A woman's wrong, indeed! The idea of ever saying that a woman could be wrong! I should just like to catch my husband even thinking it, that's all!

So I remain, Sir, yours obediently (but not his, mind you),
XANTIPPE GREYMARÉ (née TROUNCER).

P.S.—There's another book I notice too, entitled *Janet's Choice*. Is she, indeed? A choice specimen, I'll warrant. I'd choose her, the vain hussy, if I had her in my house!

BUSINESS AND SPORT.—Bookmakers' Saint's Day—St. Ledger.

HORRORS OF HAIR-DRESSING.



Y DEAR MRS. SMYTHE,

You may remember that last week, when we met at the sea-side, I complimented you upon the improved appearance of your daughters, which you said was doubtless owing to the air. It was not for me to contradict a lady, or I might have told you that, in my judgment at least, it was not the air that had embellished those young ladies, unless I could have deemed you capable of an act of such barbarity as the dropping of an H. To be plain with you, my dear Madam (and that is what you, pardon me, have never been yourself), it was the hair, and not the air, which had so beautified your daughters, and

made me pay my homage to their improved good looks.

When I had last seen them, they each wore a monstrous chignon, which, like a wart upon a nose, appeared a hideous excrescence, deforming and destroying all the beauty of their heads. But now they are content with wearing their own hair, and do not purchase other people's to increase what Mrs. MALAPROP would call their caterpillary attractions. How vastly they and you are all to be congratulated on this happy change of hair, may be judged from a brief extract from a clever medical paper, which you probably have never seen:—

"FALSE HAIR.—M. LINDEMAN continues his investigation of the parasitic bodies (Gregarinidae) found on the false tresses and chignons commonly worn by ladies. They are to be found at the extremity of the hairs, and form there little nodosities, visible, on careful examination, to the naked eye. Each of these nodosities represents a colony of about fifty psorosperms. Each psorosperm is spherical; but, by the reciprocal pressure of its neigh-

hours, it is flattened, and becomes discoid. Under the influence of heat and moisture, it swells; its granular contents are transformed into little spheres, and then into pseudo-navicellæ—little fusiform corpuscles, with a persistent external membrane, and enclosing one or two nuclei."

Psorosperms and navicellæ, and fusiform corpuscles, are not precisely words to be spoken to a lady, with a reasonable hope of her knowing what they mean. But she will probably consider they are not very nice sounding, and mean doubtless something nasty, and this would be enough to make her rather burn her chignon than suffer nasty creatures to infest her head. Nor would such a sacrifice be a whit retarded by her reading further on:—

"These pseudo-navicellæ become free, float in the air, penetrate into the interior of the human organism, reach the circulatory apparatus, and produce, according to this author, various maladies—'cardiac affections, especially valvular affections, Bright's disease, pulmonary affections.'"

So a chignon is not merely offensive to the eye, but injurious to the health; and only fancy, my dear Madam, to what perils people moving in fashionable circles have nightly been exposed! Pray just look at this:—

"M. LINDEMAN calculates that, in a ball-room containing fifty ladies, forty-five millions of navicellæ are set free; and he concludes that it is necessary to abolish false hair, which often proceeds from unclean persons."

Happily for me, my dancing days are over, and I have nothing now to fear from the dangers of ball practice. But you have your fair daughters to chaperone about, and think how your health must suffer unless chignons be abolished! Let us both then raise our voices against flaunting of false hair, with all its nasty, noxious horrors, and let us cut the company of any one who brings it to contaminate our rooms.

With my compliments to your daughters, whom again I must congratulate, believe me, my dear Madam,

Your old friend and admirer,

BENJAMIN BROWN.

HINTS ON CHEAP HOUSES.

MR. PUNCH,

AN inhabitant of Hounslow wrote, the other day, to the *Times*, "complaining of the common identification of Hounslow with the powder-mills of MESSRS. CURTIS AND HARVEY. He said that "it is quite a mistake to apply that name to them; no portion of the land occupied by the Works being even within the parish in which Hounslow is situated. The Works are in the parish of Twickenham, and should be so designated. The town of Hounslow is nearly two miles distant from these mills." From these representations it would seem that the inhabitant of Hounslow, in sending them to the *Times*, was inspired by the wish to assure the Public that Hounslow was not a dangerous place, and therefore that people need not be afraid to go and live there.

Sir, it is my endeavour not to covet my neighbour's house, even if it be an old English Manor House or mansion, situated in a park containing stags and a rookery. But, without reference to any particular person or tenement, and generally speaking, I will own that I envy any man who lives, on a comfortable independence, in any decent house at Hounslow. I envy him the abode as well as the means. A local professional person, or man in business, has obvious reasons for wishing to remove the general but erroneous idea that the town of Hounslow adjoins CURTIS AND HARVEY'S Powder Mills. But any inhabitant of that place or any other, who does not live by its population, must, I should think, be glad of any mistake which would tend to keep the population under, by keeping extrinsic additions off, and so preventing the building which is going on in every safe and pleasant neighbourhood, and spoiling it.

You have dined at Purfleet, I think, Sir, and know what it is to enjoy your whitebait and other good things on that peaceful little spot on the chalk formation. Purfleet, I fancy, owes its tranquillity to the powder magazine which is thought to be there. I should be very glad to live, on a certain and sufficient income, at Purfleet. Even if there really were any danger, I should not mind, and would risk that, unless it were very great indeed; for the inevitable hour must come somewhere, and all the better if that hour, as your friend MR. O'BREALLAGHAN would say, is a second. Anything, even a premature departure, for a quiet life.

With regard to the lone manor-house in which, as aforesaid, I would live, if I could, but can't, let me offer a hint to persons whose wishes resemble mine, but whose circumstances fall short of their

desires only a considerable way, and not immensely. Were I in their comparatively blest position, I would advertise for a haunted house. I fancy there are many fine old houses that will not let, because they are reputed to be haunted. I should think a haunted house might be had cheap. Of course it would be necessary to buy the house, or take it at a longish lease, lest, after you had lived in it long enough to dispel its bad name, your landlord should raise your rent on you. Another needful precaution would be, further, but separately, to advertise for servants who disbelieve in ghosts.

But, a no greater fool than DR. JOHNSON may suggest, "Sir, suppose your house turned out to be really haunted, after all." Why, then I might chance to see a ghost; which I can only say I should very much like. And even if there were several ghosts in the house, and they made noises, the ghosts would not infest me in anything like the degree the people do whom the steamers and railway-trains bring down to the suburb which I reside in, and they crowd, and fill with laughter, and giggling, and tittering, and chaff, and sultriness, and smoke. But ah! there will soon be no ancient manor-houses left for me to sigh for. In a few years they will all be improved off the face of the country. Their sites will mostly be occupied by factories topped with tall chimneys smirching the sky—making the blue one black. The hatchments of their defunct owners will then speak not for them only, but for their descendants too, and likewise declare the best that can possibly ever be expected by

Yours truly,

IN CELO QUIES.

P.S.—In comparison with a powder magazine, a haunted house would have the slight advantage of safety. That would be something, if one were well-off, especially for the head of a family which was not an encumbrance, and not superstitious. For my own part, I am a widower without daughters.

The Recent Manœuvres.

(Extract from Private Letter to Corporal Punishment.)

"THE Artists' Corps looked as fresh as paint. The evolution, in obedience to the command 'High Lights on left cheek forward,' was beautifully managed. Their precision at the word 'Draw' was admirable. These are the boys who would like a brush with the enemy."



SOMETHING NEAT.

Customer (demurely). "HALF A QUARTERN OF 'OLD TOM,' IF YOU PLEASE! AND COULD YOU OBLIGE ME WITH A BIT OF SUGAR!"

Gallant Boniface. "VERY SORRY I CAN'T SERVE YOU, MISS! BUT THE NEW AOT IS VERY STRICT: WE ARE NOT ALLOWED TO SERVE YOUNG PEOPLE APPARENTLY UNDER SIXTEEN!!"

A (TEA) DRINKING SONG.

My brethren all,
Come drink with me.
Both great and small,
Sip off your tea.
Fill up the pot.
This draught, my dears,
Inebriates not,
But only cheers.

Your nectar brown
Then freely pour
By spoonfuls down,
And call for more.
Your Gunpowder,
For all its name,
Fear not to stir;
It won't inflame.

When not too strong,
O nice Pekoe!
O rare Souchong!
O choice Kaisow!
How fond I am
Of right Chincé!
But with Assam
Content can be.

Dull care we'll kill;
Blend black and green.
We'll sit and swill
Till all's serene.
Whilst they who choose
In beer delight,
And "Burton" booze,
Until they're tight.

We won't go home
Till bedtime's near.
Hence we'll not roam,
But we'll stay here.
The gas may waste;
Who fears, may flee:
But we will taste
The old Bohea.

FORCE OF HABIT.—Recently two Bankers met abroad. They at once began to Compare Notes.

VACATION LABOURS.

"Why, 'tis my Vacation, HAL! 'Tis no sin for a man to labour in his Vacation!"—*Falstaff (with a difference).*

MR. GLADSTONE is indulging in unusual relaxation; so much so, indeed, that, after the accustomed labours of the day, he spends as much as half an hour, three evenings in the week, in his favourite game of spillikins.

MR. GÖSCHEN is improving his nautical mind by going through a course of nautical reading. His studies have extended through a wide range of literature, embracing DIBDIN'S *Songs*, *The Pilot*, *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*, and *Mr. Midshipman Easy*.

MR. AYRTON has been moving, as befits him, in the most polite society, and fostering his love of Art by reading, for the tenth time, MR. RUSKIN'S noble work on *Modern Painters*.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is engaged in a momentous and minute calculation of the saving which, he thinks, might be next year effected in the Estimates, by making Government officials all use sand instead of blotting-paper, and employ common pack-thread in lieu of costly red tape for tying up their letters.

MR. BRUCE is fully occupied in framing such a code of extenuating circumstances as will in every probability suffice for the condonement of all capital offences.

MR. WHALLEY is engaged in writing the Lives of the Popes, whereof the manuscript, as well as a presentation copy, he will probably crave leave to deposit in the Vatican.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON has been making a tour among the hop-pickers, to persuade them to abstain from gathering a crop which is grown well nigh entirely for the use of the concocters of intoxicating liquor.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL has employed the greater part of his vacation in compiling such a series of instructions to our Magistrates as shall prevent a brutal wife-beater from being punished with more leniency than a petty larcenist.

MR. CARDWELL, to keep up his military knowledge, devotes, in his vacation, above an hour a day to practising the goose-step.

LORD SHAFTESBURY, being ordered to take more active exercise, is learning, under the eye of a competent professional, to play the noble game of skittles.

MR. DISRAELI is busily employed in perfecting his notion of a "Comprehensive Church," which shall comprehend the Moslemites, the Buddhists, the Hebrews, and the Christians.

MR. GILPIN has given up the wearing of "Suspenders," and, in his vehemence against hanging, has taken down the pictures that hung in his dining-room.

LORD ELCHO has been volunteering his suggestions to the War Office, with a view to their adoption at the next Manœuvres.

MR. MIALl has spent a great part of his vacation in dreaming of the day when a motion may be made to disestablish the Dissenters.

And finally, *Mr. Punch* has, as usual, nobly sacrificed his holiday in devoting the best part of it to the interests of his readers.

EQUALLY COMFORTABLE.

IN an account of an interment of which the circumstances were remarkable, a reporter states, in a newspaper, that a special funeral and a private grave were paid for by a lady, "and but for this the poor girl would have been buried on Friday last with the parish paupers." Her lot would then have been no more and no less enviable by a philosopher, even if an Epicurean, than that of anybody buried in Westminster Abbey. In any sensible respect, to such citizens as these of a necropolis, it is all the same everywhere underground. It is not to be numbered and associated with dead paupers that a thinking person would dislike, but with living.

THE (Y)EASTERN QUESTION.—Will the Bakers rise?

HAPPY THOUGHTS.



"HEN, THAT," says my Aunt, reflectively, "isa Bonser." I regret to say that, reading *Wanze* for *Bonser*, the fact admits no possibility of doubt.

"Let me see," says my Aunt, still with an air of meditation over the lifeless body, "what is the French for *Wanze*?" She is evidently preparing to encounter them in all languages.

Happy Thought.—Never met with them in French. Up to this time I had always been under the impression that they were peculiar to English lodging-houses.

I refer to the Dictionary. "The German *Wanze*," I presently inform my Aunt, "is, in French, *La Punaise*."

My Aunt is immensely astonished. "Why, goodness me!" she exclaims, "that's what they called *ARN* or *JOKE*—wasn't it?"

"Called whom, Aunt?"

"*JOAN OF ARC*," she replies; "they always called her *JOAN LA PUNAISE*. Now what could be the reason of that?"

Happy Thought (admitting the supposition that she was so called).—Because her name was a bug-bear to the English. I suggest that *La Pucelle* is what my Aunt means.

"Ah yes," she returns, instantly, "but it's easy to get such words mixed, for really, *Pusaine* and *Punelle* are very much alike."

As regards this present specimen, I want to know if my Aunt thinks "there are many more where that came from?"

She simply answers "Swarms."

Happy Thought.—Look out "Swarm." Result, *Der Schwarm*.

"That's enough," my Aunt says. "Now ring the bell for the servant."

This process is a remarkably primitive one. There is on the table a small bell, which emits, on being shaken violently, a proportionately feeble tinkle. Regarded in the light of an amusement, it might beguile a spare five minutes; but for any such practical purpose as summoning a domestic from a depth of two flights of stairs, and through a thickness of two doors, it is, perhaps, a trifle ineffective.

On some office-doors I remember having seen a brass-plate with the instruction "Ring and enter" engraved on it. Ringing seemed as superfluous as in the present case, where the direction should be, "Ring, and then shout as loudly as you can for the servant." I ring to begin with, but what am I to shout? What is the servant's name?

Happy Thought.—Being in Germany, try *GRETCHEN*.

Subsequently, after experimentalising three times, alter it to "*MARIE*!" Voice from below answers to this, and it is evident that a spirit has been summoned from the vasty—or in this instance, judging of the place from the appearance of the person—the nasty deep, and is coming when I do call.

"Give it her well," says my Aunt, "and say that we shall leave this afternoon."

"But we can't speak German to her," I object.

My Aunt is equal to the emergency. "Tell her, then," she says, "to send Miss Whatshername here—the *Frauselle* or the *Madelein*, or whatever they call the Young Person who keeps the house. *CAPTAIN QUORTESFUE* said that it was most likely she was a Belman and not a Gergian, and only talked French, and I'm sure her sister spoke very well yesterday. You'd better ring, or call again."

I do so. My Aunt is keeping her wrath up to boiling-point by looking daggers at the miserable *Wanser*, which she has nailed, as it were, to the pomatum-pot lid, like a bad penny to a counter.

Happy Thought (after calling again).—Look out the subject in Conversation Book. Retire with it into bedroom, and let my Aunt commence the attack.

The *Zimmermädchen*, however, appears sooner than I had expected. She is a slipsloppy maiden, fresh from the boot polish or the black-lead, with which cheerful colour she has been smearing

her face, perhaps with a sort of savage Indian's idea of frightening the enemy. The enemy being ourselves, the *Lodgers*. She is, as my Aunt afterwards says, exactly like that of a Flemish barmaid in any old picture of "boors drinking." "She is," she adds, "the perfect sick family of one of those figures." (It occurs to me afterwards, on referring for "sick family" to Dixon's *Johnsonary*, that my Aunt meant *fac simile*.) Her stockings are wrinkled all about her heels, which have, apparently, outgrown her slippers. She is altogether so much like an over-boiled pudding in a cloth that she seems to be merely kept together by pins of prodigious strength stuck in at those points of her dress which are most likely to yield to interior pressure. If one of these pins were to give way suddenly, the result would be too dreadful to contemplate.

Happy Thought.—Don't contemplate it.

As to her hair, it's done up with one twist behind like the small top of a cottage loaf. With her half silly, half cunning expression, she reminds my Aunt of the *Goosetud Tuff* at the Zoological Gardens.

The *Mädchen* is evidently either an old performer in this Act of the Drama of the *Wanser*, or she is an imbecile. The former for choice. At first she pretends, much to my Aunt's disgust, not to be able to perceive the impounded insect; but incapable of sustaining this assumption of character for more than five minutes, she admits, in pantomime, that she can see it, and looking up into my Aunt's face, with an ingenuously simple grin, she asks, quite with the air of one profoundly desirous of being instructed by our superior wisdom, "*Was ist das?*"

"*Was ist das?*" retorts my Aunt, speaking excellent German in her imitative indignation. "You konknowsey well enough. *Das ist Wanaiser, Bonser?* And what's more," she adds, warming with her subject, and finding that her mastery over the German language exceeds her fondest expectations, "*dere ist schwarms of dese Bonser in mein room.*"

I prompt her with the word "*Zimmer*," which she adopts, finishing emphatically with "Ja, dere ist schwarms of *Zimmers* in de *Bonser*."

Happy Thought.—To make the matter clearer to the *Mädchen*, who at present appears to be inclined to do nothing but grin, as much as to say, "Well, you are two funny people!" Annoying this: so I say, "*Ja, so, schwarms, Wansers in mein Zimmer*" (I am obliged to say "*mein*," which is not true, as I don't recollect the German for the possessive "her," unless it's "*hern*," which I don't like to try), then on my fingers, "*Ein, Zwei, Drei*," and so on up to ten: meaning *Wansers*.

Happy Thought.—Recollect (while I am doing this) an absurd song about *Ten Little Niggers*, whose number was perpetually being reduced. Adapted in my mind to present occasion—*Ten Little Wansers*.

Ten little Wansers

In de *Zimmer*, mein,

One squashed on the pomatum-pot lid—

Then there were nine.

One little, two little, three little, four little, five little

Wanser B. o. oys.

&c.

The *Zimmermädchen* is more amused than ever, though I don't sing her this verse, but on the contrary preserve an austere front. "*Ein, zwei, drei*," she repeats, and positively shakes her head with laughter, as much as to say, "O, go along with you, do; you are so funny."

"Idiot!" says my Aunt, highly irritated. "That's her artfulness. She knows, as well as possible, what we've been saying to her."

My Aunt's fixed belief, with regard to all foreigners, is that they all thoroughly understand you, but pretend not, just to annoy an Englishman, and give themselves time to think over their plan, whatever it may be.

"Don't tell me," she says, pettishly, "that they don't know what I'm saying. They do. That girl does. Pretending not to know a *Bonser* when she sees it! Bah! I wouldn't believe her on her oath. Tell her to go down-stairs and send up someone who isn't quite such a fool, or such a knave."

This is difficult to render in German—I mean in *my* German.

Happy Thought.—To ask for the *Landlady*.

"*Vo ist die*"—so far I fancy I'm grammatical, though I am a little uncertain as to *die*—"Vo ist die"—I stick at "*Landlady*." I can only think of *Landwehr*. *Mädchen* grins. "Idiot!" my Aunt again mutters. I reconstruct my sentence with a new idea, "*Vo ist die FRAULEIN FROWSTER?*"

In answer the *Mädchen* has a great deal to say to both of us, which, delivered with the utmost volubility, is of an apparently explanatory character. I fancy that she is giving a lecture on *Wansers*, containing arguments, based upon facts within her own experience, which are all favourable towards our not giving up the lodgings.

"They're all alike," says my Aunt, when the Mädchen pauses to take breath. "I know as well as possible what she's been saying, though I couldn't quite follow all she said."

Happy Thought.—To say generally, "I couldn't quite follow," when one really hasn't understood a single word.

My Aunt continues, "I'll be bound she's been saying that she's never seen anything of the sort in the lodgings before *we* came, and that if there are Bonzers here, we must have brought them ourselves. The idea of our going about swarming with travels of Bonzers, like the man with the Illustrious Fleas. Horrid!"

Does she really think the Maid has been saying this, I ask.

"Certainly," returns my Aunt; "that's what they'd say in England."

Happy Thought.—Patriotic Song, *What will they say in England?* Reply to this, by my Aunt, *That's what they'd say in England.*

"Do tell her," says my Aunt, impatiently, "to send FROWLIN FROSTER here, and get rid of her."

Happy German Thought.—"Die FRAÜLEIN FROWSTER nach here kommen machen," by which I intend to convey "Make Miss FROWSTER come here."

"Ja, Herr," she answers. Exit, grinning.

"I wonder what she's gone to say or do," my Aunt answers.

So do I. By the way, there's one difficulty that strikes me. It is, what is our legal position in Germany with regard to the Landlady and the lodgings?

Have we taken the rooms by the month, or week, or day, or what? Is it possible to take them for less than a month in Germany? What arrangement did FORTESCUE make? He never told us. If we go away on the first day, can they sue us for a month's rent? If sued, in what Court, and who is the best solicitor to go to? A German solicitor, who only speaks his own language, won't do. Suppose FORTESCUE, as our agent, to have made a contract for a month, do *Wansers* invalidate it? Then, if there is a lawsuit, isn't the practice in Germany regulated by the Court-Martial spirit, and isn't the loser, in addition to paying his loss, punished with imprisonment in a fortress? "A German might be," says my Aunt, "but not an English person who claimed protection under the Flattish Brig."

I suppose she's right, but there seems to be a difficulty about it somewhere.

Happy Thought.—In answer to my Aunt's despairing "What can we do?" it suddenly occurs to me that my friend DR. CASPAR will come and settle the matter in his own language. I volunteer to go out and fetch him.

CASPAR has settled it with a high hand, judging by his manner, and tone.

The Young Person quailed before him, and the grinning Mädchen became dumb and glum. From CASPAR's way of "giving it them," I can judge how a Prussian Officer could make requisitions when he wished to present the victims with a bit of his mind. My Aunt said afterwards, "that she really felt for the unhappy people in the shop, and it was only by thinking of the Bonzers that she could keep herself from Doctoring beggar CASPAR not to scold them so severely."

We won't try any more lodgings, but move over to the Grande Monarque, to which hotel I wish we'd gone on our arrival.

MORE AUTUMN MANŒUVRES.

(Answers to Sporting Correspondents.)

Bullethead.—You can shoot without a licence, and on anybody's ground. Try it.

Winkle.—A shooting licence must be signed by the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

Mufti.—In using muzzle-loaders, which are now almost exploded, it is unsportsmanlike to put the wad in first and then the shot.

Upup.—The best weapon for lark-shooting is a seven-chambered revolver.

Don Quickshot.—The only gun for hares is one fitted with a hare-trigger. But why ask such a question?

Wheels within Wheels.

WE had supposed that the custom of breaking on the wheel had been abolished, except in the case of butterflies (as when an educated man reviews a fast lady's novel), but it seems that in Servia the punishment is retained, and that two miscreants were so put to death in July last. They deserved that or any other bad fate. But in the interest of civilisation, *Mr. Punch* ventures "to speak to the Man at the Wheel,"—i. e., the wheel of state in Servia, and to suggest that the torturing criminals to death is an anachronism. At all events he should administer chloroform, or the English leading articles of September.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

Petition of the Belle of the Season to Mr. Punch.



UR DEAR OLD PUNCH, The humble Petition of the Honourable MARY SPARKLE, usually known as "LADY MARY SPARKLE," Sheweth,

That your Petitioner has been called the Belle of the Season, during the last summer:

That she has two sisters married; one to a banker, who has not an idea of anything beyond making money and displaying his wealth; the other to an heir to a Peerage and four estates, who bears in his face unmistakeable evidence of the truth of the report that there is hereditary madness in the family:

That she believes both of her sisters to be very unhappily married: That she is a simple-minded English girl, who would do her best to make herself a good and loving wife [who'll murder old Judy?—P.] and she does not mean to lie away her heart to please anyone:

That she has been made the subject of newspaper paragraphs by newspaper reporters who have talked of her as "the charming *débütante*," and who have announced her marriage with a nobleman to whom she never said a word, and have afterwards contradicted the report:

That your Petitioner's mother and her intimate friends have constituted themselves a kind of domestic police, and have driven away every honest young fellow who would make her an affectionate husband, and surrounded her with lounging dandies, millionnaires, and young Peers, many of whom have a very doubtful reputation:

That she has been turned into a Milliner's dummy, and satiated with dresses, bonnets, and trumpery of all kinds, which she believes her mother cannot afford to pay for:

That she has been ordered about, and dressed and undressed like a doll, for morning rides, garden parties, afternoon rides, dinner parties, operas, balls, and (O, *Mr. Punch*, Sir!) churches:

That her life is a burthen to her, and she is now being carried about from country-house to country-house in Scotland, with the certainty of suffering the same penance in England when the hunting begins:

That she has a dear old Bachelor Uncle who has about a thousand a year, and who has promised her six hundred a year if she marries the man she loves, and the remainder on his death:

That the Curate of her parish, the REV. MR. DAISY, is a thorough gentleman, and a man of noble disposition, who looks after his poor:

That the said Curate pulled Stroke in the Oxford boat, and has a small independence:

That the Curate would like to marry her, and she would like to marry the Curate:

Your Petitioner, therefore, humbly prays dear old *Punch* to save her from her friends, and give her leave to marry the Curate:

And your Petitioner will ever pray, &c., &c.

[We shall give her away ourselves on condition that we kiss the Bride, and we shall find out the Bishop of the diocese, and interfere with his shovel hat, unless he gives the Curate a comfortable parsonage immediately.—P.]

Stupid Verse on Stupid Act.

THE Germans have arrested—Who?
(You should say whom) MONSIEUR ABOUT.
What has he done, I ask of you?
Called Germany a Bng-About.

FREE TRANSLATION.—*Medio tutissimus Ibis.* The Ibis is safest in the meadow.



PLAIN SPEAKING.

Aunt. "WELL, BABY, CAN YOU SPEAK MORE DISTINCTLY THAN WHEN WE LAST MET?"

Elder Brother. "O, YES, INDEED, AUNT! HE CAN CALL A SPADE A SPADE!"

JONATHAN'S JUDGMENT.

WAL, now we've gained our cause, and the Award.
I guess we can't act nohow but accord.
It is A triumph; that's a fact: but still,
They have considerably taxed our bill.

Three millions and a quarter. Come, I say.
We axed three hundred millions t'other day.
And, if we had got half of that air sum,
Of Arbitration somethin' would have come.

JOHN BULL! What's that amount to that old Hoss?
Ourselves won't feel the gain, nor he the loss.
Our claims cut down as close as madmen's hair,
I guess we shan't make much by that affair.

Bound if we have to be by our own rules,
We shall have made ourselves tarnation fools
When we air called on to, in arter years,
Keep filibusters back, and privateers.

But then we may repudiate the cnse;
Not do what we'd have done, but the revuss.
Meanwhile together in a Lovin' Cup,
COLUMBIAN and BRITANNIA liquors up.

Two Sides of the Shield.

UNDER the above title MR. HAMILTON N. HOARE, in a letter to the *Times* of Sept. 18th, enters into a controversy about the first ascent of Mount Colon. MR. HOARE claims the honour of the first ascent for himself and another gentleman. As far as we can see, some one in going up Mount Colon came to a full stop; so, for the future, we shall name it Hoare's Bank, so that whenever the artistic traveller comes to a check, he can sit down and draw upon it.

BRIDGE'S TRIGGERNOMETRY.

(Latest Edition.)

"To go about armed with pistols, for the purpose, or pretended purpose, of fighting a duel, renders offenders rogues and vagabonds." So, and most properly, said MR. BRIDGE, Hammersmith Beak; and by way of giving a lively colour to his remark, he sent a couple of Frenchmen, MM. MOISE and VINK, who had been quarrelling about their "honour," to prison for fourteen days with hard labour. Parisian journals, please copy, if the Editors understand sufficient English to translate. How JULES, ALPHONSE, and VICTOR will scowl and sputter at the news, over their halfpenny cigars and dominoes, in their *café*! English duelling was really killed on the day the barber winged the linendraper's apprentice—we, of course, forget the names. The "hard labour" will be the fatal warning for our foreign visitors. Still, it is better to pick hemp than to have hemp picked for you by *le SIEUR CALCRAFT*, "MONSIEUR DE LONDON."

Traveller by Coach.

THERE is a certain Act, the which right through
Be driven a coach-and-six, thank goodness, can.
What is that permeable Act, and who
To permeate it, think you, is the man?

That Act's the Licensing Act. O, what fun!
A great success, if riots framed to stir.
The man is you, or I, or anyone;
To wit, a *bonâ fide* traveller.

PRIZE RIDDLE.

WHY would a Novel written by CHARLES READE and any other fellow be like pitch?
Because it would be *Bi-tu-men*.



THE LOVING CUP.

"IN THIS WE BURY ALL UNKINDNESS!"—*Shakspeare.*



SCANDALOUS OLD SOLDIERS.



WHEN a Waterloo Veteran is a gentleman, in the enjoyment of a handsome pension, in addition, perhaps, to a private fortune, he is an ornament to the land which has given him birth, and given him not only that, but also a reward for his services. But a Waterloo Veteran, who fought at the battle of that name as a common soldier, and still exists in the condition of a labourer forced to earn a scanty living, at an advanced age, is a Disgrace to his Country. Only, that he is so is his country's fault.

The *Times* of Wednesday last week contained two letters from two several clergymen, each proclaiming the existence of a Disgrace to his Country in the person of an aged Waterloo Veteran.

DISGRACE No. 1.—SAMUEL SPORTIN, Waterloo Veteran, aged seventy-nine. Resides in the parish of Terrington, Lynn, Norfolk. Has a daughter who has

been bed-ridden for the last fifteen years on a parish allowance of 2s. 6d. a week. Can earn but small wages, and is in daily expectation of getting past work. Is, on the testimony of the Rev. C. KNIFE, Vicar of Terrington, thoroughly respectable and industrious, and a most necessitous and worthy object of charity.

DISGRACE No. 2.—JAMES HOLMES. Served at Waterloo in a regiment of Horse Artillery. Dismissed at the reduction of the Army in 1816, too early for him to be entitled to a pension. Is now in his eighty-first year, and, from failing health, unable to earn any more than a few pence at a time. Has no relations to assist him, so that, in the words of the Rev. HENRY PARR, Vicar of Yoxford, Suffolk, "the much-dreaded workhouse threatens to be his home."

It is highly probable that public subscriptions will very soon practically redeem these two Waterloo Veterans from the beggarly position of being Disgraces to their Country. But whilst such meritorious old Cocks remain unprovided for, they will always constitute Disgraces to their Country's Government.

A Triumph of Spiritualism.

THE London Correspondent of a respectable country paper states that "it is rumoured that Mr. AYRTON has turned Spiritualist." We are not only in a position to confirm this report, but further to add that the Chief Commissioner of Works has, as the American Spiritualists express themselves, "developed right away" into a Medium. From a source which is perfectly, as they also say, "reliable," we have moreover ascertained that the Right Honourable Gentleman has, whilst under spiritual influence, laid out a market-garden, carved a statnette, painted a picture, made a copy of verses, and dictated (in the trance-state) a courteous official letter.

FEELING REMARK.

"HAPPY is the country that has no history," as the Schoolboy said on being flogged for the third time for not knowing who was HENRY THE SIXTH's wife.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

IN the interval which has elapsed since last we invited our readers to wander hand in hand with us adown the flowery slopes of Literature, Science, and Art, which, for convenience, will in future be cited as L., S., and A., if the abbreviation does not too much savour of Railways, Literature has been resting on its oars, and Art reposing on its laurels. Science alone has been making great strides, wending to "fresh woods and pastures new" (MILTON, *Lycidas*, line 193) at Brighton, and Social Science wandering as far as Plymouth and Devonport.

The time, however, has now arrived when shortening days and falling leaves and failing purses will bring the slaves of the pen and the votaries of the paintbrush back, by the ordinary modes of conveyance, to their haunts and homes; when the studio will teem with bright creations of the fertile brain and nimble hand, "Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks In Vallombrosa" (MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, book i., line 302); and the air be full of rumours of new poems, new pictures, and fresh substitutes for butchers' meat.

A few words as to our own preparations for the hour when L., S., and A. will again wake up to life. We have made arrangements with newspaper correspondents who rank "in the foremost files of time" (TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall*, near the end), with the office-bearers of all the learned Societies and Academies whose transactions are to be found on the shelves of the Library of the British Museum, with savans in every corner of the globe, "from China to Peru" (JOHNSON, *Vanity of Human Wishes*, line 2), "or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po" (GOLDSMITH, *Traveller*, line 2), wherever, in fact, L., S., and A. are not unknown to fame; with the leading publishers, the most eminent painters, the greatest chemists and druggists, to supply us, in the first instance by telegram and then with fuller details by post, with all that is new and interesting in their respective walks of art and branches of knowledge. Thus, our readers will be the first to hear from the ardent astronomer, when on the watch "in some high lonely tower" (MILTON, *Il Penseroso*, line 86), "a new planet swims into his ken" (KEATS, *Sonnet ix.*); the first to share the ecstasy of the rapt poet enriching his native dictionary with "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn" (GRAY, *Progress of Poesy*, line 110); the first to participate in the happiness of the painter when with his "mind's eye" (*Hamlet*,

Act i., Sc. 2), he catches the earliest glimpse of the glorious inspiration which is hereafter to augment his fame and increase the annual revenues of the Royal Academy; and the first to applaud the patient investigation of the philosopher, when he discovers another lustrous metal, another iridescent dye, or teaches persons with small incomes and large families how to economise fuel in open grates.

As an earnest and foretaste of what we mean to do, weather permitting, we had hoped to have been able to give some authentic and final information respecting the Sea Serpent, his dimensions, diet, amusements, &c., but he has again eluded our grasp; and as the season is now drawing to a close when he finds it most convenient to appear in American, Irish, and Scottish waters, another year will probably be ushered in with the usual bell-ringing before the Zoological Gardens are able to advertise the great Ophidian as amongst their more recent additions. Meanwhile, it might be desirable that funds should be collected and an expedition organised and equipped to proceed in search of this and other creatures—the mermaid, phoenix, unicorn, griffin, &c.,—of whose existence the naturalist and the man of science still entertain some doubt. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER could hardly refuse to aid so important an object with a grant out of any surplus he may happen to have, after providing for the payment of three millions in gold at Washington by September next.

Speaking of the Zoological Gardens, visitors proceeding to that popular and pleasing resort, and lingering by the way to admire the sylvan scenery of the Regent's Park, should not fail on their next visit, or at the very latest their next but one, to make themselves acquainted with the most recent additions to the mammals, marsupials, raptatores, rodents, and quadrumana.

The taste for Aquariums is rapidly spreading. No large town can possibly remain long without one, if it means to be in the van at the next Census. We have the pleasure of announcing that the Corporation of London have expressed their readiness to present a live and lively turtle to any Aquarium Company which will give a written guarantee that it shall never be diverted to the pleasures of the table. The animals will be sent down, free of all expense, in charge of the Sword and Mace Bearers, and for the first year they will be visited every quarter by an Alderman who has not passed the chair, to see that they are comfortable and have everything they require.

MR. MOUNTAINE MUSS is understood to be busily engaged writing his autobiography. It will include some very interesting details of



MASKS AND FACES.

OUR TALL YOUNG MAN HAS BEEN BOWING TO LADIES ALL THE FORENOON; BUT WHO THE DICKENS ANY OF THEM ARE, HE HASN'T THE FAINTEST IDEA.

his ancestors, and the part they played in the invasion of Britain, the Crusades, the Wars of the Roses, the Great Rebellion, and the "O. P." Riots; many exciting reminiscences of his childish sports and pursuits; and a fac-simile, now for the first time given to the public, of his earliest literary effort, a Valentine, composed by MR. MUSS in his eighth year, which has long been one of the most highly-prized treasures amongst the family muniments at Mousehurst.

Literary Circles are on the tiptoe of expectation respecting a forthcoming volume of Essays by an unknown author. By those who have been privileged to see the proof-sheets, they are pronounced to possess the *sagesse* of BACON, the *savoir faire* of MONTAIGNE, the *tendresse* of COWLEY, the *esprit* of ADDISON, the *naïveté* of SHENSTONE, the *chic* of LAMB, the *gaieté* of LEIGH HUNT, the *élan* of EMERSON, and the *verve* of SIR ARTHUR HELPS.

The publishing season will now soon be inaugurated with the usual dinners. On all sides the poets are tuning their lyres, the historians are whitewashing their favourites and blackening their *bêtes noires*, the travellers are heightening their adventures, the novelists are winding up their plots and disposing of their troublesome characters, the philosophers are busy in their museums and laboratories, and the professors of the culinary art are testing and tasting the dishes which will appear in the new editions of their cookery books. We shall have something very particular to say shortly about the Christmas publications which in their literary attractions, their illustrations, their binding, their paper, and their unusually handsome gilt edges, are likely to surpass everything which has hitherto been produced.

A new Monthly Magazine will brighten the gloom of November. The opening number will contain the commencements of four novels by as many of our most thrilling novelists; but what will specially distinguish this periodical from all others is, that it will invariably appear with the same number of articles—thirty-nine.

Some new benches of tasteful appearance, and with comfortable sloping backs, have been placed in Hyde Park. As these seats enable visitors to view the Memorial with greater ease, a reference to them cannot be considered out of place in a column devoted to L., S., and A.

THREE MILLION AND A HALF OF SOLDIERS.

ACCORDING to the *Berlin Post*, the three Emperors who have recently met for some purpose—possibly for a game of three-handed cribbage—have under their control, in round numbers, three millions and a half of soldiers.

When the angust Trio pondered over the reports by the Special Correspondents of our mimic warfare in Wilts and Dorset, they ought to have borne in mind the fact, that all the world who could get away, rushed down to Salisbury to see thirty thousand men under arms, that being a greater number of soldiers than had ever been seen within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The rarity of the sight is occasioned by there being no necessity for a standing army in England. A foreign invader would find, instead of imaginary foes, such as the paper armies who harassed the little band in the west, the British fleet round our surf-beaten island, and—with the exception of a few ruffians from foreign countries, who are abusing our hospitality by marching about with red caps on a Sunday, and the blockheads who are led by them—a whole nation in arms.

Good Fellowship.

THE Huntingdon Agricultural Society have been holding their annual exhibition. At the dinner which followed the Show, MR. FELLOWS in the chair, LORD KESTEVEN proposed "The Ladies," for which MRS. FELLOWS responded, and was—the Hunts. men fully appreciating the favour so graciously done to them—"received with much cheering." The report does not of course pretend to tell us all that passed, but we conclude the company did not separate without joining in a stave of a good old-fashioned chorus, with the burden, for this special occasion only, "For she's a jolly good FELLOWES"—an assertion which we venture to affirm "Nobody will deny."

SCIENCE IN SEASON.

THE weather, this year, was very suitable to the proceedings both of the National Association for the Promotion of Science, and the Social Science Congress. It was remarkably dry.



AN IRISH DIFFICULTY.

Secretary of Mendicity Society. "WHAT'S YOUR NAME, MY GOOD WOMAN?"
(Answer unintelligible.)

Secretary of Mendicity Society. "PERHAPS YOU'LL SPELL IT FOR ME?"

Applicant. "SHURE, AND HOW COULD I SPELL ME NAME WHEN I'VE LOST ALL ME FRONT TEETH, YOUR HONOUR?"

CRIMINAL MAGNETISM.

"Gus did it." Did what? Shot, from jealousy, first his sweetheart, and then himself, dangerously if not mortally wounding both. The reporter who chronicles this attempt at murder and suicide, in a paragraph of several lines (at a penny a-piece?), calls it "another tragic occurrence"—an actual murder having been lately committed in the same neighbourhood. He mentions that, after Gus and his victim had been removed in a cab to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, still "thousands of persons surrounded the house" that had been the scene of the occurrence which he calls tragic. Fancy, Gus; a *Tragedy in One Act*. You can, perhaps; and you can fancy spectators of its performance; of such quality as the audience of the tragedy in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. But can you, Reader of *Punch*, fancy yourself one of the "thousands of persons" above-mentioned who "surrounded the house"? Can you enter into their feelings, and think, for a moment, their thoughts? No; the mysteries of the Popular Heart are too profound for even you. The house which thousands of your Kind surrounded, when the tragic occurrence which had taken place inside it was over, stands in Hoxton. Hoxton must send a very large contingent to Earlswood.

Notice to a Non-Contributor.

MR. PUNCH, in respectful imitation of his daily contemporaries, has dispatched a Special Correspondent to Harrogate. The young man (old, however, in objectionable courses) has not only sent up no description of the place, but excuses himself by saying that he cannot bear to approach his inkstand, as the ink smells exactly like the Chalybeate he is ordered to take. This excuse shall serve him this week, but our Solicitor shall serve him the next, unless repentance be manifested in manuscript.

ON SWALLOWING NATIVES.

THE *Madras Times* complains that any sort of native of India can make his way, here, into society which he would not dare to approach with his shoes on, in his native country. We are like mackerel, we are caught by any bit of coloured rag and tinsel. Our Madras contemporary suggests that all natives going to England should be obliged to register themselves, so that their status might be comprehended here. At present, Indian shopkeepers, it is alleged, are received, in blind faith, by gushing Duchesses and cosmopolitan Countesses. But, after all, what harm is done? A lady adds the coloured person to her party just as she adds any other novelty that can amuse her guests and incense her rivals, and if RAM SING JUGGERNAUT PUTTALLEE NAUTCH comes in his pretty dress, and makes a feature in the group, he has earned his supper, and the party has seen a real live "heathen." The facts that the poor Indian may have an untutored mind, and have drowned his aged grandmother in the Ganges, do not seem to the purpose. It is more so, if he verifies the eternal telegram from India, "shirtings unchanged," but this point is not raised. Please, *Madras Times*, do not help to make our parties stupider; you would not if you knew how dull they are, with Indians, dowagers, and all.

A Cry for a Crosier.

WANTED: A BISHOP.—A number of Clergymen of High Church principles contemplate, in a certain eventuality, Secession from the Establishment. In order, of themselves, to constitute a True Church, and subsist as such, they require an Episcopate. If any validly ordained Bishop in Christendom will undertake to supply their want of a Spiritual Head in his own person, they will make it worth his while, so long as he governs them in accordance with their own ideas. A retired Colonial would find this a good opportunity. No objection to a member of the Abyssinian Episcopacy. For further particulars wait; or apply to the REV. E. B. P., or ARCHDEACON D., 85, Fleet Street.

Babylandom:

PROTESTANT controvertists are accustomed to apply the name of an ancient Asiatic capital to Papal Rome. But it is London which, under the restraint of such nursery legislation as the Anti-Sunday Excursionist Licensing Act, deserves to be called Baby-lon.

THE SABBATARIAN BORE.

THE thanks of all people accustomed to take walks, or go on excursions, and require refreshments on their way, on Sundays, will be voted to MESSRS. NICHOLSON and LERMITTE, Magistrates of Highgate Police Court, for dismissing a summons taken out by the Commissioners of Police against the respectable landlady of the Flask public-house, MRS. REBECCA DICKENSON, and a number of decent persons, charging the former with serving, and the latter with being served with, "intoxicating liquors" at twelve o'clock noon, of a Sunday. The landlady said that her customers, the other defendants, had declared themselves *bonâ fide* travellers, and they, for their part, said they were. The Bench believed they had a discretion in cases such as the one before them; and accordingly they exercised a wise discretion in a question created by unwise legislators. Yet the plight of the Public remains this; that the Public cannot use their public-house, even on the true plea of being *bonâ fide* travellers, without exposing themselves to the danger of being pulled up by officious and perhaps bribed Policemen, before a Justice, possibly a Justice Midas, and a Sabbatarian hypocrite or bigot; when the Bench would, because it could, use no discretion at all, and, for obtaining needful refreshments at their own time, would punish them with a penalty of forty shillings! How long, is this nuisance to be endured?

A Novelty to Talk About.

"The new piece, *Babil and Bijou*, is certainly in one respect a most decided novelty, for it comprises altogether above forty speaking characters."

"FORTY speaking characters!" muttered MR. FUNNIBOY, laying down his newspaper. "Well, no wonder that the play is called *Bab's an' Bijou*."



SEASONABLE.

Wife (returning from Shopping). "HULLO, GEORGE! WHAT'S THIS? HAVE YOU BEEN ORDERING COALS?"

Husband (greatly elated). "NO, MY DEAR; BUT A NOTE FROM BLOGGIN'S—ACTUALLY—MOST KIND—HAD NO LUCK ON THE MOORS. SO, AS HE CAN'T SEND US ANY BIRDS, BEGS OUR ACCEPTANCE OF HALF A TON OF COALS!"

Wife. "HOW NICE! NOW WE CAN HAVE THAT LITTLE DINNER-PARTY!"

HORSE-STEALERS AND HEDGE-PEEPERS.

"WE are a great people entirely." Let England make that Irish boast. The Ballot is enacted, and we are all bound to carry out the law. At an important Parliamentary election, that for Preston, the clever Conservatives devised a plan which utterly destroyed the secrecy of the vote. Nothing has been done to anybody, and the Conservatives are rather complimented, even by the Liberals, on the neatness and boldness of the dodge. At a two-penny Local Board election for East Bacon, or West Ham, or some such place, there was a tampering with voting papers, and a medical gentleman of large practice has been sent to gaol for fourteen days. There is an old saying about its being as well to be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb, but this is stuff. Steal the lamb, and you will be punished heavily; steal a flock of sheep, and you will be applauded mightily. Our "Revised Code" of morality is one of the triumphs of an enlightened age.

From a Competitive Exam.

Q. Give what you know about Papyrus?

A. He was a King of Egypt, who established a paper currency instead of the sheeps' heads which had up till that time been passing for money. This was issued by the Nile Bank, and on the reverse side were the words *Ex Nilo*.

IMMINENT EARTHQUAKE.

His Holiness the POPE persists in calling Italy, united under VICTOR EMMANUEL, the Subalpine Kingdom. Those who coincide in their persuasions with the Holy Father, and believe in Papal excommunication, have cause to wonder that it has not, long since, become the Subterranean Kingdom.

PATTERN STATES.

"HIGH PRICE OF PROVISIONS.—We have just learned that the Governments of Belgium and Germany have, in consequence of the increased price of provisions—which is fully felt upon the Continent—increased the salaries of their *employés*. We understand that salaries of less than £300 have had 15 per cent. added to them, while incomes of above that amount have been increased by 10 per cent."—*Civilian*.

Sept. 18, 2½ P.M. (somewhere in Scotland).

(By Telegram.)

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was so affected by this paragraph, when he read it to-day in the *Times*, that he immediately made a memorandum in his pocket-book, to propose, at the first Cabinet Council after the holidays, an addition of 10 or 15 per cent. to the salaries of all persons in the employment of the Government of this country, to be made known to them in a complimentary letter on the morning of the twenty-fifth of December next.

Epithalamium.

PÈRE HYACINTHE abjures monastic vows;
The childless Father has become a Spouse.
Blest with his Consort in their nuptial bower,
Behold the Hyacinth a double flower.

A HINT.

PRINCE ARTHUR has opened a new Park at Leeds. It is called "Roundhay" Park. We beg our Leeds friends not to corrupt the word into "Rowdy," lest mistakes might occur; as we have, thanks to patriotism, a Rowdy Park in the Metropolis, W. District.



WAGES AND WIVES.

Philanthropic Farmer. "WELL, TOMKINS, AFTER THIS WEEK, INSTEAD OF PAYING YOU PARTLY IN CIDER, I SHALL GIVE YOU TWO SHILLINGS EXTRA WAGES."

Tomkins. "NO, THANKY, MASTER; THAT WON'T DO FOR ME!"

Farmer. "WHY, MAN, YOU'LL BE THE GAINER; FOR THE CIDER YOU HAD WASN'T WORTH TWO SHILLINGS!"

Tomkins. "AH, BUT YOU SEE I DRINKS THE CIDER MYSELF; BUT THE OW'D 'OOMAN 'LL 'EV THE TWO SHILLUN'!"

THE TOURISTS' REMEMBRANCER.

(For this Year only.)

The Tour continued.—Don't omit the Isles of Greece. As the proverb says, "Greece is Greece, be it never so Greasy;" and you can't possibly meet with a more slippery lot than those inhabiting the Isles of Greece. The names of the Isles are Lamp Ile, Pollux Ile, Caster Ile, Paraffin Ile, and Colzas Ile. You can lay out a pot of money in pictures, as the insular artists all paint in Isles. Greece, mind, is not much of a place for sport, so don't be disappointed if, at the very hottest season of the year, Greece isn't Melton. Notice the curious customs of the people, especially when Greek meets Greek. As the poet has justly said,

When Greek meets Greek,
They bow and speak.

Of course you'll call on the Greek statue, if only as a mere form. Notice, too, the Albanian costume. This was what used to be worn by everyone who lived in the Albany; a custom and a costume that have, we regret to say, been utterly dropped.

You will notice a strong family resemblance between Albanians, Fair Circassians, and unfair Greeks; but don't confuse them, or the affairs of Greece will get into another muddle; and if they're in a difficulty while you're on the spot, they might insist upon your becoming king. No doubt you'd be a very becoming king, only you'd get nothing for it, except to be shot, like rubbish, whenever they should be tired of you.

Now we've no more time to loiter here, as the Vacation is gradually drawing to a close, and we haven't yet visited

SERVE THEM RIGHT.

In a leader on the Strikes impending or threatened, and especially on the Bakers' Strike, the *Post* makes some remarks appropriate to the breakfast-tables on which it lies in proximity to muffins and hot rolls:—

"The sympathies of the Public were entirely with the men in respect of the inordinate amount of labour which they were required to perform. But in jumping from the extreme of quiescence under acknowledged hardship to that of uncompromising dictation, they have forfeited those sympathies, and should the people of London be put to serious inconvenience by the strike, they will not forget to whom they owe that inconvenience, and they will witness the sufferings of the men on strike with indifference."

No; not with indifference. Now that Combination Laws no longer exist to punish even the most unreasonable of strikes, the sufferings of the men on strike are the only protection against Trades Unions the Public have. If the Journeymen Bakers, without just cause, deliberately determine to deprive the public of bread, it is with quite another feeling than indifference that the Public will see them, through their own act, served with their own sauce; namely, nothing to eat with nothing. Complacency is rather the feeling with which we see those who have annoyed us rightly served.

Sweet Innocent!

THERE WAS a Young Lady of Tenby,
Who wrote to her *confidante*, "N.B.
I don't want to wed,
No such thought's in my head;
But—where can the eyes of the men be?"

Ultramontane Protestants.

By intelligence from a Continental Capital where the Government has asserted its supremacy over Ecclesiastics, we are informed that:—

"A numerously attended meeting of Ultramontane Catholics has been held here, who protest against the decisions of the authorities in the name of religious liberty."

The same name is invoked by the same party amongst ourselves whenever their leaders encounter any opposition in their attempts to override the law. The Dangerous Classes, perhaps, will next protest against flogging garotters, in the name of humanity.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—Enforce the Licensing Act, and read the Riot Act.

Algeria.—To the Tourist-joker, merely to come here for twenty-four hours, will be worth his while, if he can find anyone to whom he can say, and who will enjoy his saying it, that "he only went for one Day to Algiers." He must take care on whom he lets off this witticism, as, on account of its antiquity, it is a dangerous jest, and even the Algerine Pirates won't take it. The man who last made it, hadn't uttered it two seconds, before he was forced to run for his life. Had he been killed, England could not, in conscience, have looked for redress at the hands of a justly irritated Government.

If you go any farther East, Go to Jericho; but at this point you had better do what the beer does in very hot weather, viz., turn. Having turned, do the Simplon.

The Simplon.—You will commence with Martigny, then go on to Tourtemagne and Visp. Stop at the latter place in order to see, at the Hotel, the celebrated Ostler, who used to attend to all the horses of the Old Diligences, endeared to everyone as VILLIAM or VILL OF THE VISP. Visp is a mysterious place. The inhabitants, the Vispers, are all people of a very low tone. The Visper Bell calls the people to their evening devotions, and warns the traveller that it is time for him either to be going to bed or continuing his journey; and at

Brieg he will commence the ascent of the Simplon. The first object of interest is the Hospice, i. e., a monastery, which, if not actually founded by a Cardinal, is at all events built on an eminence. If you get tired of your hat and coat during the journey, you can always hang them up somewhere in the passage of the Simplon.

This will do for the present. In two weeks' time at the most you'll have to come back again. Packets of letters including circulars and bills are waiting for you in Chambers.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.



COMFORTABLY housed in Hotel.

"No Bonfers here," says my Aunt, who has not yet entirely recovered her serenity. "I thought they were in those lodgings when I first looked at the lobster in the bed."

Happy Thought.—Remember the game of words played with ivory letters. "Bolster" and "Lobster" composed of the same letters. New phase of Dixon's Johnsonary.

Happy Thought.—What is the difference between a bolster and a lobster?—One you can sleep on, the other you can't. Put this down as a brusque saying of ABERNETHY'S.

Happy Thought.—The beauty of going to a well-ordered hotel like MADAME DREMEL'S Grande Monarque, is, that everybody appears to have expected

you for the last month, and to have got everything ready for you whatever it was. Within an hour, we are installed, with a reasonable "arrangement," and with ten times the comfort of Lodgings.

My Aunt wishes me to show her all the town before I leave. [*Mem.* By the way, mustn't forget that my object, while here, is to see a German Farm.] Having told my Aunt that I remember my way about the place perfectly, and the names of all the principal streets and churches, I rehearse by myself, and find that somehow most of it appears new to me. Odd.

Happy Thought.—Buy a Guide Book, in French, for practice. (On analysis of motives for this proceeding, I fancy I detect obstinacy and false pride. Being in Germany, why study French? why insist on speaking French? When in France, though, one can come out with a few words of German, and apologise for badness of French accent. By the way, dangerous just now to speak French in Germany, or German in France. Might be arrested.)

Happy Thought.—When one wants to be understood in a foreign land speak English. When in the presence of natives adopt the language of the country for secrets.

My Aunt at once picks out a page in the Guide Book, prefacing her showing it to me with the remark, "How odd that I should just have fit my punger on this particular place. Look!" I take the book and read as follows: "*La Ville d'Aix-la-Chapelle est une des plus animées de la province rhénane.*" "That," she observes, "must mean Bonfers, for I don't see much animation about." I continue: "*La plupart des rues sont larges et bien bâties.*"

"Ah!" she interrupts, "they daren't say anything about what they are pleased to call the pavement. Why I'm sootfoore already, and a boot of pairs won't last three days, I'm certain. Go on."

I proceed: "*Les Entomologues sont étonnés de l'immense variété d'insectes.*"

"Ah! I should think so, indeed," says my Aunt, with a sniff of indignation, "That ontologogue evidently had a lodging, and was étonné'd by Bonfers. Yes, that's all I wanted you to notice, except that they call one of their favourite places near here the Lousberg. Ugh! Disgusting! But then," she adds, with an air of resignation, "I suppose the suppur has something to do with it, and as I've come for rheumatism I must take what I can get, and be rid of it as pock as quissible."

The objection to the *Guide des Étrangers* which I have purchased, is, apart from its being of very little use at the present day, having been written more than fourteen years ago, that it is the work of one DR. JOSEPH MÜLLER, evidently the German for JOE MILLER.

Happy Thought.—JOE MILLER'S Guide Books. All information wrong.

Arrival of Letters.—News of little Uncles JACK and GIL. Very happy, and don't miss us. One from ENGLEMORE. He writes, in his usual telegraphic and abbreviated style—quite the Incomplete Letter Writer:—

"This'll find you at P. O. Reste. Can't come self, wish could, but under cires not poss. No £ s. d. Mr. Furniture collars the lot. Don't forget Major Sideboard. If you see him I'm on. R. M. D. and cheque. I Shropshired t'other day. Saw Colonel

Farm. Do for you if terms suit. 100 per an. premium 5. Mr. Fish on premises; Major Fox six miles off. Wire if yes. Town dull. B. Duke'd and chopped yesterday. Five minutes with you when back. Mr. German dinners all right? Seedy to-day; ate too many figgigs for sup. last night. Must dry up now.

"Your little

"ENGLEMORE."

I gather from this, on reading it carefully over two or three times, that ENGLEMORE'S still furnishing his house, that he's been to Shropshire to see a farm for me, that circumstances (cires.) prevent his joining us here, that somebody whose initial is B took a chop with ENGLEMORE at his rooms in Duke Street, and that, finally, he is not particularly well, in consequence of having partaken too freely of certain fancy dishes. Also that if I purchase a sideboard here for him he will send me Ready Money Down (R. M. D.). Must write and ask further particulars about Colonel Farm.

Another letter, forwarded under cover. Directed to me with name misspelled. Hate my name misspelled. No Tradesman ought to be paid who misspells one's name. Direction looking as if it had been written with a thin skewer dipped in thick ink, under the guidance of a person with a wandering eye. From external evidences, a bill. Like the name of SMITH, I've heard of such things before. Shall I open it, or not? Very foolish of the servant (in charge of the house and the Uncles) to send such a thing as this on to me.

If I don't open it, I can always say "I haven't seen it," and (in reply to stern application) "it must have come while I was abroad."

Happy Thought.—"Under cires," remain abroad.

Decide upon opening it.

"Sir,—Will you Oblidge me on Wensday morning nex with A check for Bill delcd. £15 3s. 6d. I will Call on you and Oblidge yr. Rplyly

"THOMAS CASKER."

Happy Thought.—I am several hundred miles away from CASKER'S neighbourhood. How surprised he has been by this time when he called and "obliged"! Dare say he didn't believe the servant who told him I wasn't at home. Can fancy what CASKER'S face would be (I don't know CASKER by sight) when, in answer to his further inquiry as to when I should be at home, the servant told him, "Don't know, p'raps not for Months."

Poor CASKER. He'd be quite sorry he called and was obliged—to do without his "check for Bill delcd."

The use of the French Guide has evidently struck my Aunt as a valuable hint. "I shall," she says, "read nothing but French while I am here. I must take up French History from the time of FORTY THE LOUEENTH. I wish you'd ask them if they take in the *Beldépendance Inge*, and I'll have it every morning."

MILBURD seizes this opportunity to address the waiter thus: "*Kellner, quand vous pouvez come across the Indépendance Belge, voulez-vous bringen sie it here bitter?*"

The Kellner replies, very distinctly, "Yea, Sir," and exit. Subsequently he returns with the journal in question.

MILBURD having retired to consider whether he shall take his sulphur bath, or not—this hesitation being apparently part of his own treatment of himself—I am writing letters, and my Aunt is becoming deeply interested in her French study. "Good gracious!" she exclaims, presently, "Well, I thought he'd have been a man of more sense."

"Whom do you mean?"

In a tone implying that she is annoyed at my being inattentive to what she has not been saying, she replies, "The WIMPEROR ELIAM." Then she continues, "Would anyone imagine that he could be a spiritualist!"

What makes her think so? I ask.

"Why," she says, emphatically, "it's in the paper among the *Nouvelles d'Allemagne.*"

She hands me the *Indépendance*, and I read, "*Il y aura une grande soirée. On croit que L'Empereur y fera une apparition.*"

"There!" she exclaims, triumphantly, "'Apparition!' There's going to be a *soirée*, which, I suppose, is the same as a *séance*, where they sit round the table, and then the Apparor is to make an Empersation appear."

I point out, delicately, her mistake.

"Well," she says, dubiously, "you may be right." In a few days she will pretend that the mistake was mine. On some points my Aunt is a little trying. I resume my correspondence. Presently she interrupts me with, "At all events I am right here. And," she adds, with a complacent air, "I'm very glad to hear of their having any religion at all."

"Who? The Germans?" I inquire.

"No," she replies—"at least I mean the Germans on the stage, the performers who dance—dear me!"—(she is at a loss for a word, but finds it unexpectedly)—"I mean girly bala, of course."

How have the German ballet-girls been distinguishing themselves, I want to know. That is, I don't want to know, as I really would prefer being allowed to continue my letter-writing in peace; but as

the information is inevitable some time or another, I may as well take it now, and have done with it.

She indicates this paragraph: "*Les Coryphées du parti Catholique se sont réunis,*" &c.

I confess that I do not see anything about the religion of the ballet-girls in this sentence.

"My dear," says my Aunt, in a tone expressive of pity for my ignorance, "Aren't the ballet-girls *always* called *Coryphées*? I'm sure it was so at the Opera-House when I went regularly, and heard BALACHE, JENNY LINI, and TAMBOURIND. I do know something sometimes of what I'm talking about."

Happy Thought.—Drop subject till calmer times ensue.

COAL ON LYTTTELTON.



HIS we read in our excellent contemporary, the *Yorkshire Post*:—

"**LORD LYTTTELTON**, speaking at a harvest festivity at Hagley, compared the conduct of the workmen of the Black Country very unfavourably with that of the agricultural labourers. The former squandered all their means."

We are almost afraid to speak of a Black Countryman, for the moment that, on the strongest evidence, he is hinted to be a little lower than an angel, *Mr. Punch* is assailed with the most furious abuse by the Black Countryman's admirers. But if we may remove the venne, and talk of a Northern pitman

(to whom **LORD LYTTTELTON**'s words will equally apply), we ask how is it possible for this noble-minded and frugal artisan to save his means? He has only a house found him, rent-free, all the coals he requires, medical attendance and medicine when he or any member of his family is ill, and, at the lowest, seven shillings a day. For this miserable wage, and for these trumpety advantages, the artisan of the pit is expected to do, actually, six hours' work daily. How, thus crushed and starved, can he save anything? If a malignant aristocrat suggests that many an educated gentleman manages on far less, working, moreover, twice as hard, bringing up a family in the right way, and even paying for life assurance, *Mr. Punch* scorns to argue with a bloated Dives, who would compare a white-handed swell with Nature's nobleman, the hardy son of toil, and the real strength and glory of the nation. Heave a coal at the head of the insolent cynic.

LICENSING ACT MITIGATION.

THE Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police has power to mitigate the vexatious tyranny of the "*Intoxicating Liquors Act.*" Accordingly **COLONEL HENDERSON** has licensed several of the taverns situated near theatres and other places of amusement, to remain open on working-days until one A.M. The *Times* expects that this concession will, as regards all public-houses so situated in the British Capital, become general. At Oxford the Mayor and Magistrates have resolved to extend the hours of closing on week days to 11:30 and to 10:30 on Sundays. They had good reasons for so doing besides those contained in petitions addressed to them by University students, licensed victuallers, and the general public. Petitions alone will perhaps suffice to bring all other Mayors and Magistrates to their senses.

"Would they were Here!"

WE never thought to respect the Spanish Carlists. But we read that "they threaten an attack on the Railways, and it will probably go very hard with the unlucky officials." We begin to think that there is some sense in Carlism, after all.

AN AUTUMN-MANŒUVRING CRICKET-MATCH.

Reported by a very Old Friend as taking place between the Eleven of Colwell Hatchney and the Sixty-four of any other place.

THE Last Match of the season (which came off on Monday, and was put on again by the Carpenter) was struck on its own box, a fortnight ago, come next Tuesday three weeks, in the lovely cellars of Colwell Hatchney College, and nothing except loss of life, which I suffer from occasionally in the fall of the ear, has prevented me from sending you the annual account which you asked for every half-holiday.

The Game was very wild, but we made four braces and one waistcoat.

Well, Sir, our password was—but this I must not tell you, or it will be used against you at your trial.

As the Poet says,—but no matter what *he* says, no one believes him,—not a sound was heard, not a funeral note, as we pitched the wickets at each other for half an hour! Lovely! The sun-dial went in for ten.

At the word "Over!" we drew our swords and were upon them!

The ground between the wickets had been carefully undermined overnight with tooth-powder (bless the PRINCE OF WALES and all the Royal family, not forgetting the Welsh Fusiliers and yours to command) and there would have been a glorious massacre. But alas! she is another's, and never, as at present advised, can she be mine. ADAM was the first man, and he scored sixty on a slate, but we got him out again with spades, pickaxes, and hydraulic pressure. It was a narrow escape, which we always keep by the river's side in case of any one's setting the Thames on fire. Luncheon was then handed round by Obsequious Troglodytes, and great praise is due to HAROLD HARPAGE for the Peppermint drops which were served out in rations all round. Then our hearts were in the Highlands as we cheered Old Reekie, who, however, wasn't there. He returned his thanks to their original owner, in a neat speech without any water. And yet they say he is cousin to the Grand Pumpkin of Pump Court! We had a blister on the ground to draw the stumps which began to ache dreadfully. The bats were flying all over the place. The Grand Llama, who was on the field, but hidden in cotton wool, on account of the geraniums, scored six thousand in one innings, while the other side were unsuspectingly having luncheon. Such were the tactics which have won us the respect of all Europe. Afterwards we retired gracefully for two miles backwards, and walking towards morning, we regained the College. All was calm and superfluous.

Ah, how dull is poetry of what is Ferrugineous and Conjunctive in nature! Tell me not, thou child of clay, who grovellest in recent tumbrels, how—but to my storey, which is on the third floor, all among the barley, and the celery beds.

On being appealed to by our Resident Visitor, DR. FORBES WINSLOW, the Refractory Rays disclaimed all knowledge of the malicious people with their heads under their arms, who had caused so much annoyance to the Metropolis by eating our fireworks. After this they were counted out. The Court-martial was held as usual over a gas-burner in the lobby. The verdict was that Lobby meant a little Lobster, and rhymes with Constantinople. There will be no more cricket, because the other day I unlocked an organ-pipe with the key of C, in order to look for a tune which I had very nearly caught on the piano, but lost on the organ. I'm having one fitted up inside my head. You shall have an invitation, my dear old friend, on the opening day. You shall play a solo on the drum of your own ear. No heeltaps. I hate you.

'Tis mine! mine!! I sleep on the rugged ship-boy when he's on the topmast; but I must insist upon his wearing spectacles in order to keep the wind out. Adool! adool! and cock-a-doodle-doo! my only Love, wherever you may be. My heart, my heart is only thine, Beneath the Zuyder Zee. Remember me to the Bootjack. I loved him once, and gave him lessons on the Shoe-horn. Poor boy! I was like a father to the Frying-pan; and a portrait of me still may be seen on application to the Wharfinger of Vinegar Yard, where the Conundrums are kept.

I met one of the younger pupils, the other day, going to lecture, and as he was behind time, I wound him up. Boo! Hal! hal! He hasn't been seen again. I'm the Gladiator bold, with my tra-la-la. . . . The Tyrants are hiding in my boots and watching me through black glasses. If I catch one, I'll put him into a microscope and make him sing small. So caution. I LOVE (hate) them. I am so FOND OF (detest) them. There! that's my secret cypher. Put it into the fire and eat a lemon, then you'll be able to read it. Now for the ladder of ropes and the roundabout. Off!—

I struggle with him for a second. He allows the light to remain as a Signal to her from my window that I am

Yours ever,

THE REAL SIR JELLYBOY JAMPOT.
(In the Cupboard.)



SEA-SIDE DRAMA.

Mrs. de Tomkyns (sotto voce, to Mr. de T.). "LUDOVIC, DEAR, THERE'S ALGERNON PLAYING WITH A STRANGE CHILD! DO PREVENT IT!" *Mr. de T. (ditto, to Mrs. de T.).* "HOW ON EARTH AM I TO PREVENT IT, MY LOVE!"

Mrs. de T. "TELL ITS PARENTS ALGERNON IS JUST RECOVERING FROM SCARLET FEVER, OR SOMETHING!"

Mr. de T. "BUT IT ISN'T TRUE!" *Mrs. de T.* "O, NEVER MIND! TELL THEM, ALL THE SAME!"

Mr. de T. (aloud). "AH! SIR, YOU'D BETTER NOT LET YOUR LITTLE GIRL PLAY WITH MY LITTLE BOY. HE'S ONLY JUST RECOVERING FROM—ER—SCARLET FEVER!"

Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins (together). "IT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR!—SO'S OUR LITTLE GAL!"

BAKERS, STRIKE HOME!

THE Working-Men, we used to hear,
Though mostly given to gin and beer,
And strangers to the R's all Three,
Our Masters ought, by right, to be.
For every Platform Charlatan
Sang "Glory to the Working-Man!"

The Working-Man might be a sot;
Ah, yes; but wean him from his pot,
Poor fellow, and enfranchise; then
Horn-handed, honest Working-Men
Will put all right by common-sense
Innate, infallible, immense.

"Stick to your lasts, ye cobblers!" cried
The bloated progeny of pride.
And now the men of horny hand
Obey, in substance, that command—
Stick to their trowels, plumbs, and saws,
And care but for Protective Laws.

Strikes follow strikes; the reason why,
High wages rendered prices high;
Then Working-Men for wages higher
Struck, and to still more pay aspire.
Such aspiration what will crown?
It is "Excelsior!" upside down.

The Working-Man—the Wright, or Smith
Of other days, becomes a myth.

A Working-Man that man you call,
Whereas he does not work at all.
The fittest name whereby you can
Denote him is "The Striking Man."

Now, Striking Men, of course you like
The notion of a Bakers' Strike;
Shoulder of mutton, onion sauce,
And baked potatoes, none, what loss?
No bread! What's that? On strike, friends,
roam;
And "Bakers," sing meanwhile, "Strike Home!"

The Golden Age.

GREAT news from across the Atlantic! The problem which has baffled so many heads through so many ages has at last been solved (in the autumn season) in America. A lucky and mysterious individual, in California, has discovered the long-sought art of transmuting the baser metals into gold, and asserts his ability to supply it by the ship-load. The news is not without its interest for us, for, with bullion to any amount within her reach, America cannot possibly think of taking the (comparatively) few sovereigns Mr. Lowe was going to send over, by a Treasury clerk, between now and next "Fall."

PLAGIARISM FROM PARADISE LOST.

MILLIONS of certain insects crawl the earth
Unseen, some when we wake, more when we sleep.

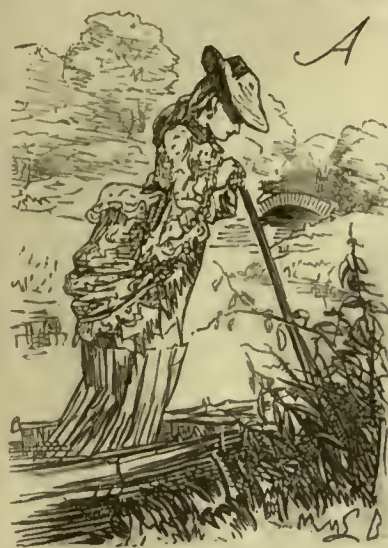


“STRIKE HOME!”

BAKER. “NO BAKING TO-DAY!”

WORKING-MAN. “WHAT! YOU ON STRIKE, TOO! NO SUNDAY BAKING, AND NO BREAD!—THEN, WHAT’S TO BECOME OF ME AND MY DINNER, I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW?”

AUTUMN MUSINGS.



A Nonymous writer has observed that Autumn is the season when the Book of Nature loses its leaves. As his head was running on books, it is strange that it did not occur to him to add that Autumn is also the period when the year publishes, in an unmistakable manner, its Decline and Fall.

Autumn robs us of many enjoyments—summer beverages, ices, tea in the garden, light apparel, moonlight strolls—but it is rich in compensations. The eye rests with pleasure on the brilliant and varied tints of the changing foliage in grove and forest, and the ear drinks in with delight the welcome sound of the returning muffin-bell in street and square. Members of the Legislature expatiate

to their constituents on the blessings of the Ballot and the Scotch Education Bill, and their speeches may be perused on an exhilarating October morning by anyone who can command a penny. The Theatres and the Gallery of Illustration re-open their doors; the winter fashions ornament the windows of mercers and modistes; the oyster exchanges his damp and dreary bed for the life and animation of great towns and cities; game, both feathered and furry, tempts the drooping and delicate appetite; "Bright chanticleer proclaims the dawn, Old Towler leads the cry;" whist and bézique pass the evening hours agreeably; the various learned and scientific Societies recommence their weekly meetings; and the butter resumes its natural consistency.

Michaelmas Day ought to be one of the happiest in the whole year. On it the "Liverymen of the Worshipful Company of Coachmakers and Coach-Harness Makers," and other famous guilds, whose hospitality shone through the darkness even of the Middle Ages, meet, on the summons of their beadles, to elect a Lord Mayor for the ensuing year; and geese ("ordained to bleed at Michael's shrine") constitute the principal dish at the dinner-tables of all classes both in London and the country, recalling vividly to the mind the critical moment when the fortunes of ancient Rome were retrieved by the voices of these opportune and succulent birds. But the feast of St. Michael is also one of those swiftly recurring periods which law and usage have set apart for the payment of rent; and so long as that irritating custom is kept up, the day cannot be one of unclouded enjoyment, except to landlords.

It is a tradition (see the publications issued under the direction of the MASTER OF THE ROLLS) that QUEEN ELIZABETH was eating her Michaelmas Goose when a telegram was put into her hands announcing the destruction of the Spanish Armada. It is an historical fact, which can be vouched for by many persons now living, that on the 29th ult. MISS LIZZIE DARLINGTON, a young lady of great personal attractions and force of character, was on the point of being helped to roast goose at the six o'clock family dinner in Clarendieu Street, when a note was placed in her hands which had that moment been brought by a private messenger. She at once gently but firmly declined the seasoning that invariably accompanies the bird of which she was then partaking. Her unaccountable behaviour was a puzzle to all her family and friends until tea-time the same evening, when MR. CHARLES EDWARD MARLETT, a rising young stockbroker, was announced in the drawing-room.

The season of Autumn is particularly favourable to poetic inspiration. The public will be glad to hear that MR. BYRON RYMER is busy putting the finishing touches to his epic poem, in twenty-four books, entitled *Charlemagne*; that MR. GLANFORD WROOBY never allows a day to pass without adding another to his *Sheaf of Sonnets* (those headed *Twilight on the Embankment* and *To a Glowworm* are said to be perfect bijoux); and that MISS EMMELINE AISLABIE ARMADYCE finds the falling leaves in Kensington Gardens congenial to the completion of her *Songs for the Sedentary*.

On a wet afternoon in Autumn, happiness would hardly be found in Leicester Square.

THE PROPER HOME RULE.—Full Measure.

THE PLEASURES OF A PLAY-GOER.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

As the note of preparation, to use a penny-a-linerism, is now sounding for the winter theatrical campaign, it may be worth while to inquire whether Managers have made good use of the recesses to add to the attractions of their places of amusement, and to lessen the discomforts, expenses, and annoyances which have hitherto attended a visit to the play. English people as a rule are comfortable creatures; and now that he dines late, it needs no small persuasion to prevail on MR. FAMILIMAN to leave his glass of claret and perhaps, too, his cigar, in order to escort his wife and daughters to some theatre or other, where the chances are, he reckons, that he won't be much amused. At any rate, if there are obstacles, he is apt to make the most of them, and to forge the most astounding excuses for not shunning even the least of any hindrances that may beset his path.

Now, as there is certainly a dearth of real talent on the stage, and as the taste for things dramatic is in consequence decreasing, one would fancy every Manager would do his very utmost to make his house attractive in its audience arrangements, and to ensure the ease and comfort of every one who entered it. But is this so, in truth? Are play-goers all secured against extortion and annoyance, and supplied with such soft seats and superfluity of leg-room as may possibly suffice to tempt them from their dinner-table, and even their cigar-box? Let us see what sometimes happens if a patron of the drama conceives the happy thought of taking a party to the play.

MR. TOMKINS, let us fancy, being charged with the offence of dining at his club, and of coming home at midnight smelling horribly of smoke, is sentenced by his wife to escort herself and daughters to see something at some theatre—as she rarely reads the newspapers, she can't say what, or which. MR. TOMKINS makes selection of that which he opines will be the pleasantest performance, and on his way to business goes a mile or more clean out of it to book himself four stalls, for which he pays some six or seven shillings each. He, besides, is sometimes asked to pay a shilling fee for booking; for, unlike business men in general, your Manager is prone to get a premium for prompt payment, instead of giving a small discount upon money that is paid before it properly is due.

When the happy day arrives, MR. TOMKINS swallows hastily a dinner served two hours before his usual time of appetite, and then rattles off, perhaps upon the box, so as not to crush the flounces which fill the whole inside. Avoiding, by gross over-payment, some bad language from the Cabman, MR. TOMKINS, after traversing a dimly-lighted passage, through which his better half (in drapery) finds it difficult to squeeze, gains at length the actual entrance to the stalls, which, at sundry famous houses, is guarded by a civil brigand in a stylish suit of black, who, before escorting MR. TOMKINS to his seats, presents a folded playbill, like a pistol, to his breast, as who should say, "Deliver up your shilling, or your wife's."

Smothering his wrath at what he thinks a second act of gross extortion, MR. TOMKINS tries his best to enjoy what it has cost him so much to go and see. But the seats are rather narrow, and he is rather wide, and the house gets rather hot, and his legs get rather cramped, and, as his stall unluckily is next to the big drum, his ears get rather deafened and his head begins to ache. So on the whole he is not sorry when the curtain falls, and he leaves the theatre with something like a vow that he will not in a hurry be caught going there again.

Next morning he sums up the cost of his amusement, and finds that it stands thus:—

	£	s.	d.
Four Stalls	1	4	0
Fee for booking same	0	1	0
Paid stall-keeper his charge for a penny playbill	0	1	0
Hire of opera-glasses, having left mine in the cab	0	6	0
Bouquets and white kid gloves, and damage to wife's dress ..	1	8	6
Cabs, and coppers for "Poor Jack"	0	10	8½
Total	3	10	2½

When to this amount is added the loss of precious temper, expended on the annoyances endured, MR. T. is surely justified next morning in reflecting that he has paid too dearly for his evening's entertainment; and who can wonder if, when next he comes home late from dining out, he compounds for that offence by some less costly expiation than going to the play?

The Growlery, Belgravia.

COCKNETUS EXPECTANS.

A Jubilation on a Judgment.

THE Court on the Award
Were not of one accord.
Shout, all who dwell in Holborn,
And elsewhere—"Bravo, COCKBURN!"



"THE LAST STRAW."

"TIRED OUT, ARE YOU? TRY A DROP OF BRANDY! EH!—WHAT!—CONFOUND—— BY JINGO, I'VE FORGOTTEN MY FLASK!"

HEBRON OR JERICHO.

THE subjoined portion of a telegram lately received from Geneva has perhaps astonished the weak minds of some, if there are any weak-minded persons, among our Papistical fellow-subjects:—

"The Council of State has adopted rigorous measures against the CURÉ MERMILLOD. The *Journal de Genève* contains two decrees, dated yesterday, the first removing M. MERMILLOD from his bishopric (*in partibus infidelium*) of Hebron; and the second forbidding him to exercise his episcopal functions anywhere within the Swiss territory, and warning the Curés of the Canton to conform to these decrees."

From the foregoing particulars, unexplained, it would appear that M. MERMILLOD is now a simple Curé, but was a Bishop of Hebron *in partibus infidelium* exercising episcopal jurisdiction in Switzerland, until the Swiss Council of State removed him, first from his nominal bishopric of Hebron, and next from his position as acting Bishop at Geneva. If they were able to do the first of these two things, the second, one thinks, would have followed as a matter of course. Had M. MERMILLOD been deprived of his bishopric *in partibus infidelium*, and reduced from a Bishop to a Curé, of course he could not have performed episcopal functions *in partibus Helvetiorum*. The See of Hebron, however, is one to which not only the Swiss Government, but the British Legislature itself, would evidently be quite unable to cancel an appointment made by the authority, in this case passably infallible, of the POPE. Probably the rulers of Switzerland, instead of wishing to depose M. MERMILLOD from his See *in partibus infidelium*, would be only too glad to recognise him as Bishop of Hebron, and get him as soon as possible to go to that remote diocese—and stay there.

Scientific Jotting.

A DISTINGUISHED Chemist has made the remarkable discovery, that the Cattle Disease is owing to the prevalence in the atmosphere of a noxious principle, which also constitutes the cause of the Strike epidemic. This element is imponderable; and its presence is indicated only by the effects it produces on unthinking creatures.

A WALK IN HOT WEATHER.

THE following jocose remarks on the most vexatious part of the Licensing Bill occur in a *Times* leader:—

"We do not wish to advocate harshness, but we suspect that people taking a stroll, or even a brisk 'constitutional,' are not the class of travellers for whose comfort it was the intention of the Legislature to provide. A person who walks for pleasure from London to Highgate may very well be left to quench his thirst on his return."

The *Times* has heretofore ever approved itself *strenuum pro virili libertatis vindicem*. The preceding observations, therefore, and particularly the last sentence of them, are of course ironical. But, as Justice Midas is slow at taking irony, it may be as well to point out to stolid Magistrates that, if any traveller can be conceived really to require a glass of beer on his way, it is precisely the man who has walked from London to Highgate, and is going to walk back again. If a man in those circumstances were prevented by penalties from getting any beer on a Sunday afternoon, it would be a high joke indeed.

New Music.

ONE of the novelties at the Norwich Musical Festival was MR. MACFARREN'S *Outward Bound*. A Chorus in it had this burden:—

"Then heave and ho, sing rumbelow,
Yo—ho, yo—ho, and off we go!"

Such an appropriate reference to the British Sailor's favourite liquor cannot fail to make MR. MACFARREN'S spirited composition a favourite with our Navy.

CONCEIT BY A CABMAN.

THEY says you should put by somethin' agin a rainy day. But that 'ere 's the wery time wen I takes most money.



THE HEIGHT OF COMMERCIAL MORALITY.

"O, I WANT TO BUY ANOTHER OF THOSE PRETTY TEAPOTS, LIKE THE ONE I BOUGHT LAST WEEK, YOU KNOW!"

"SHURE AN' WE'VE GIVEN UP KEEPIN' THEM INTIRELY, MY LADY! FOR AS SOON AS IVER WE GOT THEM IN, WE SOLD THEM OUT!"

HERETICAL HOAX.

THERE is perhaps a particle of truth in the following statement which has appeared in the *Genevan Patrie*:—

"A lady of Bourg (Ain), MADAME T——, lately bequeathed to the parish church a sum of 3,000 francs, on condition that forty masses should be said every year; twenty for the repose of her own soul, and twenty for that of her husband's. The ecclesiastics, considering that the price of masses has risen like all other commodities, that it will still augment, and consequently that the work imposed by the legacy will one day be greater than the advantages derived from it, have refused to accept the money."

It is too probable that the *Patrie* of Geneva is a Protestant, if not a Secularist journal. Heretical bigotry or unbelief alone could suggest the idea of Masses "to be sold," of "Mass Market Intelligence," Masses "looking up," or "down," being "lively" or "flat," and "brisk" or "dull," and "tight" or "easy;" Masses quoted at such and such "figures," and so on. "So many Masses at so much per Mass, how much for so many more"—nothing but either fanaticism or irreligion could prompt the idea of such a sum in the Rule of Three. No; the halfpennyworth of fact to all the above intolerable deal of fiction evidently is, that the good priests of Bourg, having had 3,000 francs bequeathed them, under the superstitious belief that it would get the testatrix and her husband prayed out of Purgatory, conscientiously "refused to accept the money." Yes, DR. CUMMING, "Scotus;" yes, WHALLEY. Even the most hopeful of Priests themselves would be very sanguine to expect, in these times, anything but the reverse of a rise in the price of Masses.

Probatum Est.

—OUR friend the Stereoscopic Company (whose annual bit of new magic has become a Christmas institution) appears to have been cheated by somebody who, being engaged to manufacture a fresh trick, let out and sold the secret. MR. FLOWERS, the Beak, gave it the fellow "hot." We have no doubt that another clever device will be ready in good time; but if the Company has any difficulty in finding "a howling good trick," let application be made to the ingenious Americans who invented the Geneva Juggle.

WEDDING THE SHANNON.

'Tis a wedding that I sing,
Of a bride without a ring,
Such a wedding as was seldom seen before;
You think I may be frantic,
But the Bride was the Atlantic,
And the scene was on the noble Shannon's shore.

In Limerick, I'm told,
Is a custom very old,
'Tis the wedding of the Shannon and the sea:
Far as the Mayor can aim
A dart, the people claim
To levy for their port their little fee.

So the Mayor and many more,
With meat and drink galore,
Steamed out to spend at Shannon's month the day.
'Twas just to "throw the dart,"
And secure, on Limerick's part,
From the City to the ocean the full sway.

But the Mayor, good MR. CLEARY,
Of all Limerick most leary,
Says, "My boys, there is a trick, I'll let you know;
We'll add a little more
To Scatterry-Island's shore,
By shooting off our arrow from a bow."

Then he drew a good long bow
—Like many more I know—
And the arrow flew away into the waves,
And the boys all laughed and cheered,
Though a few "wet blankets" jeered,
And talked about the people being slaves.

Then down they sat to lunch—
And I'll go bail the punch
And groceries were never left behind—
And they threw off all asperity,
And talked of their prosperity,
And scattered all their troubles to the wind.

Then up jumps BUTT, M.P.,
"Only view our shipless sea!
'Tis so because you feel the Saxon chain."
One would think that at Point Scatterry
The Saxons had a battery
To drive the ships from off the Irish main.

Him followed a bold priest,
Whose tongue—to say the least—
Was dangerous and rude: upon my word
I believe, when he preached peace,
'Twas only a caprice,
And he hinted at the dagger and the sword.

O, Ireland! there are such
As never knew the touch
Of bread procured by sweat of brow or brain;
Whose stake in your great nation
Depends on agitation,
And who'll bring the bad old times to you again.

Don't talk about your woes,
But take your spades and hoes,
And put your hearts and souls into the soil;
And don't be led away
By what idle people say:
"The Free" are those who live by honest toil.

Anti-Canard.

THERE is a precaution against the receipt and publication of false intelligence which might possibly be taken by MR. REUTER and other telegraph agents, but does not appear to have occurred to anybody but a buffoon. To a telegram of doubtful veracity we often see appended the note:—"This report requires confirmation." In order that every report requiring confirmation may be duly confirmed immediately on being received at a telegraphic establishment, some zany has proposed that a Bishop, out of diocese, could be kept at the office.

Of course this arrangement could be practised only by private telegraph masters. Government would be precluded from adopting it by fear of offending the Dissenters.



"NOT SO FAST!"

Old Gent. (soliloquising, in the Wilds of Glenmuckie). "AH, WELL, THIS IS VERY JOLLY! WEALTH'S A GREAT BLESSING—NOT THAT I'M A RICH MAN—BUT AFTER THE TURMOIL AND WORRY OF BUSINESS, TO BE ABLE TO RETIRE TO THESE CHARMING SOLITUDES, THE SILENCE ONLY BROKEN BY THE GRATEFUL SOUNDS OF THE RIPPLING STREAM ('BURN,' I MEAN. AH! I NEARLY HAD HIM THEN!), AND THE HUM OF THE BEE! TO BE ABLE TO LEAVE LONDON AND ITS TIRE SOME MILLIONS, AND FORGET ALL THE LOW——"

Voice from the Bridge (the ubiquitous "Arry"). "COULD YER 'BLIGE US WITH A WORM, GOV'NOUR!" !!

POLICE FOR THE PEOPLE.

WHERE are the Police? Echo answers not "where," *pace* BYRON, but "leece." That, when the cry of "Police!" is raised in a case of outrage, is the answer of Echo; and too often there is returned no other. But just now there is quite another answer to that question. Where are the Police? Why, they are paying domiciliary visits to public-houses, and haling landlords, and the private guests of landlords, before Magistrates on the accusation of serving and being served with refreshments during prohibited hours. We shall soon have Policemen authorised by paternal legislators to intrude themselves likewise into Clubs and private houses, in which naughty grown people are sitting up and drinking more than Parliamentary Papa considers to be good for them, at a time when they ought all to have gone to by-by; and perhaps in due season Bobby will be empowered to pop upon all such adult offenders, and put them to bed.

October Fashions.

"There is nothing particularly new to chronicle in the bonnets this month, with the exception that they are a little more reasonable in shape."—*Le Follet.*

PATERFAMILIAS says he should have taken more interest in this announcement, if the chronicler had been able to add that the article, which is called (in Dictionaries) "a covering for the head worn by females," was also "a little more reasonable in"—price.

ARMA VIRUMQUE CANO.

DESCRIBING another idiotic French duel, the papers say that "one of the combatants was unhurt, and the other sustained a wound in the arm of no importance." Which arm is this? Idiotcy seems contagious.

AN AWAKENING CONSCIENCE.

BETWEEN a small paragraph headed "CONSCIENCE MONEY" (acknowledging the receipt of some), and another small paragraph headed "MR. LOWE," the following intermediate small paragraph appeared the other day in the *Times*:—

"A HOPEFUL SIGN.—THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER received in the financial year 1871-2 sums amounting to £7,132, forwarded to him for conscience sake. This is nearly double £3,852 received on the same account in the preceding year."

Ah, yes; this is a very hopeful sign indeed. It is a sign that the Great Untaxed are opening their eyes to the injustice of the partial taxation inflicted on the direct tax-payers. The former were the contributors of the £7,132, every farthing of it; and the whole amount was Conscience Money sent "for Income-tax omitted." It is gratifying to see so much Conscience evinced by the Striking Classes.

A Fool's Paradise.

"The Washington Treaty promises to inaugurate a new and blessed era, when force and fraud shall be alike unknown," &c.—*Ministerial Organs.*

WHEN the Millennium was DEAN MILMAN's theme, He briefly labelled it "a Jewish dream:" Of our Millennial Treaty, COCKBURN, rude,

Says, "Statesmen dreamed, and JOHNNY BULL is Jew'd."

THE FINAL STRIKE.

IT was unthinking of JEREMY TAYLOR to describe the Arian controversy as a dispute about a vowel, when all the difference in the world between two words may be made by a single letter. You can manage to tide over a Bakers' Strike; but what would you do in case of a Bankers'?



A COLOURED CLERGY.

Uncle (can't see so well as he did, and a little hard of hearing). "WHO DO YOU SAY THEY ARE, MY DEAR!—CHRISTIAN MINISTERS? 'NOOM'LY KIND OF 'EM TO GIVE A CONCERT, TO BE SURE! FOR A CHARITABLE PURPOSE, I'VE NO DOUBT, MY DEAR!"

THE FREEMAN OF GLASGOW.

You'BE a sharp man of business, indeed, ROBERT LOWE:
For a principal partner of GLADSTONE & Co.,
You seem just a fit man to a critical sight,
When that Firm's viewed in simply a mercantile light.

You've a head on your shoulders, from some of your talk
To conclude, above what waiters use to call "chalk."
But while that must be granted, there's this to be said;
You've a chiefly chalk heart, if a partly chalk head.

In framing a Budget you'd challenge compare,
Impartial to render its weight did you dare,
And cease, in impeeing taxation, your plan
To make it unpleasant as much as you can.

But need you, because at a Budget you're pat,
A Bagman's view take of your place, for all that?
There is more in that office, by many degrees,
Than the work of a saveall and parer of cheese.

Let forest and open space, rather than cest
The Nation a farthing, be sold off and lost:
Let a Traveller perish; a Livingstone rot,
If his rescue would lessen a surplus ene jot.

Such views are the views of a Bagman, sweet BOB.
And a Bagman of Bagmen. Beguiled by what Snob
Officially down have you let yourself drop,
Mere foreman to be of the national shop?

A shop in the retail line, ROBERT, as though
A firm of small grocers were GLADSTONE & Co.,
Who sacrifice, popular aiming to be,
All else to the end of reducing their tea.

A LARGE FARM.

THE new Sheriffs have bound themselves by oath "not to 'let to farm' the shire of Middlesex or the gaol of Newgate." At first sight this seems a superfluous precaution against any possible abuse of their office on the part of the Sheriffs; but there may have been good reasons, which the Corporation and the Livery think it best to keep to themselves, for pledging MR. ALDERMAN WHITE and MR. FREDERICK PERKINS not to convert the county of Middlesex (including Newgate) to agricultural uses, or turn it into grass and arable land. We should, however, feel more comfortable if, next Michaelmas, steps could be taken to guard against the possibility of the Sheriffs turning the area of the Royal Exchange into an orchard, or laying out Billingsgate as a croquet ground, or transforming the Guildhall into a winter garden, with opportunities for music and dancing in the evening—any one of which projects is as likely, some wet morning, to enter into the heads of the Sheriffs, perhaps even of the LORD MAYOR himself, to the destruction of all peace and happiness in the City, as the farming designs on the soil of Middlesex and the site of Newgate to which we have thought it our duty to refer.

A Word on Strikes.

(To my old friend P.)

HANG it, Old P., let's ALL strike. Why not? It will equalise matters generally. After a time, when we want bread, beef, and beer, we can all begin *de novo*. And when we do begin *de novo*, we'll settle to be satisfied with Necessaries, and we shall be Every Man his own Butcher, Every Man his own Baker, Every Man his own Washerwoman, Every Man his own Bootmaker, &c., &c., &c. Then gradually we shall work round to a rational state. Britons, let's all strike. In the meanwhile I shall go and live quietly in Russia.

Yours truly, KNOT.

Title by Prescription.

It has been stated that SIR ROUNDELL PALMER, on his approaching elevation, would take the title of "Lord Mixbury," from his birthplace. There must surely be some mistake here, for SIR ROUNDELL is a great Lawyer, not a great Doctor.

Say some public money's abnormally spent
To rescue a hero, or less to prevent
Of land reclaimed, open space, common, or wood,
What's the harm, after all, as compared with the good?

Is a breach of your *doctrinaire's* doctrine a sin,
That *silex* you so perseveringly skin?
Posterity, sure, at museums will view
Certain "flints in the drift," that have been skinned by you.

O hark how the people your colleagues abuse,
Because you and another are two such dire screws!
By a too parsimonious AYRTON and LOWE
Why should ill-will be raised against GLADSTONE & Co.?

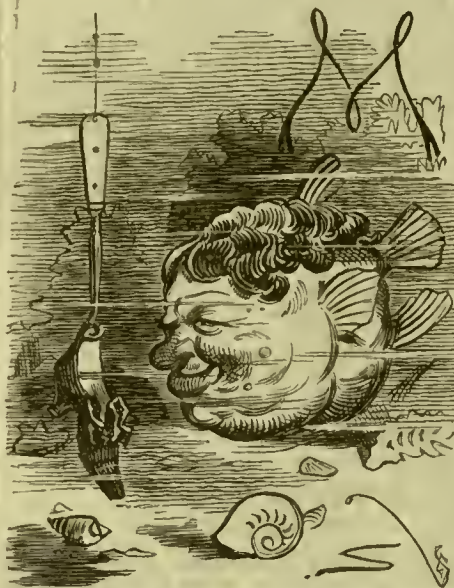
QUESTIONS TO BE SETTLED BY CONGRESSES.

1. WHEN is the Season at Islington?
2. What sort of fishing is there at Ball's Pond?
3. By the last Census how many Hop-pickers were living at Kentish Town?
4. Country gentlemen are often on the look out to "pick up an animal to suit them." Would this opportunity be offered when a Horse falls down? If not, explain how you can pick up what hasn't fallen down.
5. Has it yet been decided who was the first performer of the tune the old Cow died of? If still a doubtful matter, is it not probable that it was OLE BULL, the Celebrated Violinist?

HEARTLESS CONDUCT.

AN Elderly Gentleman, while comfortably enjoying the warmth of his own drawing-room fire, turned his toes out. No reason has as yet been assigned for this barbarous cruelty.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.



Y Letters finished, we descend to the court-yard of the Grand Monarque, intending to go out, and call on the MOMPSONS. To myself I acknowledge that I am a trifle anxious about seeing BERTHA.

Happy Thought.—Dissemble before my Aunt. Say carelessly, "Let me see! How many MOMPSONS are there? I forget their names."

Aunt falls into trap. Somehow, when she comes to speak of BERTHA, I like to hear her mentioned, and ask questions about her. In the court-yard we come upon MILBURD and his wife, who, with CAPTAIN

FORTESCUE, and a natty little German gentleman in very tight trousers, very square-toed boots, and the usual eye-glasses, are seated listlessly at one of the small tables. We are introduced to the German. He is HERR KOPFEN, and is immediately enthusiastically polite to my Aunt.

The waiter is pouring out a fizzing beverage for MILBURD. FORTESCUE is regarding the operation despondently.

My Aunt inquires of Mrs. MILBURD if this is part of the medical course which her husband is supposed to be undergoing.

I suggest that brandy-and-soda, at half-past eleven A.M., is not a good thing.

"It's a very good thing," replies MILBURD. "It's nature's restorer."

"But," I put it to him, "if you're here for health" (at which notion FORTESCUE laughs sarcastically) "you ought to go in regularly for the waters."

"I tell him so," says Mrs. MILBURD, "but he won't."

"My dear fellow," returns MILBURD, "the waters are all humbug. Old Thingummy the Doctor says so. Some of the medical men believe in 'em, and some don't."

My Aunt, who has been listening intently, suddenly breaks in upon the conversation in a frightened manner—"But, MR. MILBURD, you don't mean to say that, having come all this way from England, the waters are no good for rheumatism! Why, my nephew" (turning towards me reproachfully) "told me that three years ago he was cured here."

"Very likely," says FORTESCUE, regarding us with melancholy compassion; "but it makes you worse afterwards."

I deny it warmly. I feel that my Aunt has come here at her own request, it is true, but to a certain extent through my representations, and that now my, as it were, professional opinion is at stake.

Happy Thought.—Adopt the safe system in betting, and "hedge." Say that, of course, a great deal must depend on the constitution of the individual; a great deal, also, on diet; much, too, on change of life, change of air, regularity, and so forth.

Happy Thought.—What a capital Doctor I should have made, as far as giving advice is concerned. With a knowledge of three medicines, and with a place to send patients to when troublesome, one might get on capitally for years without being found out.

Medical Happy Thought (as a rule).—Let the Patient prescribe for himself, unconsciously. My idea of being a Doctor is this:—*Rule.* Talk to Patient, humour him or her, prescribe one out of the three medicines with which you are acquainted. I've often noticed a smile on a chemist's face when I've given him a prescription, written by some celebrated man, to be made up. He reads the first two or three items, and at once knows who has ordered it. Then he smiles, as much as to say, "Here's the old prescription again." Become confidential with the same chemist years afterwards, and he'll probably tell you, smiling as usual, "O, yes, I know that prescription. It's old SNOOKS'S" (for example). "It's a very good one. Can't do any harm." Very good. No injurious results, but Patient not any better. Patient, being fidgity, harks back to Doctor again. Doctor (e. g., myself) coquettes with the second fee,

but, being pressed, takes it, and orders another visit in a week's time, after presenting Patient with prescription "No. 2 in the books." Chemist again. Same smile. Same confidential communication years afterwards, D.V., i. e. *Doctore volente.*

Another week. Patient back again. Myself still as Doctor. Yes, has been better, but thinks that he now feels it (whatever it is) rather more on the left side than the right. Loss of appetite after meals, despondency in the rain, low spirits when in pecuniary difficulties, nervous irritability in a four-wheeler when going to catch a train, and so forth. Doctor meditates. Question to him is, shall I give him No. 3 or repeat No. 2. If Doctor's hands are very full, out comes prescription No. 3; if business is slack, No. 2 is repeated. Same business with fee as before. Call again in ten days. Patient calls again. "Doesn't," he says, "know what it is, but he gets so tired when he walks, and so hot, that he's always obliged to take a cab. Can't sleep at night, though intolerably drowsy immediately after dinner and in the middle of the day. Forgot to mention last time that his right foot appeared to be a little swollen, and that one of his ears has a peculiar tingling in it." Account received with gravity. Questions asked, which, being founded upon the patient's recent information, only lead to a recapitulation of symptoms. Useless, but something must be done for the money. Deliberation in Doctor's mind as to whether it's any use keeping this idiot here, or not. Decision, send him away. Recommend thermal springs on the Continent. Patient looks a bit frightened, but promises to be off next day. Being slow in producing his fee, it is evident to the Doctor's quick mind that he is reluctant to part with it. Doctor [myself still in practice] at once positively refuses to take it. Patient doesn't press it. Exit Patient. Doctor, alone, is satisfied that he's seen the last of him for some time to come. Patient goes away, takes baths, changes air and diet, becomes so fresh that he returns to England full of the praise of the Doctor (I am supposing myself to be the Doctor) who advised him to go there. In return, he tells everyone, no matter what may be the matter with them, to go to his Medical Adviser. Fortune made for Medical Adviser, out of three draughts, and letting Patient prescribe for himself.

By the way, mustn't broach these opinions to my Aunt, who has come here to be cured of rheumatism and neuralgia by baths and galvanism. Odd that it never occurred to her that galvanism in England would be the same as galvanism in Germany. But no, to be able to say "I was obliged to go abroad for my health," gives a sort of importance to an invalid, and if it does not enlist sympathy, it secures at least a certain respect.

Happy Thought.—Under the "cires," hold Mister Tongue.

It doesn't seem to me that MILBURD's system will be of any great benefit to him. Being here, he says he's going in for the whole thing. His idea of this course is to rise rather later than is his custom in England, and, after having had a cup of chocolate while dressing, a process that occupies him generally a considerable portion of the morning, he takes, at twelve o'clock, a light and airy repast, called a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, consisting of about fourteen courses, including dessert with cheese. It is evident, as he argues, that he can't do the sulphur bath immediately after this, and as to drinking the sulphur water, that he is assured by his Doctor, he says, is all nonsense. The newspapers, a few pipes, and a drink of what he terms "fizzical force," engage his attention for an hour and a half after the above-mentioned meal, at the expiration of which time it occurs to him that a drive would be a nice thing for his wife. This amiable lady at once accedes to the proposition, and the Monarque is commanded to furnish its guests with a carriage and pair, which order the Monarque executes in truly Royal Continental style. The carriage looks as if it were spick and span new, the brass harness gleams in the sun, as does also the Coachman's patent varnished hat with its doubly polished cockade on the right side, the whole thing being made of the same material, I fancy, as the Prussian soldier's helmet, only, of course, without the brass spike at the top, which would not look well sticking out of the crown of the hat, although it might prevent people sitting on it when left, by accident, on a chair. As to the Coachman's collars and stock, they are simply wonderful for shape, whiteness, and supernatural stiffness. I should say that the entire framework, concealed from view by linen, is of the strongest steel. Out of Aix, where unfortunately the equipage is familiar to the inhabitants, the whole turn-out might be taken for something Ducal, especially when drawn, as it often is, by four horses. He invites us to join them. My Aunt, who I think is rather captivated by the shininess of the foreign turn-out, accepts with pleasure, observing to me that we can call on the MOMPSONS when we return. Very well. I should like to see, in fact I think I am longing to meet once again, BERTHA MOMPSON, and yet I am not sorry for the postponement. Evidently nervousness.

We seat ourselves in the carriage; then, amid the admiring glances of the spectators (strangers who don't know who we are), and the obsequiousness of the waiters, with a great jingling of the brass harness, a rattling over the courtyard stones, and a sounding smack of the whip, we start for our drive.

OUT OF DANGER.



T the recent Disestablishment Conference at Birmingham, whilst Mr. MIALI was speaking, a voice cried out, "Extinguished." Reminded by this of the Cartoon in which he was a prominent figure, not long ago, in *Punch*, Mr. MIALI is reported to have gone on to say, with much good humour, but with one enormous error:—

"Extinguished! Yes, when even that publication which has diffused so much entertainment and amusement over the circles of English society shall have been forgotten, then this movement, which they deemed to be extinguished by a few speeches in Parliament, and by a few statesmen who have not yet made up their minds, that movement will probably have realised its object, and history will record it as one of the greatest triumphs of humanity and of Christianity."

Take heart, ye Deans!
Ye Canons, be comforted!
O incumbents of rich benefices
with small parishes!
O fathers now hesitating
to go into the market and
purchase advowsons and

next presentations for your male offspring at present slumbering in their cradles! O array of ecclesiastics, from best paid Bishop to worst paid Curate! O army of prebendaries, precentors, chancellors, surrogates, headles, bell-ringers, bellows-blowers, organists, sextons, apparitors, vergers, clerks, choristers, lay

vicars, and archdeacons—cheer up, all of you, and dismiss, now and for ever, your gloomy thoughts, your misgivings and forebodings as to the security and stability of the Establishment in whose welfare you are so profoundly interested. Mr. MIALI, for once undertaking the duty of a functionary of that Church which fills him with so much uneasiness, has rung the knell of his own Motion. The date he has had the imprudence to fix for the disappearance of the Church of England must take order with the Greek Kalends and Latter Lammas. It will never be inserted in any dictionary, or *memoria technica*, or chronological tables. No tormented schoolboy or distracted schoolgirl will ever be called upon to commit it to memory. No Member of Parliament, or platform orator, or public lecturer, will refer to it as a part of the past or a probability in the future. Why? Because, according to Mr. MIALI, the best of all authorities, the Church is to be disestablished—he had the caution to throw in the word "probably"—when *Punch* "shall have been forgotten;" and, as that can NEVER be, the friends and forces of the Church may discard all their fears and quakings for its perpetuity, the foes and antagonists of the Church may abandon their Conferences, Committees, and Societies, their Subscriptions and Speeches and Pamphlets, the disestablishment of the Establishment being postponed *sine die*, put off until another event has happened, which everybody feels never can, shall, or will happen. The Church Congress may meet at Leeds with a light heart now. It was with a graceful reference to Ourselves, that Mr. MIALI predicted that when a journal which had done so much for the delight of mankind should be no more, the anti-Church effort would be regarded with admiration. We are quite satisfied with the date he fixes, and as his agitation is thus proclaimed to be hopeless, we affectionately advise him and all rational Dissenters at once to become subscribers to the Thirty-Nine Articles and to *Punch*.

TO ARTISTS, AMATEURS, AND OTHERS.

LOGICIANS tell us that two Negatives make an Affirmative. Will somebody say how many Negatives make a Photographer?

WHAT HAVE THEY ALL BEEN DOING?

MR. LAZIEBONES has spent his long vacation chiefly in his easy-chair, and in going through a course of reading in French novels.

LORD THOMAS NODDY has been yachting round the Scilly Islands.

MR. SCAMPER, having barely three weeks at his disposal, made a rush to Russia, coming back by Copenhagen.

MESSRS. BACKWATER and BICEPS have, as usual, spent their holiday in developing their muscles, and, in the brief interval between their spells of rowing, have been indulging in the dumb-bells and in underdone beefsteaks.

MRS. DONGER, with her daughter, has been heir-hunting in the Highlands.

MR. BOOBIE, having a spare day at his command, joined MESSRS. BLUNDERHEAD and NINCOMPOOP in killing sparrows from a trap, with a view to the improvement of his skill in pheasant-shooting.

MR. HUNTER TUFTE has been profitably spending his vacation on the Continent, in acting as the courier and errand-goer of LORD SKYFLYNT.

MR. COZIE has most sensibly enjoyed his autumn holiday by staying with his family in his own comfortable home, rather than undergoing the martyrdom of travelling.

CAPTAIN FLUKER has devoted a great portion of this autumn to practising the spot-stroke, and learning dodges of the marker.

MR. FEEBLE, JUNIOR, has been playing on the flute for more than five hours daily, and has now returned to business in a prostrate condition.

MR. LATEBYRD went to Scarborough for the benefit of sea-air; which, however, he inhaled chiefly in the smoking-room and billiard-room.

MISS GADABOUT, since Midsummer, has been to Tunbridge Wells, and Cowes Regatta, and the War on Salisbury Plain, and Worcester Festival, and Inverness, and Bath, and Tipperary, and is now enjoying a tour in Transylvania.

MR. SPRIGGINS, having a day's holiday conceded him, spent a part of it in making the ascent of Primrose Hill; accomplishing the feat without a guide, or accident, except that his hat blew off, and that he nearly tumbled down in his hurry to recover it.

MR. GANDER passed a pleasant week at Homburg, and lost a good deal more than he could well afford, in his attempts to break the

bank by a "system" of safe gambling, which he thought he had discovered.

PROFESSOR MUDDLEBRAIN has spent a most instructive holiday in studying the habits of the common Cockroach.

MRS. PRANCER has been profitably passing the last two months in besieging Mr. GOLDMORE, the Australian millionaire, who has at length proposed to her.

MR. TAGO, accompanied by Mr. WRAG and Mr. BORTAIL, took their "daws" to Hampstead on Sunday morning last, for the purpose of enjoying a private exhibition of their combative propensities.

MR. FLASHER has been yachting down at Dover, as his friends are all informed, though the fact is that he never once went out of harbour.

MR. GLOOMIE has devoted at least half of his holiday to examining his tradesmen's books, and calculating how long, if the price of coals and beef and mutton rises yearly as it has done, he will be able to exist upon his present income.

MR. TEMPLE CHAMBERS went this autumn to Chamounix, in the hope of falling in with those jolly girls the FLOUNCERS, who chanced to tell him they were going there, and whose father, as he knows, has influence with solicitors.

MR. FLYTTER took advantage of a half day's holiday that was taken by his landlady, by removing all his traps and taking himself off without paying for his lodgings.

MASTER HARRY LARKER has enjoyed a jolly holiday, as usual doing his utmost to drive his parents crazy by the row he has been making.

MR. PADDLEY has achieved a most successful canoe voyage on the Serpentine.

MR. SWETTER, being kept in London this vacation, constructed a small mound of chalk in his back garden, and, getting up it daily with his alpenstock in hand, has endeavoured to imagine he was in a foreign clime.

MR. WILLIAM MUGOINS, having prospered in a speculative purchase of stale cat's-meat, spent a portion of his profits last Monday afternoon in treating his old missus to an airing up the Monument.

CAPTAIN DEUCEACE, with a view to the winter club campaign, has been keeping in his hand by playing treble dummy.

MR. JEREMIAH DIDDLEE has been spending his autumn in cooking his account-books, which he means shortly to exhibit in the Court of Bankruptcy.



THE NASAL ORGAN.

Superior Being. "NOW, THEN, EFFIE, WHY'DN'T YOU JUMP?"

Effie. "'CAUSE IF I JUMPED I MIGHT TUMBLE DOWN; AN' IF I TUMBLEDOWNED, I MIGHT BREAK MY NOSE!"

Superior Being. "POOH! WHAT'S THE GOOD OF A NOSE TO YOU? YOU NEVER BLOW IT!"

AN AUTHORITY ON AN ART-TREASURE.

HE stood—the Chief Commissioner of Works—in Leicester Square, And contemplated the remains of British Sculpture there. Where once a Horse and his Rider stood—but the Horse now stands alone.

A chasm gapes wide in his foreshed; of the Rider all is gone.

"Ha!" cried our gracious Minister. "Fine relic of the antique. Like Greek and Roman statues, but particularly Greek. 'Tis mutilated very much, and so are most of those; Some want an arm, and some a leg, and some have lost a nose.

"At Athens had it been dug up, or the River Tiber nigh, The Papers would have said it was a thing we ought to buy. On images much money to lay out I'm not inclined; But still one may preserve them when one has the luck to find.

"To save it from destruction, now, suppose I send it hence. It will not put the nation to a very great expense, If put in the Museum—in the British, which contains So extensive an assortment of like classical remains.

"There are the Elgin Marbles, at which I could never play. There it can keep them company, for people to survey. 'Tis true that for an Ædile's post I'll own I'm not the hand; But I flatter myself that's a work of Art which I do understand."

Who is the Party?

MR. BUTT has made a speech in which he compares Ireland to "blind SAMSON in chains, making sport for the Saxon Philistines." Dear MR. BUTT, how came SAMSON to grief? Was it not through abject devotion to a certain DELILAH, MR. BUTT? Who is your SAMSON's DELILAH, MR. BUTT? Has she an *alias*, and is it the Scarlet Lady?

QUOTATION IN THE CITY.

"CERTAIN, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all." This remark, although originally made by *Justice Shallow*, will perhaps bear a comparison, in one particular, with the subjoined observation for which we are indebted to ex-Sheriff BENNETT. In the course of a humorous address on quitting office, SIR JOHN BENNETT, speaking at Guildhall of himself and his colleague, said that:—

"He was quite sure they had improved on the maxim of the Psalmist; they had filled the hungry with good things, without sending the rich empty away."

Not for a moment to liken SIR JOHN BENNETT to *Justice Shallow*, it may nevertheless be allowable to point out that the passage referred to in the foregoing extract from a report of his speech is, in the first place, not a maxim of the Psalmist, and secondly, not a maxim at all. It is a statement of a fact made, indeed, in a psalm, and therefore by a personage describable as a Psalmist, but quite another than the one generally understood to be denoted by that name preceded by the definite article. On due reference, the worthy ex-Sheriff will find that the practice extolled by an occasional Psalmist in the words which he supposed to be a maxim of the Psalmist who wrote the Psalter, was one on which it would be bold to imagine the possibility of improvement. It may be remarked that, in the delivery of a retiring speech, the *Nunc dimittis* would have seemed more suitable for quotation than the *Magnificat*.

"As it Fell."

THE Holborn has not been a very fortunate Theatre of late, but having reopened with a new piece entitled *Miss Chester*, we hope soon to hear that the *Chester* is a hit, and not a Miss. If the Management can then add "*Chester draws*," it will have turned the tables on ill-luck, and possess a valuable piece of furniture.



LEICESTER SQUARE!!!

A-RT-N THE (B)EDILE. "HA! NOW *THAT'S* A STYLE OF ART I FLATTER MYSELF I REALLY DO UNDERSTAND!"



OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

On this occasion he addresses the Respected Editor, after a visit to the Doré Gallery.



was told that I ought to go and see DORÉ's great—or if not great, at all events big, picture, now being exhibited at his Gallery in Bond Street. There were other pictures there, it was added as an inducement to me to lay out my shilling, which I also ought to see. You may recollect, Sir, how, on one occasion, when I suggested to you that I should go to the Opera officially—I took care to emphasise "officially," meaning thereby that I intended to occupy a Stall as agent for your office, as, in point of fact, Your Representative—I say you may recollect how heartily you slapped me on the back, and exclaimed, "By all means, my dear boy, go, and tell us how you like it." It was a delicate point. I couldn't broadly say, "Well, the expenses of this official visit will be so much,"—firstly, from native modesty, which would rather have prompted me to send you in the items *afterwards*; secondly, because I felt that your answer would be jocose, and not—from my point of view—to the purpose. Therefore, Sir, I wrote that article about the Opera, which was highly praised for its extreme Impartiality. I admit now that I did

not go to the Opera on the occasion in question. But as Your Representative I have been to see the Gustave Doré Gallery, and with admission and catalogue I represented you up to eightpence.

I represented you at the entrance of the Gallery, and paid a shilling. I further represented up-stairs that, as you, I was entitled to a Catalogue gratis. The boy smiled, and said, "Sixpence." Sir, I kept up your dignity, and paid him the money. I know how you comport yourself when you visit exhibitions; and while representing you about that Gallery, I improved on you to a great extent. Sir, you would scarcely have known yourself again. Well, Sir, I assumed a thoughtful attitude, and among the crowd I stood regarding that Great Picture. I was becoming contemplative, and I was giving myself up to silent and rapt meditation, when a serious-looking, respectable Gentleman said to me, in a low tone, "A very fine picture, Sir."

As Your Representative, and as having paid one shilling and sixpence, I knew my business too well to go into ecstasies hastily. I replied, dubiously, "Hum—well—" and frowned. (You, Sir, all over; only better and more artistically done. In fact, you must take lessons from me.)

The seriously civil Gentleman seemed a little surprised at my reply, and continued, in a low, gentle, murmuring-stream-kind of tone, as if he were speaking in church, and under the eye of the beadle, "You're not in the best position to see it." I knew this, of course, and said so. "Of course," he continued in return, and echoing my words; "and the more you study it, Sir, the more you'll appreciate it." A pause. Then he went on in my ear, as if this were a secret which not a soul must know except ourselves. "We're going to have it engraved." I felt that, as myself, I ought to have been staggered, that I ought to have slapped my hand on my forehead, and exclaimed, "Good heavens! No!" But as you, Sir, I merely raised my eyebrows (with much more significance than you manage what you call *your* eyebrows), and said, quietly, "Indeed!"

"Yea," he continued, in the same whispering, seductive tone, like an eminently respectable Ophidian on two legs tempting a person—(myself representing you, Sir, and her)—"our cleverest engraver is going to do it. The picture will be this size." Here he led me (that is, in politeness, as you, I was bound to follow him while, like KING CHARLES, he walked and talked) to a sort of desk at the side, on which was a large book, and over which was a blank piece of paper framed. To this last he pointed as he resumed, "It will be this size." And now he raised his voice very slightly, just for the benefit of an old Clergyman who was standing at my elbow, but who did not, however, appear interested. "The figures," my tempter went on, "the figures will be to this scale"—(indicating an engraving on the wall), "and we can" (this most confidentially in my ear, and on no account to be repeated by me to a living soul) "we can procure you one of the first impressions—" (I thought, Sir, that he knew I was representing You, and I smiled benignly) "one of the first impressions—artist's proof" (certainly I would

accept it with some diffidence (on *your* account), and was preparing to say so when he added, insinuatingly, "if you'll just write your name down in the *Subscribers' Book*." As myself, and on *your* account, to think how You had been trapped, artfully trapped, into this conversation, I was indignant, but remembering myself—I mean yourself—I simply thanked the showman (he was, after all, only one of the showmen), and said, as I always reply to my hair-dresser's young man when he inquires as to my needs in the matter of pomatum, &c., &c., that "I didn't want anything to-day; but perhaps when I had seen the picture several times, I might be inclined," and so forth.

Long before I had got to the end of my well-chosen sentence, the man had evidently lost all interest in me, and was selecting, with a keen eye to business, his next victim. I should have liked (in *your* interest) to have asked him various questions about the other pictures, but he had already quitted my side, and was insidiously approaching a very young-looking gentleman, who seemed to be frightened on being addressed by a stranger, and who, if caught at that moment, might, before he knew what he was about, have been beautifully landed—name and address and all in full—in the *Subscribers' Book*.

"No," said I to myself, as yourself, "I will now be contemplative. Let me see where I shall begin. Say the background. Now . . ." and I was falling into a critical reverie in an attitude which is a vast improvement, though conscientiously founded upon yours, when an elderly Gentleman, of a retired Indian military appearance, addressed me genially with, "I suppose you've seen this before?" In an instant I, too, was genial; that is, You were genial. "No," I said, "I had not. It is a work," I added, "that demands close attention." The genial Indian Colonel admitted this, and approved the sentiment. He then commenced pointing out with his spectacles what appeared to him to be the special beauties of the picture. "Doré was five years over this," he informed me; "five years. The war interfered with the work: but after the war he completed it. The central figure is quite an inspiration—quite an inspiration. It's a picture that grows upon you—that really grows upon you. It's a picture one likes to think of and to remember." He was becoming enthusiastic, and I allowed you, Sir, to go with him to a certain extent. Finding me so far in accord with him, the Indian Colonel sank his voice a little, and said, "Have you heard that this is going to be engraved?" In one second I saw it all. He, the disturber of my (and your) reverie was Tont Number Two. As this flashed across me, he motioned me towards the right wall, and following the direction of his hand, I then saw in a corner a similar desk, a similar blank sheet framed, a similar engraving, and a similar *Subscribers' Book* to that at the other end of the apartment.

Thenceforth I became suspicious of my fellow man. I debated within myself, and with You, of course, whether I should not invent a name and address for this book. Suppose (I said to myself as yourself) I write down *Count Jelliciski, Enton House, Macclegrave Square*, how pleased the Indian Colonel would be, how delighted the exhibitors would be, and even M. Doré himself might like it. Then imagine the day when the Proofs had to be sent out. Imagine all the address books, Court Guides, City and Suburban Directories, that would have to be ransacked. Sir, I reasoned with you whom I was representing, and showed you that a practical joke was unworthy of you, and you gave in; that is, I didn't do it. But my interest in the pictures was gone, and was now centred in that Retired Colonel. He was down on everybody, one after the other, never insidiously or stealthily, but genially to men, and most courteously to women.

He picked out the old Clergyman who had been by my side before. With a certain reverence in his manner, but still genial, he expended three minutes in directing the good old parson's attention towards the scriptural bearing of the characters in the picture. "How," said the Colonel, piously, in conclusion, "it brings the sacred narrative before us! By the way, *we're going to have it engraved, and here—*"

At this point the old Clergyman, who had appeared scarcely conscious that he was being addressed, turned quietly to the Colonel, on seeing him move, and said, politely, "I beg your pardon. I'm afraid you've been speaking to me; but I'm quite deaf." The Colonel bowed and retired. Neither holloaing nor pantomime was in his line.

A very upright, squirely-looking Gentleman, with two sons, was looking at the picture. The Colonel was at him, assuming a frank Old-English-gentleman-kind of heartiness that must have been quite a relief to him after his subdued religious tone with the Clergyman. It was, to put it profanely, coming from Texts to Turnips. "Fine picture," he said. "Well," returned the Squire, abruptly, "I don't like the central figure." The Colonel is aghast: he is sure that there is some mistake: he is certain that, if the visitor studies it longer, he will be charmed with it. "No," says the Squire, bluntly, and his sons are evidently listening in admiration, "I don't like the central figure," and he looks sternly at the



THE "IRREPRESSIBLE" AGAIN.

Gent in Knickerbockers. "RUMMY SPEAKERS THEM 'IGHLANDERS, 'ENERY. WHEN WE WOS TALKING TO ONE OF THE 'ANDS, DID YOU NOTICE 'IM SAYING 'NOZZLING' FOR 'NOTHINK,' AND 'SHE' FOR 'E'!"

Colonel, as if he expected him to reply, "Well, I'm really very sorry you don't like it. I'll go and rub it out at once." The Colonel, however, is quite ready for all comers with all objections. He is at him with quotations to show that the artist has taken the correct view. The Squire becomes more positive, but admits that there is something in what the Colonel says. The Colonel sees his way to his object at once. He says, as if he had conceived a very high opinion of the Squire's judgment, "Ah, you must see the Engraving." The Squire asks, simply, "Is there an engraving of it?"

The Colonel motions him towards the right wall, whither he is followed by the Squire and his sons. I notice the change on their faces when the Subscribers' Book is mentioned. I notice (for you) how people edge away from these corners after they've once been caught, and how part of the visitor's time is engaged in dodging the genial Colonel and his talented assistant. If safety is sought in flight, there is a third assistant at the door, sedentary and not itinerant, who fixes you as you go out. I represented you, and was not to be fixed. Now, Sir, speaking for you, I ask, couldn't this be done in an office at the side, without these Talkative Gentlemen (excellent persons, no doubt) in the exhibition room itself, where the spectator should be left in such peace and quiet as he can find in the studios throng. An advertisement could tell the public about the intended Engraving, and "This way to the Office," &c., could be placarded in the passage.

Now, Sir, I have done my duty, as You, at the Doré Gallery. The next time I visit that exhibition I shall go as—myself.

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

One to Rome.

LIBERAL AMADEUS reigns in Spain, and lightning falls upon his palace! If Infallibility does not make the most of this palpable miracle, Infallibility had better throw up the sponge, and subscribe to GALILEO's blasphemous assertion that the earth goes round the sun. A more manifest celestial interference in favour of the Church has never occurred since the appearance of Our Lady of Salette in the night-dress of "a zealous lady of the neighbourhood." We heartily congratulate the Vatican on a firework worthy of S. Angelo.

WATER AND WOLF!

THE following extract from the *Metropolitan* is no fun, but, on the contrary, must excite very serious thoughts in the minds of dwellers in the districts which bear the denomination of that journal, and are subject to the Water Act of the same name:—

"All the great Water Companies resisted to the utmost the introduction of filtering-beds, and the effort to compel them to take their supply from pure sources; but their resistance proved futile, and they were forced to yield. Last Session they, or some persons in their interest, succeeded in foisting into the Act provisions which impose upon unhappy householders a large outlay for the reception of a constant supply, while there is no security that such supply will be served. Moreover, the charges are grossly extortionate; and in the suburbs it would often be cheaper for the inhabitants to sink their own wells."

As if meat and coals were not dear enough, as though metropolitan householders, many of them, were not sufficiently fleeced by the partial Income-tax, and by highway rates paid on account of other people's carriages and horses: they are now condemned to be enormously mulcted by the Water Companies under pretence of affording them a constant supply of a fluid so called, whether they do or do not want it, and whether they get it or not—in short, whether, in a twofold sense of the words, they will or no. It was the other day announced that the new Water Act, which may perhaps be called the Water Companies Extortion Act, was about to be immediately tried on at Fulham. Peradventure it will be found not to fit. Already most householders can hardly keep the Wolf from the Door. What will they do when the Wolf shall have been reinforced by the Water Companies?

Gibe from Geneva.

AN American friend says that the presence of Eight First Class-men in the Ministry accounts for its absence of "pluck."

THE PESSIMIST'S POSTULATE.—All's for the worst.



A DOOMED MAN!

Frail and Delicate Individual (with much Pathos). "AH, MISS BROWN! I SHALL NEVER MARRY!" *Miss Brown.* "WHY?"

Frail and Delicate Individual. "BECAUSE I'M CONSUMPTIVE!—QUITE CONVINCED OF IT! ONLY DON'T TELL MY POOR MOTHER!—IT WOULD BREAK HER HEART!"

A STOPPAGE AT SALFORD.

THE Sabbatarian statute called the "Lord's Day Act," passed by tyrannical fanatics under CHARLES THE SECOND, has lately been invoked, at Manchester and Salford, against certain barbers, by a set of people who call themselves the "Sunday Closing Association." According to the *Manchester Guardian*, five barbers were fined under this preposterous Act of Parliament, at Manchester, on the 20th ult., for shaving customers on a Sunday. Salford, however, happens to be blest with a Magistrate who is no fool, MR. HIGGIN, Q.C., Chairman of the Salford Hundred Court of Quarter Sessions. A barber, charged with the same offence as that for which those others were fined, was, on Tuesday last week, summoned before him. The informer who thus sought to injure his neighbour, had thought, as also had other informers in Manchester, that an Act of 1871, practically suspending the Act of 1677, had by this time expired. MR. HIGGIN, however, was better informed. He had found that the suspensory Act was continued by an Act passed in the last Session, and would continue in force until September next. The informer, therefore, and his associates were put out of court; but it is to be regretted that no law empowers the people to put sanctimonious meddlers under the pump.

MR. HIGGIN, let it be repeated, is no fool; and the other Magistrates, who fined the five barbers in their ignorance of the law, and perhaps in their sympathy with asinine Sabbatarians, are respectfully recommended to take to heart the words of wisdom which that wise Magistrate uttered on dismissing a vexatious summons, and sending a vile informer about his business:—

"MR. HIGGIN remarked, apart from the legal question, 'that it was not a matter to be tolerated that people should associate themselves together for the purpose of coercing their fellow-tradesmen, and invoking the aid of the criminal law to carry out their purpose.'"

Note, all good people whom it may concern, that in September

DISCOVERIES FOR A DISCOVERER.

MR. STANLEY having discovered DR. LIVINGSTONE, the fashion seems to be commencing of setting him to work as the Universal Discoverer. When not better occupied, let MR. STANLEY set to work to discover

The Lost Pleiad.

The first Joke. When made, and who made it.

Perpetual Motion.

The Missing Link in the Last London Fog.

What becomes of all the Pins.

Who takes the Umbrellas.

Several mysterious cases of undetected crime.

Who sends Conscience Money to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

What becomes of the Postage Stamps given as change by Club waiters and put into your waistcoat-pocket.

The mode of paying a cabman his exact fare without a row.

MR. AYRTON's good taste.

On, STANLEY, on, there's plenty of time before you.

Turning the Tables.

FROM information received from Homburg, it appears that a M. BUJEGA, a wealthy Maltese, has been winning such enormous sums at the tables, that M. BLANC could not stand the run upon the bank, and was obliged to limit M. BUJEGA's stakes. We are not sorry to find that *Rouge et Noir* have at length proved too strong for M. BLANC, though we do not compliment the Managers of the gambling-table on their courage or fair-play in knocking under directly they find a customer who is not a pigeon. M. BUJEGA has the credit of winning by calculation fairly; if we thought otherwise, we should have styled him the Maltese Cross. Most people who gamble, draw blanks and lose their stakes, and it is refreshing to find the tables turned; and we congratulate the lucky Maltese—much as we hate gambling—on drawing a BLANC every evening and filling his pockets.

"No Rule," &c.

WE have all got into the way of thinking and saying that no man likes to be paid in his own coin. The assertion is rather too sweeping, for there is one person, at least, who would not make the slightest opposition to such a proceeding—the MASTER OF THE MINT.

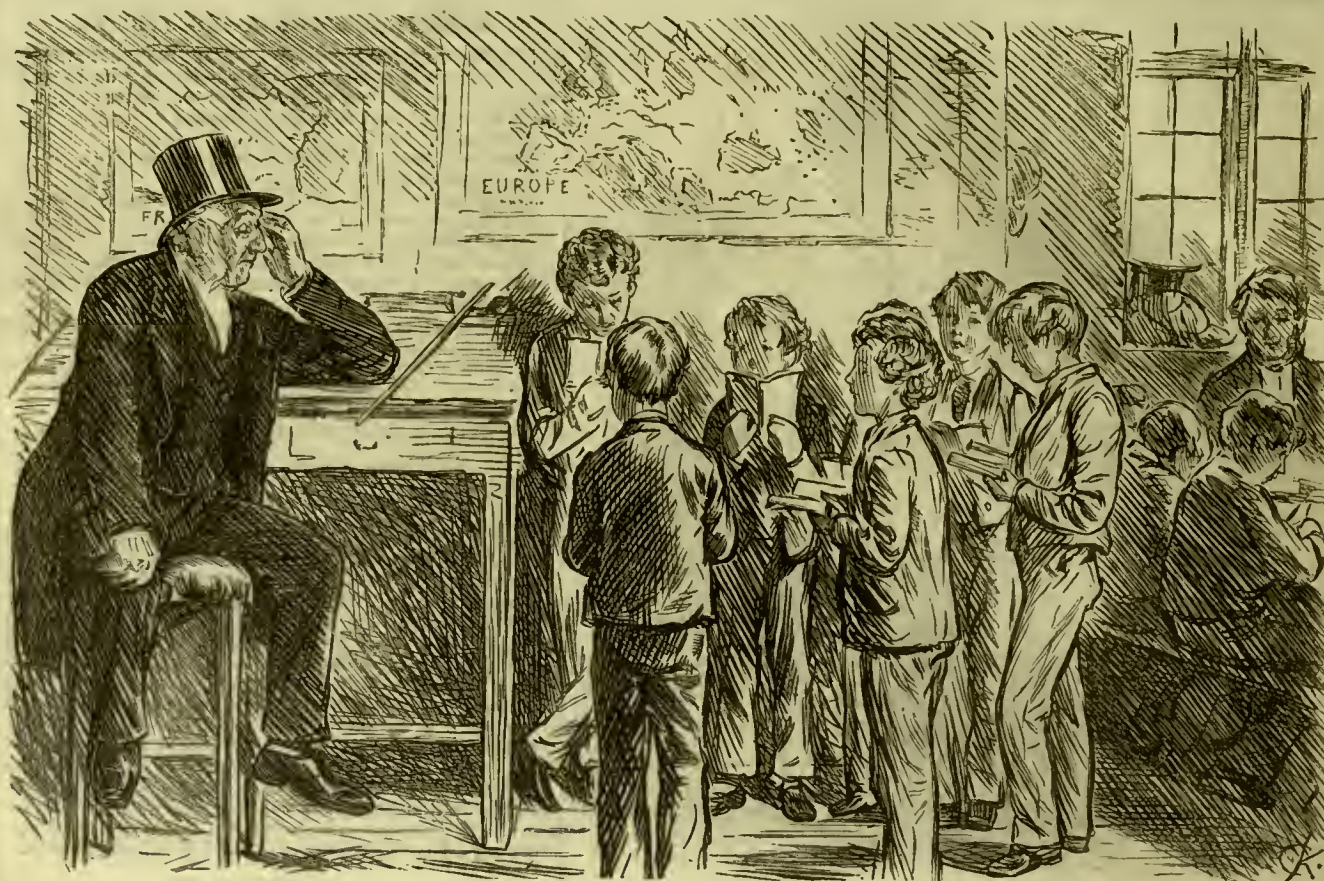
next the pseudo-Pharisees' Act of 29 CHARLES THE SECOND will revive in all its odiousness, unless it be repealed, or have its suspension again renewed. For the Sabbatarians are likely to muster in the House of Commons, in order, if possible, to defeat any motion tending to prevent their enforcement of it by conspiracy and information. Did they not succeed in managing, at the end of the Session, to form a majority for that injurious, wholly unnecessary, and otherwise simply sectarian clause of the Licensing Act, which closed refreshment-rooms for an additional hour during excursion-hours on Sunday afternoon?

Rectification.

A BRITISH artisan has availed himself of the foolish trustfulness of his employers, and having surveyed LORD RUSSELL's house in Richmond Park, has plundered it of several hundred pounds' worth of jewels. We have not yet read any report of the speech in which this "re-distributor of aristocratic wealth" has vindicated his conduct, but it will be quite in accordance with the doctrines of the day, should he allege that, considering how the BEDFORDS obtained Woburn, the reprisals at Pembroke Lodge were perfectly justifiable. Much worse teaching may be read in the "people's papers" any Sunday.

In Error.

THE Theatrical Entertainment given by the Mechanical Figures at St. James's Hall, is not in any way operative, nor are there engaged in it any of the youngest members of the family of the most renowned Italian Tenor ever seen in this or any other country. The mistake has probably arisen from the name. But we are hereby authorised to declare that the name *Marionettes* does not mean the Little Marios.



"COLOR EST DETERRIMUS ALBUS."

Schoolmaster. "WHAT COLOUR, ACCORDING TO VIRGIL, IS THE WORST IN A HORSE?"

First Boy. "BROWN."

Second Boy. "CHESTNUT."

Third Boy (favourite). "BLACK."

Schoolmaster (meditatively). "WELL—BLACK! YES, LIGHT BLACK; YES, GREY. WELL—LIGHTISH GREY, IN FACT, WHITE. YES, GO UP!"

MORE EX POST FACTO.

It has been suggested, in irony by some educated writers, in stupid earnest by some ignorant speakers, that the builders of the Alabama should be "invited" to contribute enormously towards payment of the Geneva imposition. The idea is not so outrageous as it appears. It is certainly logical. If England is to be amerced in a great sum for doing what at the time she did it was perfectly lawful, why not carry out the principle, and inflict a penalty on MESSRS. LAIRD for doing what was not only lawful at the time, but is lawful now? But let us go on. Nobody will say that it is unlawful, however unpleasant, for a person to be ill. The illness of a Government adviser prevented certain action in the case of the Confederate vessels. Pass a law that no person shall be ill when his services are required, and give it a retrospective action. Make it include the doctors, who ought to have cured the official in time to leave him fit to do his duty. One way and another we shall manage to pick up a good many contributions towards the big fine, if we will only follow up the noble rule initiated at the Geneva Juggle.

Past and Present.

PRINCE BISMARCK has stopped the BISHOP OF ERMELAND'S salary because that Ultramontane and Infallibilist illegally excommunicated certain "Old Catholics." Nevertheless the Bishop, we are informed by telegram, "unreservedly adheres to the position assumed by him on the question of excommunication." Such Bishops as the BISHOP OF ERMELAND are anachronisms. The time for excommunication is gone by. This present era of railways and electric telegraphs is an age of communication.

MEM. FOR BATSMEN. — Cricketers will remember this year as "The Year of GRACE 1872."

A FULL DESCRIPTION.

"Widow of a Lieut.-Col. of H.A., daughter of a Lieut.-Gen. of Cavalry, mother of a Lieutenant of Hussars, mother-in-law of two Staff Officers, and aunt of one Lieut.-Colonel, one Colonel, and one Major."

THE foregoing has nothing to do with the *Army List*, but is just the little history of herself which a lady appends to her signature to a letter; which one of our evening contemporaries has published, with other correspondence about that perpetual topic, "Our Servants." The signature itself is "GERSHOMA." *Bellona* would have been far more appropriate.

The City Morals.

AMONG the recent Civic ceremonies the attention of the public has not been sufficiently attracted towards the "Swearing in the Sheriffs." Now Swearing in anybody is bad, and, by degrees, worse, according to the rank of the offender. Our Sheriffs should set good examples. If Swearing in the Sheriffs is permitted, nay, sanctioned, how can we stop Cursing in Coal-heavers? We trust that Our Present LORD MAYOR will not countenance such immoral proceedings, and will check all Swearing in Sheriffs at the rate of five shillings an oath at the very least.

Lines on Leaders.

THE Alabama Claims are set at rest,
Now drop the subject which has grown a pest.
Write off the loss, and never pipe your eye,
Spilt milk! Spilt milk! O'er that in vain you cry.

BIOGRAPHY OF THE NEW LORD CHANCELLOR. — *The Natural History of Selborne.*



AN EXTENSIVE ORDER.

"O, PLEASE, MISS, WILL YOU GIVE US TWO 'A'PENNIES FOR A PENNY, AND GIVE ME A DRINK O' WATER, AN' TELL US THE RIGHT TIME! AN' FATHER WANTS A PIPE; AND LEND MOTHER YESTERDAY'S 'TIZER.' III

AN ASCENDING STORY.

SOME hosts have entertained angels unawares. Others have entertained guests of quite another description in disguise. From a case of information under the Licensing Act, which came, the other day, before Mr. KNOX, at Marlborough Street, and from many other such cases, it appears that the Police, by direction of their Superintendents, are accustomed to enter public-houses during prohibited hours, and call for "intoxicating liquors," thus officially tempting publicans, in order that they may inform against them, to break the law. This vocation of Tempter is distinctly the reverse of angelic, and when BOBBY is employed in it his name obviously expands itself into *Roberto il Diavolo*.

He, not Roberto, but the personage from whom Roberto derived his "addition," was, we know, the Father of Lies. It is remarkable that the method whereby BOBBY, in the character of *Roberto il Diavolo*, Tempter of Publicans, proceeds, is altogether that of lying. Roberto takes exactly after his reputed sire. He goes into a public-house in plain clothes, thereby representing himself to be what he is not—an honest private person. He asks to be supplied with "intoxicating liquors;" and perhaps he tells the direct lie of saying that he is a *bonâ fide* traveller.

BOBBY lies by order of his Superintendent; his Superintendent by order of whom? For doubtless the Superintendent who gave BOBBY the informer's office had the office given to himself by somebody above him; and the lie ascends. Let us say story, rather; euphemisms are and ever were commendable. To whom ascends the story above the Superintendent, and to whom above the Superintendent's superior? Who is the primary story-teller? It were not too curious to inquire, but it were too painful. The Superintendent is an abstraction; but when we go above him we get into the region of the concrete and the personal. He whom the story-teller's cap fits, let him wear it.

If any Policeman lays an information against any Publican for having illegally supplied him with liquor, and Mr. Punch is the sitting Magistrate, Mr. Punch can only say that, for his part, he

THE MARCH OF REFINEMENT.

PURISTS frequently are heard complaining of the progress and the prevalence of slang, and it is certainly distressing to a sensitive ear when a young gentleman speaks of his papa as either "governor" or as "the relieving officer," and still more when a young lady talks of having had "an awfully jolly caper" at the recent county ball. Still, a little lower in the social scale, there is noticeable nowadays a very marked refinement and elegance of language. One hardly would expect this in the gallery of a theatre, and yet the cry of "'Ouse bill on'y a penny!" has been improved, of late, to that of "Programme or Hop'ra glass!" In certain minor temples of the drama, as their *habitudes* no doubt euphemistically term them, beer is still the usual nectar provided for the "gods;" but we have vastly little doubt that in a very little time rhubarb wine and Seltzer water will be, instead of beer, provided. We entertain, moreover, a confident opinion that fans will, on warm evenings, be on hire for the fair goddesses, and we shall not be surprised to see them bringing big bouquets to throw to the performers. Doubtless, no long time will pass ere Eau-de-Cologne and other scents are likewise freely sold to the fair patrons of the drama who occupy the highest portion of the auditorium; and, possibly, next Christmas, a social law may be in force, prohibiting the "gods" from appearing in their shirt-sleeves, even upon Boxing-Night.

Mouthfuls, for Millionnaires.

WHEN Oysters cost thrice less than now
They formed a frugal dish,
And people used to wonder how
Pearls grew in such cheap fish.

If Oysters rising keep in price,
Soon, years, that o'er us whirl,
Will make the Oyster, morsel nice,
More precious than the Pearl.

DECIDEDLY WRONG.

WOULD it not be misleading a foreigner, or a countryman, in search of some one to carry his luggage, to tell him there was a place close at hand which announced that it had "the best Porter in the neighbourhood?"

will forthwith simply convict Mr. BOBBY, under the new Licensing Act, of having been, by his own confession, served in a public-house during prohibited hours. He will, accordingly, fine BOBBY forty bob, and, for the rest, dismiss the case.

BUTT ME NO BUTTS.

MR. BUTT, M.P., is also a Q.C.—in other words, one of Her Majesty's Counsel learned in the law. Speaking at Limerick of the offences of which some of the Fenian Military prisoners, who had sworn to serve the QUEEN and to be true to her colours, were convicted, he says:—

"It was never shown that these poor soldiers had ever committed any offence against the trust reposed in them as military men, but that in a loose moment they consented to take an illegal oath."

If the learned Gentleman had any sense, he might have urged in mitigation of their sentence, that the probability was, that when these unhappy men violated their soldier-oath they were "tight" at the time.

The Mouser.

THE *Times* Correspondent informs us that the Prussians have invented a most destructive gun called "the Mouser," which is far superior to the Henry-Martini and all other deadly weapons. He adds, that there is much mystery about it. Perhaps it is intended for private use. If so, will the Prussians be kind enough to try "the Mouser" on our garotters, if they catch them in Germany, and thereby save us the trouble of applying the Cat.

PEDESTRIANISM EXTRAORDINARY.

A PUBLISHING friend says, that the exercise he likes best is a run upon a book.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.



FEEL, on going out for a drive in the carriage of the *Grand Monarque* with the MILBURDS and my Aunt, that, as far as the ladies are concerned, we might pass for Serene Transparencies; also, that as far as I am concerned, I am perfectly ready to take off my hat with the suavity of an Excellency, but MILBURD will come out in what he calls a comfortable hat, which is of limp material and of no particular shape, its merit being that it is equally adapted either for the head or the coat-tail pocket. Added to this, MILBURD, who, in keeping with his peculiar views of combining the medicinal course with the Customs of the Country, has taken to smoking violently all day, persists in lighting up a shabby old wooden pipe, which he puffs during our

Royal Progress through the town (much to my Aunt's repressed disgust), only removing it to place to his lips a small flask, frequent applications to which, he says, the treatment renders absolutely necessary.

He carries with him a Conversation Book so as "to talk to the Coachman in his own native tongue," a pocket compass ("Always like to know where I'm going," he explains), a Guide Book with maps, "which," as he informs us, "is the Duchess's department; she's told off to Geography, having been brought up at school where she learnt the use of the Globes," and so many wraps, waterproofs, sticks, and umbrellas that it looks as if he were travelling about with a "job lot" in order to dispose of them at a sacrifice.

"Gracious!" exclaims my Aunt, on seeing all these paraphernalia. "I wonder he doesn't carry guns and swords, and have a boat to follow him in case he comes to a river. It's quite an Expict Arkedition."

He now addresses himself to the Coachman. While in Germany he thinks it necessary, in order to make himself intelligible, not to learn the language of the country, but to intersperse his English with finishing touches of German, which serve the intelligent foreigners as landmarks to his meaning.

"Kutscher!" says he, with a wink at me indicating, apparently, that he considers this word a surprising triumph over the difficulties of the language,—"Wir wollen to go nach the first *Swizzlehaus*," the Coachman, who has evidently been out with him before, touches his hat, and MILBURD continues, "Look here, I don't want to be out more than *Eine Stunde* and *eine halbe*, then back to the *Grossen Monarchen*—Grand Monarque. All right. *Ja wohl. So.*"

Swizzlehaus, he explains to us, is his own particular German for a place of Refreshment.

During our drive, which is through rather pretty scenery, we are struck by the number and variety of the small flies and insects which investigate us as strangers for a second or two at a time and then fly off to give their less adventurous companions the results of their observations.

"Ugh!" says my Aunt, shuddering, "Bonsers!"

"No," says MILBURD, who has heard our melancholy story, "these are simple *Fliegen*, they're not *Wanzen*."

My Aunt wants to be back in good time, as she has promised to meet the MOMPSONS and the GLYMPTONS, CAPTAIN FORTESCUE having undertaken to escort the entire party to a festive place called *Bernart's Local*. "Here," the enthusiastic HERR KOPFEN has informed them, "it will be a beautiful sight! O you must go, my dear Madam. There is fireworks, and a gross balloon, and music!"

In fact the party has been evidently got together under the direction of HERR KOPFEN, who prides himself on his English proclivities, and the number of his acquaintances among our countrymen.

"Here's a programme," says MILBURD, reading it out to us. "*Grosses Gartenfest bei festlicher Decoirung und brillanter Beleuchtung des Gartens. Grosses Garten Concert.* That means a Grocers' Garden Concert, very nice too; then *Aufsteigen eines grossen Ballons*—Hooray!—and *Grosses brillantes Feuerwerk und bengalische Beleuchtung des Gartens*. Quite a Cremorne! Here's *Eine Lerche!*"

"What, MR. MILBURD?" asks my Aunt.

MILBURD explains. "*Lerche*, German for Lark. Here's *Eine Lerche!*" Translation evident.

This view of it rather startles my Aunt, who doubts whether Ladies can go.

"O, of course! Quite the correct card!" exclaims MILBURD. "We'll all go, and say 'O!' to the *Feuerwerk*." Here he winks knowingly at me. MILBURD, I fancy, attaches a great amount of importance to a wink. Winks serve him, I notice, instead of witticisms.

Happy Thought.—Subject for essay, *The Theory and Practice of Winking*.

HERR KOPFEN, having promised to meet us punctually at half-past seven, does not make his appearance.

"Just like him," observes CAPTAIN FORTESCUE, always languid and desponding. "It's German all over. He said he'd do everything for us. I dare say he's met some other people he likes better, and has gone with them." Then to the Ladies, "It doesn't matter. I know the way."

"I suppose," says MRS. MILBURD, "this will be quite a *fête*?"

"A tea-garden affair," says FORTESCUE, sarcastically. "That's their idea of liveliness. Tea and squibs."

Over pavement like that of a London mews (the best streets in Aachen are no better), with a gutter and an odour on either side, we arrive at *Bernart's Local*. We pay fifteen *gröschens* apiece, and receive the comforting intelligence that the tickets would have been ten *sgr.* each if we had taken them before six o'clock.

In the distance we hear a band.

Happy Thought (but a little disturbing).—Shall once again meet BERTHA MOMPSON here. Wonder if she remembers. Wonder if she really—"We met, 'twas in a crowd" (at *Bernart's Local*), "and I thought she would shun me"—

"Why!" exclaims my Aunt, standing stock still, with her hand out, like a pointer, "it is a Tea-Garden!"

Nothing more nor less. Note this (for *Typ. Dev.*, under G., Germany or Garden, and T. Tea). From a military point of view, Germany is one vast Barrack. From a pleasure-seeker's point of view, it is a Tea-Garden.

Happy Thought (as descriptive of Germany).—A Barrack in a Tea-Garden.

MILBURD, directly we are seated at one of the thousand little wooden four-legged tables, calls out loudly, "*Kellner, bringen sie mir some Kalbscotelets for drie persons*"—this he explains on his fingers—"some *Rheinwein*—O—um—yes—and some *Blumenkohls*. Quick as you can, as I'm quite *fertig*." Presently he isn't satisfied with the table, and calls out, "*Kellner, let's have another Tische, if there's one free*." Attention is being drawn to us. MRS. MILBURD says, "O don't be so silly," to him, but laughs.

My Aunt is looking about for the MOMPSONS, and so am I.

Happy Thought.—To tell MILBURD not to go on like this, as every one of these waiters is either a private soldier or an officer in the Prussian service, perhaps the latter, and if so he'll call him out.

CAPTAIN FORTESCUE corroborates me unexpectedly. "The Oberkellner," he says, "is decorated."

Happy Thought.—Make an excuse to get away. Say "I'll look for another *Tische*," and go to do it.

Why is it that MILBURD, who would be well-behaved enough at any place of amusement in England, seems here to consider himself at liberty to act more like a bold buccaneer than a civilised Englishman? The garden is not a large one, and, indeed, with the exception of a few dull flowers and a couple of miserable-looking trees, it has as much right to be called a garden as has Leicester Square in its present condition. There is a stage at the end of the Garten, and the whole place is overlooked by the backs of very second-rate-looking houses.

By standing in a corner I can see all round *Bernart's Local*, which is now becoming crowded.

Seated at a table not far from me are MRS. MOMPSON and her daughters, with our German acquaintance KOPFEN. I rather think KOPFEN is a Baron, a Brewer, and of course more or less a Soldier.

He is sitting next the elder Miss MOMPSON. A Prussian officer is sitting next BERTHA. Intuitively I hate him. He is in uniform, the everlasting uniform, without which I do believe they are not allowed to sleep, except by special permission from the Crown Prince. On my approach he brings his *pince-nez* to the front, and inspects me superciliously in a military fashion, as if to see whether I'd come on parade without the proper number of buttons, or with a shoe-string untied.

KOPFEN jumps up, he is delighted to see me, as an old and dear friend, he welcomes me to the table, implores me to be seated, all this with great *impressment*, as if this present company were his party. His friend CAPTAIN HERMANN rises stiffly to be introduced. He salutes me with his right hand to his cap, his left by his sword, jerking his head out forwards and his coat-tails out backwards, like a mechanical figure that doesn't work easily. This being done I am allowed to salute Mrs. MOMPSON and her daughters.

The next difficulty will be to get near BERTHA, with whom CAPTAIN HERMANN is conversing in so low a tone as to suggest flirting on both sides. Flirting! Bah! With a German officer too! I wonder MRS. MOMPSON allows it.

BERTHA gives me one glance. It penetrates me. Evidently she has not forgotten . . . but why this German Officer?

THE NEXT GENERATION.

THE next generation will possess an army properly clothed.

The next generation will all be able to read and write.

The next generation will wear light clothes in summer.

The next generation will remove some of the public statues and edifices which their predecessors have erected.

The next generation will find life supportable without so many Vestries.

The next generation will not make calls.

The next generation will ride to and fro in decent cabs.

The next generation will have other sorts of fish in daily consumption besides red herrings.

The next generation will speak French and German, and, possibly, know something of their own language and literature.

The next generation will not wear high black hats in the month of July.

The next generation will see the officers of the army walking about the streets in uniform.

The next generation will have other public places of amusement open to them on Sundays, besides public-houses.

The next generation will be better cooks.

The next generation will have no theatres with fees.

The next generation will leave the table with the ladies.

The next generation will not avoid Hotels.

The next generation will find they can get on pretty comfortably without the Lord Privy Seal, the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, the Judge Advocate General, &c.

The next generation will not be ashamed of Leicester Square.

The next generation will be able to cross the Channel with less bodily discomfort.

The next generation will journey by railway more safely and more punctually.

The next generation will still have the National Debt, duns, dentists, domestics, humbugs, quacks, impostors, absurd fashions, adulteration, swindlers, and the Income-tax.

A NONCONFORMING LOGICIAN.

AT Birmingham, addressing the "Disestablishment Conference," MR. MIALl is reported to have thus spoken of the religious "efflorescence" likely to result from the abolition of the Church Establishment:—

"I don't believe that will be worse than a state of apathy and indifference. (*Applause.*) Philosophers may believe that, but I am not a philosopher. (*Hear, hear.*) I only profess to be a Christian, and so far as I can understand, and so far as I am able to judge this question, it has been thus: that if Christianity is not to be killed by the Establishment, Christianity must kill the Establishment."

MR. MIALl is not too modest in saying that he is not a philosopher. But no philosopher, except such an one as VOLTAIRE, would imagine the possibility of Christianity being killed by anything. MR. MIALl appears to be a rather unphilosophical believer.

Among the Cutlers.

CASTRO, the Claimant, has been trying it on at Sheffield, and, according to the *Sheffield Independent*, with very indifferent success. The Hall in which he exhibited himself was nearly filled as full as it could be with empty benches. MR. CASTRO has found the Sheffield blades much too sharp for him; they most of them cut CASTRO.

GRATIFYING.—The Man who Ran up a Bill has come down again.

THE POLICE AT RICHMOND PARK.

(Special.)



OUR Pedestrian Contributor on Sunday last week was stopped by a Policeman posted at the Sheen Gate of Richmond Park. The Policeman informed your Pedestrian Contributor, whose dog, Crab, accompanied him, that, by order, dogs were not to be admitted, unless led. This excellent regulation has always existed, and never been enforced within your Pedestrian Contributor's memory, and probably not within

that of the oldest inhabitant. But, ha, ha! there are Policemen to enforce it now, placed on purpose.

Crab is a little dog, to be sure; no bigger than Toby. But, as the saying is, "little dogs have long tails." Besides, if little dogs were admitted into Richmond Park loose, great dogs would also have to be. It would be impossible to draw the line between little dogs and big. Some of the big dogs might sometimes attempt to run after the deer; and though most of them would be instantly called off, and would come, no doubt, a few might persist for perhaps two or even three minutes in chasing a few deer a few yards, and would thus seriously injure the deer, though indeed without biting them or frightening them quite to death.

The little dogs at the present season would, it is true, do no such great mischief to any of the game in Richmond Park as the large dogs might to the deer. Even in the breeding-months, when their masters were sometimes invited by the Park Keepers to lead them, they never, to be sure, did worse than occasionally snap up a diminutive stray rabbit. But, nevertheless, Sir, you knew they would scratch the turf in places, and so deface it, although invisibly, and at spots extremely far apart. They might even do microscopical damage to the thistles and ferns; and though all the buttercups are now gone, they would possibly, here and there, ruffle a daisy.

Your Pedestrian Contributor, at the Policeman's bidding, summoned Crab to be secured. He takes a cord and a collar out with Crab generally. Crab, being acquainted with his tether before, knew what was intended for him, and, being an animal as disobedient as sagacious, immediately ran ahead into the Park. The Policeman did not attempt to pursue Crab, and was graciously pleased not to arrest me, or prevent me from following him.

How happy, Sir, are we in living under a Government so extremely paternal that it now stations Policemen on the look-out for a purpose of comparatively so little, but positively of such immense, importance to the Public, as that of preventing dogs from frisking about for a few yards in Richmond Park! The mischief which has been done there by those animals is probably almost equal to that which poodles and bull-dogs, suffered to accompany their masters, do in the open and public parts of the New Forest. There are no deer at all now in the Forest; but there are very many more flowers growing there than all that are to be found anywhere, at any time of the year, in Richmond Park, which is not like Kensington Gardens.

We fail sufficiently to appreciate the blessing of that freedom which we have come to enjoy in having a Policeman awaiting us at each step, to direct or check our proceedings and regulate our conduct, and we are not as yet duly awake to the delightful prospect of very soon being placed under Police supervision as much as ticket-of-leave-men, kept in order equally with the dangerous classes, and controlled by the Constabulary in every act of our lives.

PHYSIC GRATIS.

OUR Dispensaries, our Hospitals, our Infirmaries, are all excellent institutions, and deserve the utmost support and encouragement; but we cannot suppress a feeling of satisfaction at observing that the means of alleviating the many maladies which flesh is heir to, can now be obtained without a ticket, without attendance at any of the charitable establishments to which we have referred—without, in fact, any formalities whatever. By what mechanical agency a seemingly insuperable difficulty has been overcome we are not at present in a position to explain; but one thing is certain, that there are philanthropic Chemists at whose shops "Medicine can be obtained at any time, by ringing the bell."

Would that the same obliging facilities were offered by our butchers, our bakers, our grocers; and, above all, by our wine, spirit, and beer merchants!



A WARNING TO ENAMOURED CURATES.

Young Lady. "AND SO ADAM WAS VERY HAPPY! NOW, CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT GREAT SORROW FELL ON HIM?"
Scholar. "PLEASE, MISS, HE GOT A WIFE!"

A RAILWAY COMPANY'S QUESTION.

(Chairman sings.)

AGAIN there's one collision more!
 Lots killed and maimed; I say,
 My Colleagues, what an awful bore!
 There will be much to pay.

The damages for limbs and lives
 Will heavy prove, dear friends,
 And, howsoever business thrives,
 Reduce our dividends.

An Actuary should compute
 What loss, from year to year,
 We from those accidents, the fruit
 Of overwork, may fear.

Whether 'twere cheaper in the end,
 Those frequent fines to bear,
 Or cash enough in wages spend
 To make collisions rare?

We want more skilled hands; there's
 no doubt;
 Each pointsman no mere clown:
 How little could we give without
 Our having them break down?

Prodigious!

OUR friends the Priests at Lourdes are accused of not showing themselves equal to the situation. They have wrought only a couple of twopenny miracles, each in the case of an old woman. We think the Priests are unfairly treated. They have drawn forty thousand "superstitious" to a place where nothing supernatural happened. Is not *that* a miracle, wrought in the country of VOLTAIRE?

NO END OF STRIKES.

A STRIKE, my Masters, and my Men, is a game at which not only two can play, but likewise three. Besides the Workman and the Employer, who strikes by locking-out, there is the Consumer, whose strike consists in going without. He goes without that which he can least inconveniently do without; thus a man redresses the balance of his butcher's bill by striking, if a bachelor, against his tailor; if a husband, against his linendraper as much as possible, against his jeweller altogether. Accordingly, Trades-Unionists of all sorts, please to observe, that one trade eventually suffers for the strike of another; and that, in so far as you are consumers, when you strike as producers you may strike against yourselves, and oblige yourselves to strike again by-and-by against some one particular class of producers or other. Then these or those, in their turn, strike against you, and thus of striking there is no end.

An Infallible Guide.

APPEAL to history from the POPE is treason,
 Tells you an Ultramontane, categorical;
 Before Authority lay prostrate Reason:
 Be both irrational and unhistorical.

A Good Crew.

A CORRESPONDENT has reminded the *Times* "that with the acceptance of the Seals by SIR ROUNDSELL PALMER, there will be eight Oxford First Classmen in the Cabinet—MR. GLADSTONE, MR. LOWE, MR. CARDWELL, the EARL OF KIMBERLEY, VISCOUNT HALIFAX, MR. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE, MR. GÖSCHEN, and SIR ROUNDSELL PALMER." A short and familiar name at once suggests itself for this large proportion of the Cabinet—"The Oxford Eight."

TWO PRESIDENTS.—GRANT, R.A., and GRANT, U.S.



MUDDLEBY JUNCTION.

OVERWORKED POINTSMAN (*puzzled*). "LET'S SEE!—THERE'S THE 'SCURSION' WERE DUE AT 4'45, AND IT AIN'T IN; THEN, AFORE THAT, WERE THE 'MINERAL,'—NO! THAT MUST HA' BEEN THE 'GOODS,'—OR THE 'CATTLE.' NO! THAT WERE AFTER,—CATTLE'S SHUNTING NOW. LET'S SEE!—FAST TRAIN CAME THROUGH AT— CON-FOUND!—AND HERE COMES 'THE EXPRESS' AFORE ITS TIME, AND BLEST IF I KNOW WHICH LINE SHE'S ON!!"



OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(He takes an Evening from Home, and addresses the Editor after visiting the Lyceum.)



ow, the other evening I represented You, Sir, at the Lyceum in order to see *Charles the First*, in which play Mr. IRVING, as the Representative Man of that ill-fated Monarch, has made almost as great a hit as he had previously done in *The Bells*. With better material he could and would have done far more, but it is greatly to his credit that he has done so much. His make-up was admirable, his playing of the first and last Act well-nigh faultless; but between these two Acts the actor was left to make the best bricks possible out of the scantiest wisps of

straw. He has triumphed over difficulties, and MR. BATEMAN can honestly announce another success.

I was pleased to see MISS ISABEL BATEMAN as *Henrietta Maria*. She seems, like MR. IRVING, to be fitted by nature for the part. "The Queen is" (says one who knew her well) "very little of stature . . . of a pleasing countenance, if she be pleased, but full of spirit and vigour, and of a more than ordinary resolution. With one frown"—when she wasn't pleased—"she drove us all out of the chamber." When *Henrietta* parted with *Charles* for ever at the Lyceum (it might just as well have been the Lyceum as Whitehall, where she wasn't, nor anywhere near, on that melancholy occasion), and embraced her children, there were very few dry eyes throughout the theatre. As Your Representative (you have a hard heart, I believe), I looked around and smiled on the sobbing folks about me. It cost me an effort to represent you, Sir, on this occasion, and it made me very thirsty. I think I should have broken down utterly, and given you up as a bad job when *Charles* uttered one of his last farewell speeches (he has, I think, three of them, which struck me as a mistake, dramatically, though, really, if I were condemned to execution, I should perhaps be inclined to spin out my time by talking until they took me off by force)—I say I should have burst into a fit of *hysterical passio* on the second of these touching occasions, had it not been for a bald-headed man, not three seats from me, who, after wrestling, in contortions, with his nose and lips for a few seconds, suddenly gave the most terrific sneeze I ever heard. The effect on the house was electric. The sentimental chord had been too tightly strained, and the sneeze relaxed it with a jerk. The Stalls *solvuntur risu*, and as *Charles* hadn't a chance against the bald-headed man (in whose place I wouldn't have been for sixpence, specially if MR. BATEMAN had seen him), the sooner he went out and got executed the better.

I have no hesitation in saying that the Last Act, seen without the sneeze (as I did on the following night), is as affecting a spectacle as anything I've ever seen on the Stage. But there's just five minutes too much of it. I am aware that "KING CHARLES walked and talked half an hour after his head was out off," but this King couldn't have done it, as he was evidently exhausting himself previous to the execution.

Charles the First is called by its author an "Original Historical Play"—the Original largely qualifying the Historical. The author further goes on to say, in the playbill, that "he feels it unnecessary to confess or enumerate certain historical inaccuracies" in his play, and Your Representative flatters himself that on this principle he could (and will, too) give the public such an Historical Drama as hasn't been seen for some considerable time. As, evidently, not much research among the authorities will be required, I should be able to bring it out in a few days from this time. On referring once more to the playbill, I find that the "scenery" has "been prepared with the intention of giving reality to a reproduction of the actual period during which the incidents are supposed to have taken place."

Now this is very craftily worded. You're all right up to the

words "are supposed," and those floor you. If the whole thing is a hypothesis, what matters the accuracy of scenery and costume? If the author doesn't care twopence about historical truth, why should the manager, the scene-painter, the property-man, or the costumer? Admit the principle, and let every actor dress for effect; and, to begin with, let *Charles the First* come on as the Grand Turk, whose dress, I have been always led to believe, is truly magnificent. The scene painter must have had a jovial time of it when they learnt the principle of "History be blowed!" on which the drama is founded, and have, though still sticking a trifle too closely to traditional truth, made a gallant effort to break their fetters in the last Act. It was a cold and dismal day in January when *Charles* went from St. James's to Whitehall to be beheaded; but if ever open windows showed a bright, cheerful, and verdant Park in full summer, they were those windows of "Whitehall at Daybreak" which Your Representative saw, the other evening, at the Lyceum Theatre. This was a triumph of Imagination over Conscientiousness, and must have been deeply gratifying to the author of the drama.

I was pained, on my own account, though you, Sir, perhaps might have enjoyed it, to see *Oliver Cromwell* represented by a low comedian—an excellent actor, I do not deny, and capable, too, of parts as strong as *Robson* used to play; but still, professionally and ordinarily, a Low Comedian. This *Oliver* who, before the bloody massacre at Drogheda, spent a whole day in secret prayer, who, after this, refused quarter to all in arms, who left two thousand corpses strewn upon the ground—this *Oliver*, Sir, was a stern, unflinching fanatic, with a marvellous amount of method in his madness, but he was never on the stage of life a paltry sneak and a low comedian. I was greatly consoled, however, by finding that, after the execution of *Charles*, which, I suppose, took place on the fall of the curtain (unless the author is keeping him alive for some other "Original Historical Drama"), his remorseless but comic oppressor, *Oliver Cromwell*, had not ascended the throne, but having been tempted from his puritanical simplicity by bright colours, had invested in a startlingly brilliant wig and such neat things in trouser patterns that not the londest gent, who hadn't gone mad on the subject, would have dared to wear even on a bright Saturday afternoon in Houndsditch. It also appeared that, his natural drollery getting the better of him, he had assumed the name of *Taraxacum Twitters*, perhaps to escape detection; and in this character, having disposed advantageously, probably, of the Great Brewery at Huntingdon, he had descended to keeping a Chemist and Druggist's shop, of a very second-rate description. Here, having become painfully nervous, so much so that he generally received strangers by jumping about with his hands under his coat-tails, the formerly stern Puritan allowed himself to be insulted by a grinning apothecary's assistant, and to be bullied by a buxom maid-of-all-work who banged the table with her clenched fists so violently as to make the recent representative of the Lord Protector of England jump up, and cry, "Don't!"

The way in which one *Farmer Wheatear*, who, having previously been a Cavalier nobleman, probably owed him a grudge,—I say the way in which this old agriculturist treated the fallen *Oliver* was brutal in the extreme. He thumped him in front when he said How d'ye do, he thumped him in the back to put him straight again, the first blow having doubled the unfortunate Protector up; he thumped him whenever he wanted him to see some point in his conversation, *Oliver* having become painfully obtuse considering what he used to be in his best days; and finally, when one *Tom Trap*, who had been his old friend *IXTON* in the previous piece and of whom better things might have been expected, pretended to shoot him with a blunderbuss, I could bear the sorrows and sufferings of poor *Oliver* no longer, but taking up my hat, and putting on my coat (You, Sir, are a bit of a Molly-coddle) I sallied forth to moisten my parched throat with the smallest and freshest Natives, and their congenial liquor, stout, at MR. RULE'S in Maiden Lane, where, Sir, with much enjoyment, I represented you, treating a friend, too, up to four-and-sixpence.

What, however, bothered me and cast a damp over me as Your Representative was this,—I did not know whether you liked your oysters opened in the deep or flat shell. You must tell me these things before I go out. Also, do you take pepper and vinegar, or Cayenne and lemon, and if either, at what point of the entertainment? After the first dozen, later or earlier? If you are passing RULE'S just look in and give your directions on this subject. As I am going a round of the Amusements, I shall be there again very soon, and whatever you say shall be strictly attended to by

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

Another Extinguisher Wanted.

This is too much. Here's Vesuvius wanting to break out again. The seismographs supply most unpleasant information. We do not want to be rude, but if the peace of the Continent is again menaced by an inflammatory action, appeal will lie to M. VON BISMARCK.



ON THE GRAND TOUR.

SCENE—Staircase of the Palazzo Bianco.—(Enter the JONESES of London.)

Chorus of Maidens. "O, MA, DEAR! O, PAPA! DO LOOK! *ISN'T THIS CHARMING? ISN'T IT DELIGHTFUL? ONLY FANCY—THE BRAGGINGTON SMITHS WERE HERE LAST MONTH!*"

A SLIGHT TO A SAINT.

MR. WHALLEY, perhaps, does not read the *Post*. Very likely MR. NEWDEGATE does. The Member for Peterborough may therefore have missed, but the Representative of North Warwickshire have had, the pleasure of perusing the subjoined announcement:—

"LADY SINGERS IN ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCHES. — The 'edict' which ARCHBISHOP MANNING published some twelve months since with reference to his wish that the employment of females as singers in the church choirs of the Metropolis should cease, has at length been put rigorously into force. Although boys and men with well-cultivated voices have been substituted at the various services, still at the principal churches, such as the Church of the Jesuits, Farm Street, Berkeley Square, St. Patrick's, Soho, and other places, the loss of the ladies' voices is very much regretted."

The enforcement of DR. MANNING's edict against soprano and contralto voices will be a fine thing for Exeter Hall. DR. MANNING's Propaganda will find itself opposed in Exeter Hall by a force much more formidable than that of the Platform. Exeter Hall, to recall stray sheep from the tinkle of the Mass bell, has now only to reproduce MOZART's Masses, and HAYDN's, and the two of BEETHOVEN (especially his *Mass in D*) sufficiently often, and effectively sung as they will not be in the Roman Catholic Chapels. Protestants will no longer go to those places to hear music much better given elsewhere by the Sacred Harmonic Society. Then, perhaps, the TITULAR OF WESTMINSTER will discover that he made a great mistake in discarding his Sirens. Controvertists may tax ARCHBISHOP MANNING with hagiolatry; but there is one Saint to whom, considering her sex, and her specialty, he appears to pay very scant honour, namely Saint Cecilia. It may well be that he will have had cause given him to fast on her next feast day, and do penance. May he relish the red herring, or skilligolee, or whatsoever other description of low diet he may feel bound to stint himself to on the twenty-second proximo.

PARLIAMENT OUT OF SESSION.

"PARLIAMENT out of Session." Such is the pleasant title which almost daily the eye encounters at the top of a long column, or two columns, or more, of print, which, running down, it nearly always discovers to consist of the dreariest possible verbiage on the driest of all droughty subjects, about which the less that is said, if as much as needs to be said, the better. Parliament out of Session. Sweet announcement that, however. Parliament out of Session can only talk. Parliament out of Session is merely stumping constituents, or the country. Parliament out of Session is not as yet employing itself in paternal legislation. Parliament out of Session is at present not voting Sabbatarian Prohibitory Sunday Excursion Bills. Parliament out of Session is not voting away the liberties of Englishmen.

Romanesque Dissenters.

ARCHDEACON DENISON has threatened the Established Church that unless certain parts of its Liturgy are let alone, he will ask to be admitted into the Liberation Society. If the Establishment declines a whit, even in semblance, from orthodoxy, ARCHDEACON DENISON will make common cause with Nonconformists. If he does, Orthodoxy will have acquainted a man with strange yoke-fellows. The word will go forth in Little Bethel, and Ebenezer, "Is DENISON also among the Dissenters?" Perhaps, when some of the tenets advocated by the Venerable Archdeacon, DR. PUSEY, and others of their persuasion, are compared with some of the Thirty-nine Articles, there will appear more than sufficient reason for the answer:—"Yes, he is."

BREECH-LOADING CONUNDRUM.

WHEN is a Tailor a successful Sportsman?—When he cuts out and makes "bags."

TO OUR BETTERS.—The Best Course is to avoid all Race-meetings.



A BLOW AND A KISS.

BANE AND ANTIDOTE.

MR. COMMISSIONER KERR, who frequently uses from the bench an apostolic "great plainness of speech," which might well be imitated by other Judges, had to sentence a banker's clerk, convicted of forgery. The unfortunate man pleaded that he had been led into bad speculations by trusting to "high names on prospectuses." In giving judgment, MR. KERR said:—

"As an officer of a bank, the prisoner ought to have known perfectly well that high-sounding names were not to be trusted, and that in the monetary world those names were used merely to induce people to enter into speculations, and eventually to ruin them."

So much for the morals of the monetary world, and *Punch* thanks the monetary Judge. But now a word to honest people, not, therefore, citizens of the monetary world. High class journalists are, justly, either indignant with or contemptuous touching the papers that publish quack advertisements. Not to go lower, the Press which promulgates the lies of folks who announce that their medicines are remedies for every evil, from consumption to corns, is deservedly despised. But what is to be said about publishing the sort of prospectuses described by the above-mentioned forger, and denounced by the above-mentioned Judge? It will be said that "business is business," and this is an answer to everything, and is like unto the "barber's chair," alluded to by a certain Shaksperian clown. So be it, in a commercial country. But suppose that at the head of each column in which such prospectuses appeared, the high-class Press were to print, in bold type, the above utterance by MR. COMMISSIONER KERR. That would be a standing protest against swindle, and with that notice staring folks in the face, why, *qui vult decipi, decipiatur*. Happy is Mr. *Punch* to act as usher to MR. KERR, and to shout out his words, for though Wisdom crying out in the street is not regarded, she may be heeded when she speaks from the judgment-seat.

Results of Tight-Lacing.

THE truly Intoxicating Liquors Act is very stringent in shortening hours, during which it therefore impels persons of intemperate habits to drink while they can. Thus this pedagogue's enactment is not only tight in itself, but also the cause of tightness on the part of toppers. Suppose we call it the Liquors Intoxicating Act.

SOUVENIRS AND THEIR SEQUEL.

(An Expostulation.)

MONSIEUR, of BISMARCK you complain
For making Alsace and Lorraine
As German as perforce he can.
How should he help himself, poor man?

Think, good Monsieur, how often France
Has had the supreme complaisance
To do the honour, on occasion,
To Fatherland, of an invasion.

That honour is, indeed, extreme.
But those droll Germans do not seem
To see it in that point of view
Wherein it shows itself to you.

The blessings, by your troops diffused,
From owning they would be excused.
And choose to give themselves the pain
Of making kind intentions vain.

Two cries two Cities raised, you know,
One each, two years and more ago.
"To Paris!" answered "To Berlin!"
Which City shouting did begin?

Who, suffer us that we inquire,
Did after "Glory" so aspire
That neighbours all, in constant fear
Of war, were kept for many a year?

Who, vain a little, with some pride
Elate, "When I am satisfied
Europe was tranquil," used to say?
Of arrogance a slight display.

Who always bragged herself to be a
Nation that fights for an Idea;
Ideas most often annexations
Of provinces of other nations?

No wonder 'tis, if that was France,
Now lying prostrate by the chance
Of her own war, that now the foe
Who has her down should keep her so

In self-defence; repaired in might
Lest, rising, she resume the fight.
Monsieur, your neighbours don't admire
Renewed attacks with sword and fire.

So BISMARCK, with a grief profound
No doubt, pins crippled France to ground,
And must, completely, to Almain
Reclaim all Alsace and Lorraine.

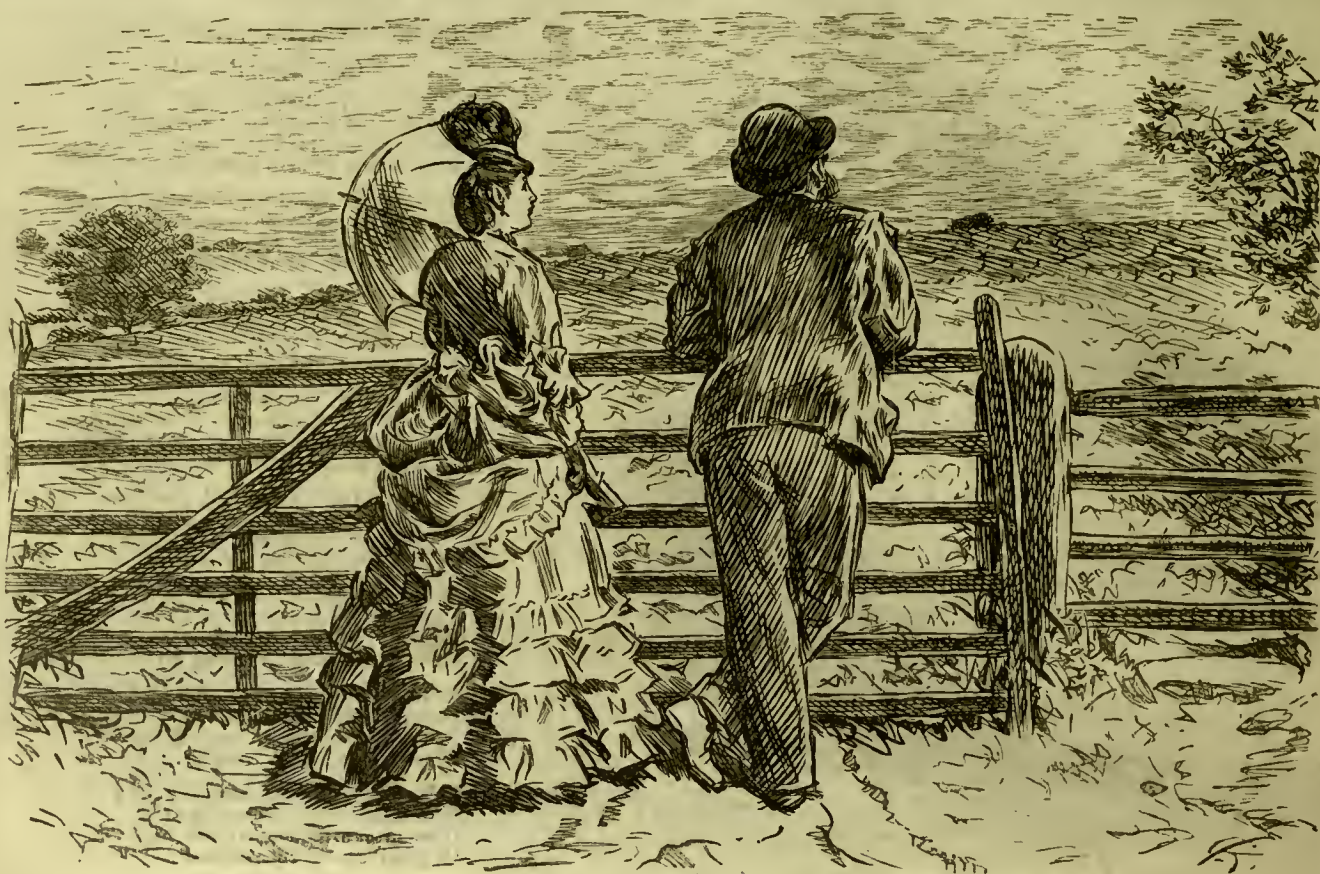
Meanwhile, Monsieur, the less that's said
About revenge, the foot will tread
So much the lighter on the poll
Which now lies underneath its sole.

ANOTHER OUTBREAK.

THE *Hampshire Independent* gives a description of one of those astounding services, of a Popish character in a Protestant church, which have, unfortunately, almost ceased to be regarded as startling novelties. Still it is to be hoped that the Bishop of the Diocese in which the service in question was held, will have something to say about this fresh contempt of law and honesty by another beneficed clergyman of the Church of England. We make no further reference to what was witnessed at St. Michael's, Southampton, on the 29th ult. except to note that as the name of the Incumbent is GREGORY, and he appears to have taken a principal part in the proceedings, the remark in the newspaper that "the service was chiefly Gregorian" seems superfluous. It certainly was not Church of England.

ATHLETIC SPORT IN IRELAND.

A DONKEY-RACE was run the other day on the Curragh, at Ballybansagher. The competitors were priest-ridden Irishmen. The cry was "Divil take the foremost!"



MIND AND MATTER.

Augustus (poetical). "LOOK, EDITH! HOW LOVELY ARE THOSE FLEECY CLOUDLETS DAPPLIED OVER THE——"
Edith (prosaic). "YES. 'XACTLY LIKE GRAVY WHEN IT'S GETTING COLD. ISN'T IT?" !!

A COMPANION TO THE BULL'S-EYE.

AN inquest was held on Wednesday last week on the body of an old man named COONEY found dead in a police-cell. COONEY had been locked up on the previous Monday night by a police officer on a charge of drunkenness—because he had found him lying insensible in the street. The insensibility of the deceased, whose drunkenness had been taken for granted, was found, on examination *post mortem*, to have been caused by a fracture of the skull, which had been broken in two places, evidently by assault. It is bad enough to be drunk and incapable, but incapability combined with sobriety is too bad; at least when a sober but incapable person is entrusted with duties which seriously affect other people, duties like those of a Policeman. A Policeman who cannot distinguish between the insensibility of drunkenness and that produced by a fracture of the skull broken in two places, must, if not himself very far from sober, be very incapable indeed. Can no ingenious medical mechanician devise a what-shall-we-say—methysometer—an instrument whereby to measure drunkenness, for the use of sober but incapable Policemen?

Military Intelligence.

THE War Office is advertising for tenders for the supply of "American Drill." Are we going to make our Army, in its training, a copy of that in the United States? If so, Honorary Colonels and others, who are averse to change, will be glad to hear that "the Secretary of State for War does not bind himself to accept the lowest or any tender." (N.B. The Italics do not appear in the Advertisement.)

UNPROVOKED ASSAULT.

THE conduct of the Navy does not appear to be altogether unexceptionable. A report has reached us within the last twenty-four hours, of an officer high in the service—in fact, an Admiral—so far forgetting himself as actually to strike his flag!

DRAWING THE LINE.

"Ladies' United Service Club, for Widows, Wives, and Daughters of Officers of the Army and Navy. Age of admission not to exceed 39."

WHY this cruel restriction to "thirty-nine"? Why exclude forty—dear "fat, fair, and forty"? *Mr. Punch*, who has thousands of admirers of the only sex worth thinking about, who, he fears, will never see thirty-nine again, pauses for a reply, and will only wait a certain time for an answer. At its expiration, he intends to "apply personally" "for particulars" at the address indicated in the advertisement, and if the explanation as to this preference for the figure "39" (can it have any reference to the Articles?) is not satisfactory, he will at once "promote" a rival Club with no limitation of age—*Mr. Punch* gives no such assurance as to capital—where forty will be as welcome as thirty, and fifty as forty, where youth, and age, and "a certain age" will all be equally admissible for Ballot; where, in a word, no one connected with the management will ever be so indiscreet as to ask any questions at all on such a delicate point as a lady's age. *Mr. Punch* would like to know how many of the candidates for admission to the "Ladies' United Service [? Matrimony] Club" will be found, on their own confession, to be thirty-nine!

Teach the Teachers.

LORD HOUGHTON is a good friend to Ecclesia, in spite of a certain clever saying about "that department of the Civil Service called the Church of England." At the Congress at Leeds, where everybody was suggesting everything for the benefit of the Establishment, LORD HOUGHTON gently proposed "The general Education of the Clergy." *Rem acu.*

AN EMERALD.

SAYS DENNIS:—"I carry me purse in me hat;
 And I'd like to see who'll pick a pocket like that."

HAPPY THOUGHTS.



ALL the Brilliant fireworks, which the programme had so magnificently premised us, turn out to consist of a few coloured fires, three or four rockets, something else in the Catherine-wheel line by way of a finish, and, I think, two extra gas-jets in the gardens.

The balloon of which such anticipations had been formed—MILBURN, indeed, frightening his wife by informing her that he was intending to try what a terrific ascent was like,—the balloon I myself discover, hanging like a crinoline outside a shop, on a hook in a side wall. It is simply a toy fire-balloon of tissue paper, with the usual tow on a bit of wire underneath to be steeped in spirits of wine and ignited, that's all.

At the Mompison's table.—KOPFEN is talking to AGATHA: CAPTAIN HERMANN to BERTHA. I am, I feel, as the fifth person at a rubber.

Happy Thought.—Ready to cut in.

The difficulty is to know *when* to cut in. I don't like to join the conversation without being invited. I should have thought that BERTHA would have put aside the Prussian officer and have exclaimed, "O, I'm so glad you've come," and have motioned me to a chair by her side. But she doesn't. I don't exactly see my way. The last time I sat by BERTHA I was full of conversation, in much the same tone as that which this Captain Thingummy is employing. Sometimes I notice them both glancing furtively at me, and smiling. What at? It flashes across me that they are laughing at my costume. Hang it, why? Let me consider. As I can't join in their conversation, I may as well occupy my time in considering.

Happy Thought.—Think it out.

Thinking it out.—It has been a warm day, but begins now, in the evening, to be a trifle chilly. I feel this when it is too late. My present suit is, it suddenly occurs to me, rather out of character with even an *al fresco* evening gathering like the present. It is a remarkably light attire, of one pattern up and down, and all round, which seemed to be the very thing, when the stuff first caught my eye at the tailor's, and I was struck by the

Happy Thought.—Order an entire suit of it.

It seemed to me also the Very Thing (this sort of pattern generally does seem "the very thing" if you stroll into your tailor's on a bright day in early summer) for the sea-side. And so it was, that is, for any sea-side where there was nobody except myself and my Aunt; and, now I come to think of it (and I can't help coming to think of it in these Gardens, on account of its startling contrast to the surrounding dark-coloured frock-coats), I've only worn it in solitude—never in company.

It was MILBURN, after I'd been finding fault with his shabby hat, who said, "My dear fellow, the best of this place is, that you can wear anything." It was MILBURN to whom I shewed this suit, and who expressed unbounded admiration of it, advising me to put it on by all means, as it was the Very Thing (he too thought it was "the very thing.") for Aix. Up to a certain point I feel it is the very thing; that is, if I could only show myself like a flash of lightning in the street, for a second or two, and then disappear. I feel that five minutes of me, in this dress, is too much for anyone. I want (if it were possible) to be seen like a vision, like, in fact, something lightly immaterial, and not as a light material, and then pass away, not to be forgotten, but to dwell in the memory of mankind—always, I mean, as associated with this costume.

Happy Thought.—Like some bright dream.

When my Aunt saw me in it this afternoon she didn't make any remark, but then she'd seen it before at the sea-side. If she considered it ridiculous, why didn't she say so? MILBURN had said he liked it, and in fact was going to order a lot of suits like it on his return to England. I agreed with him, my good taste being flattered by his approval; but it now occurs to me that—and if so, it's MILBURN all over—he meant it for a joke, in return for what I'd said about his hat.

I don't know whether "thinking it out" has made me nervously sensitive, but everyone seems to shun me. Mrs. MOMPISON, even old Mrs. MOMPISON, when I came up to her at first, turned away from me, to talk to my Aunt, as soon as she could; KOPFEN, who expressed himself so delighted to see me, hasn't spoken to me again, and as

for the Prussian Officer, with BERTHA, his manner has been, from the commencement, simply intolerable. Upon my word, I'd much rather that they'd all cry out at once, "Look here! We don't like your dress!" than snub me in this way without telling me the reason. To come out in a light suit is not a crime, but—confound MILBURN!—it's treated as though it were. I would retire, but that to quit the field now, is to yield the ground to the Prussian officer. No; I won't stir.

Suddenly KOPFEN remembers an engagement: so does his friend. They make some arrangements for meeting again to-morrow, and rise to bow extravagantly, salute jerkily, and then they walk off with the air of conquerors, irresistible among the fair sex. We are in the land of duels, and I feel that if I could only be certain of running the Prussian officer through the third breast-button of his uniform, or of putting a bullet into the same place, I would invite him to meet me over the border in Holland, and leave him quivering on a daisy. The air of Germany makes me bloodthirsty. I don't feel like this in England. No. Evidently it's seeing so many swords and uniforms all over the place, not to mention the Students of the Polytechnic here, most of whom swagger about exhibiting hideously scarred faces, the consequences of constantly recurring hand-to-hand encounters with swords.

Happy Thought.—Cross over to BERTHA. Preserve a cold demeanour.

She asks me why I didn't come and speak to her before, as she was so bored by having to talk German to CAPTAIN HERMANN. "He's a very handsome man," observes Miss AGATHA. BERTHA admits, not, as I think, warmly (or is this to deceive me?), that he is rather good-looking. I treat the question superciliously. I say that I didn't notice him particularly. I can't repress my bitterness. I wish I could, but it will come out, and I say, with asperity, "I don't like these Prussian officers."

I feel that I've played my cards in the worst possible style. The Ladies are quite astonished at my dislike, as they have found them (the officers) so very agreeable, and really far more intelligent and amusing than any English officers.

Happy Thought.—I see a way to escape the effects of my hasty expression. I sacrifice the English officers, and say, "O, English! I wasn't thinking of them."

"Well," says Miss BERTHA, "I like them very much, too. A garrison town is very good fun."

This conversation is out of my line. It depreciates me as a Civilian. There's a smack of frivolity about her manner now that I don't like. It is not what I had expected. AGATHA joins the conversation which is being carried on by Mrs. MOMPISON and my Aunt, and is all about ROWENA, on the one part, and neuralgia and galvanism on the other.

Happy Thought.—Opportunity. Seize it. Say, in low tone (same tone as Prussian Captain—hang him!), "Do you remember the last time we met at BOONELS'?"

"I thought you had forgotten all about that," Miss BERTHA returns, not in a very low tone, but looking up and laughing.

Laughing! It is at this supreme moment that I should like to rise from my seat and be six feet high, with a long cloak, a pale face, black moustache, and long black hair. I should like to thrill her through and through with my piercing glance. I should like to say, "Miss (or BERTHA) you have trifled with a heart!" and then somehow vanish, for to walk away, or even stride away, after this, would be commonplace. Then I should like her to lead a life of regret.

All this, however, I keep to myself, and simply return, with meaning, and in a tone just a trifle lower (beating the Prussian officer by three bass notes), "No, I have not forgotten."

She does not reply to this, and somehow, though I feel that I am meaning a great deal, I can't find anything fresh to talk about, and this subject really does seem exhausted. There is a slight pause. I then ask, "Are you staying long here?"

Happy Thought.—To relieve this of being a commonplace by throwing expression into it.

She doesn't know. Hopes it will be some time, as she enjoys it. I do not, and say so.

I try a return of tenderness, to see if this will touch a sympathising chord. I say, "I heard you were here, and I've been anxiously expecting to see you since our arrival. I am so glad to meet you again." She replies, leaning back in her chair (not forward or bending her head, as she had been doing with the Prussian Captain—hang him!), "Yea, we have been here about a month or so already." Presently she says, smiling, "Don't you find your dress rather cold?" At last! I knew it! I am boring them. She doesn't like me—in this Suit. She evidently wishes me to go away.

"I suppose, Miss BERTHA," I say, sarcastically, "you prefer a uniform."

"I think," she returns, quietly, "that it is very becoming." Which clearly means that mine isn't.

I observe, carelessly, as though the subject were really beneath consideration, "Dress here is of very little importance." I should



GENTLE PATERNAL SATIRE.

Irate Parent. "O! YER DON'T WANT TO GO INTO BUSINESS, DON'T YER! O! YER WANT TO BE A CLERK IN THE POST-HORFICE, DO YER! POST-HORFICE, INDEED! WHY, ALL YOU'RE FIT FOR IS TO STAND OUTSIDE WITH YOUR TONGUE HOUT, FOR PEOPLE TO WET THEIR STAMPS AGAINST!"

like to add something about "As long as the heart," &c., but I feel that it won't do in this costume. Yet what is a Love worth that mixes me up with the colour of my cloth?

Happy Thought (for a New Social Proverb).—Cut your friend according to the colour of his cloth.

MRS. MOMPISON rises. So do the young ladies. "I would offer to escort you," I say, still bitterly, "only you wouldn't like walking with me through the garden in this costume." BERTHA doesn't say Yes or No, she only laughs, and MISS AGATHA settles the question by inclining herself in a stately manner towards me, and taking her sister's arm. MRS. MOMPISON says, with decision, "Don't let us hurry you away; we'll see your Aunt to the hotel;" and even my Aunt seems pleased to be rid of me.

They leave the Garden. Bah! there's an end of the illusion. I had expected great things from meeting BERTHA again—I had expected great things from this *Grosses Garten Concert*, with its *grossen Ballons* (the impostors), and its *bengalische Beleuchtung des Gartens* (the humbugs). I should like to insult somebody, and dash in among the glasses. Where's MILNARD?

TRACTS BY VICTOR HUGO.

ACCORDING to the *Athenæum*:—

"It is believed that M. VICTOR HUGO's next production will be the long-promised sequel to the *Légende des Siècles*—*Dieu*. This is shortly to be followed by *La Fin de Satan*."

The titles of these performances suggest the expectation that they will be found, on perusal, highly religious books. The last-named work, however, appears likely to prove itself the expression of an idea not altogether original. The possibility of demonicide is suggested by *Friday* to *Robinson Crusoe*, and it is represented as an accomplished fact in the catastrophe of a certain drama commonly, under a name which modesty declines here to mention, wont to be performed, beneath the sky, in public but sequestered places about London.

INDEXING.

"The Congregation of the Index at Rome has published a decree mentioning twenty-one literary works which are henceforth prohibited."

THE subjoined list is not put forth as containing exactly the same works as those prohibited by that wise body, the "Congregation of the Index," for it would be unfair to other countries to assume that we can claim the enviable distinction of producing all the forbidden books. PORE PUNCH THE FIRST, however, has a strong belief that if the far-seeing authorities at Rome were to interdict the faithful from reading the list of twenty-one literary works which he has drawn up, they would be quite as likely to succeed in extinguishing freedom of thought, and stopping the progress of enlightened opinion—in a word, putting down reading and thinking as—they are by the promulgation of the present or any other prohibitory decree of the Congregation of the Index:—

Joe Miller.
Robinson Crusoe.
Cocker's Arithmetic.
Johnson's Dictionary.
Miss Acton's Cookery Book.
Goody Two Shoes.
Arabian Nights.
Authorised Cab Fares.
Tables of Logarithms.
Bradshaw.
The Boy's Own Book.
Ruff's Guide to the Turf.
Lindley Murray.
The Blue Book.
Ready Reckoner.
Gradus ad Parnassum.
Army List.
Burke's Peerage.
Pickwick.
The Nautical Almanack.
The Pharmacopæia.

May and December.

At this present junction MRS. MALAPROP is greatly interested in a marriage which is about to take place between two of her most intimate friends. The only drawback to her satisfaction is, that she is afraid there is too great a disparagement of age.

WHERE ARE THEY?

WHERE is the Railway Passenger who, when he leaves the train, is so commonly polite as to shut the door behind him?

Where is the English Tourist who can contrive to change a five-pound note upon the Continent, and not find himself a loser thereby?

Where is the Butler who allows his master's friends to taste as good a glass of wine as he produces for his own?

Where is the Reading Party which sticks closely to its studies even in the finest weather?

Where is the Public Orator who can ever keep his promise to "say a few words only"?

Where is the Billiard-marker who will win your money from you, and refrain from assigning half his victory to flukes?

Where is the Railway Porter who will hurry to attend to you, if you are known upon the line as one obeying strictly the placarded direction to "give no fees to any servants of the Company"?

Where is the Builder who never lets his bill exceed his given estimate?

Where are they born, the People who say cowmumber, hospittable, nayther, and advertizement?

Where is the Organ-fiend who will move off from your door without your fetching a Policeman?

Where is the Hairdresser who can manage to content himself with cutting your hair simply, without making any cutting observations on its scantiness?

Where is the Gamekeeper who ever looks contented with the tip you offer him?

And lastly—Where is the Young Lady who can pack up her own boxes, and not leave half her "things" behind her?

Mem.

ANGLO-FRENCH COMMERCIAL TREATY.—The Raw Material may offer material for a Raw.



LIKES HIS MONEY'S WORTH.

English Passenger (by the Night Mail North). "CONFOUNDED TEDIOUS JOURNEY, THIS!"

Scotch Dillo. "TEJIOUS! SAE IT OUGHT TO BE! (With a Groan.) TWO PUN' TWALVE AND SAXPENCE, SECOND CLASS—MAUNSTR'S!!"

"ECONOMY IN MOURNING."

Economy in mourning! Ay, that indeed were wise;
More willingly in no point would I economise.
Economy in mourning! There's nought that I would go
So soon without, my masters, as sorrow, grief, and woe.

Economy in mourning? Yes, I know what you mean.
'Twill ever be my practice, as it has ever been.
I always spend in mourning as little as I can
Without being considered a heartless, shabby man.

Economy in mourning? Ah, so much I would spare,
That I, of mine own option, would none whatever wear.
My "mourning" for my sorrow wears out too soon, alack!
If grief a tailor craved I should always dress in black.

Economy in mourning! Poor people, had they sense,
Would get up an agreement to save the whole expense.
Economy in mourning, for families in need,
Would be, if it were total, economy indeed.

Economy in mourning! Why not? Fair Sex, confess.
Economy in mourning's economy in dress.
Economy in mourning which doth a loss ensue,
Is so much consolation economised for you.

From our Sensitive Contributor.

THERE are certain most agreeable amusements in the world which can hardly be indulged in by men of certain callings, without conveying to the mind a disagreeable idea. For instance, who, without a shudder, can entertain the notion of a Dentist playing cricket, and detected in the horrid act of Drawing a Stump!

THE LANGUAGE IN DISGUISE.

MR. PUNCH,

You like to embalm curiosities. Perhaps, therefore, you will give posterity a chance of making acquaintance with the foreign-English of the present century, by preserving the following sample, taken from a clothier's card in Belgium:—

"NOTICE.

"To satisfy to the numerous demands which are made us so often by foreigners, several taylorors of first ability are engaged to make all the merchandises that comes out of our house; we shall take then responsibility for the satisfaction of the customers, every thing what is made thus what should not suit our purehaser shall be left for our account. With that combinason shall the purchaser be immediately served, his clothes headsomely made and in good commodity at the lowest price.

"ADVICE.

"The reputation since a longtime established of the house Y. Z. & Co, 35 years existence dispense to call back, to reason to allow him to sell cheaper than any one, whoever it may be for everybody knows that the House of —, — street, new manufacture furnishes to all their depots manufactures the greatest part of its articles operates in cash for itself with his own capitals it avoids then benifices of the houses in great, the considerable expenses, intercasts in the credits, idle losses in the faillures enormous expenses of house rent, benefits for the shop Keepers, etc., expenses always paid by the purchasers and that not one other house can avoid, such are the plaine reasons which allows to the house Y. Z. & Co to offer the good merchandises to an extraordinary lower price than the others."

Is it possible that our English-French or English-German can be as hazy as this? At the foot of the "Notice" is the announcement, certainly not a superfluous one—"English spoken." For the sake of those of our countrymen, knowing only their own language, who may present themselves as customers, let us hope that the English spoken in the clothier's establishment may prove a little more intelligible than the English written there.

Yours faithfully,

A. HOME BIRD.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

He takes some more Evenings from Home, and addresses the Editor after visiting Drury Lane and Covent Garden.



8. description, on account of the poverty of the English language, sounds by comparison uncommonly like the superlative degree of playing a Salmon with a Jew's-harp. I take this opportunity of adding that I have come away from Drury Lane without clearly learning what the Coronach is, except that it has something to do with *Roderick Dhu*, when slain, being carried out on the shoulders of six men as stiff as a poker. Never on any stage was there a man so thoroughly killed as was *Roderick Dhu* the night I saw him pinked by his gallant opponent at Drury Lane Theatre. Whether *he*, in this attitude, was the Coronach, or whether his clansmen bowing politely towards the body, or whether the orchestra, which certainly did play a dirgey sort of march,—whether each one separately, or the whole together, was the Coronach, I regret to say I was unable to learn. My neighbours on my right and left seemed uncomfortable when I asked them, as if the Coronach meant something about which it were better in decent society to be silent. As Your Representative I blushed—though I don't remember having ever seen You perform this feat—and dropped the subject.

I liked MISS MARIA B. JONES, as *Ellen Douglas*, very much. I like her more as I recall her to my memory, though I was sorry to see how rudely she treated that Aged Minstrel, *Allan Bane* (a wretched old humbug, I admit) in Act IV. Sc. 1, where, when she is to be made as comfortable as possible by the handsome young officer, MR. BARNES (whom I had till now always associated with the Pantaloon and "Here's a Policeman coming!"), she cheerfully skips off with that polite gentleman, accompanied also by a new military acquaintance, who in the bill is styled "A Soldier with a Song"—that being, apparently, his rank in the Scotch army—and leaves the poor old minstrel, who is as blind as a bat, to fish his way out for himself as best he can, or to knock his stupid old head against the wings, as there seemed to be every probability of his doing, at the risk of considerable personal injury to his aged nose and forehead.

James the Fifth of Scotland, craftily represented in the bill by MR. "*****" was admirably played by MR. — but no, I will not reveal a secret which the playbill so carefully guards. The part, however, is capably played by MR. FOUR-STARS (let's say); and when I remembered that I had seen this gentleman, only a while ago, as the Wicked Archdeacon of the Adelphi, performing very unarchidiaconal functions, I was indeed pleased. But I must be mute. FOUR-STARS, farewell! Torture (up to a certain point) shall not drag from me the secret of your name.

As for *Roderick Dhu*, I protest that, out of SKELT'S *Scenes and Characters*, I have never seen such a Twopence-Coloured *Macduff* as Clan Alpine's Chief at Drury Lane. Without his helmet (which is of a Prussian character), and fitted with a bonnet and feathers complete, the contest to possess him between the small retail dealers in Fancy Snuffs and Tobaccos would be indeed a sharp one. I'm not sure whether the upper half of him (for he falls off a little at the legs, which are less formidable than the upper part and of a different colour) wouldn't have a terrific effect on an enemy, if judiciously placed as the figure-head to a man-of-war. This, however, is a hint for My Lords at the Admiralty, to which they are welcome.

There's one thing that *Roderick of Dhury Lane* can do, and that is fight. My! Can't he! And so can MR. FOUR-STARS, too, the

latter getting the best of it, and leaving the Clan Alpine gentleman to expend the small amount of breath remaining to him on a penny whistle, which summoned his followers from all sorts of queer places in the Mountain Pass, where they have been concealed for a good quarter of an hour, in what must have been most uncomfortable positions. I pitied any of the Clan Alpine Supers with a tendency to lumbago.

The Last Scene of all, where FOUR-STARS (I'm dying to tell you who he really is) comes out very strong, astonishing nobody except *Ellen Douglas* and friends, is, as the bills say, really a Triumph. It is magnificent, and no one should leave without seeing it; and no one should see it without leaving, unless he wants to be shut up in Old Drury all night.

I may now, without breach of confidence, mention my conviction that MR. FOUR-STARS and MR. FERNANDEZ are one and the same person, and MR. FOUR-STARS FERNANDEZ is about the best man just now at Old Drury, more power to his elbow!

As Your Representative (you thinking yourself so excellent a musician) I was much struck by the way in which the canny Scotch, under JAMES THE FIFTH, had anticipated MEYERBEER'S music, for they played the March from the *Prophète*, with a double band, in first-rate style. And, by the way, in the Glen, during the incantation in Act II., we had the Casting the Bullets music from *Der Freischütz*; only, of course, as this was an entirely supernatural affair, the fact could be easily accounted for.

You liked *Babil* and *Bijou* very much up to the end of the Second Act. I mean, of course, that Your Representative liked it for you. Up to that time it resembled the swell footman's conversation among his friends at Bath,—it was "werry pretty." After this it fell off. Fell off in interest, I wish you to understand—in nothing else. Scenery, costumes, ballet, all gorgeous and effective, but now and then a trifle wearisome, at least for you, Sir, with your used-up experience.

It called to my mind the *Biche au Bois*, the *Chatte Blanche*, *Cendrillon*, and, for the matter of that, a host of spectacles, pantomimes, and extravaganzas in London and Paris. It is just the same as any one or all of them, only much more so; as all the old effects are multiplied and improved upon. The ballet dancing, too, is first-rate, for a wonder, and then look at the Amazons in armour, and their *Prince Fortinbras*! Six foot one is this charming young lady, if an inch! And not showy only, but able to speak her lines with emphasis and discretion.

The music is the work of a talented trio, but which composition belongs to which composer is a puzzle; not, as far as I could see (that is, as Your Representative, though, acting for myself, I've no doubt I should have known all about it in two twos), solved by any information in the playbill of *Babil*. A ballad sung by MISS ANNIE SINCLAIR (or Sing Clear), a Quintette, and a Spring Chorus (which has nothing to do with a spring mattress, being a piece of music and not a piece of mechanism) are all charming, and, when I heard them, were deservedly encored. Your Representative did not see much to laugh at in the Fairy Spectacle (though you, Sir, being under the impression that a sweet smile is more becoming to your features than an air of repose, would have grinned from first to last), except when MR. LIONEL BROUGH, who, throughout the piece has not nearly enough to say for himself, pretends to whisper soft nothings of a humorous nature to a huge Turtle. The Turtle (who is supposed to be a Queen) is, whoever may be inside that property shell, an actor of considerable comic power. The way in which the gentle amphibious creature affected to be shocked at one of MR. BROUGH'S whispered good things, which had evidently become just a little bit too broad even for a turtle, was indescribably funny. MR. BARLOW, of *Sandford and Merton* celebrity, would at once have been reminded of a story with some such name as *Lionel and the Blushing Turtle*. Costumes gorgeous, spectacle altogether brilliant. This is Your Representative's summing up; from which it may be safely concluded that, with the exception of the music, *Babil* and *Bijou* is a show which, like little boys among their elders, may be "seen, but not heard." And, by the way, *apropos* of little boys, the piece is just the very thing for children. There's a morning performance every Saturday, and Your Representative's advice to Pater and Materfamilias is, "When in doubt, play Covent Garden."

Your Representative was just in time to see the Last Days of *Montcalm* at the Queen's Theatre. Poor fellow (I think *Montcalm* was a fellow, but am not quite certain), he had a short life of it, and far from a merry one. He was mixed up, during his brief existence at the above-named theatre, with a Ghost, who came with Thunder, and Thunder that came without the Ghost (the latter having forgotten the day, or being a trifle unpunctual), with an uncle who murdered a brother or a nephew (I am not clear which), with a father who relentlessly hunted up and then hunted down a daughter, with envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, with stabbings and poisonings, with startling willa found in secret drawers, and, in

fact, with so many greater and lesser horrors that not RICHARDSON'S Show in all its glory, had it been opened next door, would have had a chance against this atrocious scoundrel (or virtuous gentleman, I couldn't clearly make out which he was) *Montcalm*.

Since then the irrepressible Author has produced two pieces, one at Brighton, for change of air, which, however, didn't agree with it, for it survived the sudden exposure but ten nights, and the other in conjunction with Miss FLORENCE MARRYAT at the Holborn, of which latter Your Representative, having seen it, has not time to write this week. Suffice it to say, at present, that MRS. HERMANN VEZIN'S performance of *Miss Chester* is, taking into consideration the odds against which she plays, better acting than anything just now going on in London.

To turn from SIR CHARLES YOUNG to the Ever Young SIR CHARLES becomes Your Representative's positive duty on seeing *Used up*, with CHARLES MATHEWS as the *blasé* Baronet, announced in the programme of the Gaiety Theatre. Speaking for You, Sir, and for myself also this time, let us hope that *The Game of Speculation* is to follow. Then (if you please) an *Appeal to the Public*, and I think that 'll do for the present.

THE INFALLIBLE SPECIFIC.

In a letter to the *Times*, avowing his disbelief of the alleged miracles at Lourdes and La Salette, and asserting his freedom, as a Roman Catholic, to disbelieve them, MR. M. ARCHER SHEE writes as follows:—

"I daresay I shall astonish and probably disappoint your Correspondent when I assert, without fear of contradiction, that no personal utterance of the POPE, either *ex cathedra* or otherwise, and no decree, even unanimous, of a Council, Oecumenical or otherwise, can impose on any Catholic conscience the duty of believing, as a matter of faith, any fact or event, or alleged fact or event, which is not, and could not have been chronologically included in the deposit of faith delivered by our blessed Lord to his Apostles, or reported to us in those venerable records and oracles of faith which all Christians are bound to accept as written under his divine and direct inspiration—namely, the Holy Scriptures."

MR. SHEE may, very likely, not only say all that without fear of contradiction, but will very likely not be contradicted by any logical Papist or thinking Protestant. It is quite intelligible that no utterance of the POPE, even *ex cathedra*, and no decree of any Council, may, even in the view of POPE and Council themselves, be *de fide* unless included in the above-mentioned deposit. But who is to decide whether it is in fact included or not? Suppose the Holy Father were to rule that the earth was flat, that the sun moved round it, and that these points were of faith, as being included in that deposit, what then? Would MR. SHEE, or anybody else of that gentleman's way of thinking, be at liberty to gainsay his POPE?

Again says he—that is, SHEE:—

"Whatever may be the true meaning of Papal Infallibility, as recently claimed by his Holiness, and enforced by his anathema alone (for the Church has no formal or official cognisances of any conciliar utterance on this subject), it is certain that it does not involve Papal *ingullibility* in matters of contemporaneous fact or history. Whether his Holiness believes or disbelieves these 'apparitions and miracles,' to the truth of which he has certainly not pledged his dogmatic authority, I not only 'consider,' but know 'myself' to be, as a Catholic, fully entitled to disbelieve him."

Cuique in arte sua credendum est is a rule to which there is one special exception—that of priestcraft. But even if MR. ARCHER SHEE were a priest, and simply expounding his craft honestly according to his own ideas thereof, the above extract would afford cause to question whether he is not rather widely out therein. It will be news to a good many people that the dogma of Papal Infallibility has been enforced by the POPE'S anathema at all. If so enforced, it has certainly not been enforced by his anathema alone. Who was it that directly and personally excommunicated DR. DÖLLINGER and the "Old Catholics"?

MR. SHEE not only considers but knows himself to be, as a Catholic, fully entitled to disbelieve certain apparitions and miracles, whether his Holiness believes them or not. What does he say to the miracles, if not apparitions, on the strength of whose authenticity, as matters of fact, the POPE, this one, and other Popes before him, have canonised Saints? Is it, with him an open question whether those alleged facts were true or false, and does he hold that the Popes were not "ingullible" in those matters of fact or history? Does he, in short, maintain that appeal from the POPE to History is not treason?

There is no use in pausing for a reply to these questions; for even if MR. ARCHER SHEE were to answer them, we should be no better informed. Neither should we be, even if they were answered by DR. NEWMAN. Given Infallibility, the limits and conditions of Infallibility can of course be defined by Infallibility alone. Regarding it as the Roman Catholicism or Universal Medicine, one may say that opinions about Infallibility might be advertised as being "None genuine unless stamped with the Seal of the Fisherman."

WOMEN WITH WINGS.



ORTHY MR. PUNCH,

I AM an old bachelor, and have no milliner's bills to pay, and take, therefore, little interest in the changes of the fashions. Still, I can't help now and then just glancing at the statements upon this important subject, which are so continually thrust before my eyes in the columns of the newspapers. Here is one, for instance, which, if I were a married man, would give me satisfaction:—

"The 'Dolman' is a loose jacket, with large hanging sleeves, that can be assumed or left loose at pleasure. One variety of this useful garment is cut without any sleeve, a wing being added, which gives the appearance of a handsome hanging sleeve. One advantage of this shape is, it does not take much material, as there is no under part to the sleeve."

Being still a bachelor, I am privileged to observe that ladies wearing wings must look really quite angelic. The thought may possibly occur to sundry married men as well, in their honeymoon especially. But, if I were a husband, I should observe with still more pleasure that these winged garments "do not take much material." This is clearly an advantage, in a marital point of view, where economy may claim to be regarded as a beauty. With wings, or without them, ladies generally manage to make their money fly: and in these expensive days I am sure that every husband will welcome with delight any novelty in fashion that lets his wife be rather cheaper, although really not less dear, to him.

With compliments to Mrs. Punch, I am yours, &c.,

The Owl'snest, Cozy Crescent.

HUMPHREY HUNKS.

FIXED IDEAS.

IN THE MIND OF MAN.

THAT he is overworked.

THAT his constitution requires stimulants.

THAT, if he had them, he could at this moment invest a few hundreds to the greatest advantage.

THAT smoking is good for his nerves, his worries, his literary pursuits, his toothache, &c.

THAT he ought to belong to a Club.

THAT he could reform the Army, do away with the Income-tax, manage the Railways better, and make a large fortune by keeping an Hotel.

THAT he knows a good glass of wine.

THAT he could win a heap of money if he were to go to Homburg.

THAT medicine is all humbug.

THAT he could preach as good a sermon himself.

THAT he should soon pick up his French if he went abroad.

THAT he must win on this year's Derby.

IN THE MIND OF WOMAN.

THAT she has nothing fit to put on.

THAT things ought to be bought because they are cheap.

THAT there is company in the kitchen.

THAT she is not allowed sufficient money for housekeeping.

THAT she never goes out anywhere.

THAT her best black silk is getting awfully shabby.

THAT she requires a change about the month of August.

THAT her allowance is too small.

THAT she never looks fit to be seen.

THAT cook drinks.

THAT there is always "a glare."

THAT there is somebody in the house.

THAT MRS. ORPINOTON is dreadfully gone off, or dreadfully made up, or not so very good-looking, after all.



AN AWKWARD COMPLIMENT.

Mrs. Flirtington (coquettishly). "I'M AFRAID YOU ARE BORED, MR. AMORET! YOU WOULD SOONER BE WALKING WITH SOME YOUNG LADY!"

Mr. Amoret (with native Readiness and Gallantry). "O NO, INDEED, MRS. FLIRTINGTON. I—I—I MUCH PREFER THE OLDER ONES!"

THE GAROTTER'S GLEE.

Blow, Warder, blow from soundest arm,
And thy Ninetails waved on high!
For the rascals have wrought with the violent hand,
And have done a robbery.

The Lash a cruel caittiff's meed
Ought evermore to be;
And his hide should be wrung and his shoulders should
be stung,
And the brute whipped handsomely.

The Warder looked with a glowering eye,
Each craven rogue to see,
I bear a strong arm, and, by my good troth,
They shall feel it—or else, blow me!

Stern the Warder bared his arm,
And his Ninetails waved on high;
And their hides they were wrung and their shoulders
they were stung,
And the brutes whipped handsomely.

Italians Improved.

THE population of the neighbourhood of Ravenna appear to consist of sanguinary savages. According to the *Times*, they have existing among them secret assassination societies, or "murder clubs," whose agents are wont to take the life of anyone who attempts to enforce the law against criminals, or gives any other offence to surrounding villaindom. To remedy this state of things, the native race should be crossed with Irish blood, and more Priests appointed to instruct the people.

SABBATARIANISM AND SOBRIETY.

"It seems," says a paragraph in the *Times* relative to the Liquors Intoxicating Act, "from the proceedings at Staleybridge that no very beneficial change has been wrought in that town." Rather the reverse, indeed, is apparent from what follows:—

"A policeman was brought before the Magistrate on Monday on a charge of drunkenness. The guardian of the peace had been found on his beat in a hopeless state of intoxication, and the Mayor remarked that the state of things in the borough was 'something awful.' There was an increase of drunkenness every Monday."

See how easy it is not to make people sober, but to make them drunk, by Act of Parliament. The Licensing Act shuts up taverns on Sunday during just those hours at which drink is most required and least likely to be taken to excess, meal and excursion hours, from 2'30 to 6 in the afternoon. On Monday people drink all the more, not only to make up for lost time, but also in a spirit of angry opposition to the Legislative Prigs who have dared to curtail their natural right to enjoy seasonable refreshment. For this result the Teetotallers may thank the Sabbatarians.

The Ballot for Ever!

THE Ballot is now an Institution. At both Pontefract and Preston experience has shown us that it can by no means insure secrecy, except secrecy in bribery and being bribed. If the Liberals ever want to repeal the Ballot Act, they will have to unite; for the Conservatives will be sure to combine in upholding it.

THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD.

INSTRUMENTAL Music is said to attain to the highest perfection in the "Organ Mountains."



PITY THE POOR GAROTTERS!

JOB HUGGINS. "O, PLEASE, SIR, DON'T! MR. PETER TAYLOR SAYS AS I'M DELICATE, AND A COWARD, AND DIDN'T OUGHT TO BE FLOGGED!!"

MR. BULL. "AH, INDEED! YOUR FRIEND, MR. PETER TAYLOR, SHOULD HAVE REMINDED YOU OF THAT BEFORE YOU THROTTLED THE OLD GENTLEMAN. LET HIM HAVE IT SOUNDLY, WARDER."



AN EFFECTUAL FAST.



ELCOMBE intelligence is, and has been for many a day, very uncommon. But here is a specimen of some which will give satisfaction as great as general, although, in fact, it implies a successful strike:—

“REDUCTION IN THE PRICE OF COAL.—A meeting of the coal-masters of Glasgow and the West of England was held yesterday at Glasgow, for the purpose of considering the repeated

demands which had been made upon them this week by their men in the respective districts for a rise of wages. The meeting resolved, instead of granting the demand of the men for a shilling per day advance, to reduce the price of coal 3s. 6d. per ton. This resolution has been come to in consequence of the large reduction in the demand for coal.”

The strike, however, which has, by the above showing, proved successful, is not a strike of colliers, but, on the contrary, a strike of consumers of coal. Note, that price of beef and mutton is reducible by the same means as those which have been effectual in fetching that of coal down. There is nothing like a consumers' strike to bring exorbitant producers to their senses. Equally efficacious is the same short way with extortionate purveyors. In times of dearth it is usual for the Government to proclaim a General Fast and Humiliation Day, which the Masses observe by making a Holiday of it, and going in their thousands to the Crystal Palace. But if, without express reference to humiliation, a General Fast simply, not of a day, but for an indefinite period, were now, in this present meat-famine, proclaimed by authority which would be respected, and if the Fast were kept in regular, strict, original Lenten fashion, the butchers, like the coal-masters, would soon be brought to reason,

and, in lowering their exorbitant prices, would so humble themselves that the Fast would as a result compel the requisite humiliation. The Fast would be general; the Humiliation confined to the Butchers.

JERUSALEM THE PONY.

At one of the late meetings of the Church Congress, after the reading, by a Prebendary, of a paper, and its subsequent discussion, interrupted by shouts of “O, O!” “No, no!” “Chair!” “Go on!” “Order!” cheers and counter-cheers, “scores of clergymen bawling and gesticulating,” a “hurricane” of noise and confusion, and “several minutes of great uproar,” “the meeting,” says a contemporary, “closed with (appropriately) the singing of *Jerusalem the Golden*.” The circumstances which preceded this choral performance seem to suggest, under the denomination thereof, some idea of the quadruped named in the title of APULEIUS his Novel. An assembly which evinced its wisdom by exclamations in point of sense about upon a par with the least rational utterance of that quadruped, seems to have made itself analogous not so much to the City of Jerusalem as to the animal called thereafter. Taken to mean that animal, “Jerusalem the Golden” was certainly appropriate, at least to the extent of Jerusalem.

By Wire.

MRS. MALAPROP says wonders will never cease. She hears that there has been a letter in the paper about sending “money by telegram;” so she supposes the next thing will be that people will send the clothes to the wash, and the dinner to the bakehouse, and the children to school by the eccentric telegraph.

THE SPANIARD'S EPITAPH.—*Insurgam.*

QUESTIONS FOR NAVAL COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION.

1. WHEN is a Ship taken all aback? After this can it go forwards?
2. When does a Ship reach? How far can it reach on a stretch?
3. Where are her beam-ends? Name which beams are intended, and which ends.
4. What is meant by shaking a Ship? If this is often done, are the Sailors Shakers?
5. Running a vessel in the Wind's Eye. Is this a painful operation for the Wind? If not, why not?
6. When going in the teeth of the Wind, would the vessel knock the teeth out? If not, what?
7. Where are the heel and fore-foot of a Ship? *Problem.*—Given the above, to find when a vessel can be taken in toe.
8. Is the Mainyard a covered or open yard? How do you make the farmyard fore and aft?
9. What are the Hawse Pipes? Are they used in an engagement? If so, are they rightly called the *Hawse de Combat*?
10. You are of course acquainted with the Painter on board ship. In what style does he paint?
11. Is a Ship ever put into crinoline in addition to being in stays?
12. How do you ware a vessel? When you ware a vessel, is it as it were before it was as you ware it; or, if not, ware is it?
13. Who were Larboard, Cardboard, and Starboard? Were they at any period in history the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House?
14. When does a ship run? Do only Welsh ships, that is Whalers, spring leaks?
15. Can you procure, at a Nautical Instrument Makers, any spectacles specially adapted for Dead-Eyes?
16. Is it the duty of the Admiral to see the main-sheets aired every morning? Whose office is it to take care that the Warming-pan is used for the fore-sheet in the depth of winter?
17. By what Marine and Commercial Law are Ships' Trucks allowed to be used on Railways?
18. Why is Port always left on a vessel? Are the First Officers' glasses also left on board? If not, why?
19. What animals are invariably carried on board ship? Are the Monkey, and Donkey, and Cat, of the number?
20. Can you tell the pitch of a vessel with a tuning-fork?
21. Is a Marine Store the only place where you can obtain Marines?
22. Are you obliged to make use of the Needles in order to tack?

Any Candidate answering this entire paper correctly will be at once presented with a cadetship, and will have his name down on

the Admiral of the Blue's private list for promotion to the mast-head on the very first opportunity.

FAIR BIRDS IN BORROWED FEATHERS.

O MY dear Mr. Punch what do you think is to become of all us poor young ladies with everything so dear and coals at ever so much a pound and meat at O my gracious me! Papa says that he can't afford to give us any more new evening dresses. And what *doddies* we shall look! Only fancy going out in a ball-dress of last Season! Why I do believe that we shall have to do as girls do in New York at least Cousin CHARLEY showed me this cut out of a newspaper:—

“At certain of the New York costumes establishments there are several hundred dresses for hire. In one ten or twelve sewing girls are kept constantly employed, making alterations found requisite in fitting. A lady comes in and informs the proprietor that she is going to a certain ball and wants a stylish outfit. All kinds of magnificent dresses are shown her, and she chooses one worth 400 dollars, for the use of which she has to pay 35 dollars. There were a great variety of silk, satin, and lace overskirts, with or without panier, and black and white lace shawls, some of which are valued as high as 500 dollars, for the loan of which 10 to 15 per cent. is charged. The establishment keeps on hand about fifty of these high-priced dresses, most of which, like a favourite book at a circulating library, are in constant use.”

The American young ladies are nice girls I have heard but they can't be *over nice* if they wear other people's clothing. However this is what we all must come to, only Papa wouldn't like to pay as much as five-and-thirty dollars for the hiring of a ball-dress for me. If it came to *borrowed plumes* I expect that I should have to put up with something cheaper such as this for instance:—

“Or a lady can provide herself with dress on a more moderate scale. The following figures give the cost of a ball outfit:—A 50 dollar silk skirt, 3 dollars; a 30 dollar opera cloak, 2 dollars; pair of cheap kids, 50 cents.; hire of 25 dollar set of jewelry, 2 dollars; total 7 dollars 50 cents. Thus, at the expense of about 7 dollars, a young lady can go to a ball or opera with clothes valued at about 130 dollars, and jewelry that looks to be worth 300 dollars.”

Cousin CHARLEY says the balls where ladies go all dressed in borrowed clothes ought to be regarded as *Lenten Entertainments*. But I think the subject far too serious for joking.

Yours ever most admirably

GEORGIE ANNA GUSHERTON.

P.S.—Perhaps now that they have pocketed four millions of our money the Americans can afford to buy new dresses for their daughters instead of only borrowing them!



THE SAME—WITH A DIFFERENCE.

SCENE—A Shop.

ONE OF THE "YOUNG LADIES" SHOWS A COSTUME. BROWN THINKS IT LOVELY. MRS. BROWN TRIES ONE ON— BROWN IS NOT SO SURE ABOUT IT NOW.

Field-Marshal Sir George Pollock,

CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER.

BORN JUNE 4, 1786. DIED OCTOBER 6, 1872.

FOR the brave dead, borne by the living brave,
The Abbey's gate of honour open wide!
He seeks his place of rest, a well-earned grave,
Between the dust of OUTRAM and of CLYDE.

THE FABIVS and the BAYARD of our arms
May own in him a heart of kindred mould;
Patient as CLYDE, as calm amidst alarms;
As OUTRAM stainless, chivalrous, and bold.

HE had seen fifty years, before the deed,
That crowned his name with honour's wreath, was done:
Almost as long he waited his full meed,
And, past fourscore, his Marshal's bâton won.

BESIDE his grave bow more than one grey head,
Debtors for life to him that set them free:
Old heroes, some, coeval with the dead;
And, some, the seed of heroes yet to be,

GATHERED to honour him, whose life outwears
The years 'twixt WELLESLEY'S India and our own:
And scarce a breast but honour's blazon bears,
And scarce a name but for stout service known.

HEADS, silvered now, were dark, when, stirred by fames
From over Indus, of wild Affghan war,
We searched our maps for unfamiliar names—
Khelât and Ghuennee, Caubul, Candahar;

Heard clashing judgments on the wrong or right
Of policy that plunged us in the fray,
And little cared, while, in the onward fight,
Still Victory kept Nemesis at bay.

THEN came strange news of weakness, bandied blame,
Defeat, retreat, disgrace, dismay,—and then
All England writhed with an unwonted shame,
To learn how dotard chiefs make dastard men.

THEN clamour blent of grief, and fear, and rage,
From England, India, all-confounding, rose,
Which many swelled, whose duty was to assuage,
Hiding their terror in bombastic shows.

BUT through that storm of doubt, dismay, despair,
GEORGE POLLOCK'S stout heart kept its even beat:
Happy for us, his strength could overbear
The crisis of that frenzied fever-heat.

UNFIRED to rashness, as unchilled by fear,
For that black news of women, children, ta'en,
Colours disgraced, and death, in van and rear,
Reddening Khoord-Caubul's snow with ghastly stain,

HE hasted not, nor rested; to relieve
And to avenge would march; nor marched until
He held the strength his twofold end to achieve:
Then, moving, moved with wisdom as with will.

HIS road lay through the Khyber's dark defile,
Virgin till then, then doomed its lord to know:
In vain before him yawned its guarded aisle,
Clearing his flanks he swept through pass and foe,

TO where he deemed, in AKBAR'S closing grasp,
Brave SALE with his brave handful leaguered lay;
What joy to learn, ere the chiefs hands could clasp,
That Spartan band had hurled its foes away!



CATECHISM UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Free Kirk Elder (preparatory to presenting a Tract). "MY FRIEND, DO YOU KNOW THE CHIEF END OF MAN?"

Piper (innocently). "NA, I DINNA MIND THE CRUNE! CAN YE NO WHUSTLE IT?"

Then came the choice—Jellalabad relieved—
 'Twixt safe return—with captives still in hold,
 And England's tarnished honour unretrieved,
 Her legions baffled, beaten, backward rolled—

And onward march, till, in the foe's despite,
 Each captive child and woman was set free,
 And o'er the Bala Hissar broadened bright
 St. George's flag, for the wide East to see.

Then his tough mettle the true soldier proved,
 Waiting, and winning time, till came the hour,
 When wavering wills obeyed his will unmoved,
 And brought him warrant from the weak in power,

To march, defying danger, death at need,
 And free our captives, and redeem our name;
 Then, modestly he marched, and did the deed,
 And stood aside while others reaped the fame,

And rested, well content with the reward
 In his own soul, the peace of duty done;
 None ever heard him charge his fate as hard,
 Though *his* the shade, while boasters took the sun.

Patient and calm, of the right soldier's grain,
 Whose hard rind hides a kernel soft and bland,
 Firm in his hold of duty's rigorous rein,
 To friend or sufferer open heart and hand.

Of such as he and his brave brotherhood
 Is wrought the best strand in the cable strong
 At which old England rides upon the flood,
 Let winds roar high, and waves, assailing, throng.

A MUTE MEMBER.

THE Members for Oxford, MR. CARDWELL and MR. VERNON HARCOURT, lately dined with the Mayor of that city, and met the High Steward and the members of the Town Council. "The gathering was of a strictly private character, and beyond the ancient toast, 'May God preserve the Church and QUEEN, and prosper the City of Oxford,' drank by all present in the loving cup, no toasts were proposed. MR. CARDWELL did not speak."

We quote this last sentence with surprise, not unmingled with regret. MR. CARDWELL did quite right not to make a speech, but he should have spoken. It is usual to say something, if only about the weather, or the game, or the last run, at a private dinner-party. How unpleasant it must have been for the rest of the company, and especially for those who sat next the Secretary for War! Surely he might have opened his lips to them once or twice, either during dinner or after dinner. He could not have been silent for lack of a subject. The autumn manoeuvres alone would have supplied him with material for a speech, much more for a friendly conversation with his fellow-guests and constituents. We hope they will not remember his silence, to his disadvantage, at the next general election.

Notice to Trespassers.

WHILST the Law is in course of being Finished inside of a Gaol, a black flag is usually hoisted above the penal edifice. This serves as a sufficient notice to all those whom it may concern. But during the infliction of secondary corporal punishment there is no signal to notify the process going on to outsiders. Much of the deterrent effect it ought to have thus fails to be produced. In future let this deficiency be supplied. Hoist a flag, also, over the prison in which a criminal is undergoing the cat-o'-nine-tails. There let it float in the breeze for so long as the continuance of his flogging. For due distinction's sake it should not be a black flag; would be more suitable if black and blue. Better still would be a piece of striped bunting; and, by way of a delicate compliment to our American kinsmen, the Stars might be conjoined with the Stripes. For don't the Yankees whip Creation?

INSCRIPTION FOR STUDY DOORS.—"No Admission, even on Business."

'Tis thanks to such who know nor boast, nor haste,
 As far above all envy as all fear,
 That this small isle for high ends is high placed,
 Still bears proud flag, keen sword, and southeon clear.

A NICE SUM.

"The Excise duty on Wine and Sweets, in the year ended the 31st of March last, was £193,842 17s. 4½d."

WHAT can these "sweets" be? Trifle and tippy-cake, blanc-mange and custard, are largely consumed by the upper and middle classes of this country, and a tax upon these and similar eatables would realise a considerable sum, and possibly enable the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to take the burdens off humbler articles of food; but we never heard that the Excise interfered with the manufacture of the sweets which appear on our dinner and supper tables, or levied any duty on such dainty dishes. Can it be that those popular articles of consumption, known as "sweets" in our younger days, contribute to the revenue? It cannot. No CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER could be so hard-hearted—so completely forgetful of the manner in which he spent most of his income in early life as to tax barley-sugar and bull's eyes, tarts and toffy. We can recall no other "sweets" but those we have mentioned, as likely or unlikely to be taxed (except the sweets of office); and as this is the vacation, and no question can be raised in the House on the subject, it must be left in the obscurity in which it was found.

Perilous Position.

MR. IRVING has been loudly and deservedly praised for his performance of the principal part in the play now on the stage at the Lyceum. Care must be taken not to heap too many encomiums on this excellent actor, in the character of *Charles the First*, lest he should lose his head.

THE D. C.



RENCH contemporaries have perhaps made the remark that the English journals have been lately engaged in discussing the irrepressible Athanasian Creed. Canticle or Creed, it has got from the Prayer Book, though not out of it, into the papers, and is likely to abide in them till something more lively, or more dreary, turns up.

This Creed is objected to on account of certain portions of it, which, in euphemistic American, may be called the darnatory clauses. Never address strong language to ears polite, or eyes either, as the papers do. The epithet applied commonly in them to those clauses begins with a D. Borrowing a device from our Dissenting brethren, we might venture to describe those clauses by initials, the inverse of

a pattern, as the D. C. And, while our hand is in at Nonconformist and commercial abbreviation, we may propose to denominate the Athanasian Creed *in toto* the A. C., without much fear of being misunderstood to mean the *Arcana Cælestia* of EMANUEL SWEDENBORG. Supposing the above proposals to be taken in good part, we would further venture to ask those whom it may concern a little question which hitherto does not seem to have occurred to anybody. Are the D. C. of the A. C. supposed to be true or false?

Because, suppose them true, whether agreeable or distasteful, they cannot be too regularly repeated, or too loudly. The D. C., on that supposition, ought to be most conspicuously posted up in every church and chapel, among—

“The scrolls that teach thee how to live and die.”

It is only wonderful that DR. PUSEY and ARCHDEACON DENISON do not get up a counter-agitation for the rehearsal of the A. C. every day; D. C. and all. If the D. C. are supposed to be false, then we should be able to say *cadit questio*; that is, we ought to be able to say so. But we fear we shouldn't.

HISTORY AND MYSTERY.

A TELEGRAM from Rome the other day announced that the POPE, in reply to a deputation, delivered a discourse which appears to have been truly discursive, and, if reported aright, to have become finally very hazy. For:—

“In conclusion he gave a short history of the life of EDWARD THE SIXTH of England, showing that a virtuous monarch always advances the happiness of his people.”

What do we see? EDWARD THE SIXTH of England commended as a virtuous monarch by the POPE! Protestants, indeed, may well think that EDWARD THE SIXTH advanced the happiness of his people; but how can the POPE think so? Can we believe our eyes? EDWARD? Surely this must be a blunder of the telegraph people. On the part of his Infallible Holiness, about a question of morals, of course there can have been no mistake. His example of a virtuous English monarch could hardly have been such an one as would have been most likely selected by DR. CUMMING. Must it not have been HENRY? Yet one fails to see how HENRY THE SIXTH advanced the happiness of his people, although he may be said to have advanced the happiness, in a measure, of their posterity by having founded Eton College. English history must be in fault, as the POPE cannot be, either as to HENRY or EDWARD. Were HENRY's people particularly happy under his reign, or was EDWARD THE SIXTH a good young Catholic? Not an old one, of course. Perhaps DR. MANNING will tell us that history will have to be re-written under the POPE's dictation, and that whosoever will not believe it as amended by Papal authority, without doubt he shall fare in such wise as is denounced against sceptics by Athanasius.

FIRST-CLASS.

HERE is a proposition for the consideration of a Social Science Congress:—

JOINT RESIDENCE in a high-class MANSION.—A married Member of Cambridge University has furnished an elegant and spacious Mansion, near the Swiss Cottage, as a joint HOME for himself and several other families and single persons. Each separate family has its own suite of private rooms, besides the use in common of the general reception rooms, thus providing alike for home privacy and for social enjoyment. An efficient staff of respectable and experienced servants secures the good cooking and attendance usually enjoyed only in wealthy mansions. Music, chess, whist, the billiard-room, reading, and conversation, or the privacy of one's private room, are enjoyed, according to the several tastes of each. First-class references are desired. Only well-bred persons of good social position, desiring a permanent home on terms of equality, are received.—Address, &c.

A “joint residence” somehow suggests the notion of a Butcher's shop; this meaning, however, is rendered inadmissible by the explanation which follows. The Married Cantab has furnished a mansion for “himself and several other families and single persons,” apparently to the exclusion of his own family.

No one who is not the possessor of a “wealthy mansion” can, he evidently imagines, by any possibility secure “good cooking and attendance.” “Music, chess, &c., and conversation, or the privacy of one's private room, are” to be “enjoyed.” Conservation, or “the privacy of one's private room,” is, of course, the opposite of conversation in the public *salon*. A Family may “conserve” itself in its own apartments, and keep itself to itself, as a sort of Unsocial Conservancy Society, if it likes, instead of joining the giddy throng in the billiard-room. The choice lies between “Conservation” and “Conversation.” Finally, “only well-bred persons of good social position are received.” Whence are the vouchers for their breeding to come? Is there a list of questions forwarded by post, such, for example, as—

1. Does he eat peas with his knife?
2. Is he given to sniffing?
3. What are his views of the letter H, and how about dressing for late dinner?
4. Does he help himself, and refuse to pass the bottle?
5. What is his conduct towards Ladies? Does he wink?
6. Does he sleep after dinner, and snore?

How delightful the first assembly of this Happy Family would be! Each one would feel certain that the other had a Reference in his pocket, and possessed testimonials of his good-breeding. In such circumstances, what an absence of restraint! What freedom of expression and interchange of unpremeditated thought! And, after a time, how fond they must all become of one another! All first-class, well-bred, sociable persons must wish success to this Model of a Morally Unobjectionable Agapemone.

OLD AND NEW JEWRY.

A CERTAIN expression, in Jewry, the Jews, You know, or should know, were accustomed to use; A Sabbath Day's journey—a shorter one than For example, the road from Beersheba to Dan.

Our Sabbath Day's journey—the Sabbath to call The first day of the week, that's no Sabbath at all— May extend, from a walk but just over the way, To the distance a fast train can run in a day.

Their Sabbath Day's journey and ours coincide Herein, when we want ale we mayn't be supplied. You might travel—supposing the places were here— From Dan to Beersheba kept e'en there from beer.

“I am Sir Oracle.”

THE REV. F. COPE, Incumbent of Christ Church, Leamington, has been fallen foul of by another of his own cloth, the REV. J. CRAIG, who instructed his attorney to serve a writ of inhibition on MR. COPE, forbidding the Head Master of Rugby to preach in his pulpit. From the newspaper accounts it seems that there was almost a row in the Church, as the man of law served his legal process within the walls. The Bishop of Worcester, on being appealed to, very wisely stopped this little piece of ecclesiastical bullying, and decided that MR. CRAIG has no power of attorney to meddle with other people's pulpits. We shall style this case, in the event of the threatened legal steps being taken, “Worcester Sauce; or, the Craig in the See and the Leamington Spar.”



DIGNITY.

Club "Buttons." "I'M AT THE 'JUNIOR PENINSULAR' NOW."

Friend. "WHAT! DID YOU 'GET THE SACK' FROM 'THE REYNOLDS'?"

Buttons (indignant). "GO ALONG WITH YER! 'GET THE SACK!' I SENT IN MY RESIGNATION TO THE COMMITTEE!"

SIX AND HALF A DOZEN.

BRITONS into camps divide.
But can you, friend, say your heart is
With the Blue or Yellow side,
When you scan the "State of Parties"?
Not for what they deem the Right,
Do the rivals wage contention.
For no Cause their Leaders fight,
None, save only place and pension.

Whigs and Tories once there were,
In the days of England's glory,
Now there's nothing to compare,
In effect, 'twixt Whig and Tory.
Not a difference worth two figs,
In their virtue, less or more is.
As the Tories dished the Whigs,
So the Whigs have dished the Tories.

'Stead of Tories, for a name,
Say Conservatives; what matter?
Call Whigs Liberals: all the same
Are the former and the latter.
Into office when they get,
Principle each party smothers;
And alike to work they set,
Either side, to dish the others.

Turncoat Tories Whigs did dish,
Democratic suffrage granting.
False Whigs Tories served as fish,
With restrictive Acts supplanting.
Both together Freedom's friend
Couple, with an imprecation:
Save the Governments that blend
In paternal legislation!

Pork Pie and Poetry.

ONCE there was a HENRY KIRKE WHITE who won fame by his poems. Now, according to the *Lincoln, Rutland, and Stamford Mercury*, there is a HENRY KIRKE WHITE whose claim to distinction is his "noted Lincolnshire Star Pork Pies." Nothing can any longer shock us. No, not SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE's celebrated Smoked Bacon, or PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY's genuine Oxford Sausages.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

(Such as we see sprinkled in the influential columns of our provincial press.)

MR. BEESWING, the respected butler to LORD HOBLEY, has been presented with his photograph and a handsome silver corkscrew by his admiring friends.

MASTER BLODGS of Ditchwater is collecting crests and postage stamps.

MR. HODGE of Claybridge has lately killed his pig.

MISS POPPLEBY of Carrotsford has gone to town to get her hair dyed.

MR. TRUMPINGTON of Clubley won eleven points at whist and seven goes of gin-and-water on Friday evening s'ennight.

MISS SELINA SMITH of Cramford has lost her pet canary, which died suddenly of the pip.

MRS. GUSE of Ganderwick appeared in a new chignon on her return from the Continent last Thursday afternoon.

MISS JEMIMA WOBBLER of Lily Cottage, Dulborough, attained her seventh year on Monday the fourth ult., and was presented by her parents with a beautiful wax doll, having moveable blue eyes, in memory of the event.

MASTER GEORGY GUTTLETON, at Dr. SWITCHER's, Wepham, has swapped his new pegtop with MASTER TOMMY TOUZZER for an ounce of toffee and a broken-handled knife.

MR. JONES of Cadford has proposed and been accepted by Miss BROWN of the same place.

MR. BUMPUS of Great Boreham is laid up with the mumps.

MISS LUCY EMMA SCRUBS, under-kitchenmaiden to the Honourable LADY SPOFFLES of Slutterford Hall, Snobberwitch, has purchased a new panier for her Sundays out.

MR. FUNNIMAN of Punborough has at length succeeded in making a new joke.

MR. MOLLOY CODDLE of the Owlsnest, Little Stewington, sneezed

eleven times on Monday morning last, through incautiously perusing a damp sheet of the *Times*.

MR. SAMUEL GUMMIDGE, Junior, of Great Glumsby, in defiance of his parents, is growing a moustache.

MR. BUMPER, the respected host of the Green Griffin, Swillborough, drank eleven pints of porter before lunch on Wednesday last.

MR. SCAPEGRACE of Scamperley, at present staying at Boulogne, has proposed to meet his creditors on Tuesday the 10th inst.

MASTER GRUNTER of Pigley-in-the-Hole has happily recovered from the effects of having eaten too much cake and pudding on his birthday, a week since.

MISS SIMPERLEY of Dowdiford appeared in her new bonnet on Sunday morning last.

MRS. CACKLEBURY of Great Prattleton has issued cards of invitation for a tea and muffin party on Thursday the 11th inst.

MR. JEREMIAH JORBERS, of the Old Farm, Twiddleton-cum-Twitterham, has been declined, with thanks, by Miss AMELIA ANNA PURSIE, of Laburnum Terrace, Catworth.

MR. SNIVELLER, of Littlemonth, has been summoned to prescribe for MRS. PETTINGTON's fat pug dog, which has been attacked by asthma, dyspepsia, and gout.

MRS. RABBITTS, of Bigborough, has just presented her husband with her eleventh son.

MR. JOWLS, of Jawingforth, while cracking nuts last market-day, was unfortunate enough to fracture four of his front teeth.

MR. BUTCHER, of Great Slaughterham, has, during the past twelvemonth, killed upwards of eleven hundred little birds with his own gun.

MRS. BIBLEY's baby, at Verbena Villa, Cottenham, has been suffering from the measles and a pimple on its nose.

MASTER SWETTER, of Dunceforth Academy, has been detected in the act of using a crib.

MR. SWALLOW, of Great Gergeworth, won a wager of five pounds by eating his own height in Cambridge sausages last Saturday afternoon.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.



HIS morning, by first post,
a Letter from ENGLE-
MORE:—

"Dear Colonel,
"Seen Mister Nook.
A 1. Place for Mr. Pigs,
&c. Got Refusal. £ s. d.
easy. Jump at it. Wire
back. How about Major
Sideboard? Nogo? Never
mind. On to old china.
Small cup fifty guineas,
not good enough for
"Your little
"ENGLEMORE."

This decides me. Evi-
dently the Nook must be
seen to be appreciated, and
must be seen at once. If
appreciated to be taken.
Nook sounds well. Rural
retreat, old house, gables,

panels, date sixteen hundred, small pond with gold fish, of same
date probably, swimming about in it. Well wooded, old out-build-
ings, &c. See it all in an impulsive sort of Englemoreish sort of
way. I feel that I must, as he says, jump at it.

Happy Thought.—Telegraph back in same style.

"Jumping at it. Back directly."

Leave my Aunt to go through her course of galvanism (she'll
be "jumping at it" too), sulphur, and baths.

Don't want to see the MOMPSONS again. BERTHA has evidently
no heart.

Happy Thought (Agricultural).—No Heart, like a neglected
lettuce, or cabbage: but am not clear which. Shall know soon,
when I begin gardening in earnest.

KOPPEN, on my last day here, drives me out to see a farm. He
says that he knows the owner, and that it's a private farm. I find
afterwards that it's a regular show place, and open to all comers for
a small charge. There's nothing remarkable about it, except its un-
tidiness. As I see no farm labourers about, no "peasants" in cos-
tumes as there would have been on a stage for instance, the want of
anything like order is perhaps accounted for. A slatternly maid
takes us over the place. First of all into a large stable. "Here," she
says, "are the Pigs." This is evidently meant as a surprise for the
visitor, who has naturally expected to see horses. They are
gigantic pigs, too, of a quick, irritable, and suspicious tempera-
ment. Nothing lazy about them; no indolence here: and generally
I should say unpromising as to pork.

The Maiden does not like my stopping to inspect, and stands at
the door of the piggery, as much as to say, "Come along. Here'll
be another party here presently." In truth there is not much to
stop for. The piggery isn't sweet, and we pass out. Across the
yard into an enormous cow-house. All the cows here just the same
as any other cows, anywhere else. Note. Must get up Cows, with a
view to keeping—one, at all events. On consideration, when on the
subject of Cows, one can't well keep less than one.

Happy Thought.—Unless it's a Calf.

The Chickens are what my farming friend TELFORD would call a
"measly lot." They are all over the place, in a desultory sort of way.

Well, what next? What are we going to see now? I ask KOPPEN.
He's surprised. What can I want to see, when, in fact,—that's all.
All? Is this the Farm? This is the Farm. Well, but how about the
Granaries, the Dairy, the Haystacks, the Horses, the implements of
agriculture, the— I pause, at a loss for the names of the things I
want to see. I suppose I mean the ploughs, the harrows, the thresh-
ing-machines, but I am not quite sure. The Maid, in answer to
KOPPEN, who repeats my question to her, simply answers that there
is nothing more, and is evidently quite astonished that we're not
highly delighted and perfectly satisfied. She hints, too, that she will
be much obliged by our dismissing her as soon as possible, as there's
another lot of sight-seers just driven into the court-yard. We settle
with her for twenty gröschen, which is a sum exceeding by one
clear half what she is accustomed to, a generosity on our part so
startling, that she reciprocates it by smilingly informing us that we
can "walk about the grounds as much as we like," to eke out, as it
were, the extra ten gröschen.

Having thus relieved her mind of the idea of being under any
obligation to us, she retires, and we stroll into the meadows, where
there is the ruin of some old castle.

As KOPPEN doesn't know any particulars of its history, and as,
without a history, there is nothing particularly interesting about it,
we return to our fly and drive back.

What have I learnt from seeing the German Farm? That's the
question for me, and I ask it myself again. I don't know, except
that Pigs can be kept in stables; and that, under these circum-
stances, which I should consider decidedly unfavourable to pigs, as
pigs, they increase, not in breadth and pig-like qualities, but, by
degrees, in height.

Happy Thought.—Not growing by degrees of latitude, but of
longitude, and altitude.

If one stopped here long enough to watch the process, perhaps
they would, under the stable confinement, develop into horses.

Happy Thought.—Send this to DARWIN. See what he thinks of
it. Perhaps he won't think of it, or has thought of it, and rejected
it as a theory.

A sort of a cob-pig, of fourteen hands, would not this be a variety?
Wonder how the pigs like it? This is an important question, if
there is anything in the desire of acting so as to "please the pigs."

In some farmyards I've seen cocks, hens, and pigs mixed up
together, wandering about in company, the pigs turning up their
noses with a disdainful grunt at some choice morsels, which, after-
wards, the chicken would peck at with pleasure.

Happy Thought.—In this mixture of Poultry and Pigs, one sees
the first germ of the idea of Eggs and Bacon.

I bid farewell to KOPPEN and my Aunt, who is glad that the
weather has settled into something like warmth, as she detests the
German feather-beds, which "are not," she says, "half so com-
fortable as a good Blatney winket."

Meeting MRS. MOMPSON and QUOTESFUE, I politely ask them if
I can do anything for them in England. When I hear them thank
me very much, and when I see them reflecting deeply on what they
do want done for them in England, I wish I hadn't volunteered the
services. While they are thinking over it, so am I,—how to get out
of it. Nothing I hate more than having to execute commissions.

MRS. MOMPSON commences. The narration of "what she wants
me to do for her, if I kindly will," occupies about a quarter of an
hour. It is a sort of brief to begin with, with instructions for
Counsel. The object is a lost trunk with, she is afraid, her wrong
address on it, or the address of where they were, before they went to
Ramsgate, some months ago. The lines on which this trunk has
been carried, and the complications in which it has been involved,
are materials for a novel in three volumes. Will I, she asks, kindly
call and inquire of the people (this is a trifle vague)—the people at the
London and North Western, or, if not there, at St. Pancras Station,
whence it might have been sent on to Charing Cross. At all events
if I'd only kindly find out how it has been delayed (because it's got,
she says, three of our dresses in it), and just direct it on to them at
Aachen, she would be so much obliged. O, and by the way (another
commission) she left a parasol to be repaired at the man's (which
I'm supposed to know) in Bond Street, and if it's finished it would
be no trouble just to put it into the box and send it.

Happy Thought.—Not to ask how box is to be opened. See (so
to speak) in the closed box, an opening out of the difficulty.

She has some other little matters, with which, however, she
will not trouble me, because it will really be imposing too much on
my good-nature. Unluckily, I smile, and look as pleased as possi-
ble, which encourages her to confide in me so much further as to
request, that, if I am passing by Portland Place, would I be so very
kind just to look in and see how they're getting on with the house,
and ask if they've tuned the piano since they've been away,
or not.

I promise and vow, and she thanks me as heartily as if it were all
done. Hope she'll take the will for the deed. Rather think she'll
have to. FORTESCUE wants me to go to his Club, and ask about some
letters, and to him I reply (having had a dose of commissions by this
time) that I will if I've time.

Happy Thought.—Shan't have time. Once at a distance can
write and apologise.

It rains as I quit Aachen: it generally does rain at Aachen, and
does it thoroughly too, perhaps providentially, to keep the sulphur
cool. Music is going on in the garden of the Kurhaus, and waiters
are carrying umbrellas and coffee to the visitors under the alcoves.
There is to be a grand illumination in those gardens to-night, and
at least three extra gaslights have been added to the attractions.
As I drive to the Station, I see Polytechnic students, with scarred
faces, in small caps (how they keep them on their heads is a perfect
wonder), swaggering, with small ivory-knobbed canes, about the
place. They affect tight breeches and high riding-boots: their chief
object, apparently, is to deceive the public into the idea that
they've just come off horseback. I never saw, to my knowledge, a
student on horseback. Perhaps they keep one among them by sub-
scription, and mount him outside the town for practice. Officers
are swaggering, too; anyone, in any sort of uniform, swaggering.
Police-men swaggering, until there's a sign of a row, when they
carefully absent themselves. Two drunken men are hugging one
another in the middle of the road (not an uncommon thing in
Aachen either), and just manage to struggle into safety—
there evidently being a difference of opinion between them, up to the

last moment, as to whether they shall have themselves run over, or not. The majority—the bigger man—settles it, and they choose the gutter.

Nearer the Station. There's a handsomely proportioned church: it is usually more or less full, and often crowded. They are a devotional people; and in order to make the churches like a home to the worshippers, they are fitted up with spittoons and sawdust. "The Germans," says my friend FORTESCUE in his easy-going, gloomy way, "*se disent en deux parties: ceux qui crachent, et ceux qui ne crachent pas.*" Only," he adds, "the latter I've never met." I rebuke him for this sweeping allegation by commencing a review of Continental manners and customs, and am about to ask him what, on this particular point, he has to say to America, when the train surprises us—by its punctuality—and in another four minutes I am off.

Happy Thought.—Germany, farewell! Belgium again.

More Happy Thoughts.—England. Now, then, for Mister Pigs!

MY CAT'S NINE TALES.

APROPPOS OF PETER TAYLOR

And his horror of the cat
That, in sturdy hands of gaoler,
Gives garrotters tit for tat,
Late I heard my Puss a-purring,
On the hearth-rug where he lay,
With a soft electric stirring
Of his tail, in graceful play,—

"It strikes me that he who to whipcord's abrasion
Of the back of a brute in the shape of a man,
Prefers the soft workings of mild moral suasion,
Though a Taylor, can scarce be the ninth of a man;
I say, brutes by brute suff'ring can best be got at—
And that's the first tale of my nine," quoth the Cat.

"That because the most hardened garotting offender
Howls at sight of the lash, it is cruel to flog,
Is a notion that, if it prove TAYLOR's heart tender,
Proves even more clearly his head in a fog;
To me the rogues' dread shows the punishment pat—
And that's the next tale of my nine," quoth the Cat.

"When one thinks of the style of garotters' attacking,
The coward assault from behind, three to one;
The hug that the sufferer's spine may be cracking,
The blow in the chest that may slay or may stun:
One feels there's much virtue in old 'tit for tat'—
And that's the third tale of my nine," quoth the Cat.

"That humanity e'en prison-discipline reaches,
And that Justice for Mercy finds place more and more,
Is a truth, thank our stars, that all history teaches;
Which yet gives no warrant, if thumbed o'er and o'er,
For the softness of spoon, or the folly of flat—
And that's the fourth tale of my nine," quoth the Cat.

"There are ruffians whose sole terror of blows is,
Whose skins are as soft as their hearts are of stone,
Who can gammon the chaplain with piety's poses,
And, with tongues in their cheeks, ape repentance's groan:
For whom word without blow will be ne'er *verbum sat*.—
And that's the fifth tale of my nine," quoth the Cat.

"Instead of this squeamish abhorrence of flogging,
I'm sorry we don't trust its virtues still more;
Wife-beaters, child-torturers, try with a logging,
That, if hearts can be touched, backs at least might make
sore:
Would so much of their dues toward ruffians but gat!—
And that's the sixth tale of my nine," quoth the Cat.

"If *lex talionis* might plead for a hearing,—
And there's something in *lex talionis*, no doubt,—
The triangles, I think, we should oftener be rearing,
And the cat from the bag would be oft'ner let out,
If garotted to sentence garotters but sat—
And that's the seventh tale of my nine," quoth the Cat.

"There's an old Latin proverb, for charity fitting,
But as well to the lash, when deserved, it applies:
I maintain that the Judge to some purpose is sitting,
Who, with ruffians to doom, at the Cat never shies,
But rather than once '*bis*' and '*cito*,' too, *dat*—
And that's the eighth tale of my nine," quoth the Cat.

"Spite of spoony P. TAYLORS and soft JACOB BRIGHTS,
We will trust to stern sense, and look facts in the face:
Brutes we'll flog, whene'er needful to set wrongs to-rights,
Nor put back the Cat with nine tails in its case,
Till garotters and ruffians shall mind what they're at—
And that's the last tale of my nine," quoth the Cat.

THE LABOURING UPPER CLASSES.



TRULY GREAT MR. PUNCH,
I AM not a great man.
I am glad that I cannot
be called upon to lay a
first stone, or preside at
a charity dinner, or sit
for a full-sized portrait,
or receive deputations, or
address constituents, or
distribute prizes, or—
award them. I lay particular stress on this last-mentioned misfortune of greatness, from having recently read in the *Athenaeum* the following announcement:—"MR. PERK's offer of three prizes for as many original essays on the Established Church of England has been responded to by no fewer than 103 candidates. The perusal and consideration of these MS. exercises, many of great length, are now occupying the judges, the Master of the Temple,

the REV. DR. HESSEY, and LORD SALISBURY; but so laborious is this work of examination, that the writers must not expect the final decision for six or eight months at least from this time."

I hope, Mr. Punch, your greatness has never exposed you to such hardships as the Master of the Temple, DR. HESSEY, and the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, must now be undergoing. If the *Athenaeum* had said that the final decision was not to be expected "for six or eight years at least," I should not have been at all surprised. One can imagine that, after perusing and considering, say sixty essays, even such pillars of the Church as DR. VAUGHAN, DR. HESSEY, and LORD SALISBURY, might feel their zeal for the Establishment relaxed, and be disposed to take a more lenient view of the proceedings of MR. MIALl and MR. MORLEY. They can have no leisure, no rest, no enjoyment of life while the examination of these 103 MS. exercises (many of them, probably, badly written in two senses) is in progress—"in the intervals of business" they must be always, not essay writing, as another great man once was, but essay reading. It requires no very lively fancy to depict the three Judges as reading essays at breakfast, reading essays in bed, reading essays in railway carriages and other public and private conveyances, reading essays in their walks, reading essays in their dreams, until, if such a thing were possible, they must almost wish themselves Nonconformists, or inhabitants of some ideal state, where prize essays are as much unknown as prize cats or prize fighters.

But perhaps the Judges do not read the essays, only meet together from time to time for coffee, and hear the exercises read aloud by a chaplain or secretary, for whose sufferings one feels compassion, but in a less degree, because there is probably some attempt made to remunerate him for his labours. If so, let us hope that sleep never overtakes his listeners, and that they are as cheerful, as good-humoured, and in as full and perfect possession of their judicial faculties after the tenth essay as they were at the conclusion of the first.

I will only add one more reflection. There are but three prizes; there are one hundred and three candidates. There will, therefore, be exactly one hundred aggrieved and disappointed essayists going about in Society, who for the rest of their lives, or, at all events, until some other benevolent individual calls their literary powers again into being, will consider the Master of the Temple, the REV. DR. HESSEY, and the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, as utterly incompetent to discern true merit, and three of the most over-rated persons they ever knew.

I conclude as I began. I am glad I am an obscure person, and not a great man, to have my photograph in the shop windows, and my will in the newspapers, and to be liable to be called upon to adjudicate on one hundred and three Prize Essays.

HOMO IGNOTUS.



OUR COUNTRYMEN ABROAD.

Mr. Shoddy. "I ALWAYS SAY, MRS. SHARP, THAT I NEVER FEEL REALLY SAFE FROM THE UBIQUITOUS BRITISH SNOB TILL I AM SOUTH OF THE DANUBE!"

Mrs. Sharp (innocently). "AND WHAT DO THE—A—SOUTH DANUBIANS SAY, MR. SHODDY!"

ΑΝΤΙΠΟΔΕΣ ΣΥΜΠΑΘΕΙΣ.

*Messages exchanged by Electric Wire between Adelaide and London.
October 21, 1872.*

THE way to compass *Puck's* grand feat we've found
In half the time prompt *Puck* allotted to it;
A girdle round about the earth we've bound,
Nor taken twenty minutes, e'en, to do it.

From the Antipodes that, sole to crown,
By force centripetal us Britons fit to,
Come greetings—strange to say, not upside down—
Of Adelaide's Lord Mayor to London's ditto!

The tie that hitherto has bound us fast
Was one of gold, but, thank the electric fire,
Our bond henceforth is likelier to last,
Though 'tis but a few strands of copper wire.

Henceforth one spirit couples pole with pole,
One British heart beats through our severed mettle:
With *you*, Antipodes, we're one in soul;
You still at home, howe'er far off *you* settle.

From Hellas when her colonists went forth,
They took a brand from their home's temple fire:
You, happier, 'twixt *your* South and *our* North,
Can flash your warmth of kindred through the wire.

From that wide world of mighty fates unread,
Where seasons stand reversed and nature new,
Still through that wire be thoughts fraternal sped,
Keeping Australian hearts and English true.

A SAINT FOR A SOVEREIGN.

THE telegraph people did blunder in reporting the POPE to have instanced our EDWARD THE SIXTH as a virtuous monarch who promoted the happiness of his people. Here, from the Correspondent of the *Post*, at Rome, is a correct account of what His Holiness really said about another sovereign on the occasion when he was stated to have commended that one:—

"The POPE then went on to laud the virtues of St. Edward, King of England, whose festival was registered in the calendar on that day, the founder of Westminster Abbey, who wrote to POPE NICHOLAS THE SECOND on its completion, professing his 'obedience and subjection.' But besides meritorious works in favour of the Church, this king relieved his subjects. 'He found too many duties, too many taxes, so he abolished them, obtaining thereby the respect, esteem, and love of his people. He was a model to kings of all virtues, and especially that of chastity. Although a king sitting on a throne, he was chaste to such a degree that, with the consent of the Queen, he never occupied the conjugal couch.'"

By leaving no heir St. Edward promoted the happiness of his subjects in a measure which they failed to appreciate. They did not thank their childless king for the Norman conquest so much as the POPE, apparently, thinks they ought to have done. They had to thank EDWARD, dying without issue, for WILLIAM THE FIRST and for RUFUS, and did not thank him at all—unless His Holiness has decided that they did, and then they did of course. But it is droll that the telegraph should have made the POPE confound EDWARD THE CONFESSOR with EDWARD THE SIXTH, who probably, in the Papal estimation, differ from one another considerably more than ALEXANDER THE GREAT differs from ALEXANDER the Copper-smith.

RAILINGS FROM THE EMBANKMENT.

"RICH Benchers, why this hideous boarding;
So full of wealth, why take to hoarding?"



ASTRÆA REDUX!!

SIR OLIVER SURFACE (MR. BULL). "HERE COMES THE INCARNATION OF ALL THE VIRTUES. OF COURSE, SIR PETER, YOU'LL PRAISE THE NEW LORD CHANCELLOR?"

SIR PETER TEAZLE (MR. PUNCH). "WAIT A BIT, SIR OLIVER. THIS IS A D-D WICKED WORLD, AND THE FEWER PEOPLE WE PRAISE THE BETTER."

School for Scandal (slightly altered).



THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE
THE HISTORY OF THE
THE HISTORY OF THE

PACIFIC TRIUMPHS.



secure England against the possible partiality of any other European authority, let the referee be the POPE. Or, to make assurance of unbiassed and disinterested judgment doubly sure, suppose we say the President of the United States;

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

I REPRESENTED You, Sir, at the Holborn Theatre the other evening. I fancy I informed you of the fact last week, when I remarked on the fine acting of MRS. HERMANN VEZIN as *Miss Chester*. You are not easily pleased, though sometimes you pretend to be. I have noticed these phases of your moon, Sir, and believe me I am never forgetful of your dignity. I am anxious for your reputation as an acute critic, and it would do your heart good to see my frown, my shake of the head, my permissive nod to the audience (as much as to say, "now applaud, go it!"), and in fact my entire demeanour when representing You in the stalls, or in a private box. You, Sir, have some old-fashioned ideas about a seat in the pit being the place for a critic. Well, go there and welcome, with an orange. You may be happier there than in the gilded saloons above; but as *Your Representative* I can't do it, and what is more, I won't. My white tie represents your white tie (only such a much more perfect affair than yours, which, permit me to say, you manage somehow to make a muddle of), and my evening dress represents your evening dress, only that my velvet collar, brass buttons, pearl and coral studs, my flashing wristbands, and my *tout ensemble* make you shine with such an additional lustre, that when *Your Representative* appears in the lobby, at seven forty-five p.m., the boxkeepers can only control their feelings by crying "Here he is!" This, Sir, is You. While you are by your own fire-side, I am thus sacrificing myself to the fogs, and you are sitting by your logs; while I am risking cold and damp, you are reading by your lamp. But halt, Pegasus! I dismount. Sir, I am at the Holborn. The bill, I notice, informs me that the original drama called *Miss Chester* is "by FLORENCE MARRYAT and SIR CHARLES YOUNG." In my ignorance (representing You, Sir, of course) of the etiquette of announcements such as this, I want to inquire why the gentleman's title is mentioned and not the lady's?

Supposing the play were by MR. BROWN and MRS. SMITH (by kind permission of MR. SMITH, of course) would it be either proper, or pretty, to print in the bill that the drama was by SMITH and MR. BROWN? It doesn't look well, does it? Yet the cases are surely parallel. Or say it was LADY SMITH (by kind permission of LORD SMITH) and MR. BROWN who wrote it, would it be either correct, or nice, to say this piece is by LADY SMITH and BROWN? Or if MISS GEORGINA ROBINSON and MR. CRUSOE had been collaborateurs, shall we announce the authors publicly as MR. CRUSOE and GEORGINA ROBINSON? Isn't it paying a great respect to MR. CRUSOE, and being uncommonly familiar with GEORGINA? This, Sir, is what evidently struck You at once, and as *Your Representative* I am unable to answer the poser. So much for the bill, which, in other respects, is a very nice bill, and is, thank Heaven! neither ornamented with namby-pamby, flimsy lace-paper edges which tear, nor scented with a sickly odour, nor covered with the irrepressible advertisements.

As for the piece, it is full of strong situations, inartistically led up to. As to the writing, *Miss Chester's* part is very good, and not a word is lost by MRS. VEZIN.

MR. LIN KAYNE, as *Rupert*, the really ill-treated outcast, took all he got in the most good-natured manner possible; and when, after being most forcibly told, by his supposed mother, who he wasn't, he, with a strong sense of the humour of his position, at once seized on the comic side of the picture, and asked, "Then who am I?" without, too, using any strong language on the subject, which he could have done if ladies hadn't been present, when he might have strengthened it by throwing in "the dence"—I say, when he uttered these words, he quite carried the audience with him, and the house couldn't help chuckling.

Your Representative called to mind this same gentleman, a most conscientious actor, in a play called *The Two Thorns* (or some such title, so as to be as like as possible to the successful *Two Roses*), where he distinguished himself in a very funny speech, with a *lapsus lingue* in it, about what a young lady had said to him. There was much the same tone and manner about the above-mentioned "Then who am I?" and the question certainly did suggest a heap of difficulties, all (from *Rupert's* humorous point of view) more or less comic.

Then there was *Michael Fortescue*, a reprobate whose head of hair alone was quite enough to have led him into any amount of villainy. No doubt he must have descended to various crafty dodges in order to support that wig. It is true that, at the end of the piece, he repents of what it is proved, by the way, he didn't do, as far as Your Representative could understand it, and becomes virtuous, but this is after he has been exposed as a swindler, and having been unable to earn enough money for pomatum or dye, he has—I mean the wig has—become grey.

The *Earl of Montessor* looked quite the nobleman—with a cold. His mother, a very heartless person, really ought to have insisted upon hot bath and mustard plaster at night, and lozenges during the day. The part is one that interests the audience, especially at this time of year.

Isabel, the orphan ward, was charming, making allowances for her as an orphan and a ward. When she, in the last Act, glided down to the footlights, clasped her hands, looked up to the gallery, and said, "Is it a dream? I seem to hear his footsteps"—or words to that effect—meaning the footsteps of her lover, whom everyone had seen killed in the Second Act, but who, (it being *Rupert* with his old appreciation of humour), is alive and well, and is actually—you'd scarcely believe it, if it wasn't *Rupert* all over, the sly dog!—stealing down behind her while she's speaking about him,—I say, when this young lady was going through this soliloquy, and when, having ended it, she fell with a squeak—I mean shriek—into *Rupert's* arms—just like him, the funny outcast!—when all this happened, didn't Your Representative applaud *Rupert*, the humorous outcast, and *Isabel*, the white muslin orphan? Rather! But what I want to know is, who chose the paper for *Lady Montessor's* drawing-room, in the Third Act? The *Montessor* family must have been curiously fond of gorgeous colours, or perhaps they had let *Montessor Castle* for a term, and, in their absence, the tenant, some monied greengrocer or cheesemonger, had papered it, according to his own taste. But, emphatically, I never!

In such an apartment some very strong situation was absolutely necessary in order to distract your eye from that paper. So here we unite mother and son, wife and husband, and the curtain descends upon a lot of people who are evidently going to live happily ever afterwards. By the way, what a dreadful thing it is for an actor to have to fight against a past success. When MR. YOUNG came on as *Annishaw* the Lawyer (playing it well and carefully) what a number of people about whispered to one another as they gradually found him out, "Why, that's the *Little Wes Dog*!" and appeared really quite hurt when he didn't favour the company with that celebrated ditty, a proceeding which, except in moments of private social enjoyment, would have been highly indecorous. The audience got accustomed to him in *Annishaw*, and, I am glad to say did not demand the *Little Wes Dog* for the two-thousandth time. Your Representative was immensely interested in the department of three Italian villains in evening dress, who, in the Second Act, submitted to hear themselves abused, blackguarded, and their corrupt practices denounced by *Rupert*, in a spirit of the most Christian forbearance. They lost their temper just once, and gesticulated in an explanatory way to one another; but, on the whole, their bearing was exemplary. I was not sorry, judging from appearances, to hear that they were swindlers, and I sincerely trust that they never paid the Italian tailor who provided them with their evening costume.

Finally, as to the plot, as Your Representative (You, Sir, are not quick at plots) I say that once get over the difficulty of *Lady Montessor's* sister-in-law being in the house and calling herself *Miss Chester* for many years (I fancy eighteen was the number) without being recognised by any visitor, or by any one of the family happening to make an afternoon call, is more than I can understand. Either the *Montessors*, all, were very unsociable and never visited one another,



THE NEXT MORNING.

SO VERY STIFF AFTER THE FIRST DAY IN STUBBLE AND TURNIPS ! AND THEN TO BE CAUGHT ON THE ARCHERY GROUND AFTER BREAKFAST !

or they were blind. *Fortescue*, not having seen her for as long a time, recognises her *instantly*. However, the greater the improbability the more startling the play, and if solely on account of Mrs. VEZIN'S acting, *Miss Chester* will well repay a visit.

SUCCESS TO SELBORNE.

WELL am I, for a pious man,
Throughout the country known,
Afford to keep a conscience can,
And, that I can, have shown.

The Irish Church to disendow
A sacrilege I deemed ;
To disestablish it, also,
A flagrant sin esteemed.

Three years and more I let go by,
Ere I would office take.
My conscience it did satisfy
That sacrifice to make.

Time some have found fly fast since then ;
For me that time was long.
Now conscience lets me join the men
Who did what I thought wrong.

In due time conscience wrong digests ;
Bids bygones bygones be.
From scruples vain sets statesmen's breasts,
At least the lawyers', free.

Great things of worth and intellect,
Forebode, dear friends, you do.
May I turn out all you expect ;—
[You will, LORD SELBORNE, too !—P.]

A YOGI ON THE KOOS.

A LECTURE on the subject of Mesmerism quoted in the *Spiritualist* newspaper, contains a passage which seems to have been written for illustration. It describes an Indian sage, in an extreme state of the reverie which other Orientals name *Keif* :—

"SELF-MESMERISM IN INDIA.

"In India devotees whose principal aim it is to realise what they call 'the emancipation of the spirit,' are called Yogis. They adopt a system of self-mesmerism. VAUGHAN, speaking of one of them, says, 'He planteth himself firmly on a spot that is undisturbed, neither too high nor too low, and sitteth upon the sacred grass, which is called *koos*, covered with a skin and a cloth. Then he whose business is the restraining of his passions should sit with his mind fixed on one object alone ; in the exercise of his devotion for the purification of his soul, keeping his head, his neck, and his body steady, without motion—his eyes fixed on the point of his nose, looking at no other place around.'"

We should be very much obliged to LORD NORTHBROOK, or any other friend in India, who would have the kindness to send us a good photograph of a self-mesmerising Yogi squatted on the *koos*. With his eyes fixed on, and converging towards, the point of the intervening feature, the Yogi would of course present to the beholder a most fearful squint—a case of temporary *strabismus*, which, to be imagined, demands reminiscence of the effect on the visual organs produced by a wafer that a naughty little clown of a boy has clandestinely stuck on the tip of the nose of a baby.

Thought in Trafalgar Square.

THE anniversary of the battle of Trafalgar occurred on the 21st October. In connection therewith may be mentioned a criticism which may perhaps have occurred to a foreigner contemplating NELSON'S monument in Trafalgar Square. Nothing can be more natural than SIR EDWIN LANDSEER'S Lions—but look at their lower jaws. The Lions are all chap-fallen.



A SOLEMN ADMONITION.

"NOW, TEA-KETTLE! DON'T YOU SING ON A SUNDAY!"

TOLL-DE-ROL-LOL!

BLESS the Board of Works! It proposes to abolish the Tolls of all the Metropolitan Bridges. This would be a great boon to the owners of vehicles, to travellers by cab, and to a good many work-people living south of the River. But the redemption of the Tolls will cost money; and the proposal of the Board of Works is to redeem them at the Londoners' expense. What will the Londoners in general get in return for their Coal and Wine Duties, or their Rates, by means of whose augmentation this great boon, that is to say, gratuity, is to be conferred on the above-named classes? The suburban highway-tolls, most, if not all, of them, have now been done away with for some time, to the great advantage of the horse and carriage-keeping classes. To the pedestrian ratepayer in moderate circumstances, who never takes a cab except to save time, or expense worse than that of cab-hire, the gain may be calculated, from personal experience, to have been, on an average, from sixpence to two shillings or half-a-crown a year. The loss may be estimated at about four guineas yearly by increased highway rates. His omnibus fares remain at their old figures, and even if they had been somewhat lowered, that would signify little to him, who, taxed as he is over head and ears, can ill afford to ride in an omnibus even, and never does if he can walk without getting wet and spoiling his clothes. His pecuniary profit, therefore, by the abolition of tolls is, by a very considerable amount, less than nothing. But then he enjoys the vivid pleasure and the proud consciousness of reflecting that he has contributed handsomely to lighten the expenses of some of his fellow-subjects, most of them a great deal better off than himself. He feels the honour thus devolved upon him very acutely; but still, on the whole, he would rather contribute only his fair share to the charges of the public thoroughfares.

When the ratepayer, ordinarily pedestrian, leaves London, or its neighbourhood, for a sojourn in the country, and, whilst there, happens to be obliged to travel otherwise than by foot, he finds himself stopped at intervals of very few miles, with a demand for threepence, or sixpence, or more, turnpike-toll. He thus pays to maintain the highways for his friends the farmers and landed gentry, and the richer class of independent persons and shopkeepers.

STANZAS TO A SPY.

ROBERT, upon Duty's Beat,
Pleased I mark you when patrolling,
Thanks for order in the street,
And the traffic still kept rolling,
And on loitering Cad, an eye,
Watchful of his acts, for keeping,
Or on gutter-urchin sly
After ancient Foggy creeping.

ROBERT, restiff roughs with staff
Prod, till patriots roar with dolour.
In thy manly clutch I laugh

When I see the rascal's collar.

ROBERT, you do more than well
When you seize the foul garotter,
Or to move on do compel
Hyde Park demagogue and plotter.

ROBERT, nobody I know
Do I view with more affection
Than yourself, to whom I owe
Preservation and protection.
When I speak of you, I gush.
With enthusiastic fervour.
Crusher, thieves ordained to crush!
My Protector and Preserver!

ROBERT, you I do revere,
To repeat I take occasion,
As I do the Grenadier
Who defends me from invasion.
Native rascals you repress
As he would repel the stranger;
And your service nowise less,
Rather more, is one of danger.

Then "Good Bobby!" I exclaim.
But when I employed behold you
At Informer's work, "For shame!
Bobby, fie!" I say, and scold you.
Into taverns when you sneak,
Spy, disguised, of high-placed Snobby,
Then I cry—"Have you the check?"
Naughty Bobby, naughty Bobby!"

But when any of those people come up to Town, and ride, or drive, or are driven, about in his vicinity, they find themselves altogether denied the due satisfaction of contributing one farthing to the cost of his roads which they are using. He, therefore, highly as he applauds the design of throwing open the Bridges over the Thames, and, much as he admires that truly generous idea, would, with due consideration for the no less generous feelings of the country at large, applaud very much more highly and more warmly admire by a very great deal, the notion of making the extinction of the Metropolitan Bridge Tolls part of a general scheme for doing away with all manner of tolls, whether highway or byeway, throughout the whole of the United Kingdom whatsoever. This view of Metropolitan Toll Abolition will perhaps commend itself to Metropolitan ratepayers at large.

Trade Imitation.

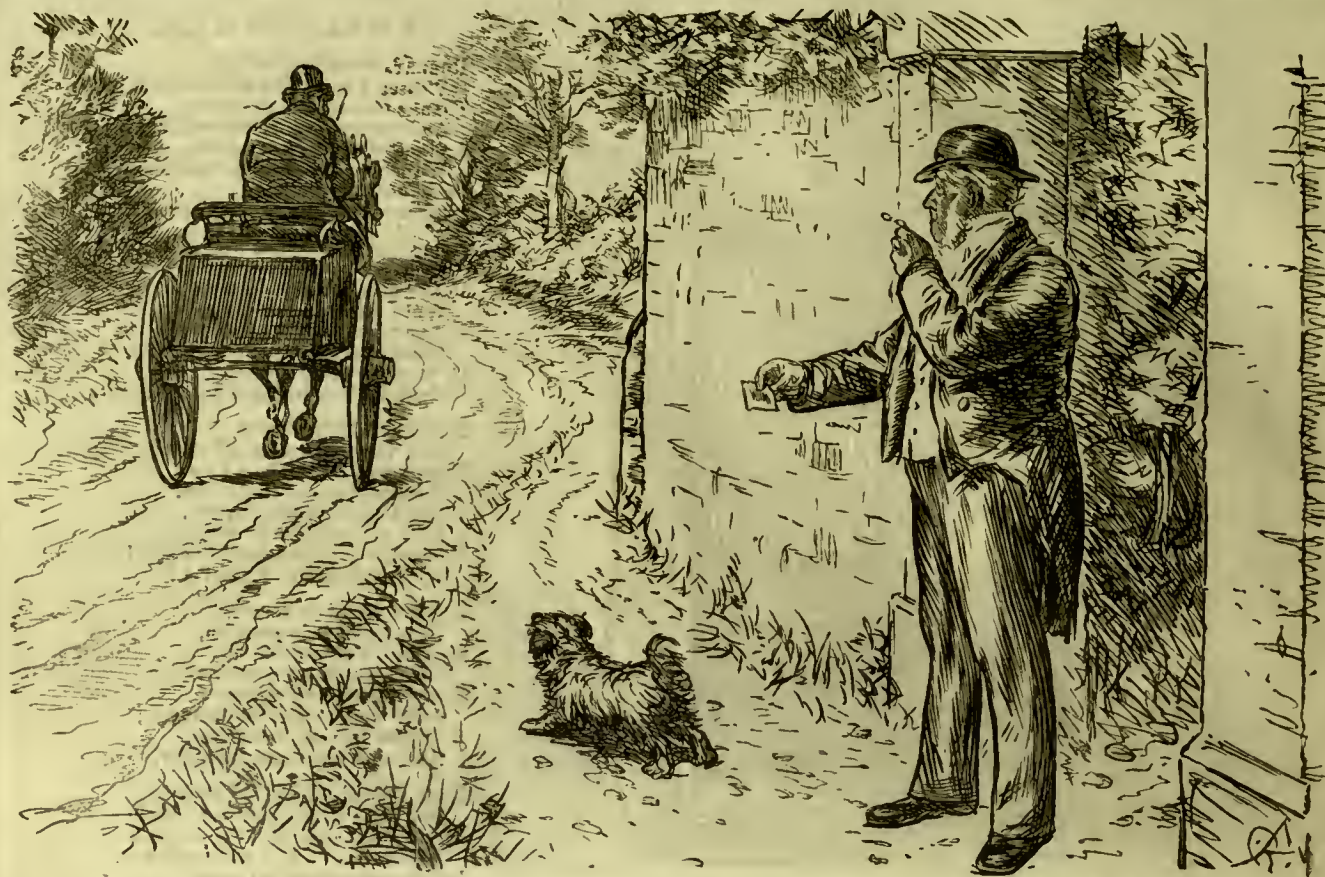
"THE New Tea Spirit Robur" has been so much advertised that one wonders the title of that exhilarating liquor has not been parodied by some rival speculator. As tea is to oak-leaves, so is coffee to acorns, and by this time an imitative genius might have hit upon the idea of advertising "The New Coffee Spirit, Quercus."

"Among the bouzing Bacchanalian Centaurs."
Old Play.

WE see advertised, "Bouzy" Champagne. A misprint here would have been a serious matter, for what a difference a single letter makes! No respectable person would think of offering his guests "boozy" Champagne.

WRONG IN THE HEAD.

MRS. MALAPROP, whose acquaintance with surgical terms is evidently somewhat imperfect, persists in saying that she once knew a man who was successfully Japanned.



"WHAT NEXT?"

Affable Stranger (to Country Gentleman, who was just thinking of going out with his Gun for an hour or two). "ANY BIRDS?"

The Squire (uncertain as to the inquirer's identity, answers politely, but in depressed tone). "EH?—NO—NONE!"

Affable Stranger. "AH! IT'S JUST THE SAME AT OUR PLACE!"

The Squire (seeing a chance of enlightenment). "O, INDEED! WHERE—WHERE ARE YOU SPEAKING OF?"

Affable Stranger. "AH, JUS' SO! GOOD MORNING!" (Hands him his Card, and drives off.)

The Squire (reads). "HOLEBORN! SMITHERS AND SON! GROCERS! WHOLESALE PRICES!!"

[TABLEAU!!!]

OCT. 18.—LETTER-WRITING, POLITE AND MINISTERIAL.

WRITES MAGUIRE:—"Very dear MISTER GLADSTONE,
In a gaol—not of free but of sad stone,

You've cooped up poor DAVITT,
We Irish won't have it,
So loose him, my dear MISTER GLADSTONE."

WRITES GLADSTONE:—"Dear MISTER MAGUIRE,

Touching DAVITT I sent to inquire,

I forward B.'s letter,

P.S. Are you better?

I hope so, dear MISTER MAGUIRE."

WRITES our "Home" Ruler:—"Dear MISTER G.

Our D's points are two—mind, not 'three.'

Of these one ain't true,

And the other's not new.

P.S. He don't grumble, not he."

GROWLS JOHN BULL:—"Come, the sooner the better

You stop all this writing of letter.

What! argue and reason

With dastardly Treason,

Pshaw! rather the cat or the fetter."

Ale or Opium?

THE Chinese immigrants at the East end of London are teaching the population of that region to smoke opium. The knowledge of this fact must make SIR WILFRID LAWSON and his associates redouble their endeavours to destroy the liquor trade.

THE WRONG MAN ANYHOW.

A DISSOLUTION of Parliament may not be far off. In the meanwhile isolated elections occur. A rational elector is often at a difficulty to decide whom to vote for; often, perhaps, decides on not voting at all, as any vote would be simply a choice of evils.

However, when you do not otherwise know whom to vote for, you may be enabled to determine by knowing whom to vote against.

The United Kingdom Alliance lately held a meeting in the Free Trade Hall at Manchester—just the place for it; for don't they want to prohibit the liquor-trade? Then and there they announced their resolution to vote at elections for no candidate who would not pledge himself to support their Permissive Prohibitory Bill. Free and independent elector, it is well to be taught by Freedom's enemies.

Make a point of voting against the candidate, no matter whomsoever, in a contested election, who will not distinctly promise to oppose the Permissive Prohibitory Bill with all his might.

There will then be this great difference between you and the United Kingdom Allies. They, in voting exclusively for a candidate committed to go in for a Liquor Law, will, in many instances, vote to the exclusion of a man of worth and ability.

You, if you vote against the nominee of the United Kingdom Alliance, will be sure of voting against a tyrant, a prig, a fanatic, a fool, or a humbug.

A Deep Subject.

CAREFUL naturalists, who have devoted much time and attention to ichthyological studies, tell us that, after long and patient investigation, they have arrived at the conclusion that if fishes have a language, it is most probably Finnish.



GEOGRAPHY ON 'CHANGE.

Portly Stockjobber (gloomily). "THOSE BONDS ARE DOWN AGAIN! IT APPEARS THE AMERICANS HAVE TAKEN UMBRAGE—"

Stumpy Ditto. "THE DEUCE THEY HAVE! WHEREABOUTS IS THAT?"!!

THE BRITISH WILLOW.

SIXE hey for disestablishment!
Sing ho for disendowment!
Sure wasn't Irish discontent
All banished in a moment?
A Church, that's all, was then made free
Of station and possession;
Abandoned on a policy
Of resolute concession.

Like perseverance there is nought.
Go on as we've begun to,
And soon Great Britain will be brought
One fine large Island unto.
Ourselves we disendowed have found,
Already, of some treasure,
And likewise of San Juan's ground,
Whose worth we didn't measure.

Of scarce four millions disendowed,
What recks the British Nation?
What of that other loss, now owed
To foreign arbitration?
Brave servants hath our gracious QUEEN,
In popular opinion,
Though disestablished she has been
In some of her dominion.

The *Castor Fiber*, sharp of nose
When hunter's dogs pursue him,
Himself, says Fable, disendows—
JOHN BULL, be like unto him,
Of land, when coveted, or pelf,
So disendowed as beaver,
And disestablished so, by self,
Become in soul a weaver.

Sing *Rule Britannia* now no more.
Sing small, on milk for potion.
Sing disestablished, JOHN, on shore,
And disendowed on ocean;
The song of Peace at any Price:
From kicks whilst you are tender.
Still be our cry, "Self-sacrifice!"
Our motto still "Surrender!"

NOVEMBER NOTES.

THERE will be two new moons this month, but they will not both be visible at the same time.

Any day we may have foggy weather; and, as the Michaelmas Law Term began on the second, any day we may expect pettifogging behaviour.

In the pocket-book we use, the only entry opposite the Fifth is "Sun sets 4h. 24m.," which can hardly be looked upon as an historical event. But in some parts of the country the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot by the detective police in the reign of JAMES THE FIRST OF ENGLAND AND SIXTH OF SCOTLAND (hence Scotland Yard), continues to be celebrated with fireworks and a fair amount of drinking; and all over the kingdom people still make guys of themselves on the Fifth of November.

Cambridge Term divides at noon on the eighth; which event, fraught with so much importance both to Church and State, is made known to the University by all the College clocks striking the hour of noon. This is probably not the only division which will take place in the Term.

Saturday the Ninth. PRINCE OF WALES'S day (many happy returns to your Royal Highness, is *Mr. Punch's* homely, hearty greeting), Lord Mayor's Day (why not Lord Mayor and Sheriffs' Day, for they have to pay part of the bill?), Illustrated Newspapers' Day, Country Cousins' Day, Pickpockets' Day, and Policemen's Day.

Friday the Fifteenth. Partial Eclipse of the Moon. It will be visible in Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex, and generally in the Eastern Counties, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, the environs of London and Skye, at Greenwich and Woolwich, and by the night police, smugglers, and the late Lord Mayor and Sheriffs.

Saturday the Thirtieth. St. Andrew's Day. Anniversary festival of the Scottish Corporation. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, as a very careful, cautious, saving man, chosen this year to take the chair.

Nothing else noteworthy in the month, except the star-showers, which, although they have now occurred for a number of years, do not seem to have caused any vacancies in the sky on a fine starlit night; and the welcome return of the *Scolopax rusticola* to our woods and (on toast) to our mahogany dining-tables.

MODERN ENGLISH FARE.

Too much of a good thing, we know,
Is sometimes to be had;
More often, in this world of woe,
Too much of one that's bad.

Toujours perdrix will cloy, they say;
Yet make a shift could I
To dine off partridge every day;
But can't stand humble pie.

That, of all dishes, I like least;
I cram it; but I find
That far is that continual feast
From a contented mind.

No for an Answer.

Orthodox but close-fisted Rector (in answer to solicitation from Bishop on behalf of Building Fund). Subscribe to new Church, my Lord? Sorry to decline, your Lordship, but can't possibly, and never could, subscribe to anything beyond the Thirty-nine Articles.

A GREENGROCER'S WATCH.—A Turnip.

Punch at Lunch.



ND now, Tobias, my dog, let us converse de omnibus rebus, et quibusdam aliis. The gushing shall be mine, yours the cynicism. You know that the word is derived from a certain Greek one. Not that you are a "surly dog." Answer me not but

with your tail, Toby, to adapt the phrase of *Morose* in the *Silent Woman*. You know no silent women, Toby? The ancient gibe is unworthy of you, even though you are a beast. Have you been descending to the company of gents, or wags, or the Stock Exchange? Be a scholar and a gentleman, like SIR WALTER SCOTT's *Maida*.

On whose tomb that true gentleman, the Master, wrote a false Latin quantity, and then behaved in the right chivalrous way, avowing his blunder, and refusing the escape that was gallantly offered him by LOCKHART.

LADY BECHER, sometime MISS O'NEILL, is gone. Elderly gentlemen say that there was never such a *Juliet*, but elderly gentlemen have kindly memories for the things of their youth. She played the Grecian Daughter; for the first time, on Saturday, the 29th April, 1815. I have seen the playbill. DEBBETT says she married in 1819. *Argal*, an elderly gentleman of now, must have been very young—scarcely a critic—when ELIZA O'NEILL retired. Still, as BYRON, who understood acting, refused to see her lest he should disturb or divide his recollections of MRS. SIDDONS, I believe in MISS O'NEILL. I know not whether W. M. T. thought of aught he had heard about her when he described the *Fotheringay*.

LORD PENZANCE retires. He ought to make me compensation. For his going off destroys, for the future, one of my good things. Hearing speech (which I regretted to hear) of a lady who was infatuated about somebody, not her Lord, and who had declared that she would go to the World's End for him, I, your Lord, said "She means the Land's End, taking Penzance *en route*." But let it pass. That's nothing to what I could say if I liked, as the Duchess of Wonderland remarked to Alice.

You've done enough with those bones, Toby. I fear that you are, as MISS GRACE GREENWOOD reports another American lady to have said of a certain hotel-keeper, "not high-toned on grub."

What do you think of this motto for a Mammon-worshipper? "Take the Gods thy goods provide thee."

All Mohammedans leave their shoes at the door of their place of worship, and some Ritualists their understandings.

Do you know that the *Morning Post* attained the age of one hundred years on Saturday last, November the second?

Have you a grief, Toby, that you go on devouring? Eat, then. For eating is consolation for everything. If MR. GLADSTONE were here (and I wish he were), he would remind you that Achilles comforts the bereaved and afflicted Priam by asking him to supper, which, says the Grecian Peclides, Niobe herself did not forget, though a dozen of her children had been shot.

At Harrogate, the other day, I picked up a book by an excellent Clergyman, the Vicar of Warminster, which I take to be a place in Wiltshire, at the source

of the Willy. The work is called *Seven Common Faults*: and I doubt not that it is very improving. His list is, grumbling, temper, thoughtlessness, selfishness, over-anxiety, indolence, and self-will. I trust and believe that I have them all.

I am going to hurt your feelings, Toby, but never mind. I don't hold with Darwinism. We are not related to the animals. See here. Among birds the hen is always the dowdy, quietly feathered, humble looking creature, while the cock (peacock and pheasant, for instance) blazes out in splendour. While among ourselves—but you perceive the argument.

Here is a story about a remarkable Lunch. The Tzeremisch Tartars have no particular religion, and have an odd way of excusing this. They say that they once had a religious book, for their guidance, but one day a cow came and eat it.

Here is a card which has been sent me from Colorado which is in the United States, Toby. 'Tis the advertisement of a restaurant. "And JOSEPH wept aloud and said unto his brethren: I am JOSEPH, doth my father yet live? And his brethren answered him, saying, You bet! the old man is doing bully! he eats at the Cosmopolitan, 48, Blake Street, Denver, Col." Doing bully may require explanation—it means flourishing mightily. But this, addressed to descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers!

His Holiness has made four new Saints. I am quite sure that the honour was merited, though I never heard of any of the gentlemen. But how does S. S. manage to give them Days? The calendar must be more than full. I would respectfully suggest the elimination of four others, to whom the monk clamoured, in the Ettrick Shepherd's wonderful imitation of Scott:—

"And loudly invoked, as he elapsed the rood,
Saint Withold, Saint Waldave, Saint Clare, and Saint Jude,
He dreaded the devil (to give him his due)
But held him as nothing to Wat o' the Cleuch."

For the four whom he invoked did not mind their business, and Wat came raging into the Abbey, and ate up everything. If he got his head well punched 'twas by no saintly hand. The Scots do not make half enough of JAMES HOGG, by the way.

Talking of Scots (and I beg they note the delicate attention of my pronunciation—I don't say Scotch), let us erect a Wallace Monument of our own. Let it be set up in Manchester Square, opposite the house of the gentleman who exhibits at Bethnal Green that glorious collection of pictures which he who does not see is a wilfully Blind Beggar.

The Crystal Palace has never been so well kept as under the sway of my friend MR. GEORGE GROVE. *Nemorum pulcherrimus ordo*—Grove's rule is most admirable.

Yet I wish success to the Alexandra Palace, and I am sure that my excellent new Sovereign, SIR S. WATERLOW, will work to that end. Let his Lordship give what personal superintendence he can to the works. It will be invaluable, and I desire to see "Sydney on the scaffold," because he never loses his head.

Height of philanthropy, Toby? Giving a garotter a ticket for the Cat Show. Eh, you dog?

I see a memorial is to be raised in Exeter Cathedral to the famous DR. PHILLPOTTS, Bishop. Can there be a more typical one than that which has been there for some centuries, the wonderful clock which shows the sun going round the earth?

An epidemic is raging, I am sorry to read, among the horses in America. But it is not wonderful. They have been laughing too much over Geneva and Berlin—I allow that events there have been enough to make—pooh!—to excite cachinnation in one of the equine race. However, they have recovered sufficiently not to leave the Presidential election to the care of the asses. *Vivat ULYSSES, Rex!*

Toby, my hookah!—and then hook it.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(After visiting the Opéra Comique, the Strand, and the Queen's, he addresses the Editor as usual.)



T the Opéra Comique, the other evening, I represented You, Sir, with a lovely flower in my button-hole. It is a pretty, bright little house, with hardly any pit to speak of; so that if the portion of the public that usually patronises this part of the theatre is to be educated up to, or down to, *Opéra Bouffe*, the lesson won't be learnt here. To accommodate late diners like yourself, Sir, and, therefore, like Your Representative, the time here fixed for the commencement of this *Opéra Bouffe* is nine o'clock. From seven to eight-thirty you have plenty of time for enjoying those luxuries which are the reward of a well-spent day. And after the little cup of coffee, and the mild Havannah, you may safely trust yourself

to the influences of the *Opéra Bouffe*, which will tickle your ear with many pleasant melodies, and will not make any demand upon your overtaxed brain, and, up to a certain point, will sufficiently please you without disturbing your placid equilibrium by any incitement to strong emotional display.

Your Representative made the acquaintance of this nonsensical *Opéra Bouffe* some years ago in Paris, where it was a great success, and Your Representative, not on your account, Sir, but his own, saw the piece three times. MILNER, who played the *Gendarme*, was immensely funny in it (you ought to have seen him at the Globe last summer, when French *bouffes* were played there), and so was the comic tenor, whose name has escaped my memory. At the end of the Second Act what extravagant fun (in Paris) was that Can-can! I admit that it depended upon the fact of having a real genuine low comedian with a tenor voice for the tenor's part, *Alexandrovore*, which is here intrusted to MILE. CLARY, who is charming, pretty, everything that's nice, but not funny.

MISS HARRIET COVENEY made the part of the *Marquise*, the thing of the piece; and, as she has scarcely anything to do, or say, after Act One, this solitary bit of humour is confined to the First Act. MISS JULIA MATHEWS, who can play *bouffe* parts, has simply nothing to do; and as to the other young ladies in the piece, they were so numerous that it was with the greatest difficulty I could discover who was who. I was neither wiser nor happier after carefully studying the bill, and I am still bothered as to the identity of *Eclotine*, *Mariette*, *Mimi*, *Françoise*, *Bouton de Rose*, *Patte de Velours*, *Dindonette*, &c., with MILES, BLANCHE DE LANDRE, LIZZIE RUSSELL, G. CORINNE, and some sixteen other pretty proper names; the "pretty" not qualifying the "proper," but to be taken separately.

No one struck me as so remarkably brilliant that I was absolutely wretched until I had been informed who she was; but, at the same time, they were all on a lively level, which amused without wearying.

In the libretto little is said, and of it the less said the better. One of its greatest witticisms was, I found, an allusion to the Licensing Act, which began to pall upon one, just a trifle, after the sixth repetition.

Another first-rate jest was the mention of titles well known by this time in advertisements. Robur, the Tea Spirit, elicited a shout of delight, while some other names equally familiar called forth such applause as the most pointed epigram would not have obtained. These, I admit, are strong points in comic dialogue; and Your Representative regrets that there should be the same fault (only in a less degree) in the new Strand burlesque of *The Lady of the Lane*, which, in most other respects, is a good bit of fun.

Your Representative is indeed most anxious to see the *Opéra Bouffe* properly done in this country, and welcomes Mr. HINGSTON'S endeavours in that line. But when is it to be done thoroughly? Why is it that we have no tenors with a sense of humour? Must they all be SIMS REEVES'S? Must they all be singing sentimentally, "I love her so!" "For thee I die!" or "Thy Angel Form!"—the latter frequently pronounced "Farm"? Is it simply impossible to

find an Englishman, who shall be at once a good Low Comedian and a good Tenor? Such *Opéras Bouffes* as *L'Œil Créé*, *Chilpéric*, *Petit Faust*, &c., are merely burlesques in three acts, with original music. They require burlesque acting and burlesque singing; but the singing must be good, and the singers musicians. No, somehow this is our sticking point. Wanted, a Company of English Vocalists, who are all Low Comedians, and then wanted an English Composer for this particular class of entertainment. Given the first, and we shouldn't have much difficulty in finding the last, as there are so very few of them. But they won't condescend to become Offenbachs; that is, they won't stoop for popularity. Quite right too, perhaps; but in the meantime is there to be any really English *Opéra Bouffe* or not?

I represented You, Sir, in a warm discussion on this very subject after the theatre; but at one minute after twelve the argument became a trifle dry. Then, Sir, as the last shutters of this inexorable proprietor went up, we bade farewell to the oysters sleeping in their shells, and picked our way out of Maiden Lane.

At the Queen's.—Your Representative was delighted with the entire performance of *Amos Clarke* at the Queen's Theatre. On the whole, a better piece has not been seen for some considerable time. But,—there always is a "but," and here it is at once,—the comic characters, which the author has evidently intended to form a relief to his otherwise sombre picture, are, without exception, dull in the extreme. It is merely a scale of dullness from the unfortunate hedge-priest down to the young gentleman who, on any occasion when there is really nothing for anybody to do or say, protests that he is in various degrees depressed, or about to be depressed, by the vapours. This latter unhappy person, and a young acquaintance of his (a sort of CHARLES his friend, only quite a CHARLES *minimus*), are ready to go into convulsions of laughter at any of the common-places uttered by the expectant *Clavering* relatives represented by MR. VOLLAIRE and others.

Having said this, I have (for You, Sir, and myself, too) nothing but praise to bestow upon both piece and actors. Every scene which MR. RYDER, as the old *Clavering*, a sort of *Sir Giles Overreach*, has, either with *Mabel Vaughan* or with *Amos Clarke*, was a work of art, most carefully studied, and most effectively rendered. Nor can less be said either of MR. G. RIGNOLD, as *Amos Clarke*, secretary to *Sir Robert Clavering*, and the hero of the piece (a secretary and a *Clarke* too), or of MISS WALLIS, the heroine. Of both, throughout, the acting was excellent. It struck Your Representative that, could MR. RIGNOLD have had *Oliver Cromwell* given to him in the play at the Lyceum, and could the character have been powerfully written in by MR. WATTS PHILLIPS (he allowing himself "a competent time," as the Scotch Judge said) CHARLES THE FIRST would have had to do all he knew to prevent the spread of so strong a feeling of republicanism among the audience as might have sent him to the block before his time. Anyone wishing to see a really good piece (with the one fault above named) and admirable acting all round, cannot do better than as did Your Representative the other evening, visit the Queen's Theatre to see *Amos Clarke*.

I have already mentioned the Strand, but I must not conclude my report without one word about MR. BYRON as *Fitz Altamont*, the blighted Tragedian. I have only time and space for one word, which, not to keep you in suspense, is—capital. Adoo!

ART FOR CRIMINALS.

THE principal journals read by the cultivated classes are sometimes rather hard upon some of our sensational contemporaries for the minutely realistic details of a flogging, and the behaviour of the floggee under punishment, which they usually report. Especially do the organs of select circulation object to the word-painting wherein the reporters are wont to describe the marks imprinted by the Cat. We fail to see the justice or expediency of such censures. Our only objection to such revelations we state later. As regards the Art in question it is a kind of word-painting which may be said to be very Dutch indeed in outline, and whereof the colours, liberally laid on, are chiefly dark neutral-tint indigo, and carmine, with perhaps a dash of gamboge. This is drawing it too close, and laying it on too thick, for any critic moderately impatient of condescensions to coarse and brutal and stupid minds, obtuse to the grotesque. But on such minds, among the dangerous classes, and not the merely gross and ignoble vulgar, the delineations and daubing which disgust human beings, distinctively human, are calculated to produce a good effect, if any; namely that of striking terror. Perhaps, after the School Board shall have been some little time in operation, papers of a moral, or at least anti-criminal stamp, will be started for circulation among the ruffianry, and, in them, graphic and gushing descriptions of a scourging, may prove extremely beneficial. In the meantime, nothing of the kind would be likely to have much effect on our existing savages, unless accompanied by photographs of life-size, coloured as highly as possible. There is one thing very needful which would even then be wanting. Photographs do not howl.



A GRACELESS CHILD.

Uncle George. "FOR ALL THAT WE'RE GOING TO RECEIVE," &c.

Tiny Tim. "NOW, READ YOUR PLATE, AUNT MARY, AND SEE WHAT THAT SAYS!"

HUMBLE PIE.

I AM still the same JOHN BULL, who of glory once supped full,
Faced Europe with my subsidies, my soldiers, and my ships;
When I'd bites behind my barks, when I hit straight at my marks,
And found my foes in fisticuffs, as I found my friends in tips:
But now I'm all for a quiet life, "jowk, and let the jaw go by;"
Keep my feelings in my pockets, and put up with HUMBLE PIE.

Once foreigners looked up to me: a high head I could hold:
If my *prestige* cost me millions, those millions' worth was mine:
Strong and safe were laid my bulwarks with British blood and gold;
Of a grander God than Mammon my island was the shrine:
Honour was given to honour, in those darkened days gone by;
Now honour's sold for money . . . and my dish is HUMBLE PIE.

Then, in dealing with a bully, I was game to hold my own;
And the ground once wisely taken I stood to, stiff and stout:
In smooth tongues I had little faith, but much in teeth well shown,
And hands as strong to use the sword as slow to take it out.
The only kind of fighting I disliked was fighting shy,
And the one dish I would *not* eat, in those days, was HUMBLE PIE!

"If the right cheek's smitten, turn the left," was written then as now,
But the Quakers were the only sect who to that rule would agree:
So with so much Christian doctrine waiting practice, I allow,
I applied that text to friends, not foes, and hit them who hit at me:
But now it's "Give your coat to those who to steal your waistcoat
try,"

And the end is peace and plenty—that is, of HUMBLE PIE!

Hear BAXTER and BOB LOWE prove as plain as tongue can speak,
How of all possible Governments this Government is the best.
Who cares for the foreigner's laugh in his sleeve, the foreigner's
tongue in his cheek?

The smaller JOHN BULL sings, 'tis clear, the warmer he lines his nest.
Once shame, they say, made him bilious and lean, but that is all
my eye—

There's no meat he so thrives upon (see BAXTER) as HUMBLE PIE!

TOAST AND BUTTER.

AT a meeting one day last week of the Manchester Town Council, the MAYOR OF MANCHESTER was taken to task for having been present at the Roman Catholic Bishops' Consecration Dinner in Salford, when the health of the POPE was drunk before that of the QUEEN. In the course of the conversation which ensued, the Town Clerk, defending his Worship, intimated that he had himself gone to the dinner on principle, to show respect to the (titular) BISHOP OF SALFORD; and mentioned that, on that festive occasion:—

"One of the Bishops said to him, in a jocular manner, as explaining why the health of 'THE POPE' was put before that of 'THE QUEEN,' and apparently to allay the loyal feeling which he might have, that they had adopted the old habit—'Church and State.'"

The Church, Catholic or Protestant, used to be an abstraction, and, when personified, was commonly denoted by the personal pronoun, third person, singular number, feminine gender. As regards the Protestant Church that is still the rule: the Church of England is wont to be spoken of by her sons and daughters as a mother, and is never identified with the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. But now, by the above episcopal showing, the Catholic Church is the POPE. It was, until two years ago, merely Popish; now it has resolved itself into Pope altogether. It is no longer an abstract entity, but a concrete individual, to wit, His Holiness. An emblematic artist might symbolise it as a cherub, all head and no body, but for the consideration that the POPE has a trunk, and is able to sit down; so that papal decrees *ex cathedra* are at least possible.

But Church and State in the abstract, and a concrete POPE and QUEEN, are not correlative. HER MAJESTY is the Defender of a Faith which His Holiness calls heresy. The POPE is, indeed, a Church in himself; has been ever since he was voted infallible: but cannot be the QUEEN's Church, or the Church of any future British Sovereign, unless the repeal of the Royal Succession Act, after Irish demagogues have won Home Rule, shall have been conceded, in the expectation of satisfying the faithful Irish, by some future Administration less inflexibly determined on maintaining the British Constitution than our present Rulers.



“HUMBLE PIE.”

MR. BULL. “HUMBLE PIE AGAIN, WILLIAM!—YOU GAVE ME THAT YESTERDAY?”

HEAD WAITER. “YES, SIR—NO, SIR—THAT WERE GENEVA HUMBLE PIE, SIR. THIS IS BERLIN HUMBLE PIE, SIR!!”



HAPPY THOUGHTS.



I DRIVE to ENGLEMORE'S. Find him at luncheon. "Will I pick?" he asks. "No fizzes—only Mister Chop." There being very little time to spare, I decline, with thanks; and when he has chopped and changed, he is ready for the train.

We find the "Nook" about twelve miles out of town. Small house; about four acres of ground.

Happy Thought.—Just the thing to begin with. "Farm of four acres, and what we did with it."

ENGLEMORE is as delighted with it as if he were the proprietor. He points out to me all its beauties. Nothing damps his ardour. He has hit upon it, and it is simply in his eyes the thing.

To commence with: we get our first view of my

future property from over the top of a small gate. We search for a bell. In vain. No bell. "Rather a nuisance," I observe, "having no bell."

ENGLEMORE won't allow it for a moment. "Nonsense!" he cries; "nothing of the sort. Who wants Mr. Bell in the country? Cockney idea, bell. Might as well have Tommy Knock at once. Try t'other side of the water."

By this last expression I find he means the stable entrance. Here there is a bell, and, in answer to it, an old woman welcomes us with a sniff, and a curtesy.

ENGLEMORE introduces me: "This is the gentleman who's come to see the place," he says. The old woman appears agitated, fumbles with the corner of her apron, behind which she presently coughs—this evidently being her notion of company manners—and shuts the gate after us.

"Stables," says ENGLEMORE, pointing everything out to me—"Outhouses—barn-buildings—garden"—Here he describes a segment of a circumference with his umbrella. "There you are—all round you!"

I can't deny that it is all round me. Still, I feel that, in spite of his enthusiasm, I ought not to do anything of this sort hurriedly.

"The cottages," says the old woman, curtsying again, "go with the place. There are four on 'em." Here she puts up the corner of her apron again, and coughs to herself, confidentially.

"By Jove!" exclaims ENGLEMORE, "I didn't know that. Cottages with the place!"—(Here he winks at me, as much as to say, "Here's a bargain for you!")—"You can turn 'em into bakeries—make your own bread—Mr. Household Troops—and a Dairy—your own Cow-milk and cream on the premises, and think what you'll save in butter!"

Happy Thought.—I do begin to think what I should save in butter.

As, in the course of an otherwise eventful life, I have never bought any butter for myself, I haven't any notion of how much at present I spend in butter. I reply to ENGLEMORE, "Well, I suppose one would save by keeping a cow."

"Of course!" he returns; "and pigs, too. Here," he says, walking briskly on, "is the place for Mr. Pig. Plenty of room; not in good order; but a nail and a tile or two soon do it."

Happy Thought.—To be practical, and ask him where d'you buy pigs?

"Oh! anywhere," he answers. I am convinced that he has never bought one in his life. He continues, "Go to a fair, or a farmer; buy 'em cheap at a fair. Then you'll save," here he checks everything off on the fingers of his left hand with his right, while his umbrella is under his arm, "you'll save in bacon, Colonel Pork, and—and—pigs' feet,—don't forget pigs' feet—your little ENGLEMORE's on for dinner on that occasion,—and then," in a triumphant burst, "think of the pigs'-wash!"

"How do you mean, pigs'-wash?" I inquire, wishing him to be more matter-of-fact, and less romantic, on such a subject.

"Why don't you see, here's four acres, Mister Turnips, carrots, potatoes, and all the Royal family all about, eh?"

Certainly I admit that, taking the Royal family as vegetables, there is room and to spare.

"Good," he goes on, satisfied with being correct so far, "you can't

eat 'em all—no waste—where does it go?—in comes Mr. Pigswash. Then there's the washings from the house every day—no waste—Mr. Pigswash round the corner again."

"I see. Everything you don't want, or can't eat, or that gets too much for you, somehow is made into pigs'-wash."

"Quite," he continues, "and no extra charge. To keep a pig costs literally nothing, in the country." He says this as if I had been arguing strongly for a pig, in lodgings, in London. "Look here," he exclaims, from another part of the garden, where there's evidently the remains of an old aviary, to which he has rapidly walked, "here's your place for chickens!"

At this discovery he is greatly elated. It's as much as to say that up to that moment I had been bothered as to the place for my chickens, but that now it is clear as possible.

He does not allow me time to think over anything, but in another minute he is drawing my attention to some fruit-trees at the lower end of the garden.

"Here you are," he says, "Mister Apples and Plums—fancy little Master Plum Tart, and Damppling! You'll never want to buy fruit, and you could sell a heap here. There's money in this orchard. Why," he says, thoughtfully, and casting a scrutinizing glance all round, "with care you ought to make this place pay your rent, and do a good thing besides. You'd have here enough to supply Covent Garden."

Happy Thought.—Supply Covent Garden. Fortune. ENGLEMORE says of course it would work into £ s. d. considerably. In his opinion I should coin money here, and, according to him, nothing that I am to keep will cost me anything.

"Mr. Pig," he puts it, "pays himself. Orchard pays Gardener and talented assistants. Your grass makes hay for Peter Pony; so all you've got to do is to buy a few oats and some straw, and the stable pays you back in manure for garden. Well, your vegetables you'll eat and sell, and everything you don't want goes to Master Piggy as per usual. What you don't use of your eggs, butter, cream, and milk you sell, and the fruit will balance all x's." This is ENGLEMORE's abbreviation of "expenses." "Let two of your cottages just to lighten the rent, and if you make your others into dairy and laundry,—you might"—here a bright thought strikes him—"by Jove! you might take in washing!"

Happy Thought.—Washing and Pigs'-washing.

He at once promises me his custom weekly, if I'll send up for the things. He'll also, he says, buy vegetables and bacon: the same condition as before to be observed, namely, that I must send up for orders. How? Nothing more simple—merely a pony and cart; the outlay a mere trifle, and it would pay enormously.

How many different sorts of business I am to undertake, according to his view of the matter, it is difficult to say, but there is nothing apparently that won't exactly fit into Farming and Gardening generally.

I am pleased with it, though I should like to look at it again. ENGLEMORE shakes his head. "Can't do that," he says. "Mister Landlord must know to-morrow."

There is a pond, too. With this ENGLEMORE is enchanted.

"Water on the premises," he exclaims. "No danger of fire! Just have it laid on up to the house. And there are wells in the garden, old Mrs. Sniffer (meaning the dame who received us) said so. Then there's a pump; I dare say this supplies it. And," catching sight of something bright, "Mister Gold-fish! This is first-rate. Here you are, in the summer—under the shade of trees—eat your own apples—your own strawberries and cream—watch your own gold-fish. I think that's a good enough for you, eh?"

Really, from his hearty and excessively pleased manner, it does strike me for the first time that the gold-fish in the pond have settled the question. If I had any wavering before as to taking the house, the presence of the gold-fish has decided me. I have always had a weakness for gold-fish. Fancy a gold-fish river, and a Chinese Mandarin, or Japanese Warrior throwing a fly. I somehow feel that whatever may now befall me, at all events, with gold-fish, I shall be virtuous and happy.

As far as I know myself, I have taken the place, that is, in my own mind. But to save appearances, and not to jump at it too much, which might make Mister Landlord tack on something extra somewhere in the lease, I defer my decision for a day.

"You'd better Nook while you can," says ENGLEMORE. I am of his opinion, but reserve my ultimatum.

Happy Thought.—Shall be a Landed Proprietor. With Tenants, too. The Cottagers are Tenants. Wonder if they pay regularly, or if they don't pay at all, and if this is the reason of getting rid of the house.

If they don't pay, must evict them. Consequence of eviction will be that I shall be shot at from behind a hedge, cursed as the Wicked Squire, and the house burnt down. No, must make friends with Tenants. On the whole decide to take it as it stands.

It suddenly occurs to me that we have been so occupied with the garden, that we've not seen the house at all.

ENGLEMORE dismisses this objection at once with—"You can see



A SECOND OPINION.

Noble Sportsman. "THE DOCTORS SAY I MUST NOT HUNT THIS SEASON, TOM. SOMETHING WRONG WITH MY BREATHING—IN FACT, I'VE TURNED 'ROARER.'"

Huntsman. "SORRY TO HEAR THAT, MY LORD. BUT I WOULDN'T MIND NO DOCTORS, IF I WERE YOU. I'D TRY A MILD BLISTER."

Noble Sportsman. "WELL, TOM, I DARESAY YOU'RE RIGHT. I'LL CONSULT THE 'VET.'"

what *that* is from the outside. It'll want doing up a bit—that's all. Pail of whitewash, and box o' paints will do the trick. Make landlord do that."

Arrived in town. To dine at ENGLEMORE'S Club. The first thing he does is to ask his other guest, "I say, GEORGE, you know about Nook?"

GEORGE intimates that he is up in the subject; and ENGLEMORE goes on in such an enthusiastic manner as works his friend up to the highest pitch of excitement. In fact, GEORGE can't sit down to his dinner until he knows all about it.

ENGLEMORE goes on—"Well, we've Nooked, haven't we, Colonel?" He means me; and I corroborate his narrative so far with a nod, and he's on again: "Pretty place!—O, pretty place!" (Here he shakes his head, so as to impress GEORGE with the idea that however he might have joked at other times, this, at all events, was too important a matter for anything but the most serious earnest.) "Pretty place. Just what you'd like:" as if I wanted to part with the property at once, and had asked him to praise it up to his friend:—he continues, "beautiful trees, splendid garden—no end of fruit"—(there really wasn't a gooseberry-bush in the place)—"pigstyes and Major Stables all about; and he's got gold-fish, Sir, in a pond—the real thing; none of your sixpenny box of toys with a magnet,—no, not a bit of it! No Soho Bazaar. Genuine wagglers, aren't they, Colonel?"

I corroborate his account again, but feel called upon to explain that the estate is not a park; that the garden has really to be made; that the whole place is in a very tumble-down condition.

"Yes, it wants a little figging up, but that's all." And so we go on with dinner and conversation: myself in the character of a large Landed Proprietor (all through ENGLEMORE'S representation) with a stake in the country.

HAPPY UNIVERSITIES!—They have "Select" Preachers at Oxford and Cambridge. Would that it were so all over!

THE INVENTION OF WINE.

A Hiberno-Classical Myth.

BEFORE Bacchus could talk or could dacently walk,

Down Olympus he leaped from the arms of his nurse,

But though three years in all were consumed by the fall,

He might have gone further and fared a deal worse;

For he chanced, you must know, on a flower and fruit show,

In some parish below, at the Autumn Assizes,

Where Solon and Croesus, who'd heard all the cases,

By the peoples' request were adjudging the prizes.

"Fruit prize Number One there's no question upon—

We award it," they cried, in a breath, "to—the *divle*!"

By the powers of the delft on your Lowness's shelf,

Who's this Skylarking Elf wid his manners uncivil?"

For, widout even a ticket, that deity wicked

Falling whack in their midst in a posture ungainly,

Smashed the bunch of prize grapes into all sorts of shapes,

And made them two judges go on most profanely.

"O, the deuce!" shouted Solon, "he's not left a whole un!"

"It's the juice thin, indeed," echoed Croesus, half crying;

For a squirt of that same, like the scorch of a flame,

Was playing its game the ould Patriarch's eye in.

Thin Solon said, "Tie him, at pleasure we'll try him.

Walk him off to the gaol, if he's able to stand it;

If not, thin, why thin get, sure, the loan of a stretcher,

And convey him away—do yez hear me command it?"

But Croesus, long life to you, sorrow nor strife to you,

And a peaceable wife to you, that continted you'll die!

Just thin you'd the luck the forefinger to suck

That you'd previously stuck wid despair in your eye.

No more that eye hurt you—for the excellent virtue

Of the neether you'd sipped cured its smarting at once,



TRUE CONJUGAL IMPARTIALITY.

"I CAN ASSURE YOU, SARAH, THAT I'M NOT AT ALL THE SORT OF WOMAN WHO CAN'T SEE A MAN'S FAULTS BECAUSE SHE HAPPENS TO BE MARRIED TO HIM. ON THE CONTRARY, I'M QUITE CONVINCED THAT IF DEAR ROBERT WERE NOT ABSOLUTELY FAULTLESS, AS I MUST SAY HE IS, I SHOULD BE THE VERY FIRST PERSON TO FIND IT OUT"!!!!

And you shouted to Solon, "Stop your polis patrollin',
Where 'a the sinse your ould poll in, you ignorant dunce.
Is it whip into quod a celestial god,
For I'll prove in a crack that the crayther 'a divine."
"Look here! have a sup, some more juice he'd sopped up
In a silver prize cup, and THEY FIRST TASTED WINE."
Said Solon, "Be Japers, put this in the papers,
For this child wid his capers is divine widout doubt,
Let 'a kneel down before him, and humbly adore him—
Then we'll mix a good can of the drink he's made out."
Now the whole of this time was that apalpeen sublime
Preparing his mind for a good coorse of howling,
For you've noticed, no doubt, that the childer don't shout
Till a minute or more on their heads they've been rowling.
"Milleah murder!" at last, he shouted aghast,
"My blood 's flowing aa fast as a fountain of wather;
It'll soon be all spilt, and then I'll be kilt—"
Mistaking the juice of the grapes for his slaughter.
Thin glancing around he them gintlemen found
Their lips to the ground most adoringly ploaed,
Though I'm thinking the tippie, continuin' to ripple,
Round that sacred young cripple devotion increased,
"By Noah's ark and the Flood, they are drinking my blood.
O you black vagabones," shouted Bacchus, "take that!"
Here wid infantile curses he up wid his thyrsus,
And knocked the entire cavalcade of them flat.
But soon to his joy that celestial boy,
Comprehendin' the carnage that reddened the ground,
Extending his pardon to all in the garden,
Exlaimed wid a smile, as a crater he crowned,
"My bould girls and boys, now be using your eyes,
For you now recognise the god Bacchus in me.

CHASTISEMENT BY MACHINERY.

Messrs. P. A. TAYLOR and JACOB BRIGHT, in deprecating the flagellation of garotters, cannot be said to sympathise with their kind; for they sympathise only with scourged rascals, and not at all with maltreated and maimed honest men. It is to be wished that the garotter's kind could be made to sympathise with the garotter, when he is under the lash, with a perfect sympathy. Then they would feel his stripes in their own persons, and, in effect, would be the whole of them flogged at once. Animal Magnetism is still in its infancy, but the day may come when it will be so perfected as to enable a skilled mesmerist to place any number of criminals convicted of robbery with violence *en rapport* with each other; so that one flogging will do for them all. This would save executioner's labour, and greatly diminish any brutalisation which may be the effect of its performance on some warders.

The brutalisation possibly arising from this cause would be minimised by the contrivance of a whipping-engine or thrashing-machine, wherewith garotters could be steam-flogged; a device which would have the advantage of inflicting stripes with a certainty of uniform force, graduated to order, and unmitigated in any case by weakness of mind or muscle.

It is gratifying to think how much superior in humanity we are to our ancestors. Otherwise, with our modern mechanical knowledge and resources, we should long ere this have been provided with a penal apparatus worked by steam, and consisting of a cylinder into which a rogue could be thrust at one end in a state of nature, and presently turned out with his back scored, his ears cropped, his nose slit, and his forehead branded, at the other.

But we have too much of the milk of human kindness to employ such machinery as our savage forefathers would have been sure to invent and use for penal purposes, if they had been able. A model, however, of the machine above suggested might be made and exhibited at South Kensington.

Come, what do you say to a slight dsjooonay
Wid could punch and champagne, for I'm on for a spree?"
So, widout further pressing, or bother of dressing,
Down to table they sat wid that haythin divine,
And began celebrating, wid choicest of ating,
And drinking like winking, THE INVENTION OF WINE.

Nice Prices.

"ÉTRANGER" writes to the *Times*;—

"It may perhaps interest English families intending to visit Nice for the winter season to know that I find, on my arrival here, an advance of from 25 to 50 per cent. in the prices of apartments, bread, meat, vegetables, &c., on what I paid last year."

Why should "ÉTRANGER" be surprised? Isn't "Nice and dear" the natural antithesis of "Cheap and nasty"?

Not in the Lexicon.

BILLS at Railway Stations draw public attention to a ballet at one of the Music Halls, called *Vitula*. A friend, but not a Licensed Victualler, whose Latin is evidently on its last legs, has got it into his head that there must be some hidden reference in this title to that part of the human frame, which is generally lavishly displayed in Ballets. He may be right, but it is open to argument that the word may describe the youthful frequenters of the Halls in question.

CASE OF KIDNAPPING.—Young Goat asleep.



TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

Flyman (to Tourists at Aldershot). "YES, 'M, THAT'S 'IM, MUM, WITH THE HORDERLY FOLLERIN' 'IM—THAT'S THE GENERAL. BUT, BLESS YER, HE'S UNDER CONTROL HISSSELF NOW! HERE'S THE HORFICE, YOU SEE, MUM!"

MORE MILITANTS THAN ONE.

WHAT Church hut 's up in arms, right hand and left
Exchanging fisticuffs with priestly unction?
Their Levites into warring unions cleft
With mutual damnation for chief function:
In Congress, Convocation, sounds the clash
O'er disputation's waste but well-fought field;
From Conference, Council, Synod, rings the dash
Of Dogma's double-sided shield with shield;
Rather than put her weapons on the shelf,
Lilburne-like, each Church militates with herself.

Sooner than stoop her hand to such plain work
As bringing Christ's light Christian life to guide,
If she can't burn heretic, Jew, or Turk,
Each of her sects 'gainst all a tilt can ride:
Forbidden to plait halters, she'll split hairs;
In surplices, if not in straws, find quarrel;
Bid every Doxy kick the rest down-stairs;
Call reason blind, search sin, and doubt immoral;
Then, as from faith she feels the life-blood failing,
Thrust Dogma-doses down to cure her ailing,—

A sad and sorry sight—a black look-out,
If Christian light were inside Churches cabined,
If choice of Dogmas were sole 'scape from doubt,
Sole safety to be Rector'd, Poped, or Rabbin'd;
But through Church-Militants' drear dark chance-medley,
A wighter, brighter Militant I see—
Truth-Militant, of Dogmas foeman deadly,
Champion of Faiths, that have been, and will be—
The Sermon on the Mount upon her shield
In blazon of light, life, and love revealed.

Whoso in Truth's picked army seeks his mates,
Will see all fighters friends, all Churches one,

Spite of Theology's bewildering hates
Round Dogma's holds, alternate lost and won;
Will find that not from Church-fight's flash and glare,
But from Christ's plain, pure words on that white shield
Comes all the light that all the Churches share,
That warms to fruit all growths of their wide field,
The bond that all their hatreds underlies,
And gives them all what each to each denies.

HARO! HARO!

THE award of the EMPEROR OF GERMANY concedes the Strait of Haro to the American construction of the blundering Ashburton Treaty of 1846. There is an old Anglo-Norman usage still kept up in the Channel Islands—that stronghold of obsolete usages. When a party is wronged, he makes what is called his "*Clameur de Haro*," invoking the powers of the island to do him justice.

But where the powers of the island are the authors of the wrong suffered, in what form is the "*Clameur de Haro*" to be raised? We are waiting to see.

Comparative Liberty.

No King of England, except CHARLES THE FIRST, a contemporary essayist, in *Estimates of English Kings*, remarks, "has ever seriously tried to be despotic in the true sense of the word, and even CHARLES did not desire to interfere with the course of daily life." No; that remained to be done by the Liberal Government which has blessed us with coercive, paternal, sumptuary and Sabbatarian legislation.

A CROW FROM THE CRADLE.

THE question of Baby Farming, considered as destined to be affected by the progress of paternal legislation, assumes an aspect of national importance.



LATEST FROM DUNDEE.

(Where, readers will be happy to know, the Maids' Rebellion has revived in great force.)

Mistress. "I DID NOT RING, MARY."

Mary. "I KNOW THAT, MUM; BUT AS I WAS MOPING IN THE KITCHEN, I THOUGHT I'D COME AND SIT A BIT WITH YOU!"

A FLOURISH ON THE FRENCH HORN.

GENERAL CHANZY, the other day, on officially assuming the command of the 7th Army Corps at Tours, addressed to his troops an Order of the Day, wherein, according to a telegram from Paris, he informed them that:—

"France, which has been enabled to resist great trials, is confident in her valour. She will not descend from the rank she has conquered in the world, but will continue the great part assigned to her by Providence, and render the future secure. France has need of great virtues, and the army must give an example of them to the nation. Standing above parties, the army must be unaffected by the mean passions which divide and agitate the country."

Don't you seem to have read all this innumerable times before? Doesn't it sound simply like one more flourish of trumpets, alarum, excursion, regulation tantara, and matter-of-course fanfaronade? Seems it not as familiar to your ears as quack, quack, quack, eehaw, or cock-a-doodle doo? Nevertheless, on looking into it, you will find that it contains ideas. Its second and third sentences are not merely full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. The gallant General distinctly confesses that France has need of great virtues. There is, indeed, great room for improvement in France, as well, at least, as everywhere else. But can the French Army do what GENERAL CHANZY says it must? Is it possible for soldiers to give France an example of the great virtues which she doubtless needs? Of some, perhaps, but surely not of all the virtues. Those same warriors are not generally husbands. They cannot exemplify the domestic virtues. And then will it be possible for the Army to subsist unaffected by the mean passions which divide and agitate the country out of whose people it is drawn? Will it, indeed, have the sense and the unanimity necessary to enable it to repudiate, for instance, the vain-glory which has for so long kept Frenchmen divided against each other, agitated amongst themselves, and agitating mankind?

"Thought is Free."

Shakespeare.

A MAN may think freely without being a free-thinker. Some of our bigoted friends are unable to understand this.

THE NEMESIS OF AYRTON.

LONDON has Parks for swells to show,
And snebs at them to stare:
And pretty little folks to play,
In pretty nursemaids' care:
And if our Guards, sometimes, those maids
Will with sheeps'-eyas beguile,
And maids be so much off their guards,
As on our Guards to smile,

Paterfamilias may regret
That red-coats should have charms,
That pretty nurserymaids will have eyes
For more than babes in arms;
But not the less the Parks he'd have
For general use kept free,
Where somebodies may ride and drive,
For nobodies to see.

So as he has a Parliament,
And Parliament makes laws,
And some of them prohibitive,
Each with its penal clause;
And as he has some fools who names
As demagogues would win,
And as these fools will use the Parks
To spout their nonsense in,—

As he remembers BRALES his bounce,
And WALPOLE's tears of woe,
And park-rails levelled with the ground,
And order rough-laid low,
He calls on AYRTON for an Act
His parks to rule and guard,
And if a spouting-place be given,
To mete it out per yard.

So said, so done: the Bill's brought in,
Discussed, passed into Law:
Ayrtonian regulations framed
The metes and bounds to draw,
That fence about a certain space
For fools to spout their rot,
As you might set a place apart—
"Here rubbish may be shot."

But lo! the first occasion given
For demagogues to talk,
Right in the teeth of AYRTON's Act,
And his ukase they walk:
Boldly erect their spouting-stands
Beyond the measured belt,
And AYRTON's name and his placard
With mud profanely pelt.

Ah me, my AYRTON, who has thrown
Mere mud, at times, than thou?
Is't bettering thy instruction, these
Their dirt are throwing now?
"Fling mud enough," the proverb says,
"And some of it will stick."
Such was thy rule; with tongue and pen
Who laid it on so thick?

And now thy Nemesis is here;
Abuse and filth they squirt:
Thy name bespattering with their scorn,
Thy orders with their dirt.
If "like to like," that kissing rules,
Applies to cuffs as well,
Who but an AYRTON should be set
The London roughs to quell?

Legal Changes.

"The Right Hon. RICHARD DOWSE, who was sworn in as one of the Barons of the Irish Court of Exchequer yesterday, took his seat to-day. It is understood that to-day MR. PALLIS will be called as Attorney-General, and MR. LAW as Solicitor-General.

LUCKY Ireland! to have placed at her disposal, in one day, both Law and Wisdom—for any one, with half an eye, can see that PALLIS is only another way of spelling Pallas. Will any one now say that justice is not done to Ireland? Telegraph, immediately, to MR. FROUDE in America.

Punch at Lunch.



SEE ULYSSES GRANT has been triumphantly re-elected President of the United States, *Tobias*. A quotation, Sir Canis, on the instant, come! What—the last lines of POPE's HOMER's history of the other ULYSSES? I, *Punch*,

“In *Mentor's* form, confirm the full accord,
And willing nations know their lawful Lord.”

That second line is not POPE's, *Toby*. 'Twill pass, and I confirm the accord in a Cartoon, which you shall see, if you are good.

I am glad to read that the American Press is again discovering GENERAL GRANT's great merits, and is praising him in a liberal, not to say lavish manner. All a culinary question. Royalists oil their kings, Republicans butter them.

'Tis none of my business to furnish the Tories with an answer to the ATTORNEY-GENERAL. But SIR JOHN COLERIDGE says that they have no history. LORD BYRON pretended to be a Radical, yet he writes,—

“I greatly venerate our ancient glories,
And wish they were not owing to the Tories.”

The Ultra-Irish Party lose a good man in MR. MAQUIRE. Of course he was all wrong in politics, but he was a thoroughly conscientious and a very able man, and he had the ear of the House. He had humour, moreover. I heard him, in the days when MRS. STOWE's book was talked about, accuse a Minister of reducing his followers to a state of “political Uncle Tommytude.”

M. GOUNOD kindly composed, and personally introduced, a song for the benefit of poor MRS. BLACK, once Maid of Athens. It has not been a success. He is surprised. You are not, *Toby*? You know that the sing-song lot mostly dislike good music, and warble about sentiment too much to feel any.

A Jersey farmer, seeing some children at play, and remembering that some of his apples had been stolen, fired a gun at the little party. He put in oats, not shot, but they stuck all over one of the children, and hurt it considerably. There is law, of a sort, in Jersey, and he goes to prison, to teach him not to sow his wild oats in children's backs. The sentence was lightened on account of his age. He was 62. Anywhere but in Jersey this would have been thought a reason for giving the spiteful old churl an extra three months. Don't you wish you had been near his legs, my dog?

The EMPEROR OF CHINA is married. All happiness to the flowery young couple! The bride will probably see some revolutions, but we will hope that she will be

“‘Empress’ of herself, though China fall.”

Somebody's unexpectedly vulgar conduct, the other day, was explained to me as admitting of “the simplest solution.” I said, good-naturedly, “Not quite the simplest, but the solution was that of several lumps of sugar in several glasses of element and alcohol.”

How great a poetical matter a little prosaic fire kindleth! I find this in myself—but never mind that. THOMAS GRAY wrote a poem called the “Long Letter.” It was suggested by two or three lines of scrawl by a foreign lady who could not spell. This is the inspired and inspiring despatch. The original is the property of a friend of mine, who kindly let me copy it. I will read it to you, *Toby*. “LADY SCHAUB's compliments to MR. GRAY she is sorry to have not find him to tell him that LADY BROWN is very well.” We are great creatures, we poets.

It was contended in a Law Court the other day that “a wife was lawfully in any house where her husband was, and had a right to go into any room after him.” The Judge was astounded, and dis-

sented. Yet I believe most wives will think, or at least say, that he was wrong, especially those of the class that prefer a husband's room to his company.

A Doorstep Brigade, to save servants the trouble of cleansing our thresholds! What next, and next? as MR. COBDEN wrote. In an exquisitely beautiful little comedy, which would never have been written but for your master, *Toby*, a girl taunts her lazy sister,—“I say, Ma, if BLANCHE ever has a baby, she'll put it out to wash.”

The Moslem holds that every painter who draws human figures will, at the resurrection have to put souls into them. Perhaps the belief is shared by certain Christian painters, who therefore wisely avoid double trouble.

I will astonish your canine mind. List. A battle scene:

“Then banners waved, and arms were mixed with arms,
And javelins answered javelins as they fled,
And both fled hissing Death.”

Whose? Take an hour. You give it up? The author of the *Little Busy Bee*. 'Tis true, *foi de Punch*. Would you have beleft it of the good little Doctor? It is from a Lyric so thundering that he was actually obliged to stop in the middle and write prose, as his poetry could not express his excitement. Then he went at it again, and thundered to the end.

CHAUCER was Clerk of the Works at Windsor Castle, and superintending the repairs there from 1339 to 1391. I should suggest his being thus occupied as a subject for a picture, but a painter would be sure to say that “no theme” was offered. He would be right, but he might throw in an incident, the *Ædile* of the day complaining of the expense, and the King of the day (I forget who it was) knocking down the *Ædile*, and, with a sweet smile, quoting CHAUCER'S

“The wrastling of this world asketh a fall.”

And I don't think the Academy catalogue would print it wrestling, because that is correct, according to modern use.

“The Ephesians” would be a good name for a club. A club of Churchmen might so call themselves (when we have been dis-established), with the Shakspearian motto, “Ephesians, my Lord, of the Old Church.”

You have heard that sentiment from me before? What do I care? What does our friend TERENCE observe? *Nulium est jam dictum quod non sit dictum prius.*”

LORD MELBOURNE could hit very straight from the shoulder when he would take that trouble. LORD BROUGHAM made an able and bitter attack on him in the Lords one night, and LORD MELBOURNE, in his reply, lauded his enemy's intellect enormously, and added, “How serious, my Lords, must be the objections to such a man, when such talent could not induce me to offer him office!”

Those little lions—don't growl, you jealous pig!—are well worth going to see at the Z. G. *Diu parturit leona catulum sed—leonem.* They are little Irish lions, moreover, but are, as Theseus remarks, “Very gentle beasts, and of a good conscience.” At least, they have not been such stupid beasts as to roar for Home Rule yet.

If my revered friend, the BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S, is fairly reported (all Bishops are not, you know), his Lordship has cut the knot of the Athanasian Creed. He is stated to have said that “it will probably be found, on investigation, that the entire responsibility of the terrible anathema devolves upon the Clerk, who alone says, Amen.” I wait a verification. But if the Bishop is right, is it not hard on the Clerk, who would get an awful wiggling if he did not make the response?

The police in Madras wear green chintz knickerbockers.

No wonder our forefathers were so jolly. I see by an advertisement in the *Spectator* (ADDISON'S—my contemporary, however, often writes quite as well as the elegant JOSEPH), that red Barcelona wine was five shillings a gallon, and four-and-sixpence if bought by the butt, and that Madeira was six shillings a gallon. The Good Templars of those days had good times.

The young fellows of our day are so awfully careful about committing themselves to engagements. A spirited girl in one of BEAUMONT and FLETCHER'S plays says

“Give me him *dare* love
At first encounter.”

I always used to do so, I am proud to say.

PUNCH'S PROTEST.



W
E say. *Punch* says. *Ipsé*. Is the Lord Mayor's Show to go on, or is it to cease! Mediæval Pageant. indeed! *Mr. Punch* asks whether the Show of Saturday last was worth going to the window to behold and see, or whether it was not of a sort to justify the interposition of Holland—in other words, the pulling down the blind? Fathers of the City, what are you about? You have untold gold at command, a population affectionately ready to be enthusiastic, a grand historic tradition to be maintained, and you assemble us in our thousands—us, and our reproaching children—to witness a display of unmitigated Bumbledom. Fathers, you must wake up. Give us a Pageant, as it is given by the Trades abroad—or give us Elephants and Camels, and Lions, as signs of our Empire and your magnificent commerce. Give us a historical procession, with all the costumers since Lord Mayors were invented. Or, if you can do nothing better, ask GEORGE the Duke for brilliant soldiery. But do give us a Show. Best of all, come forth yourselves. Get out of those stuffy carriages, and show yourselves like Merchant Princes, proudly parading. Why should not our well-beloved SIR JOHN BENNETT be seen somewhat as above depicted? That's the time of day, Fathers? Why do you not all mount in emulation of that example, and fill us with admiration, each of you with some ensign of the Craft that has raised him to wealth and honour. You must consider this, Fathers, and, not to put too fine a point on it, come out stronger, or not come out at all. *Punch* weeps at having to make this Great Remonstrance, but a brave man's tears are tragic. Drive him not into open rebellion. Once more, give us not a Beadle's March, but a Lord Mayor's Pageant.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(After a visit to the South Kensington Museum, he addresses the Editor as usual.)

FINDING that Covent Garden is successfully Babbling and Bijouing, that at Drury Lane MR. BEVERLEY is "surpassing himself" every evening, and that "MR. CHATTERTON's Lucky Star" (how I wonder what you are) is shining nightly amidst demonstrations of satisfaction; that *Mabel's Life* is "hardly failing to become an Adelphi favourite," with its "bright sallies"—(Sallies in the Ballets?)—and its "complete triumph of mechanical art,"—ride advertisements generally for these and the following quotations;—finding that MR. WILLS's "Noble play" is every evening witnessed by tearfully sympathetic, crowded and brilliant audiences, consisting of influential families (more like influential families, if their eyes are all running) seated in new rows of stalls; finding that the Strand is fed like a Vampire (its latest burlesque but one, by the way) on the happy vein (surely the jocular vein would have been better) of

the "indefatigable MR. BYRON;" that unpuffed MR. PHELPS is Maccycephanting at the Princess's, and unpuffed *Puff* (CHARLES MATHEWS) is doing great things at the Gaiety (where's your Game of Speculation?); finding that the Queen's rejoices in the liberality (of the management), and the Power, the Pathos and the Popularity of *Amos Clarke*; that MR. MONTAGUE, on his own showing, finds it utterly impossible (as other Managers have done before him) to print everything he'd like to say in public about the achievement of a success "in a new direction;" finding that the management of the Court Theatre has, and is entitled to, its own opinion on the quaint humour of one of its pieces, which is received with enthusiastic approbation every evening by every one, including the management itself, of course, and the box-keepers,—finding, I say, all persons and things theatrical reporting themselves favourably in the newspapers—an ingenious device for the nullification of much unfavourable criticism—Your Representative has nothing to do but to accept the situation. own that there never were such pieces, such actors, such artists, and such perfection generally everywhere as now, and then to look round about to see where he could represent You, Sir, to the greatest advantage. I, as Your Representative (distinctly understand that), wished to be instructed. I had tried, for You, to be amused at the theatres, but had failed. It suddenly occurred to me that MR. LIVING had made up his face for *Charles the First* from some picture in the National Portrait Gallery. The N. P. Oallery suggested Kensington Museum to begin with. Carried, on your behalf, *nem. con.*

On a lovely morning in November of the present year, a cavalier might have been observed, and probably was, representing You in Rotten Row—not on horseback, Sir, though there You, I am sure, would prefer to be represented by a proficient—(by the way, how did you manage to sit for that equestrian portrait in the Yeomanry uniform, with which your admirers lately testimonialised you?—but to proceed)—but taking his way, afoot, towards the South Kensington Museum. Here, in the park, I noticed the gent whose horse, at three-and-six the first hour and half-a-crown the second, was too much for him at any price: here was the Groom riding gingerly, as if he were perpetually trotting up to a small fence, and never coming to it: here the handsome lady on the showy horse, whose legs were all in the air at once, conveying a notion of clockwork machinery gone wrong inside, and a spring broken somewhere: here was another groom, whose economical master won't give him a new livery, though when the wind blows his skirts back, and shows the lining, you see how badly he wants it. Then there was the lady whose groom rode beside her, and thus reminded you of Miss BRADDOX's once popular heroine, *Aurora Floyd*. Then there was the gentleman who evidently didn't ride every day, and was now clearly wishing, on account of difficulties with his hat, that he'd stayed at home on this particular morning, or that he had come out as a pedestrian, and merely talked about his horse. Then there were the couple—a lady and a gentleman—who had come out to ride together, but were never within a hundred yards of one another, when they started to canter, as they did every other five minutes, and were separated at once. Then came the stout groom, proudly patronising young master on his pony with a leading rein; while, on the gravel path, among the usual sprinkling of classes, was the old lady, as inevitable as the dog on the Derby Day, who will open her umbrella, no matter what the weather is, and startle somebody's horse.

Then there were the wooden-jointed mounted Policemen, sitting in such a manner, that if you drew an imaginary line from the tip of the Policeman's nose to the toe of his boot, it would form the base of an acute angled triangle, of which the third angle would be at the back of the saddle. With this mathematical problem solved satisfactorily, Your Representative, being clearly in a teachable frame of mind, passed rapidly on, and, at length, with that awed and humbly reverent bearing which ever distinguishes him (when *not* representing You, Sir), in the presence of The Classical, he stood at the lowly wooden gate of the S. K. Museum, S.W. Remembering my mission, however, I dismissed the aforesaid demeanour, and cocking my hat jauntily on one side, and taking off one glove, in an easy and familiar manner I strolled into the grounds, superciliously, as if I could have designed the whole thing, International Exhibition and Gardens on the other side of the way included, a hundred times better myself, and would alter the entire set of buildings, now, and on the spot, if they said very much to me.

O desolation! O solitude! No one spoke to me: there were none to speak; and not a sound was heard, save the solemn cracking of twenty walnuts, one after the other in succession, by two stout and serious Policemen, who were sharing a pennyworth, taking ten each. There they stood, the Gog and Magog, modernised, of South Kensington, comparing nuts. All the Policemen I noticed here were stout. Perhaps I had fallen upon one of their stout days. I am not conversant with Police regulations. Perhaps they have certain bodies of fat picked men and thin picked men. In a district where the population is thin, out comes your Fat picked man; and perhaps, just to give him exercise, he isn't doubled at night. Why not a show of Prize Policemen?

But this is levity.



EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

Elder of Fourteen. "WHERE'S BABY, MADGE?"

Madge. "IN THE OTHER ROOM, I THINK, EMILY."

Elder of Fourteen. "GO DIRECTLY, AND SEE WHAT SHE'S DOING, AND TELL HER SHE MUSTN'T!"

THE RISING OF THE WATERS.

INUNDATION! Inundation! Inundation!
 Ill-tidings on ill-tidings, in dread reduplication,
 From every nook and corner, of remote and neighbour nation—
 Tidings of rising waters, and spreading consternation!
 How the rains keep pouring, pouring,
 And the streams come roaring, roaring,
 And the sluices and the dykes, that men trusted for salvation,
 Have fallen to decay for want of timely reparation,
 Till they sap and soak and leak,
 Waxing weaker and more weak,
 And all is tears and terror, and dismay and desolation!

Inundation, Inundation, Inundation!
 From every creed and calling comes the cry of innovation.
 The sound of bursting bulwarks, forces new to calculation,
 Sweeping before them wreck'd beliefs, put to too fierce probation!
 And still the tocsin's mouth,
 East and west, and north and south,
 Proclaims the awful tidings of swift disintegration
 Of some rampart that seemed steady while all round was agitation,
 Till men ask is aught to trust 'twixt the diamond and the dust—
 Is there truth, or faith, or barrier, for man, or church, or nation?

Parliament out of Session.

THE Right Honourable Gentleman said it had been asked what, if we were to persevere in the policy of concession instanced by submitting the Alabama Claims and the San Juan Question to arbitration, for the maintenance of peace at any price, would be the use of continuing to go to the expense of building iron-clads upon iron-clads, and multiplying rams, torpedos, and all the other costly munitions of war? The use was that, when the limits of all possible concession shall have been reached by our having yielded everything demanded of us, those armaments will enable us to defend our shores in the event of invasion, after all.

THE DANGERS OF TEA-DRINKING.

TEETOTALLERS are continually warning people of the poisons which they say are always lurking in all alcoholic drinks; but it may be questioned if tea be any whit less noxious than beer, or wine, or spirits, at least when it is purchased at a common grocer's shop. Out of twenty-seven specimens of tea tested recently in Glasgow, we find it stated in the *Globe* that only six were genuine, and the others were composed of such ingredients as these:—

"Iron, plumbago, chalk, China clay, sand, Prussian blue, turmeric, indigo, starch, gypsum, catechu, gum, the leaves of the *Camellia Sasanqua*, *Chloranthus officinalis*, elm, oak, willow, poplar, elder, beech, hawthorn, and sloe."

Old jokers often say that tea is a sloe poison, but when tea is made of sloe-leaves mixed with turmeric, plumbago, indigo and Prussian blue, it can hardly be considered a fit matter for a joke. "*Tea veniente die, tea decedente*" is the drink of other than teetotallers; but certainly the less they take of it the better, unless by testing they assure themselves that it is really tea they take.

THE NEGRO CAPACITY.

THE name of STANLEY, celebrated in "the last words of *Marmion*," has derived fresh lustre from the achievement effected by an American namesake of the EARL OF DERBY in discovering DR. LIVINGSTONE. MR. H. M. STANLEY, on the night of Wednesday last week, delivered his second lecture at St. James's Hall, of course to hearers who crowded it closely, and enthusiastically applauded him. During the gallant explorer's discourse, according to a contemporary:—

"The little black boy from Central Africa, KULULU, was on the platform, and was brought especially under the notice of the audience as having, on the first evening of their camping on a fine hunting-ground, eaten the whole of a young boar."

This was indeed going the whole hog. MR. STANLEY had perhaps never seen that exploit physically performed before; no, not in America.



THE RETURN OF ULYSSES.

BRITANNIA. "AH, MY DEAR! I WAS CERTAIN YOU WOULDN'T TURN AWAY THE GENERAL. HE MAY SMOKE TOO MUCH, AND BE TOO FOND OF HIS RELATIONS; BUT, AT ANY RATE, HE'S BEEN A GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT TO *YOU*!"



HAPPY THOUGHTS.



RIGHTLY Happy Thought.

—Country Farm Cottage settled. I am now Mister Landed Proprietor. Four acres all my own. Intend to have board up with "Beware of the Dog." By the way I must get a dog. Ought to have very savage one. ENGLEMORE says when he hears this, "Yes, get a sort of Mister Pincher." Notice to Burglars—No Admittance.

It's a very lonely spot. No habitation within a mile or more, except a pot-house. Old woman who keeps the house tells me that they always lock up early in the winter. Why? Oh! she replies, some queer characters about then. "Queer Characters" sounds as if the lanes were filled with Guy Fawkeses.

I don't like this account of the place. Nothing

was said on this subject before I took it. It was not so mentioned in the bond, I mean lease. The Landlord and his Solicitor—a Solicitor always appears where there's anything to sign—met me and my Solicitor—and we really could have met one another without any legal assistance, being neither of us inclined to take the other at a disadvantage—and when I observed that Nook Farm was in rather a lonely situation, ENGLEMORE, also present as *amicus curiae*, said, "So much the better—not overlooked. Don't you see? Any little games in the garden, and no one to look out of Mister Second-floor Back and say, 'Hallo, Tommy!'" I admitted then, as did the Landlord and the two Solicitors, that this absence of an inquisitive and objectionable neighbour (as anyone would be who called out to you, "Hallo, Tommy!" from an upper storey) was certainly an advantage. "Exactly," said ENGLEMORE, triumphantly; "then there you are." There was, evidently, nothing further to be said on the subject. The Landlord undertook all repairs, which accounts for my finding a carpenter in the house rattling door-handles, and working locks backwards and forwards, apparently trying to find out how little work he can do in the house without absolutely nullifying his contract with the Landlord.

I believe now, with my experience, that this crafty artificer took this opportunity of laying the foundation for many of my subsequent inconveniences. I write this after the event, and retrospectively. He'd got, as the list for repairs worded it, "to make good" a lot of things, such as window-frames, sashes and fastenings, rollers for blinds, bells, locks, all stipulated for in detail, "to be done and finished in a proper and workmanlike manner." What he "made good" I have never been exactly able to discover. My impression is that when he caught my eye, on any visit of inspection to see how things were getting on, he assumed "a proper and workmanlike manner," as stated in the agreement: in fact, when I was looking on he was "making it good," and when I wasn't he was "making it bad."

How he must have smiled in his shirt-sleeve (having on no coat—a garment which he only adopted out-of-doors in unprofessional intervals) when, on taking possession, I expressed my unbounded delight and satisfaction with all the window-blinds, frames, sashes, and fastenings as aforesaid. How pleased I was (and he too—the villain!) when I found that I could lock and unlock a door (having expected difficulties in this line), and with what a knowing air I remarked, that the bells seemed to go a trifle stiffly at first, "but," said SLYBOOTS, the Carpenter, "they'll work easier in time;" and how I rang 'em all in turn, one after the other, as a "ringing in the new tenant"—which I fancy is some sort of ancient ceremony, as the name has quite a familiar sound, unless I am thinking of a Curate "reading himself in"—and perhaps I am. However, when SLYBOOTS, the Carpenter saw me so intent on the renovations, didn't he distract my attention by calling upon me to notice how he'd repaired a skirting-board here, and another there, and how the front door could be bolted easily, and how he'd made the back door, which had previously caused much vexation and annoyance, now quite a pleasure to open and shut,—didn't he, I say, dilate upon all these improvements until I felt inclined to weep on his shoulder, and say, "You really have done too much—

too much—I didn't expect it of you—bless you."—Bah! I do wish my Aunt had been at home. She'd have had no romantic notions on the subject, but would have insisted upon examining everything, and wouldn't have let that Carpenter go until she'd worried him into "making good" everything, all round. He'd have met his match.

Then there are, I notice on my visit, plasterers and masons all in leagues against me, but apparently setting to work with a will. They are all "making good," but not making better, which is in reason the spirit, though not the letter, of the Landlord's contract.

Next important matter is a Gardener, and Stable-man. The query occurs, if I keep Mr. Pig who's to look after him? The Gardener or the Stableman? In a book on farming I recollect seeing that there is a regular Pig-man kept, just as there is a Cow-herd for cows.

A propos of pigs, what a very obstinate person the "pig-headed Lady" must have been.

Happy Thought.—Swine-herd. Advertise for a Swine-herd:—"Wanted, in a Gentleman's family, a Swine-herd, who will have no objection to milking a Cow." That's to say, "to save x's," as ENGLEMORE would phrase it, a Swine-herd who doesn't mind being a Cow-herd. Must keep two pigs at least; with power to add to their number.

This consideration leads to others. On whom are the various duties to fall?

For instance, Pigs? Well, to the Swine-herd. Cows? To the Cow-herd. Poultry to the Poulterer. Or, let me see—isn't it a Poultry-woman who looks after fowls? Fowls to the Fowler. [I suppose, though, that those coatermongery-looking sort of fellows who go out in the neighbourhood of London, with nets and cages for larks, are Fowlers. But larks are not fowls. Perhaps they used to be in old days. *Mem.* Ask DARWIN.] I remember the title of some book which would be very serviceable just now; I fancy it was *The Little Poultry Woman's Guide*; only, I'm afraid I rather treated it as fun for children, and looked upon the poultry hutch as an amusing accessory to the doll's house.

Happy Thought.—The mention of Fowlers and Larks, *a propos* of farming, reminds me, suddenly, that, years ago, the faithful HERR VON JOEL used to give imitations of a farm-yard, in which he certainly did introduce a lark (it was his *chef d'œuvre*, in fact, and concluded the entertainment), which was very much applauded by the country gentlemen who frequented EVANS's in those good old days. So that, as those country gentlemen must have known what was correct in a farm-yard, isn't it likely that the Fowler who kept the poultry was also the man they employed to catch larks? (Don't see my way clearly in this, but more on this subject under "F. Farming, Fowling," in *Typical Developments*, Vol. XV., p. 22, Ch. VI., when I've leisure.)

Must write to TELFORD, and two other country friends who farm, to know what is absolutely necessary. Pigs: say two to begin with. Poultry: two to begin with. Cows: well, here again, two to begin with. Stop!

Happy Thought.—Why not two of everything to begin with?

On consideration, this sounds like copying NOAH's Ark; and my Aunt, being strict on these points, mightn't like it when I tell her.

One thing is positively requisite—to make a list—to begin with. Two lists to begin with? Yes; one, and a copy. Good. Alphabetically; taking everything in order, and so see exactly what I want.

Commence List; heading it "Things Wanted for Nook Farm and Dairy. Alphabetically taken." Commence with (of course) "A." What does "A" stand for? Animals. Yes, true; but when I write Animals it will include all the other letters of the alphabet at once. What can I put under "A"?

Happy Thought.—Ass. Must have a Donkey for cart . . . and generally so useful. Donkey will carry two baskets for little UNCLE JACK and GIL, when they arrive, to ride about in. (N.B. Must send for J. and G. at once). If I put Donkey under "A," what shall I have when I come to "D"? No, on consideration, keep Donkey for "D," and try something else for "A." Let's see . . . it must come in time; and these things aren't to be done in a hurry.

"A." Apes. No, not on a farm. (Might ask DARWIN, though, whether there's any chance of their becoming Cows, if fed properly.)

Happy Thought.—"A" for Aviary, and naturally enough "B" for Birds. There you are. By the way, though, what Birds? . . . "B" also stands for Bull. Dangerous thing to keep a Bull.

List so far. A for Aviary. B, Birds and Bull (with a query to Bull). C, evidently Cocks. It's quite a pity that "H" in this instance doesn't come next to "C." Better bracket them together. C and H. Cocks and Hens. Now go back to D. D, Donkey. E, Eagles (?). No. Pass over E. F, Fowls. C and H though would be included under F. Begin again. A, Aviary. B, Birds. C (refer to F). D, Donkey. E (uncertain). F (refer to C and H). G, Gooseberry bushes, Greengages, Grass, &c. H (refer to F and C)—Cocks and Hens; also Hothouses; also Horses. Quite forgot Horses till this minute. "I," Implements. Must fill this list out;



A SETTLEMENT.

Plump Pater. "I DON'T OBJECT TO YOUR SON, SIR, BUT IT APPEARS TO ME THE YOUNG PEOPLE WILL HAVE NOTHING UNTIL AFTER OUR DEATHS! NOW, I AM GOOD FOR THE NEXT TWENTY YEARS. HOW LONG DO YOU MEAN TO LIVE?"

[Thin Pater fails to admire problem.]

thinking it over carefully. At present I don't see anything until P, which stands for Pigs, Potatoes, Parsley, Pheasants, Plums, Pickles, Pears, Peacocks, Peas, &c., &c. Odd! Everything suddenly appears to begin with "P." Such a run on this letter. Shall end by spelling Farm—Pharm.

Happy Thought.—Compile a book on Farming, to be called *The Modern Pharmacopœia*. . . . So much to begin with.

SEASONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

MY DEAR MR. ALDERMAN PUNCH,

THE advent of Lord Mayor's Day leads me to ponder with especial interest on the following information, which I find in the *Observer* :—

"The best green-backed turtle can only be obtained off the coasts of the outlying islands in the Carribean Sea, called the Caymans, or in the deep water of the coast of the Spanish Main, near Greytown and thereabouts."

Greedy as I am of every morsel of intelligence upon this entrancing subject, I can gulp down the word "outlying" as a substitute for "outlying," and proceed with quickened appetites to swallow the next scraps of information :—

"The fish are brought to London in vessels fitted with tanks, by means of which they are kept alive during the voyages. On their arrival in England the turtles are transferred to large heated ponds or tanks, where they are well fed and speedily regain any strength they may have lost through confinement on the voyage."

Delightful reading this, Sir, to a man of tender feeling, and of pretty tough digestion. How pleasant it is to reflect that such considerate pains are taken to make the turtles comfortable while in their transit hitherward, and that, after their arrival on our hospitable shores, no cost is spared to shield them from the rudeness of our climate! One pictures with delight the meeting of the turtles in their warm and cosy tanks, where they may shake fins with one another after their long voyage, and wag their tails while they exchange their little anecdotes of travel. Nor is it less delightful to the sym-

pathising mind of a man with a keen appetite, to consider that the strangers are well fed on their arrival, and soon recruit their shattered strength, and fill their shells with verdant fat by the good cheer that is given them. To the man of real feeling this is sunshine to the spirit; but alas! the sunshine is checkered by a cloud :—

"Only a small portion of the fish is used in the preparation of the famous turtle soup. This is the glutinous part to be found between the shell and the fish. A large proportion of the flesh is consequently sent to Kingston, Jamaica, where the meat is saleable at about 4d. a pound."

How sad a thing it is to think that turtles are not wholly glutinous! O that their too, too solid flesh would melt in the mouth, like their adorable green fat! What a noble benefactor would that man be to his species who could invent a way of turning turtles' meat to soup, or else of so increasing their natural obesity that they became entirely pinguid and their flesh grew into fat! Such a con summation is the more devoutly to be wished, inasmuch as we are told that :—

"In the opinion of persons engaged in the trade, the supply of turtle is by no means inexhaustible."

Another cloud, and a still darker one, upon the sunshine I have mentioned. Who that loves good living can read this mournful news and not feel a pang of anguish at the thought which it awakens? What would life be without turtle, one may tearfully reflect, and who can tell but one may live till turtles are extinct? Coal is deemed to be exhaustible, but there are substitutes for coal: with wood, or peat, or even sea-weed one could contrive to make a fire, and stew a turtle into soup. But when turtles are exhausted, of what use will be our coal, and who can hope to find a substitute for their delicious fat?

Believe me then, in sorrow, yours reflectingly,
Finland Villa, Friday. EPICURUS SOUPATURUS.

BY WESTBURY THE ORTHODOX.

THE MODERN "NOVATION" HERESY.—Passing a policy-holder on from one Company to another without his consent.



THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

Big Mr. Hawkins (sententiously). "DO YOU KNOW, MR. JAWKINS, IT HAS OFTEN STRUCK ME THAT ONE MAN'S FOOD MAY BE ANOTHER MAN'S POISON?"

'Little Mr. Hawkins (more sententiously). "WELL, I WON'T GO SO FAR AS TO SAY THAT, MR. HAWKINS. BUT I AM CERTAINLY OF OPINION THAT WHAT MAY PROVE EMINENTLY BENEFICIAL TO THE HEALTH—A—OF ONE INDIVIDUAL—A—MAY PROVE EXTREMELY DETRIMENTAL, AND, INDEED, ABSOLUTELY FATAL TO ANOTHER INDIVIDUAL—A—DIFFERENTLY CONSTITUTED—A!"

MINISTERIAL DANCE-MUSIC.

AT a place in Arundel Street, Strand, under the Presidency of MR. BEALES (Master of Arts), the *Pall Mall Gazette* said the other day in a Note:—

"Among the fashionable arrangements advertised for next week is 'a soirée, concert, and ball,' at two shillings a head, including tea, 'to celebrate the peaceful settlement of the Alabama dispute and the second anniversary of the Workmen's Peace Association.'"

Arrangements now fashionable among such people as workmen and workwomen in Arundel Street, Strand, include one particular suggesting ideas which an attempt to carry out might be made, with a view to setting the fashion in a higher quarter. A series of Peace Society's Balls might be given in certain political circles of the superior classes. One speciality distinctive of Peace Dancing ought to be a reformed nomenclature of Dance-Music. Gentility has heretofore been accustomed to dance to tunes many of them associated with war. The higher orders have hitherto used to trip it on the light fantastic toe to measures occasionally named after sanguinary battles, Alma, Inkermann, Solferino, and so on, although, by the way, as yet, Paris has sent us no composition of this kind bearing the name of Sedan. But now, instead of appellations derived from triumphs of arms, your composers for the legs might distinguish their works by titles commemorating the satisfactory settlement of disputes by arbitration. *Alabama* quadrilles, and a *San Juan* waltz would just now, perhaps, be popular among the Ministerial Section of the better sort of people. But America has no com-

posers of even Dance-Music. Otherwise we should now perhaps be seeing that waltz and those quadrilles commended to Nobility by advertisements announcing them to be arranged "as danced at the Mobility's balls."

MALA FIDE TRAVELLERS.

(*Unlicensed by the Laureate.*)

LATE, late, past ten, so dark the night and chill.
Late, late, eleven, but we can enter still.
Too late, too late, ye cannot enter now!

No thought had we the night was so far spent,
And, hearing this, the Bobby will relent.
Too late, too late, ye cannot enter now!

No beer, though late, and dark, and chill the night.
O let us in, and we will not get tight!
Too late, too late, ye cannot enter now!

A glass of gin to-night would be so sweet.
O let us in, that we may have it neat!
Too late, too late, ye cannot enter now!

DINNER FOR THE "H"-LESS.

GOOD EDUCATIONAL COURSE FOR AN UNEDUCATED COCKNEY.—
An *itch*-bone.

A MISSION FOR MEN AND BROTHERS.

GOING, all of Love and Mercy,
On a mission, Public dear,
Nought to profit Mammon's purse he
Goeth, lo SIR BARTLE FREKE!
'Tis a statesman valuable,
Envoy whom you send afar
'Mongst your fierce and formidable
Flesh and blood to Zanzibar.

In their fellow-men they traffic;
He departs to stop that trade;
And will need a tongue seraphic
Heaven hearers to persuade.
May his words convey conviction
To their softened hearts of stone!
May he win them by mere diction;
By the strength of speech alone!

To our sable Kind in duty
We, beloved, ne'er must lack,
Irrespectively of beauty,
Notwithstanding they are black.
But the cost of keeping niggers
In their skins free wilds to rove,
O reduce to lowest figures!
Ah, 't were best done all for love!

Too, too little for black Brothers,
Though we try with all our might,
Can we care, or e'en for others
Who are in our midst, and white.
Of you all, sweet friends, whichever
For a dog's loss, though so sad,
He could cry, with best endeavour
Could lament a human Cad?

You it may, but should not, startle,
If, as possibly they will,
Circumstances shall SIR BARTLE
Force to run us up a bill.
May just Rulers place all under
That new load incurred for Blacks;
Further still one class not plunder
By an increased Income-tax.

The Chase.

MRS. MALAPROP, who is a staunch upholder of the Establishment, has been greatly shocked to hear that in some parts of the country they hunt with packs of Beadles! She wonders what the Bishops and Congregation are about, to allow such extraordinary proceedings.



"PITY THE POOR TEACHER."

Teacher. "AND WHAT ARE THE FOUR QUARTERS OF THE WORLD?"

First Pupil. "PLEASE, TEACHER, AIR, EARTH, FIRE, AND WATER."

Second Pupil (eagerly). "NO, TEACHER,—MATTHEW, MARK, LUKE, AND JOHN."

THE HYDE PARK PILLAR.

THERE is a Stone, Rosetta hight;
There's Cleopatra's Needle;
A Stone yeleft the Moabite;
A Stone we'll name the Beadle;
By one this last set up to mark
The bounds for stump-oration,
When mobs assemble in Hyde Park
To make a "demonstration."

The menace which that Stone surmounts
Has been by Patriots slighted.
With Fenian Roughs it nothing counts;
And AYRTON'S hopes are blighted.
And so, since it has failed to scare
Democracy ungentle,
That Stone's as little useful there
As it is ornamental.

Remove it then, that laughing-stock
In eyes of all who scan it.
Cart o'er the way that Beadle's block
Of *brutum fulmen* granite.
It is an object, though of fun,
Historical; there stow it,
And, housed among South Kensington
Museum's treasures, show it.

MORAL FOR MILLIONAIRES.

BOUNDLESS benevolence necessitates boundless avarice. To do no end of good you must get no end of money. It requires very much indeed to make one's self as happy as one could wish, but to render others so too, an infinity.

MEMS. FOR "MY LORDS."

ONE gun that will pierce, mind, is worth any number
Which will not, and an iron-clad vessel encumber.
Too small to be hit, with one gun, one gunboat
May be more than a match for the best ship afloat.
The smaller the boat, and the bigger the gun,
The more damage she'll do, and the less risk she'll run.
In one little boat, hands, themselves very few,
Might send to the bottom a big ship's whole crew.
The lightest of boats, you must see, if you think,
Outweighs any, the heaviest, ship she can sink.

Legal News.

THIS advertisement appeared in a contemporary last week:

WIG.—Gentleman, having Cast-Off Wig, will be g'ad to give it to a deserving person needing one, who can be well recommended. Address No. * * * * Office.

A copy of this was thoughtfully enclosed to the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, who wrote a most graceful note to LORD PENZANCE, declining the article proffered by his Lordship. It has not, however, gone long a begging.

Refreshing Slumber.

WE put it to ARCHDEACON DENISON himself whether he would not look upon it as a venial offence if a conscientious, right-minded man, after reading steadily through the Thirty-Nine Articles, were to take Forty Winks.

CHRONOLOGY.

June 18.—Victory of Waterloo.

November 9.—Triumph of Waterlow.



LOGICAL.

First Young Gent. "O, MY DEAR FELLOW, DINING OUT LAST NIGHT—ACCOUNTS FOR YOUR BEING 'SEEDY.' TOOK TOO MUCH WINE, OF COURSE!"

Second Young Gent. "O NO, IT WASN'T THE WINE. BESIDES, I COULDN'T HAVE DRUNK TOO MUCH, 'CAUSE I'M AS THIRSTY AS POSSIBLE NOW!"

OUR MAYORS.

NOVEMBER having again brought round the show of chrysanthemums in the Temple Gardens, and the election of those Chief Magistrates in our Boroughs and Cities whom MRS. MALAPROP has been known to designate as Provincial Magnets, *Mr. Punch*, always prompt to discharge a duty which only comes once a year, has carefully examined, with a very powerful glass, such lists of the new Mayors as have attracted his notice, in order to form some conclusion as to the manner in which the various municipalities, scattered over the tract of country lying between the Border and the Land's End, will be governed during the ensuing year.

It is gratifying to remark that a large number of Mayors have been re-elected on account of their affability, hospitality, wisdom, wealth, and imposing personal appearance; but Barnsley (and some other towns) has preferred a Newiman. Colchester bows to a Bishop—the Establishment must not be unduly elated, for Torrington bends before a Chapple—while Southport contents itself with a Squire, and York with a Steward. Leicester, as the capital of a great hunting county, very properly chooses to follow the lead of Foxton, and Leeds, whose fame has hitherto been thought to rest more upon broad cloth than broad acres, gives itself up to the guidance of Oxley. Liverpool may think Samuelson betokens great antiquity; but such a comparatively small place as Tynemouth far outstrips it with Adamson. There is a Bird at Deal—safe enough, for the Fowler is a long way off, as far north as Durham. They have probably heard the remark before, but the Conservatives at Stamford will not object to be told again, that they have put the Wright Man in the right place. If, unhappily, any differences should arise at Monmouth between the bakers and their customers, they must refer it to Rolls. The boys of Evesham will have to be careful what they are doing, and not throw stones or let off squibs, for Byrch is an ominous name. Clements is supreme in the ancient borough of Kingston—

TEMPLARS AND TEMPERANCE.

A CERTAIN Judge used to say that there was no such a thing as bad wine. All wines, he said, were good, only some wines were better than others. He was a good Judge. Mind, he said, wines, and, as a lawyer said what he meant to say—wines, and not vinous official shams. Yes, he was a good Judge. He never got drunk. Wine never made him. It never does make any good Judge drunk. All British Judges are good Judges, and always were. JEFFREYS was the exception that proves the rule. British Judges are, and ever were, all sober. Hence the proverb, "Sober as a Judge," because it is seen that no amount of wine that a Judge may drink can make him drunk.

A large number of Judges dined on Thursday evening last at the "Grand Day" Banquet in the "Ancient Hall of the Inn" of the Middle Temple. There did they take not only their ease in their Inn, but also their wine, as they are accustomed to do. Now, then, since their Inn was that of the Middle Temple, how groundless, as well as arrogant and insulting, is the assumption of which a section of teetotal fanatics are guilty in professing a distinctive sobriety, by calling themselves "Good Templars"! Genuine Good Templars practise Temperance, not Teetotalism.

Exemplary Prelate.

ACCORDING to the *Manchester Guardian*, DR. THIRLWALL is going to resign the Bishopric of St. David's for fear lest, by-and-by, infirmities should incapacitate him for its duties. The Church can afford to wait till they do. It is said that the BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S was originally a Barrister, and his utterances, in both speech and writing, evince a logic which distinguishes the legal from the clerical (and the female) mind. His faculties, as yet, remain unimpaired, and particularly his moral sense, which, in the case of most Bishops and other clergymen, is apt to get weakened or warped by habitual dogmatism, the thoughtless or unconscious practice of continually asserting opinions as facts. The Church will find it difficult to obtain a successor to DR. THIRLWALL as singular as he is in that respect.

CHANGE OF LIVING.

"THE seventeen Diets of Austria"! The people of that country are fortunate in having so many varieties of food. We hope to taste a few of them, next summer, at the Vienna Exhibition.

upon-Thames; but troublesome persons must not presume on this, or forget that clemency is only one of the qualifications of an efficient magistrate; and if there is an unruly element in the population of Truro, it had better remember that the Mayor there will be heard. It will excite no surprise to hear that Lancaster for the third time has stuck to Cotton—the capital of Lancashire could not make a more fitting choice; and the Army will be glad to know that the abolition of Purchase is not universal—certainly it has not extended to Romsey.

Hoping that the Mayor of Lincoln will not find himself Hughes-ed up at the expiration of his term of office; indicating that the Mayor of Cambridge is at once a Master of Arts, a Conservative, a Barrister, a Recorder, and a Naylor; mentioning that there is a man of Mark at Dartmouth; noting that it will not be surprising if, for the next twelve months, the common formula of "By George!" give place to "By McGeorge!" in the loyal old town of Newark; and observing that geographical divisions have been so far disregarded as to unite Ireland to Brighton, Whitby to Yeovil, and Yorke to Penzance,—*Mr. Punch* takes the Loving Cup in both hands, and drinks to the health of all Mayors and Mayoresses, coupling with the toast the name of MR. ALDERMAN CLARKE, now, for the ninth time, Mayor of Saffron Walden.

Great News.

THERE are good times coming. *Mal de mer* is likely to be abolished by MR. BESSEMER (we were not equally glad to read, in a review of MR. DARWIN'S new book, that blushing "seems likely to be lost," ELEANOR, and ALICE, and ISABEL, and a great many more looking so charming under flying colours); and "Foot-warmers are now supplied to all third-class passengers upon the Great Northern Railway." We shall yet live to see the streets kept tolerably clean.

Punch at Lunch.



UR French friends relax nothing of their wonted vigilance and accuracy in reporting English news. You know, *Tobias*, that to Zanzibar we send out an Envoy, who is to stop the East African Slave Trade. The admirably chosen person is SIR BARTLE FRERE. The French papers say that we have dispatched the BARTLE BROTHERS.

"Tunding"—is the word related to "Contunding?"—is a brutality, in the way of chastisement, inflicted by the big lads on the little ones at Winchester School. Remonstrance, addressed to bigotry, is useless—the allowing head boys to thrash others has always been practised—works well—men speak kindly of their old school—and all the rest of the

cant. But MR. DISRAELI gave one big school (it is reformed now, so I won't name it) a damaging blow by stating in a novel that it was so—something—"low." Let it get about that Winchester School is low,—can anything be lower than the permitting brutality?—and—you'll see. This warning is well intended, and I don't care whether, as SHAKESPEARE has it,—

"Some galled goose of Winchester may hiss."

Events in France remind me of a picture in one of my earlier volumes. Young mistress, engaging a cook, hears that the latter has changed her situation very often. "Five places in six months! Isn't that rather—" "Ah, M'm, but my missises was such young dooces." France is settling the sixteenth Constitution she has had in eighty years.

Boston, Lincolnshire, has been the first to come to the aid of Boston, Mass., after the terrible fire. Well done, English Boston. You remember that your American namesake sent you a generous help towards repairing your beauteous church, which you call the "Stoomp." A very noble *jeu de Boston*.

The coins exhibited at the new Guildhall Library, whereof more anon, are very interesting. But I should like to see a large collection of English medals. Some of them are very pleasing. I want to look at one which represents the drawing and quartering of GRANDVAL, who conspired to kill KING WILLIAM THE THIRD. I wish more of these medallie memoranda were made. The beautiful art will go out like that of seal engraving. We do things, why not record them? Where's the Australian Telegraph Medal? However, I'll have a Centenary medal which shall be an event in itself. You just wait, as the Catholic said to the Protestant.

My eye was ranging down the columns of a newspaper the other day, and came upon this:—

Ulimengo.—Hoy! Hoy!
Chorus.—Hoy! Hoy!
Hoy! Hoy!
Chorus.—Hoy! Hoy!
Hoy! Hoy!
Chorus.—Hoy! Hoy!
Where are you going?
Chorus.—Going to war.
Against whom?
Chorus.—Against Mirambo.
Who is your master?
Chorus.—The White Man.
Ough! Ough!
Chorus.—Ough! Ough!
Hyah! Hyah!
Chorus.—Hyah! Hyah!

I naturally thought that a delightful new burlesque had been produced somewhere, and I looked on for the announcement that it was a brilliant success, that the above song had been encored five

times, and that the audience had been in raptures. I was so disappointed, you can't think, to find that the lyric is one of the songs of the African savages described by MR. STANLEY. And he unkindly calls the affair "ridiculous." He is evidently unacquainted with dramatic art.

Silver Wedding—charming. Golden Wedding—affecting. But Diamond Wedding, no, come. When it gets to that I should think people may have had enough of one another, and that diamond might cut diamond. On second thoughts, that sentiment is worthier of you, *Toby*, than of myself.

England and Portugal have agreed on an Arbitration, and M. ADOLPHE THIERS, the astute, is to be the Umpire. One would not be rude, but GEORGE MEREDITH, in the *Shaving of Shuggat*, asks a question:—

"When for one Serpent were Two Asses match?"

Suppose the President discovers that the subject of quarrel belongs to—France?

Lawyers are thought to be somewhat worldly, and not to discourse sentiment. Were you not charmed to read that at the feast in the Temple the other night, LORD SELBORNE mentioned that his neighbours at dinner had been discussing WORDSWORTH? I wonder what they quoted? Did any gentleman say that less good can be done by "all the pride of intellect and thought" than with

"A few strong instincts and a few plain rules"?

PROFESSOR FARADAY delivered a famous lecture on the Conservation of Forces. I heard it, and was the only person in the room, except the lecturer, who understood it. Somebody should give one on the Conservation of Farces. I see that ALFRED BUNN's translation, called *My Neighbour's Wife*, has survived to be revived. About a hundred years ago, or so, this farce was instanced by an American traveller as a proof that English audiences loved vice and vulgarity. It is harmless enough, and, if well played, as funny as most farces. BENTLEY used to be as good in it as he was bad in serious business. JOHN COOPER, the decorons, seemed to enjoy the lapse into slight non-conjugality. I think the piece used to be played with the *Jewess*, which has not been equalled since, as at once an exciting play and a grand spectacle. MISS ELLEN TREE'S Hebrew maiden was a thing never to be forgotten; and VANDENHOFF, the tortured Jew, whose children had been burned—but I will not deliver to you a lecture on the drama of ancient days.

DEFOE says that a fit of the gout clears the frame, restores the memory, and enables one to make a number of curious and useful reflections. On the first two points he is right. Ear-witnesses inform me that the reflections I indulge in upon such occasions are more remarkable for their curiousness than their utility.

A deservedly needy musician begged ingeniously. He wrote to a friend three times for money, and the third time he said, "I am sure you will now send. After three whole notes, a half note must come."

Do you know that the word Libertine is derived from the Latin *libertinus*, signifying a freed-man; that is, one of the Middle Class? Our own is so intensely virtuous that it can afford to remember this.

My friend SIR ARTHUR HELPS says:—"Read one hundred good books, and you will probably know about all that has been done or thought in the world." He is right. Sixty-two of them are behind you there, *Toby*, and there will be another at Christmas.

What a comfort is disrobing after the dull party, and before the bright fire! When, as my friend LORD HOUGHTON admirably says,

"A man's Best Things are nearest him,
Lie close about his feet."

The letter X is a bothersome letter for makers of Alphabet rhymes and such like rubbish. The folks who wrote the New England Primer cut the knot somewhat easily:—

"X.
XERXES did die,
And so must I."

Here, if you please, is an Editor with a becomingly defiant spirit. I find the passage in a colonial paper:—

"The epithets with which our gentlemanly conduct and mental abilities are stigmatised, we can well afford to bear at the hands of a city, of which we, with but few exceptions, constitute the only persons possessing any intellectual and social position whatsoever."



APPALLING MENACE.

Mr. Punch. "ALL VERY WELL TO SAY 'CHEER UP!' BUT IF THIS SORT OF WEATHER GOES ON HERE, I'M FOR AUSTRALIA. I'LL MANAGE ENGLAND BY TELEGRAPH. SPLENDID HOT SUNSHINE IN AUSTRALIA, SIR, WAS REPORTED AT THE TELEGRAPH BANQUET ON FRIDAY NIGHT—MESSAGE SENT IN AN HOUR. I'LL GO, SIR; SEE IF I DON'T!"

[Exit, growling hideously.]

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

Mem. Have sent for little UNCLAS JACK and GILL to come to the Nook. They are coming: like Christmas, and the Campbells, oh dear! oh dear!

While Nooking I have lodged in town, and have run down every day to the Nook to see how things are getting on. Things don't get on very much. To expedite matters, I take on the old woman pro tem till I get servants, and furnish my bed-room.

Happy Thought.—Household proverb. Furnish a Bed-room—the Dining-room will take care of itself.

No Gardener as yet. No Pony, no Pig, in fact, at present, nothing under the letter P. Happening to pass a Nurseryman's within three miles of the Nook, it occurs to me that I might hire a Gardener from this establishment. It chances that MR. GURCH, the head man, is on the spot, at tea. I tell him that I want some Gardener—which sounds, after saying it, as if I'd gone to a grocer's and asked for some currants, and I seem naturally to expect the reply, "Some Gardener? Yes; how much?"—But MR. GURCH doesn't take this view of it. He only eyes two geraniums in pots, and rubs his unshaven chin with his right hand meditatively. Presently, he observes that he supposes I want some men to put my garden in order. I reply to this "Yes," and really it suddenly appears to me that I've been making quite a fuss about nothing. MR. GURCH, still rubbing his chin, and consulting the wishes of the two geraniums—he evidently understands the language of flowers—wishes to know what sized garden mine may be? I am tempted, I own it, to magnify this to GURCH by mentioning the acreage of the entire estate. I do not, however, and limit my reply to about two acres, whereupon MR. GURCH thinks that it would be better if his foreman came over to see it. Agreed. To-morrow. Time fixed. Business done. Exit myself. GURCH takes up the two geraniums fondly and carries them

off with him to tea. End of scene between me and the Nursery Gardener.

On returning to Nook I find a packet containing two books, and a sort of invoice from ENGLEMORE:—

"Here you are: Two books, 'The Flower Garden, and How to Flower it'; 'The Kitchen Garden, and how to Kitchen it.' Also BUNGAY'S List: Major Seeds and how to sow him. I know an Amateur farmer and stockbroker all in one. Bulls on change, Cows in the country. Introduce him? Wire back to

"Your Little

"ENGLEMORE."

Will dive into the books on my return. BUNGAY'S List looks attractive on the outside, there being a coat-of-arms—BUNGAY'S perhaps—and the pictures of two Exhibition medals, gained by BUNGAY for turnips, or something in that line.

I notice at a cursory and superficial glance that the List is illustrated, and that BUNGAY has treated his plants and vegetables as if they were his children, giving them all his name. For instance, under the letter A. (for BUNGAY goes in on my plan, I am glad to see, of alphabetical order, which, as he is a great professional Gardener, and I'm only beginning, is flattering to my instincts,) he begins with—

ASPARAGUS. Bungay's Improved Purple-Topped (Prize, 1860).

BEANS. The Bungay.

" The Ornamental Bungay's Own.

" The Improved Wanderer (Bungay).

BEET. Bungay's Giant Egyptian Blue.

" Bungay's Miniature Turnip.

" King of the Bungays (Prize, 1862. Birmingham).

BROCCOLI. Bungay's Chinese Hybrid.

CUCUMBER. Bungay's Mammoth Snowball.

" The Hero (Bungay).

" Quooly Sna Bungay's Milky Chinese.

" Swiss Bungay's Early Scarlet.

CABBAGE. Bungay's Incomparable Nosebag.

" Bungay's Prolific Climax (Prize, 1861. London).

Some great subjects, evidently begging verbal description, require pictorial explanation, as I notice is the case with Bungay's *Speckled Negro*, which occupies a whole page, representing beans all a-growing and a-blowing. Then the *Purple-Padded Wonder* (some relation, I fancy, to the *Negro* just mentioned), is described, under a picture of itself, as "a very heavy cropper."

Happy Thought.—Mem. for the hunting-field. Instead of saying to a fellow who has come head first over a nasty place, "You've come a very heavy cropper," a man with a taste for gardening would say, "Hallo! You've come quite a Purple-podded Wonder, eh?"

Bungay's *Champion*, next described on his list, is, odd to say, a Runner. Sounds more like a Coward than a Champion. BUNGAY is a man of exuberant fancy, and you might almost imagine he'd compiled his list as a Christmas book for children, so full is it of Heroes (Peas), Champions (Broccoli), Dwarfs (Parsnips), Giants (Cucumbers), Mammoths (Turnips), Kings (of Potatoes), Queens (of Marrows), Princes (of Spanish Onions), Princesses (Beet), Emperors (Leeks), Golden Globes (Tomatoes), the Niagara Squash Pumpkins for Cinderella, Romantic Russian (Radish), and Long-Podded Negroes.

Happy Thought.—Write a Vegetable Christmas Fairy Book for Vegetarian Children.

Among the Flowers I have, I see, a surprising choice. Here's the *Warscewiczii* (uncommonly like the *vice versa*), the *Aquilegia Caryophylloides*, the *Chamepensa diacantha* (known in English as "Bungay's Fishbone Thistle"), the *Major Convolvulus*, which reminds me of ENGLEMORE, who would, however, have probably called it "Colonel;" and, finally, as I haven't time at present to note any others, the *Heracleum giganteum*, or "Bungay's Cow Parsnip," "effective" (he adds, in italics) "in shrubberies." I should think so. Rather. A strange creature, which is something between a Cow and a Parsnip, would be effective in a shrubbery: and a jolly mess he'd make of it. Which part of it would be a Cow, and which Parsnip? Important question, on account of the milk.

The above I've noted while training up to town.

Happy Thought.—Proverb for Stokers.—Train up to town in the way you should go, and then there won't be an accident.

Meet ENGLEMORE just stepping into cab. He's in a hurry. Off for Mister Furniture. Why this impetuosity, I ask; is it true he is going to be married? He winks and laughs knowingly as he replies on the step of the Hansom, and confidentially, as it were, between me and the cabman, "Little Tommy Wedding, eh? Cake for two, Colonel. You'll see. All right,"—to Cabman, "drive on." Then hurriedly out of window, as if he'd remembered something most important at the last moment, and emphasising it with his umbrella, "Five minutes with you . . . Mr. Farmer, and . . ." the rest is lost.

Let me see. Next point is to advertise for Gardener.



GRADUAL EXTINCTION OF THE LATIN RACE.

IN ANSWER TO AN ADVERTISEMENT, THE BLOND HERR PATATENKOPF AND THE DARK-EYED SIGNOR GUSBERITARTI APPLY TOGETHER AT MISS ROSELEAF'S ACADEMY FOR THE POST OF MUSICAL INSTRUCTOR TO THE YOUNG LADIES. VERY MUCH TO THE DISAPPOINTMENT OF HER FAIR PUPILS, MISS ROSELEAF COMES TO THE CONCLUSION THAT GERMAN MUSIC IS THE SAFEST, AND PRUDENTLY SELECTS HERR PATATENKOPF.

J. B. AND HIS M.P.'S.

YES, my advanced Reformer, I grant you all you say,
There never yet was country ruled in such a wilful way:
BRITANNIA'S Constitution of "anomalies" is full,
And the worse they are the less they seem to annoy that ass, JOHN
BULL.

Yes—it is most annoying, the old fool, to see him stick
To a representative system that defies arithmetic,
And, instead of assigning Members, at fixed rate per head, or
tale,
Sows them broadcast, helter-skelter, without symmetry or scale!

No equal electoral districts, cut and dry and plain to view,
Where one Voter's as good as another, if he isn't better too:
No machine for stereotyping the Majority's sovereign will,
And gagging the Minority, and making it lie still:

No patent roller for crushing invidious distinctions down
Of mechanic and agriculturist, of country-place and town:
No sausage-machine to triturate the slow bucolic mind,
And the high-pressure town-wit into one, with graduated grind;

No patent self-acting mule or frame for turning out M.P.'s
Of the regulation pattern, as like as a swarm of bees,
As brisk honey or money makers, and, to boot, as humble too,—
Which delegates are bound to be, my Lord Electors, to you.

The old fool persists in saying that he rather likes a puzzle,
That he doesn't see that it's always wise minorities to muzzle;
That he doubts if majorities needs must have the right upon their
side,
That, in fact, he prefers his boilers with the safety-valves not tied!

That he has enough already of these engine-turned M.P.'s,
Who vote as they're bid, and think as they're told, or as Mob
their master may please:
That he'd rather not be reduced to a choice 'twixt local respect-
abilities
And demagogue-delegates, whatsoe'er their voting or talking
facilities.

That he likes the clash of men and minds—not the chorus of
parrot-phrases;
That he wants collective wisdom, not folly's predominant phases;
That the work for his House of Commons is to thresh and winnow
opinion,
Not to set up nostrums of the day in bitter, if brief, dominion.

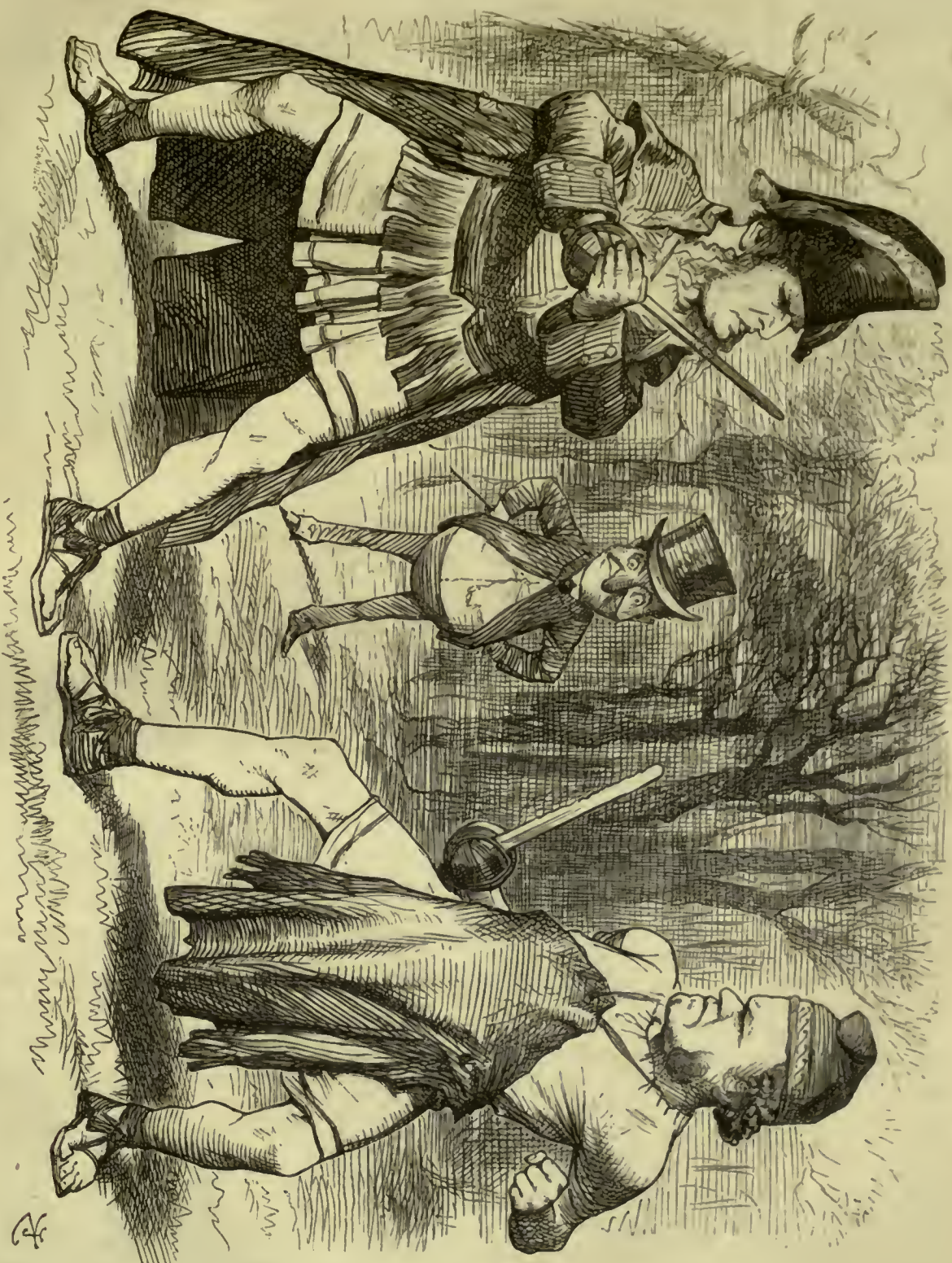
And among other notions he has groped from the dust-hole of the
past,
Is the notion that the cobbler had better stick to his last:
That 'tis a fool's game to look for Reforms in the ven'able Hall of
Codgers,
And seek Solons or Lycurguses in BRADLAUGHS, DILKES, and
ODGERS.

Astounding Intelligence.

ARE we in Wonderland? We rub our mental eyes, and wildly
stare and fancy that we must be dreaming. Still, here it is in actual
print, like the ballad of the *Jabberwock*:—

"Bonnets are still worn much the same in shape as those of last month."

Can this be really true? Is it possible that ladies can consent for
two whole months to wear their bonnets "much the same in shape?"
Varium et mutabile semper in most affairs of life, the fair sex in
none is more so than in fashionable matters. We shall be tempted
to believe in the strong-mindedness of women, when we find them
wearing bonnets of the same shape for a month or two together.



A-R-T-N.

O-G-H.

“WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.”

“OF ONE OR BOTH OF US THE TIME IS COME!”—*Shakespeare.*

MR. PUNCH (*aside*). “BOTH—LET US HOPE!”



OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(Visit to the South Kensington Museum continued—from the Entrance to the Refreshment Room.)



MOST certainly the entrance to the S. K. Museum is rather calculated to depress than raise the spirits. The feeling seizes upon you that having come so far, it would be cowardice to retreat at the last moment. Show me the person, who, visiting the Museum for the first time, has walked boldly and straightforwardly, without flinching or stopping, right up to the turnstile-paying place, and I'll say there's a gentleman, or lady, who doesn't know what nerves are.

Round and about those melancholy grass-plots, which try with the best possible intentions to give a coun-

fied air to the exterior of the S. K. Museum (but what an impossible thing to countrify a Museum!)—round and about these plots, I remark, some original Kensington Museumers have been playing skittles and ninepins with building materials, knocking them about in all directions, and then have gone away without putting up the things tidily.

Here is the *débris* of old palings, looking, as if, in very ancient days (perhaps in the Universal Deluge) a gentleman's park had been washed away, and these had been left by the receding waters. Here too bricks, plaster, stones, and timber, becoming useless for want of use; rubbishing relics of the past, with very little promise about them for the future. A charming background to these is formed by a dilapidated iron house, filled apparently, to the eye of Your uninitiated Representative, with broken pianos, of which the above-mentioned eye catches sight through the large windows wherewith the iron shed is lighted. Not far from the police lodge is a statue of somebody, unclothed, who having shot an arrow vaguely into the air, and used such force in doing so that the string has disappeared *with* it, is now staring upwards in the vague expectation of its soon coming down again. The visitor seeing this figure, from a dorsal point of view, does *not* feel inclined to walk round and inquire for whom it is intended. He takes it for granted that it's all correct and classical, and he will then walk slowly towards the door of the S. K. Museum, bracing himself up for admission as for an operation that must be performed, but which, like having a tooth out, or paying a small long overdue account, one puts off as long as possible.

There are three goats, and a lot of classic vases, all making praiseworthy efforts, to keep up appearances. I was sorry to see that one Goat attempted comicalities on its hind legs; but the way the two others turned their heads, and gave him such a look, settled him at once; and then he pretended that he'd only been rearing himself up to pick some food from the branches of a small tree; an assumption that couldn't have deceived anybody (let alone the two goats, who knew all about it as well as he did), as there wasn't one leaf to be seen on the withered shrub, in which he wished his companions to think him so deeply interested. I sighed, and walked towards the door. The portal at last. Over it is a deterrent black board—naturally a black board, which, with chalk, is a tradition in any educational system—simply announcing, however, that this is the Entrance to the Museum: a conclusion that might have been arrived at by any astute observer, who had already penetrated thus far, without this intimation. But there it is, and so it is; and very kind of the Authorities to put it up.

After presenting myself and my sixpence—both good—to the respectable and polite door-keeper, whom I regret to have disturbed at his second mouthful of luncheon, I submitted to the indignity of the turnstile (which always makes me feel as if some one was checking me off, and seeing that I don't cheat), and having thus passed, figuratively, under the yoke, I paused, and wondered what I should begin with first. The savoury smell that issued from the ticket-taker's lodge appealed to my Inner Consciousness. "Gentle Sir," said I, to a third Stout Policeman, "Where, prithee, is the

Refreshment Room?" He beamed upon me with sympathetic eye, and directed me willingly and clearly. He knew it well, and would have accompanied me, but that stern duty nailed him to his post at the turnstile, and perhaps, also, he had just finished an early dinner. So at once, after making him my courtesy and obeisance, I walked in the direction indicated, and, gadzooks, Sir! the burly Retainer was right, for, in good sooth, here were the glass doors of the Refreshment Room.

Finding that I could lunch, representatively, without previous ordering or long waiting, which in matters of food I detest, holding as sure and certain proverbs for meal times, that "Delays are dangerous"—they are to me, doctors have said so—and that "Luncheon deferred maketh me very unwell"—I determined upon digesting the items of the refreshment card, mentally, before selecting them for attack, corporeally.

I walked into the hall of Restauration. In the distance, on my right, I saw a grilling-fire, whence chops came hot and hot; and on my left I saw a quiet private dining place, which looked dull and expensive. *Medio tutissimus*: and not only is it a great thing to be safe in a middle course, but, for a luncheon-eater, 'tis a matter of vast importance to know what course is safest for the middle. My choice I shall not reveal. Suffice it that I lunched, satisfactorily, to all parties concerned. The Refreshment Room at the S. K. M., I noticed, is a good place for sound. Its acoustic properties were thoroughly well tried by two middle-aged ladies in attendance upon a very deaf old gentleman, who, I do believe, was the identical venerable clergyman whom Your Representative met some weeks since at the Doré Gallery, where I trust my worthy friends, the Colonel and his companions, are doing well—bless them! Above all the buzz and hum of the diners, the clatter of plates, knives, forks, glasses and spoons, the voices of the two middle-aged ladies sounded, distinct and shrill, dutifully addressing their aged relative, who I rather think was inclined to over-eat himself.

"Won't you take any veal and ham?" asked the first Niece, in a voice which from the other end of the room reached me. The Uncle smiled, and asked her what she had said.

"Won't you take any veal and ham?" bawled her sister in his ear, while lunchers, barmaids, and waiters awaited his reply in breathless suspense.

He answered something in almost a whisper, audible only to his Nieces. General disappointment. Result, at all events, no veal and ham. Buzz, Buzz, Buzz, conversation and clatter resumed. Presently, for above the din, arose the awful question, "Will you take some beer?" put by the first Niece, whose voice was evidently not strong enough for the work. Again he smiled, and begged her sister to repeat the words.

"Won't you have some beer?" shouted the sister, and fell back in her chair exhausted. Breathless suspense again. Waiters on tip-toe of expectation. Barmaids with their hands on all sorts of taps. Ah! yes . . . he *will* have some beer. Waiter paralysed for a moment by a difficulty. What beer? The First Niece can't help herself (I don't mean to beer, but that she has no alternative)—she must ask, and her voice has become weaker within the last ten minutes,—

"What beer will you take?"

I respect age, but out of pity for this younger Niece (about thirty-seven I should say—not more) I could have shaken that old Uncle. He would not hear what she said. Once more it was the elder's turn, and she strained herself for the effort, succeeding, at a frightful sacrifice of throat and lungs. He nodded "Yes," in a whisper, "he would take some stout."

"Bottled?" asks the Waiter, convulsively, his eyes starting out of his head as he yells at him. The old gentleman wants to know what that young man is saying.

"He says Bottled!" shouted First Niece, despairingly. Her Uncle considered it feebly, but made nothing of it, except to repeat, quietly, "Yes, I said stout," whereupon he was informed by the elder and stronger Niece, now exasperated beyond screaming point, that the word was "Bottled." "Will—you—take—Bottled?"

"If you please, yes, thank you," he answered, mildly, quite unconscious of there having been any fuss about it.

The liquor is served, and by the time I am half way through my modest luncheon the Nieces, who had been reserving themselves for a final effort, shouted out, first one, then the other, then both together, "Have—you—done?"

He signifies, in a lower whisper than ever (having gorged himself to this tone,—I'm afraid he is a greedy Uncle), that he has quite finished. Soon after this he is taken away. As I continue my humble meal, I wonder to myself how much apiece those two ladies expect from that very trying relative. Is it part of their policy to stuff him? They pass through the glass doors and disappear. How much a year would I take to go about with a deaf man and explain everything to him? Subject for consideration at lunch. After luncheon to walk through the S. K. M. to the National Portrait Gallery will be, Sir, the duty and pleasure of!

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.



"A BRAVE LADY."

(At a Local Election.)

Strong-minded Young Person (escorts the little Vicar and her Aunt to Vote). "I'M ASTONISHED AT YOUR BEING NERVOUS THIS YEAR, AUNT! WHY, WE HAVE ONLY TO PUT OUR PAPERS IN A BOX!"

WYKEHAM'S CHOICE AT WINCHESTER.

It is known to many in this land that the motto of WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM was "Manners makyth man." The way in which this maxim is carried out at the School which he founded, may be known to comparatively few. Aloft, in the school-room of Winchester College is posted the following pregnant line:—

"Aut disce aut discede; manet sors tertia, cædi."

This is generally taken as an admonition either to learn, or be off, or else, thirdly, to remain and accept the condition of being flogged. That is to say, flogged by an executioner not more nearly equivalent to CALCRAFT in his prime, or to the Warder who has replaced MR. CALCRAFT at the Newgate whipping-stocks, than the Head-Master of Winchester College for the time being. The learning with whose neglect residence at the last-named institution is compatible on the terms of a flogging, is commonly understood to be that of Latin and Greek, and such other lessons only as may be prescribed there by the pedagogues. Finally, the instrument of its infliction is supposed to consist of small apple-twigs. From a letter in the *Times*, however, signed "R. MAUDE," it appears that the alternative of neither learning nor leaving at Winchester College is that of being beaten, not only with twigs, or with a normal rod of any kind, by a Master, for neglect of studies, but with a tough sapling, by a Monitor, for omission to get up slang. It also appears that "cædi" means not simply to be flogged, but also to be "tunded," and that the "tunding" is wont to be inflicted by a Monitor, *alias* Præfect. So that the verse above cited might as well run:—

"Manet sors tertia, tundi."

The gentleman already quoted gives the following description of this academical torture:—

"Now, a Præfect's 'tunding' is the most dreadful punishment imaginable, and hurts far more than any Master's flogging. The instrument is a ground-ash stick; from the seasoning it receives, tough as whalebone, and

from three to four feet long. Fifteen cuts from such a weapon will leave the shoulders—it is given across the shoulder-blades—so sore that the strongest boy will not be able to bear the hand passed roughly over the injured parts for at least a week after without flinching."

He then proceeds to state that a certain boy, who had been sentenced to be "tunded" by a "House" of Præfects for having, with right on his side, according to the rules of the school, disputed their authority over him in a question of "fagging," actually received thirty cuts. And he adds:—

"What state he must have been in I shudder to think of, and I should think that four ground-ashes must have been broken across his shoulders, if not more. On hearing this I wrote to the Head-Master, thinking he could not be cognisant of it. As his reply was private, I cannot publish it. But this I think I am at liberty to state, that he thought the punishment excessive, and the Præfects wrong in their decision. But what is done? Was the Præfect who gave such a 'tunding' expelled, and those who sided with him punished as they deserved? Not a bit of it. The Præfect was merely made to apologise—to say he was sorry for an act which was unauthorised by the rules of the school, which perhaps has occurred since, and certainly will occur again unless this power is for ever taken from the hands of boys, who are certain to abuse it."

It must be only very lately that the Head-Master of Winchester College can possibly have become cognisant of the "tunding" which goes on at that seat of learning and contusions. It is no longer ago than 1869 that DR. MOBERLY was created Bishop of Salisbury. The practice of "tunding" can up to that date have been known to exist only by its perpetrators and their victims. MR. P. A. TAYLOR, MR. JACOB BRIGHT, and the women who exclaim against the barbarity of whipping garotters, may perhaps be invited, by persons who do not understand them, to raise their voices as loudly against that of "tunding" college boys. They would thus constitute an effective chorus, in which the screaming counter-tenors would come out in fine contrast, yet accord, with the groaning basses. But, then, garotters are not innocent young gentlemen; nor is the infliction of "the lash" on criminals of the lower orders calculated to



VALOUR IN THE FIELD.

"Hi! JACK! LOOK! THERE'S A HARE!"

"A—A—A—A—ALL RIGHT! WHO'S AFRAID!"

discredit, and to damage, one of the chief educational establishments of the Church of England.

In the meanwhile, have the Magistrates of Winchester no jurisdiction over Winchester College, and could they not, on due information, order the Police to keep an eye on the Præfects?

GOOD-BYE, DOWSE!

DICK DOWSE, DICK DOWSE,
Is it lavin' the House?
How'll we ever at-all manage widout you?
Give *Punch* hould of your hand,
While he tells to the Land,
Ologone! Dick, avick, how he's peltin' about you.

Get Socrates mellow,
And he'd just be Dick's fellow,
For figure and feature and forehead so high,
Wid as good a prittince
To logical sinse,
But there's more nor the *sage* in our broth of a boy.

For Socrates, Solon,
Jugurtha, Timol'on,
Caisar, Augustus, or young Alcibiades,
Had divle a bit
Of the likes of your wit
No more nor a tom-cat or one of the Pleiades.

For whiniver Dick's pate
Shot up from his sate—
Like the sun in a stato of sublimest good-humour—
The worst Prose in the House
Sat as still as a mouse,
And the sleepest Mumber woke up at the rumour.

A TRAP TO CATCH A JOKE.

Among the wonders of Paris is a man said to be living at 31, Rue Ramponeau, the modern counterpart of VALENTINE ORFÈVRES. He was formerly a soldier in a regiment of Zouaves, but some years since quitted the Army to practise curative Mesmerism. Still called "the Zouave JACON," he is reported to heal diseases by his touch. According to the *Acenir National*:—

"With an aspect of profound conviction, he lays his hands on the sick and paralytic, tells them to walk, and they depart with a persuasion that there is an improvement in their condition. However it may be, JACON has not made a fortune by magnetism, for he admits that, without adding to it the business of a hatter, he should not know how to live."

Now, we know what you will say, some of you. You will say that JACON is mad as a hatter. No, JACON isn't. On second thoughts, don't you think that he is mad as a Mesmerist.

Progress in Fireproof.

Non stone, nor iron, for fire-proof building's good
We're told; we must go back, 'tis said, to wood.
Does brick than timber burn more fast away?
Should it not answer, gutta-percha may;
Or rather India-rubber, we suppose,
Since that's elastic, as the cant word goes.

Commons and Enclosure.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, at the Lord Mayor's Feast, complained that the House of Commons of late had been taking upon itself the proper functions of the Government. Mr. LOWE refrained from illustrating his complaint by examples. One instance in point might have been suggested to him by local circumstances. He was speaking in Guildhall, and it was the influence of the Corporation of London, exerted in the House of Commons, which defeated the Government's proposed measures designed to legalise the further enclosure of Epping Forest.

The Reporters' long faces
Got short'nin' like blazes
At this Smiling Oasis snob sandy stuff afther:
Why! even the Bobby
Snaked in from the Lobby,
And almost destroyed himself chokin' wid laughter.

Whilst finent SIR JACK
You'd stretch in a crack
On the broad of his back wid your classical knowledge;
Or—you funny ould thief—
At a tip from your Chief,
Talk out BALL, to his grief, upon Trinity College.

But, DOWSE, DICK DOWSE,
You're lavin' the House,
To be grave as a judge from this out to the end,
And put on the black cap,
You unfortunate chap!
Well, here's luck to your Lordship—for *Punch* is your friend.

* *Vide* the last debate in the House on Woman's Suffrage.

LETTER FROM AN ARTISAN.

SIR,—as For this Winchister buisness It Defy coment but i Hope
You will show It up for Your Art is in write plays Tho You Hit and
at Times Sir Am not a Softy And wold give a Boy a hideing if nead
wich have often Dun wich cause Words with there Mother but never
Rose And to her wold Snner cut it of but to wollop Until a Lode of
Sticks was Broke and give Thirtey cuts all for Nothing Is an assault
wich I wold *Punch* is head and His master to but serpose This is the
Way wich yung Swells lurn sweatness and Lito which Make Them
so clever and Brave to Make us heat umble Py wen They grow Into
gunving Classes by insert wich will obldige

Your humble Sert.
To *Punch*. A FATHER.



A FAITHFUL WATCHMAN.

Rector (who has a view of the Country from the Reading-Desk). "I THINK IT ONLY RIGHT TO MENTION TO YOU, FARMER ROBINSON, THAT I CAN SEE SOME BOYS—AH—PURLOINING YOUR APPLES!"

[Clerk (who was hard of hearing) was just commencing to give out, "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever——" when he was stopped by our vigilant Pew-opener!]

THE PEOPLE AND THE PARKS.

(A Lay of the Lower Orders.)

WILL them bloated Persons trample on the People? Douse their light!

May the bloated 'lectric fluid spile their bloated horbs of sight!
Tell us we shan't go no further in Hyde Park than just so far?
Check the People's demonstrations, them as made 'em what they are?

When yer, coming in yer thousands, gathers in the Royal Grounds,
What's the good if we can't only talk to yer within fixed bounds?
Wus is bounds of sitivation, hof the two, than bounds of speech,
When the Persons as they're spoke at, distant bounds won't let 'em reach.

Fenian friends and sons of freedom, vindicate yer right to go
Where the bloated Swells can hear us—nigh the Ring, or Rotten Row,
Or PRINCE HALBERT's bloated 'Morial, so as to make speeches there,
Like we do beneath Old NELSON's Collum in Trafalgar Square.

Now we've got that bloated AYRTON, and that other Person, BRUCE,
Them there pair of bloated Persons, down upon us with a roos.
'Tis their dodge to have the People's leaders up afore the Beaks.
Yah! and they calls themselves Liberals, do they, pair of bloated Sneaks?

If they've got the lawr on their side, which it mayn't be or it may,
Then they'll silence indiwidgials—that's the little game they'll play.

Won't yer rally round "THUMB ODGER," if them Persons should pursue?
You, the People, if you don't, you'll all be bloated Persons too.

"PHŒBUS, WHAT A NAME!"

As a rule, *Mr. Punch* avoids mention of the appellations of persons not before the public. But a private gentleman has announced a name of which he should be too proud to object to its reproduction anywhere. This is his advertisement, in the *Times* :—

I Hereby give notice, that I will NOT be ANSWERABLE for any Debt contracted in my name without my written authority after this date.—3, Macclesfield-street, Soho, November 12th, 1872. — PRZEMYSŁAW WALERY JOZAPHAT TCHORZCWSKI.

"My Jo!" as a friend of ours swears, if there were anybody with patience and adroitness to learn and pronounce this, he would deserve any credit he might ask. But we should think the advertiser quite safe. His "nomination" is what SOUTHEY describes in the *March to Moscow* :—

"A name that you *may* know by sight very well,
But which no one can speak, and which no one can spell."

Something Graceful.

MR. GLADSTONE's good health—which is happily restored—was drunk after dinner on the "Grand Day" at the Middle Temple. In returning thanks our PREMIER said :—

"I can only say that, in reference to the recent arbitration, the principles upon which we have been proceeding have undergone no discouragement whatsoever."

Good, WILLIAM; but in so saying, did you not rather say grace after humble-pie?

LEGAL QUERY.

MR. JUSTICE BRAMWELL decides that it is no libel to call a man a Welsher. Is it a libel to call him a Welshman? Let us hear from MR. STANLEY, on his arrival.

Punch at Lunch.



WHEN I was inspecting the wonderful curiosities in the new Guildhall Library, I beheld several admirable portraits of the good and beautiful QUEEN ELIZABETH. One, not very flattering, she actually stopped, while it was engraving. I made a sketch from the unfinished affair. Behold the result. That was a great Show, that in the City, and the instigators deserve loud praise.

I am so pleased with the Coroner's Jury for the praise justly awarded to CAPTAIN SHAW and his band of Braves for their gallant behaviour at the great Flour-mills fire, that I do not care to ask the gentleman who put the verdict into writing what he happens to mean by the "arduous" manner in which the Captain and his men did their work. Nay, I will defend the word. *Arduous* means high, lofty. 'Tis more defensible than *excelsior*, in the poem, anyhow.

A Cook, advertising for a place, says, "A family, if plain, not objected to." She need not apply at my house. But I know several families that would suit her, though I dare say they don't think so.

What will certain advertisers give me for this suggestion? A classical bit for their advertisements. *Maxima debetur puero Revalenta*. They say it is very good for children.

I gave you a thundering verse by the mild DR. WATTS the other day, *Toby*. Now I will give you a roystering verse by an austere moralist:—

"When the bonny blads carouses,
Pockets full and spirits high,
What are acres, what are houses?
Only dirt, or wet or dry."

That, Sir, is by our late friend, DR. JOHNSON.

His Royal Highness the late DUKE OF WESSEX was making his difficult way through a crowded party in a very hot room, when he encountered CAPTAIN PARRY, who had recently returned from an expedition among the icebergs. "Ha! PARRY," said the Duke, "how do you do? This is more like the South Pole than the North Pole, eh?"

MEHEMET ALI made a canal from Alexandria to the Nile, and that enlightened but most barbarous ruler's execrable treatment of the poor labourers caused the death of about 25,000 men, women, and children, in a few weeks. Never, I suppose, was there such an enormous display of contempt for the *canaille*. But he wanted water very much, then.

MARCELLO (a Venetian poet and composer, my dear *Toby*, and he has been dead a century and a half) wrote choruses for soprani and contralti, who had to baa like sheep, and moo like cows. He would have made his fortune in comic opera for Paris and London, now. Will not some new creature, with similar gifts, arise? *Ille Marcellus erit*.

If MR. BESSEMER succeeds in vanquishing Neptune, that is, in making a vessel in which one can't be sick, those who "suffer a sea-

change," should erect a statue to him. For don't they make a fuss over their agonies? The statue should be made of pewter—I must not suggest how this can be supplied. Would you like to be a steward, *Toby*?

Near my abode is fixed a placard warning mankind that a culprit was fined heavily, the other day, for "needlessly ringing a bell." I wish I could make a similar example of a similar offender, who commits a similar crime on Sundays, from 10.30 to 11, and from 2.30 to 3. Church bells were excellent things when there were no clocks and watches, but now are an anachronism, though proclaiming time.

Push me those Norfolk biffins, because they have reminded me that in 1445 the people of Norfolk and Suffolk complained to Government of the increase of attorneys in those parts. It was alleged that there were twenty-four, and that no end of lawsuits were the consequence. The petitioners begged that the number might be cut down to six or eight, at which, let us hope, it remains.

There is no valid excuse for a man's getting tipsy. I am glad that the foolish act is made a legal crime. But if you want to know where a plausible extenuation for a clever person's tipiness can be found, I again refer you to DR. JOHNSON. "He that feels oppression from the presence of those to whom he knows himself superior will desire to let loose his powers of conversation, and who that ever asked succour from Bacchus was able to preserve himself from being enslaved by his auxiliary?"

I have Notes—any Commentator shall have them for a round but remarkably reasonable sum—of many Shakspearian Queries. Divers things want clearing up. How about the sack that *William* lost at Hickley fair? How much a dozen were *Mrs. Keech's* prawns? What became of *Black George Barnes*? Who was *Master Sure-Card*, who is alluded to only? Was *Master Dumbleton's* satin warehouse celebrated? Why did *Master Smooth*, as a silkman, exhibit the sign of the lubbar's (or leopard's) head? Is there a portrait of *Mistress Eleanor Poins*? If my friend, DR. DORAN, the new and most fitting Editor of *Notes and Queries* can answer me these questions, I will kindly ask him some more.

I think that of all the stupid, bumptious, yet goody-goody names that ever were assumed by boobies, the name "*Good Templar*" is the most offensive. The only excuse—what's that, *Toby*, don't mutter? The only excuse is that the blockheads wish to be distinguished from our neighbours the lawyers. 'Tis well, Sir, but there is no fear of a mistake. Lawyers may be—well, imperfect, but they are not fools.

'Tis difficult to signify, gracefully, to one's Religious Man (well, you say Medical Man), that his discourses are unacceptable. Perhaps this delicate remonstrance is as gentle as such a thing can be made:—

There was an old preacher in Hull,
He had nothing at all in his skull,
His flock came before him,
And said, "Cockalorum,
Your sermons are awfully dull."

I do not habitually drink beer. Why? Because I cannot habitually get good beer. But if one of our great Breweries would imitate the noble and beautiful example of the Brewers of Heidelberg, and other German cities, and would have a private club-room attached to the premises, so that the Select might get the genuine fluid fresh from the cask—*non sine fumo*—I should be heard of, on sundry evenings, in that vicinity. *Deutschland, Deutschland, über alles*, etc.

The most exquisite courtesy in language may accompany the most atrocious cruelty in action. I have felt this upon many occasions when I have been rejected by young ladies. I suppose a Japanese criminal feels it when his judge tells him that he "has behaved otherwise than was expected," and delivers him to be divided into portions.

LORD ELDON was occasionally accused of procrastination. His answer was neat. "Time enough, if well enough."

Some of our ancestors were wise, but some must have been very stupid asses. One of them lived in Shropshire, and made this proverb, which may still be current there: "He that fetcheth a wife from Shrewsbury, must carry her into Staffordshire, or else he shall live in Cumberland." It is so abject, besides being brutal, that I must expound. The idiot meant that a man who marries a shrew must take a staff, or stick, to her, or he'll find her an incumbrance. This was told me on the Wrekin. I drink to all friends round it.



COOL COURAGE.

(And long may it be the noble Distinction of the British Soldier.)

Officer. "WHY DON'T YOU SALUTE, SIR?"

Private. "DOD, MAN, A' CLEAN FORGOT!"

CHILDREN IN ARMS.

THERE be land babies and (as KINGSLEY testifieth) there be water babies, and among the former there is a class to which certain antagonists exist among the latter. These water babies have opposed themselves to those land babies, who might be distinguished from the others by the name of beer babies, but that, as a class, they include wine and spirit babies, so that they might generally be denominated intoxicating liquor babies by persons who choose to call good things by bad names; otherwise, and correctly, we may term them generous liquor babies. Your water babies are babies who can stand no drink stronger than water, or water bewitched in the form of tea and other slops. Conscious of their own weakness in this respect, and incapable of self-control, they go about crying to be put under restraint, and, in order that they legally may, they also clamour for the imposition of the same restraint on everybody else. The beer babies, and other babies of that sort, are not, indeed, babies in the sense of being really feeble and imbecile, but may be spoken of as babies because they have been so treated by the Legislature in having been subjected, in respect of their beer and the like beverages, to restrictions suitable only for the imbecility of tender infants.

Now, among the beer babies there is one baby, in special antagonism to the water babies, and particularly disagreeable to them, who may, by pre-eminence, not in babyism but in beer, be styled a great baby. This Great Beer Baby is MR. BASS, the Brewer, of Burton-on-Trent, and Member for East Staffordshire. He presided, the other evening, at an annual meeting of a society of smaller, although strong, beer babies, and other babies of the Bar (not forensic), belonging to the Licensed Victuallers' Association. This assembly was held in the Cutlers' Hall, Sheffield. The toast of the evening, "Success to the Association," was proposed by Beer Baby BASS, who might, as in discussing the Licensing Act he touched upon the Teetotal fanatics, have remarked that the sale of cutlery might as well be restricted as that of liquor, since, if people can

QUITE ANOTHER THING.

In the course of a speech made to a meeting of sympathisers with the demagogues prosecuted by the Government for taking part in the late philo-Fenian meeting held in Hyde-park, MR. AYRTON's rules notwithstanding, MR. ODGER, denouncing the Act under which our Edile conceives that he has framed them, said:—

"Well might MR. HENLEY call it Algerine legislation (cheers). This was all done by the Government that formerly encouraged them to resist, and done through a fussy, meddling, unscrupulous, pettifogging instrument, conjured into office nobody knew how (cheers and laughter)."

By the "instrument," coupled with the epithets which moved the mirth and applause of his hearers, MR. ODGER was apparently supposed by those gentlemen—and ladies for aught we know—to mean the CHIEF COMMISSIONER OF WORKS, and erector in Hyde-park of the Terminus which the Tribunes of the Populace will not worship or even respect. But in abusing that instrument, and complaining of its employers, MR. ODGER is very unreasonable towards MR. AYRTON and the Government. To embarrass truculent Tories in office is one thing; to attempt the intimidation of a Liberal Ministry is another; and it was to do the former thing only, and not the latter at all, that MR. ODGER, and his associates received encouragement.

A Desirable Drink.

ACCORDING to a paragraph in the *Echo*, it is not improbable that a new beverage will be introduced into this country from Brazil, called Guaranà, which, amongst other qualities, is said to possess the property of "making the speakers eloquent." If this is so, a general desire will be felt that Guaranà should be imported in large quantities without delay; so that it may be ready for consumption in the refreshment rooms of the House of Commons next Session. Such potion would have been of the greatest service to a large majority of those Members who have had the painful task imposed on them this Autumn of addressing their constituents.

A CONSTITUTIONAL QUESTION.

WHEN is "Parliament out of Session" like a Magpie at a Publichouse? When is it chattering on the Stump.

get drunk if they like, so likewise are they free to cut their own throats or to stab others. The Arch Beer Baby, however, though he omitted to point that out, concluded a by no means babyish speech with a manful exhortation. Referring to the squalling and fits of the Water Babies who constitute the United Kingdom Alliance, MR. BASS said that:—

"The agitation had had the good effect of bringing the trade together, and he hoped they would realise their position, and stand shoulder to shoulder to face the formidable phalanx which was opposed to them. They had an enemy which set them an example in union and in enthusiasm. The United Kingdom Alliance boasted of their fund of £100,000, and he should like to see every brewer, licensed victualler, and person connected with the trade, subscribe so much a quarter towards a defence fund. If they could get the trade together, they would soon put the Alliance to shame."

Well said, Big Beer Baby. When those Water Babies combine, we Beer Babies should unite. We have come to a pretty pass when a Beer Baby, six feet high, or, say, four feet round, if he walk all the way from London up to Hampstead or Highgate, proposing to walk back again, is already forbidden, under penalties, to get a glass of beer with a bit of bread-and-cheese, or with his dinner, at a tavern, on a day which at another time of year may be a broiling hot one, between the hours of three and six of an afternoon—because it is Sunday! This is particularly prejudicial to the Beer Baby four feet round, for exercise is the condition of this child's existence; and if inability to get his beer in the course of his walk induce him to stay at home, and drink it there, he must necessarily go on increasing in circumference, and getting more and more plethoric, so as at last, some fine day, like *Toby Philpot*, in the old comic song, to die suddenly of pulmonary apoplexy.

THE WINTON TREE.

THE Prefects at Winchester College are said to be accustomed to swear, in imitation of Jupiter, "By the Styx." But the young gentlemen mean their ground-ashes.



A MIXED BAG IN THE LOWLANDS.

Young Lady. "WELL, DAVID, WHAT HAS PAPA GOT TO-DAY?"

Under-Keeper. "WEEL, NO VERA MUCKLE THE DAY, MISS. JUST FOWER BRACE O' PAITRICKS, AN' TWA DUKES, AN' A CUSHIE DOO!"

AYRTON AGAIN.

"THE result of the Hyde-park prosecutions was generally anticipated, and it is probable enough that the conviction will be affirmed on appeal. There is, however, much irritation at Mr. AYRTON's behaviour in this matter, especially in the light that has been thrown upon it by Mr. VERNON HARCOURT's letter. The courts of law may decide in favour of the present prosecution, but a court of honour, if it reflected public opinion, would convict the FIRST COMMISSIONER of a flagrant breach of faith with Parliament. After all the discord which has issued from MR. AYRTON's department since the Right Hon. Gentleman went there, it is not surprising that the friends of the Government were loud in the expression of their hope that the Indian mail brought us correct news in the rumour that MR. AYRTON was to succeed SIR RICHARD TEMPLE."—*London Correspondence of Manchester Guardian.*

HE came to us first from the Indian shore,
In an Indian Office his pinions 'gan grow:
As a Bombay Attorney he first learnt to soar,
Leaving dusky competitors distanced below.

And England that owns how impartially rude
In his Office of Works and of words he has been,
To India would gladly her AYRTON retrace,
There to wallop his nigger, severely serene.

The Attorney she nursed, brow of brass, tongue of power,
Opponents to bully and Bench to o'erbear;
Take, India, as Lord of thy Treasury, the flower
Of the bud that thy courts first saw blossom so fair.

He has bettered the lessons thou taught'st in the past,
And by practice made perfect has mastered his tools,
Till, from making M.P.'s eat dirt singly, at last
He snubs the House round, as he frames his Park rules.

Has he not bowled HOPE over, and MANNEYS defied;
Stricken DAVENPORT-BROMLEY o'er chaffed to his shoe;
Thrust the phalanx of Science, contemptuous, aside,
And slapped HOOKER's face, in their teeth, black and blue?

Till he sits mighty monarch of all he surveys;
Who dares meddle with him, that dares meddle with all?
Never speaks but to chide, sets all tempers ablaze,
Raises tempests in tea-cups, and rides o'er the squall!

Dis aliter! Died the kind hope newly born,
The relief we had dreamt of denied to our prayers,
And our *Ædile* remains to enrich and adorn
"All the Talents" with all the soft Graces he wears.

But be cautious, my AYRTON; 'twas easy to win,
At thy weapons, the fight with wit, breeding, and lore;
In a far other charge thou now risest thy skin
Than that which, late, HOOKER and LUBBOCK o'erbore;

'Tis with BRADLAUGH and ODGER, rough tongues as thine own,
Thou ventur'st, now, equal battle to wage.
For attack and defence the same brass we hear blown,
And as callous a hand flings, as takes up, the gage.

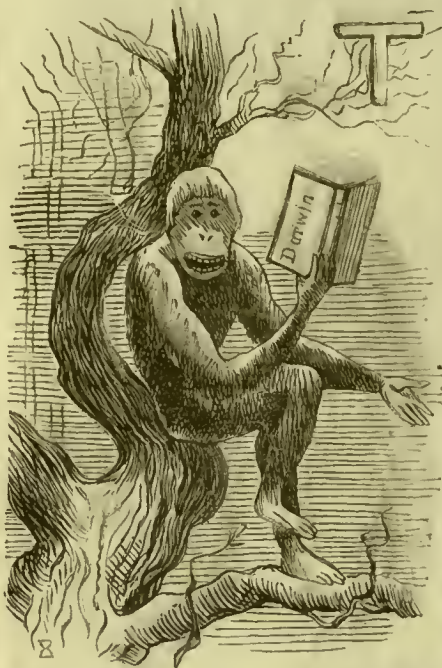
If he thought that his AYRTON had JUVENAL read,
A truth of that satirist's *Punch* would recall—
How the best blood of Rome safe the Tyrant could shed,
But was lost when he dared foul of cobblers to fall.

• "Tempora servitim, claras quibus abastulit Urbi
Illustresque animas impuno et vindice nollo!
Sed perit, postquam cerdonibus esse timendus
Ceperat. Hoc nocuit Lamiarum cædi mædenti."
Sat. iv., 151-4.

Look before you Leap.

It is possible, said an experienced Uncle to an adolescent Nephew,
to be tolerably comfortable in marriage, if your wife enjoys good
health and you enjoy as much money as will enable you to afford to
gratify all her inclinations besides your own.

PIETY AND PARALLEL.



flection. At the sight of a monkey scratching himself in the Zoological Gardens, that philosopher might with much propriety observe, "There, but for Natural Selection and the Struggle for Existence, sits CHARLES DARWIN."

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

Happy Thought.—In advertising for Gardener, think him out well first, so that there shall be no mistake afterwards. The question is, what do I want him to do, or, rather, first and foremost, what am I going to have for him to do? To save "x's," I should wish a man to combine certain offices.

TELFORD writes to ask me would I like some Hens? Yes, certainly. PUNDLEY, TELFORD's farming friend, can give me a Duck or two, and can sell me a Pig. PUNDLEY lives in the south of Cornwall, twelve miles from any railway station. If I'll have the pig and ducks he wants to know will I come and fetch 'em, or how?

Suppose I close with PUNDLEY's offer, then with Cow, I've got Ducks, Hens, and Pigs. That's what I shall have for a Gardener to do. As the lodging-house keepers say, he'll have to do for two Ducks (or more), Hens uncertain, and a Pig.

The question is, how to word this properly in an advertisement. "Wanted, a Gardener, who has no objection to a Pig." That, I think, is the regular, and really the pleasantest way of putting it: then, to vary it a little, add, "And who can get on with a Cow."

Happy Thought.—Title for a song, "Who can get on with a Cow?"

In enumerating the above animals, I've quite forgotten the Pony. By the way, must purchase Pony. Also, no farm-yard complete without a Dog.

Note. Odd. The other day, when making an alphabetical list of what I should require, I found that with quite a rush everything came suddenly under the letter "P;" now there's a run upon "D"—as, for instance, Dog, Ducks, Donkey.

Happy Thought.—Look in paper for how to word properly an advertisement. Search out precedents.

Look down column. Where are the Gardeners who want Employers, or where are the Employers who want Gardeners.

The first I come across is, "To Master Bread and Biscuit Bakers," Reminding me of ENOLEMORE at once. Master Bread and Biscuit. On again. Where are Gardeners' advertisements? Next? No. A Single-handed Nurse, &c. By the way, not much use where there are twins.

Now then Gardener, where are you? . . . The next that catches my eye is, "A Valet who only requires a nominal salary." This sets me thinking. Substitute Gardener for Valet, and wouldn't that suit my pocket? "Only a Nominal Salary." Might be fourpence a year. Still, if proposal comes from him, he can't complain. I'll read this advertisement on to the end. It continues as a reason

for the nominal salary, "not having been out before." Now, would this do for a Gardener? Let me suppose that I should find this form:—

"A Gardener who only requires a nominal salary, never having attended to a Garden in his life, and utterly ignorant of Pigs and Cows, wishes for a situation. Good references."

Now what should I do? He'd be cheap, that's certain, as far as wages go. But his references? What character could they give him, except to corroborate his own statement that he "never had attended to a garden," and that he was, as he stated, utterly ignorant of pigs, and knew just as little about cows. Such a reference would be unsatisfactory; and, after all, if they only said he didn't drink and was honest, wouldn't it be tantamount to describing him as a moral and sober idiot?

On the other hand, I remember my Aunt, who is really an experienced person, distinctly saying, that in choosing servants she would rather have one at low wages (a Cook for example) whom she herself could teach, and who would do what she (my Aunt) told her, without attempting to instruct her, than an elderly scientific professed or Plain Cook, whose only thought was, out of her materials at hand to make as little as possible for the dining-room, and as much as possible for her own private purse.

Then how did my Aunt instruct her? Why, by supervision, and out of a good cookery-book. Now, I ask myself seriously, what's the use of my having learned to read and write, and of having gone through the grades of a superior education, if I can't study, day by day, the gardening work, so as to instruct a gardener, and then see him carry out my orders under my own eye? True, I shall have to devote my time to it at first—but at first only; and, after awhile, I shall, from my own personal experience, be able to publish a useful volume on Farming (the *Pharmacopæia* before mentioned in these Notes) and Gardening, with an Essay on Pigs, Poultry, Peas, &c.

On the whole, I am inclined to advertise as follows, compounding my advertisement out of what I see wanted, so that thus I may get a thoroughly useful man, whom I could form myself. Besides, GURCH's gardeners will start the affair, just putting things straight.

My Advertisement, as planned:—

"WANTED.—A thorough Out-of-door Servant, not less than twenty-five years of age, with good personal character and references, single, active, and English—"

I mention this to exclude foreigners; and yet, when I think of it, the Dutch are great Gardeners.

Happy Thought.—Might, with a Dutch gardener, win a prize in Dutch Tulips. Imitate the BUNGAY style, and call it the Giant Emperor Nook Conquering Hero Tulip, or Imperator Victor Nookensis.

Continue Advertisement, thus: Single—(it wouldn't do to have a Double-Dutchman)—*active, English or Dutch. Height no object.*

No, on second thoughts, omit this, or limit it, say, to six feet one. Over six feet one no giant need apply. I can't say height no object when, if he were seven feet, he would be an object—and a tremendous object.

Happy Thought.—But then I could exhibit him. Place him among the tulips, and call him the *Géant Jardinier Hollandais au Coin*—au coin looks as if he'd been placed in the corner for punishment, but it really means The Nook. Translation of the whole, The Giant Dutch Gardener in the Nook. Or, if only four feet high, Homunculus Horticulturalisticus Nookensis.

Advertisement continued.—"Middle height. One who requires a nominal salary only much preferred. If he has never been out before, he will be instructed on the premises. He must know something"—

I don't want him to be an absolute fool—

—"of Pigs, Poultry (including Ducks), and a Pony, and must not object to a Cow."

The Cow may object to him, if he doesn't know his business, when he comes to milk; but that's his look-out, and he'll have to look out pretty sharply too, because a Cow kicks sideways, I believe.

"Apply, Nook Farm Dairy, or to X., at the Minerva Club, between Two and Four."

"X.," at the Minerva Club, is myself; and I send the Messenger down to the Newspaper with this advertisement. Anxious to see what comes of it. Watch and Wait: Motto.

On first opportunity must be introduced to ENOLEMORE's stock-broker who farms.

While watching and waiting, I run down to the Nook, to see how things generally are getting on, and to meet Mr. GURCH on the subject of preparations for Garden.

The world of Nurserymen and Seedsman seems to have awoke to the fact of my being about to start a Garden. I am inundated with *Season Catalogues* (CAGMER's), BODGER, MUMPKIN, WUGGUM & Co's *Seed and Vegetable List*, *The Royal Bucks Nursery Garden Book*,

issued by HULLABY AND SONS, with form of order enclosed—so thoughtful this of HULLABY AND SONS!—and, finally, BUNGAY over again, who has sprouted out so wonderfully into all sorts of Lists, Guides, Prospectuses, and illustrated Garden Books, that I am inclined to think he is somehow connected with the printing interest. If not, the cost alone to BUNGAY of employing Vegetable Authors for the literary part of his (BUNGAY'S) publications, and of fruit, vegetable, and flower artists for the illustrations, must be something enormous. Evidently, a man whose *spécialité* is vegetables, is required, and yet what draughtsman's while can it be worth to injure his health by sitting out all day copying peculiar parsnips and odd carrots, besides seriously damaging his constitution by changing the atmosphere suddenly from out-of-doors chill and damp to the tropical climate of a hothouse, where he'd sketch BUNGAY'S *Early Glory* (Strawberry) or his *Golden Intermediate* (Grape).

This leads me into the subject of Fruit. It strikes me that Gardening is certainly an occupation, and with Farming is clearly uncommonly like a business. O, here's Mr. GUTCH!

MR. PUNCH'S PARLIAMENTARY NOTICE FOR SESSIONS, 1872—3.

AÉRIAL RAILWAYS.

Incorporation of Company—Construction of Aërial Railways—Erection of Castles in the air—purchase of Public Property—Sale and Lease of old characters—Amalgamation of Public Men—Amendment of Acts.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to *Punch* in the ensuing Session for an Act to incorporate a Company under the name of "the Aërial Railway Company," and to confer on that Company when incorporated, the following powers or some of them:—

1. To make these Railways commencing and terminating as follows:—

- A Railway commencing at a point 10,000 feet or thereabouts above the Treasury in Downing Street, London, England, and terminating at a point 10,000 feet or thereabouts above the White House, Washington, United States.
- A Railway commencing by a Junction with the first-named Railway at its commencement, and terminating at a point 10,000 feet over the Imperial Palace at Berlin.
- A Railway commencing at any point on the above-named Railways, and terminating in endless National Litigation.

2. To erect Castles, Stations, Liquor-bars, Lager Beer-shops, and all necessary works and conveniences along the line of the same Railways.

3. To levy tolls, rates, and duties on JOHN BULL.

4. To purchase the old Horse in Leicester Square, the Bank of England, the Houses of Parliament, the British Constitution, and all Political and Commercial Corporations, bodies, and persons, in Great Britain and elsewhere, and to sell or lease JOHN BULL and the British Lion (subject to their debts and liabilities), and to invest the proceeds arising therefrom in the purchase of Erie Shares, and to repay all liabilities to foreign nations with the same at par, and to apply the residue in making the Railways and works.

5. To amalgamate the POPE, MR. WHALLEY, the President of the Fenian Republic, the Stump Orators at Exeter Hall, and other dignitaries and undignified persons whose names create discord and excitement—and to alter, amend, enlarge, and extend all or any of the Acts of the Hyde Park Roughs, and the manners of the Home Office and Park Managers, and to repaint the notice-boards prohibiting public meetings, and to make martyrs of professional agitators.

6. On or before the 10th day of December, plans and sections of the proposed Railway, and a Book of Reference thereto, and a copy of this Notice, will be deposited with the Man in the Moon, at Jack Straw's Castle; and at the *Punch* Office, on or before the 21st.

7. Copies of the Bill will be deposited at the *Punch* Office, and may be had by the Public at—to them—the insignificant price of threepence.

Dated November 29th, 1872.

TOBY,
Solicitor for the Bill,
Fleet Street.

The Greatest Betting Nuisance.

A HORSEY betting-man is a comparatively tolerable member of society, wherein his proclivity to wagers is limited, so to say, by a Ring. He is agreeable to his like, within their circle, and does not trouble outsiders. But a bore altogether insufferable is the man prone to betting who seizes every possible opportunity of challenging you to bet. You cannot express an opinion that this or that is a fact without, if he thinks otherwise, his offering to "lay you what you like," that it isn't. He thus impedes conversation, and cuts argument short. This better is altogether worse than the other.

POSTMEN AND PHILOSOPHERS.



AD it is to see what discontent is being created on every hand by the economical acts of our careful Government. A paragraph appeared in the papers the other day announcing:—

"DISCONTENT AMONG THE LONDON POSTMEN.—On Monday morning the inspector on duty at the branch post-office, Buckingham Palace-gate, called together the letter-carriers and sorters of the south-western district, numbering over 100, and informed them that he had a communication from the Postmaster-General to read to them respecting the 'stripes' that had been awarded to about twenty-five of their number for meritorious conduct."

Instead of going down on their knees immediately, and singing a thanksgiving ode to MR. MONSIEUR, what did these ungrateful wretches of postmen do?

"The men, with one or two exceptions, vociferously called out, 'We don't want to hear it.' 'Put it down, Sir.' 'We won't hear another word.' 'We want more wages, not stripes, nor MR. MONSIEUR'S buttons.' 'It will disgrace us to wear stripes, and we shall be laughed and jeered through the streets.' 'Buttons and stripes won't feed our children.' 'It's all favouritism.'"

Stripes are so very cheap that we cannot feel too sorry that the men to whom they were offered preferred shillings so very much as to be provoked by the tender of the former instead of the latter to behave as above and below:—

"The inspector made another attempt to read the report, but the uproar now became warmer still. Yells, hooting, groans, whistling, and other discordant noises were kept up until the inspector had to retire without reading MR. MONSIEUR'S report."

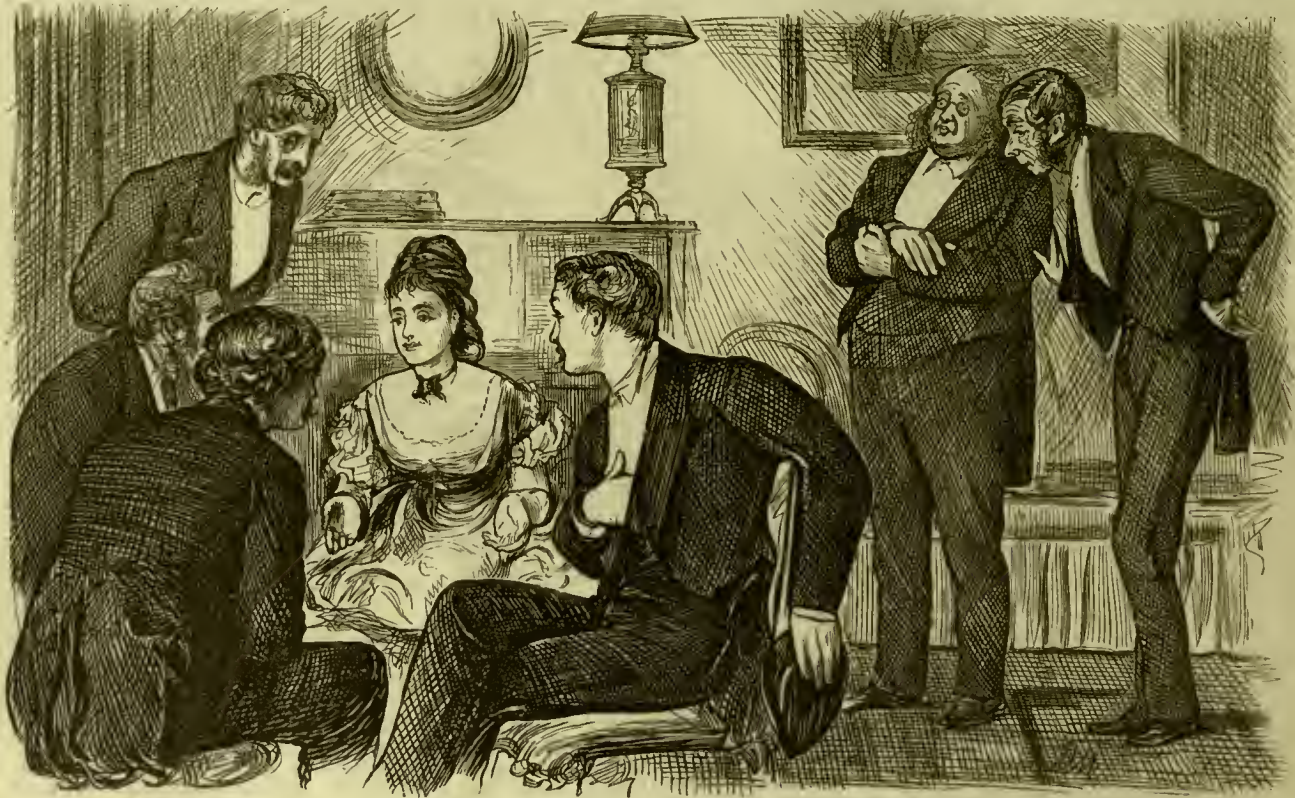
There is reason, however, to expect that firm and resolute Administrators will make these murmurers repent of their ingratitude.

"This being reported to the head-office yesterday morning, the men were informed that, if they did not choose to accept the stripes, they had better send in their resignations. The other branch offices are equally averse to the stripes. A great meeting of the whole of the carriers is to be called immediately by the delegates from each branch office."

Postmen are men of letters, and as such walk rounds. Thus they become philosophers of the peripatetic school; for pedestrianism favours thought. How often, when a knotty question arises in the mind, *solitar ambulando*! Philosophy, unfortunately, teaches postmen to despise stripes, such as are proposed as the reward of good and not bad conduct. How fortunate it is that things of that sort are duly valued by the less thinking military mind! Decorations enable the War Office to save pay, but not the Post Office. As for the Postmen, not only do they not appreciate stripes, but, as will have also been discerned above, neither do they care a button for buttons. Of course they will be made to. Government needs to save as much as three millions and a half, gone in humble pie.

Commendable Considerateness.

MR. PUNCH is always anxious to stamp with his approval instances of thoughtful consideration for the feelings and pockets of others. In this favourable light he regards the conduct of a firm of wine merchants, in sending him their price-list with "Not to be forwarded" plainly printed on the envelope. If clergymen, charitable associations, and merchants and traders generally would adopt this plan, postage would be saved, and temper preserved at those times in the year when Mr. Punch, and his staff, and his readers, are away on the Continent, or at the seaside, or in the Highlands of Scotland, in the pursuit of health, or amusement, or game—periods of relaxation when they would rather not be molested with letters of any description, certainly not with communications bearing on the immediate necessity for rebuilding the tower of Dabington Church, or the undeniable merits of the new white wine "Acidonia," or the urgent need of funds to maintain the *Homs for Strayed Pets* in its present sphere of increasing usefulness.



A SAD CASE.

Mr. Kiljoye. "I'M SO GLAD YOU'VE COME, DR. BLAND! I WANT TO CONSULT YOU ABOUT MY POOR WIFE."

Dr. Bland. "WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HER?" *Mr. Kiljoye.* "SUCH FEARFUL DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS!"

Dr. Bland. "DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS! WHY, SHE'S THE LIFE OF THE PARTY!"

Mr. Kiljoye. "AH, SHE ALWAYS BEARS UP IN COMPANY, POOR THING! BUT YOU SHOULD ONLY SEE HER WHEN WE ARE TOGETHER ALONE!"

QUIS CUSTODIET?

OH, BOBBY, my BOBBY, the stay of the street,
Deemed truest of all my true blues,
I no more dreamed of thee being false to thy beat,
Than the choicest chronometer that for the fleet
Ever AIRY at Greenwich did choose!

From the guilt of a strike can my BOBBY be shriven?
Who of strikes should know only as cuffs?
To break heads of those who to break laws have striven—
Of strikes, in a word, that to roughs should be given,
Not of strikes that are taken from roughs.

Blush, my BOBBY, at thought of the area-belle
Whose contempt thou henceforward shalt mourn:
Of the cook, who regaled her protector so well,
Cold shoulder, henceforth, her changed feelings will tell,
And that, not of mutton, but scorn!

And *Punch*, who hath still 'gainst the rough stood thy friend,
Since to follow roughs' lead thou'rt misled,
Can no more to the Force his protection extend,
Nor be to't, as he once was, a *Punch* to defend,
But, rather, a *Punch* on its head!

Downing Street and Chelsea.

THE result of the appeal of the mob orators against the decision of the Magistrate on the proceedings taken against them by the Government under the Parks Act will probably remind many who have read MR. CARLYLE'S *Occasional Discourse on the Nigger Question*, of the name therein applied to the typical Blackamoor. It appears likely to be a case of QUASHEE.

TONE AND "TUNDING."

In the matter of the "tunding" at Winchester College, of course the Ushers of that seat of bullying have come to the rescue of the Head-Master with a manifesto. This, published in the *Times*, concludes with the following attestation:—

"And they would fail in the duty that they owe to the school if they did not record their testimony to the high tone that has been maintained within it, and the great and various advantages which it has derived from the Head-mastership of DR. RIDDING."

There can be no doubt whatever that the tone maintained during the period above referred to at Winchester College has been very high indeed. The cries of youth under the infliction of bodily pain are usually high-toned in the extreme; and several ground-ash saplings broken over a boy's back would, we imagine, compel him to vociferate in tones of the highest pitch. When a dog is cruelly whipped, he utters exclamations which have been put into articulate expression in the words "pen-and-ink." The tone of these, no doubt, is the sort of tone which has been thoroughly well maintained at Winchester College.

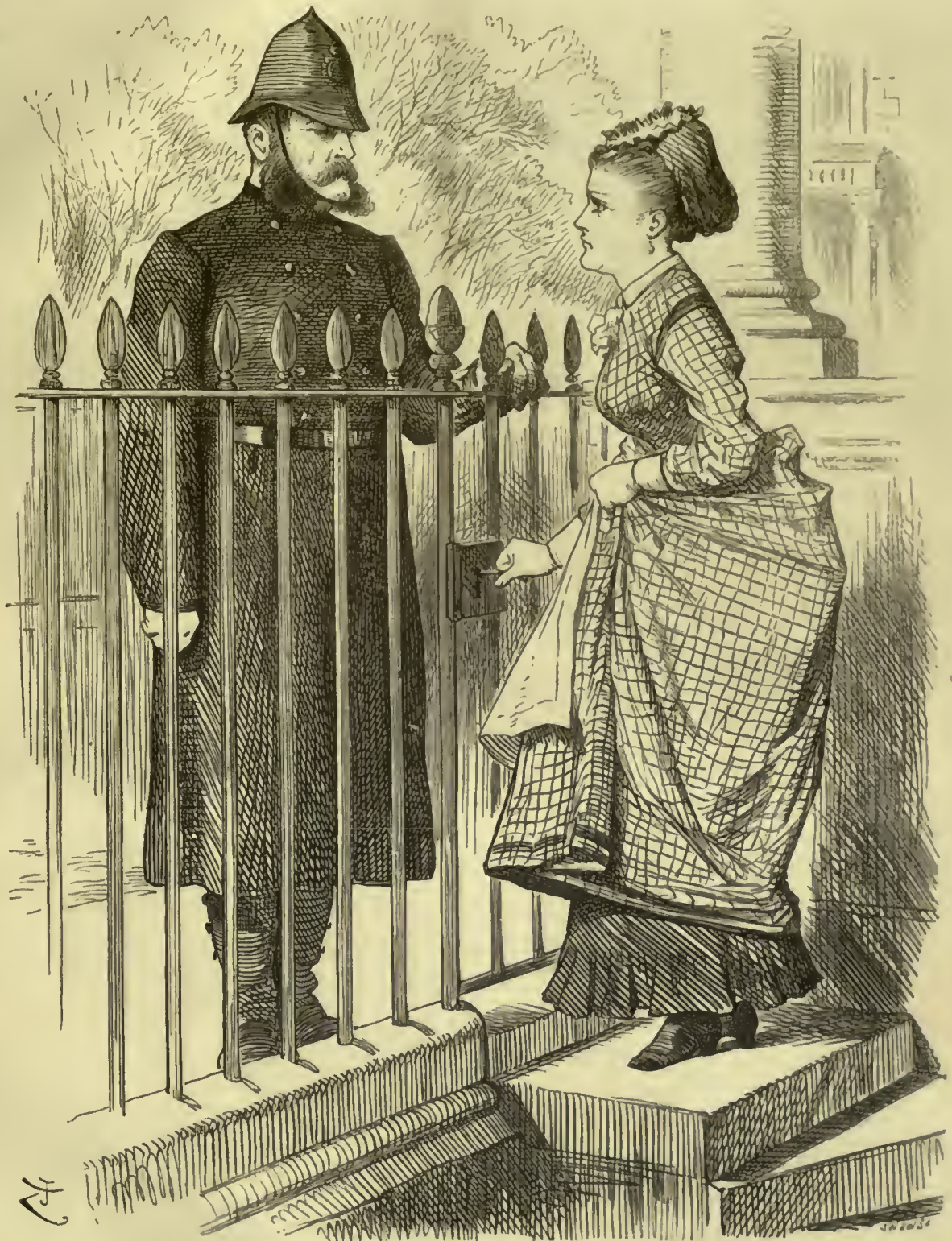
Down and Up.

"THE report that MR. AYRTON is to succeed SIR RICHARD TEMPLE as Financial Minister of India is denied."—*Echo*.

THE depression of India when it hears the report, the delight of India when it reads the denial! Words are powerless to describe all this. But the disappointment some people at home must be feeling!

INTELLECTUAL TREAT.

"'TWOULD be a fine thing," with a sigh said TOM NODDY,
"Were food for the mind nice, like food for the body."



PRO AR(E)IS ET FOCIS.

HOUSEMAID. "O!—SO YOU MUST GO ON STRIKE, *TOO*, MR. ROBERT, MUST YOU?—LEAVIN' OF US ALL TO BE MURDERED, LET ALONE BURGLARS? NEVER AGAIN DOWN *THIS* AREA—NEVER IN YOUR LIFE, SIR! THERE!"

[Locks gate, and puts the key in her pocket.

VOICE FROM BELOW. "NEVER AGAIN!—AS I'M A BRITISH COOK!!"

COLOSSAL FARMING AT THE CAPE.



SOME of our readers will recollect, among the songs of other days, a mildly comic duet for the drawing-room, entitled, "*When a little farm we keep*." Perhaps it has, in more than one instance, been brought to mind by the following extract from some recent telegrams from Cape Town:—

"Ostrich farming is progressing. One farmer has hatched eggs by an incubator of his own construction."

Parrum parva decent. Little girls and boys, little pigs and sheep, are suitable to a little farm. So likewise are little fowls. Conversely, a large farm would require to be stocked with animals of proportionate magnitude. The farm whose fowls are ostriches should be a very large farm. On an ostrich farm all the pigs and sheep and children, and

cattle also, and horses, ought to be of Brobdingnagian dimensions, so as to correspond with the ostrich cocks and hens.

A story was once related by LISON the actor to an eminent songstress, on whose guilelessness he used to practise. He told her that he was once taken prisoner and enslaved by the Algerines, who, not finding him capable of any labour, skilled or other, took him, and, as the best use they could put him to, tarred and feathered him, and appointed him to sit on and hatch turkeys' eggs. An incubator of this sort, to match the one invented by the farmer above mentioned for the purpose of hatching ostriches' eggs, might be made out of an exceptionably useless missionary, if one big enough could be found, since properly to incubate eggs as big as those it would take a Goliath, or some equally gigantic Philistine of the British breed.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(He addresses the Editor from the South Kensington Museum, where he reaches the Picture Gallery.)

DURING luncheon-time I was at first rather startled, though I gradually became accustomed to it, by the waiter from the inner dining-room rushing to the door leading to the central Restauration where we lunchers were sitting, and snapping his finger and thumb wildly; really, I discovered, as a summons to the boy with the beef, or whatever the hot joint on wheels might have been, to bring it to the private diners; but, apparently, his action seemed to be the unpremeditated outburst of a joyous heart, desirous of relieving itself in the hours of business by rushing into a Highland Fling, to which exuberant dance, I believe, snapping the fingers is an indispensable preparation and accompaniment. It seemed hard that the audience should be so unsympathetic, for no one took any notice of his performance beyond turning round for a second to stare at him, under the impression perhaps that he really had come out to do something good in the dancing way, and would have done it but for changing his mind at the last moment, and so postponing the performance.

On quitting the room, I noticed a small box, with a slit in it, belonging to the "Inspector of Refreshments," and underneath was an announcement to the effect that "Visitors having cause to complain of inattention or of the inferiority of the refreshments, are requested to do so to the Inspector, or to leave their complaints in the box." Alas! would that I could have left all my complaints in that box, and have issued forth a new man! My complaint at that precious moment was indigestion, and I could not leave that in the box, or I would have done so with the greatest possible pleasure. Moreover, being perfectly satisfied with the character of the provisions and the service generally, I had no wish to see the Inspector, except to compliment him on the efficiency of this department, at least, of the S. K. Museum, which seemed to me, Sir, as Your Representative, managed upon a sensible and simple plan.

The object of my visit, I here reminded myself, was to find out if there were a likeness of CHARLES THE FIRST in the National Portrait Gallery for which I had taken a ticket, included in my sixpence paid at the entrance. Wishing to see as much for my money as possible (I believe I am expressing Your sentiments, Sir, to the letter) I determined upon inspecting such productions of art as lay in my road to the N. P. G., and decided upon going out of my way and up-stairs, for a few minutes, in order to view the Art Students busy at their grateful studies.

The corridor immediately without the Refreshment-room is devoted to statuary. Most of the statues have got away bashfully into two recesses, where the bold but admiring visitor must follow them up, and rout them out. In a recess within a recess, quite a

private apartment of itself, I came upon an oversized figure of SIGNOR ROSSINI, sitting magisterially behind a wooden bar, in front of which the visitor, wishing to get a full view of 'the eminent composer's' features, must stand as if he'd just been brought up in a police-court before the Stipendiary on a charge of pocket-picking. (A very difficult word, "pocket-picking," by the way, and one that ought immediately, for active service, to be changed into pick-pocketing. Why not?) After a few minutes, the spectator will find himself relieved from the oppression of guilt, which, in such a ghastly presence, will weigh him down—it did me, but I am sensitive, after lunch)—by observing that SIGNOR ROSSINI has evidently been concentrating all his attention upon a dispute between SIR JAMES DICKENS, Bart. (represented by his bust on a pedestal on your right) and the late Iron Duke, whose bust (on your left) has a splash of mud at the back of its head, indicating, perhaps, that the charge against the eminent Indian Baronet has been one of common assault, wherein the Iron Duke, having got the worst of it in the gutter, had summoned his assailant before SIGNOR ROSSINI, J.P., the case to be heard in this particular corner of the S. K. Museum. Whatever the legend intended by this group, it is certain that SIR JAMES DICKENS has got the ear of the Court, and that the other bust, who has come off only second best, is getting a severe wiggling from the worthy Magistrate in the chair, upon whom he is, rather rudely and angrily, turning so much of his back as the sculptor has given him.

Finding sufficient food for reflection in these figures, I left the recess, and, while wondering why they haven't washed the back of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON's head, or brushed it by machinery (it will be, of course, done after this hint), I found myself assisting at the moving of a heavy frame containing a stained-glass window. When I say "assisting," I mean that I co-operated about as usefully, and with as much energy as was displayed by some eminent elderly and clerical-looking person in authority who stood looking on at the process with his hands in his pockets, once interfering to suggest something, and getting snubbed for his pains by the active director of the workmen employed. They had to get this huge affair under an archway, for which it was too high. Such a dragging, heaving, shoving, and lumbering about generally, I never expected to see in a scientific establishment, where, one would have imagined, that ingenious mechanical appliances could be applied, on the spot, to all such ordinary business as this.

I saw at once what was wanted; and it struck me then and there, Sir, that I had been all my life a mechanical genius in disguise, without being aware of it. Who knows his strength until he gives a blow? Whether it was as Your Representative that this lightning flash of brilliant design electrified me, or whether it was as myself, I could not quite make out; but I was on the point of offering my plan for moving weighty bodies at the *minimum* cost of labour with the *maximum* of efficiency, at so much, to be paid down on the nail to me by the elderly official in a white tie and spectacles, if he had had his cheque-book about him, and was empowered to use it, when the legal maxim occurred to me, *Qui facit per alium facit per se*; and I felt that, as Your Representative, I was bound to consult you first, to ascertain what might be your views on the subject.

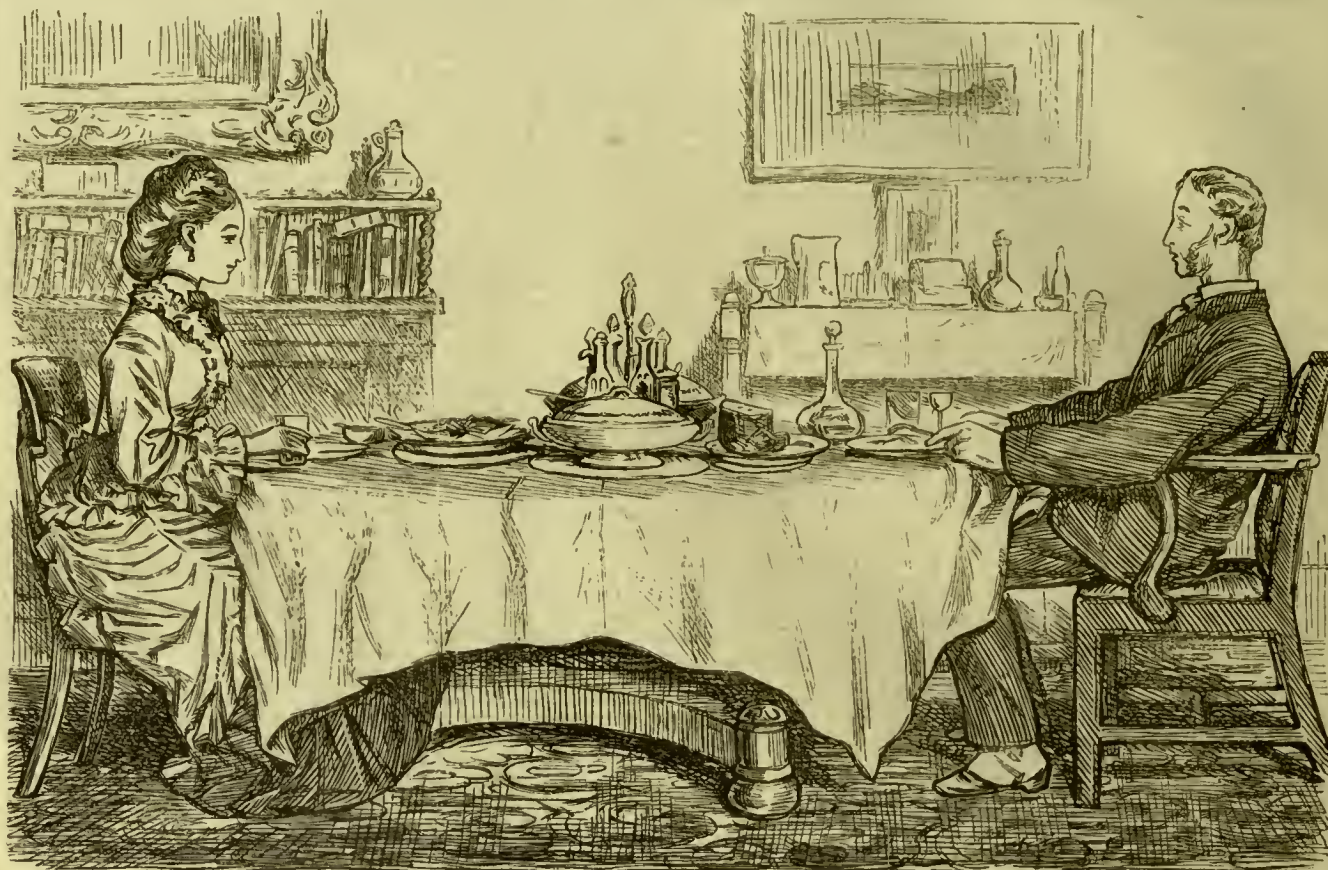
In the meantime, they had nearly got over, or rather got under the difficulty, which was, as I said before, an archway, and since then I have forgotten what my plan was. I rather think it had something to do with pulleys, a frame on wheels, and a hidden steam-engine. If you can work this out, do so. All I say is, in any case, "Halves!" I then ascended to the Pictures, where, among the Art Students, you will kindly leave

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

DR. CULLEN'S COOKERY BOOK.

From a speech delivered the other day at a meeting of the medical faculty of the Roman Catholic University of Dublin, it appears that a great many Irish Papists wish that Institution to be endowed by the State. Their principles or their priests forbid them to accept mixed education, and require them to demand separate instruction in certain branches of knowledge, including logic, modern history, and metaphysics. Is it necessary that those subjects, and the sciences of astronomy, geology, physiology, and chemistry, should be adapted for the Romish Church in such wise, analogically, as wines and some other goods are qualified for the British market? Must they needs be doctored, to accord with doctrine, by doctors of theology? Do the POPE and his Clergy require historical and scientific facts to be cooked, as Bubble Company Directors are wont to cook accounts for shareholders? In that case, the POPE would oblige inquiring Protestants if he would publish, *ex cathedra*, a Catholic Cookery Book.

Suppose endowment for separate instruction conceded to our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects. Separate instruction would necessitate separate examination. Else, would it not have the effect, for one thing, of getting Roman Catholic candidates plucked at examinations for the Civil Service, the Medical Profession, and all other professions and employments, by Boards of Examiners, who would regard answers affected by Romish cookery as erroneous?



"COMPARISONS ARE ODISIOUS."

Mrs. G. "I REALLY MUST GIVE COOK WARNING, CHARLES. SHE DOES USE SUCH VERY BAD WORDS!"

Mr. G. "REALLY, DEAR! WHAT SORT OF WORDS ARE THEY?"

Mrs. G. "O—WELL—THE SAME AS YOU USE!"

OUT OF THE WATER-FLOODS.

"The Bill for the Suppression of Religious Corporations, introduced by the Minister of Justice to-day, declares that the laws of 1866, 1867, 1868, and 1870, relative to the suppression of religious corporations, and the conversion of their property, shall be applied to the province and city of Rome. The property of the religious corporations in the city of Rome will be converted into inalienable public rentes, and continue to be applied to the charitable purposes for which they were originally established."

The Tiber spurns the bounds of his old bed,
Floods the Campagna's waste, the City's ward,
Sweeps to the sea on waters rough and red,
The wreck of ruined homestead, clean-swept sward,
And ravaged harvest-field, and cattle dead.

But worse than Tiber, loose from spring to sea,
Or Po, that soaks with salt the Lombard plain,
This other inundation, roaring free
Of the vex'd Vatican's rust-eaten chain,
Through gapped dams of Church doctrine and decree.

Ravaging and to ravage, still it flows;
Sweeps the piled produce of Church-lands away,
Crops of fat convent vineyard, croft and close,
Cathedral wreckage, spoil of abbey grey,
And robes and properties of holy shows—

From North to South the inundation leapt,
And now, behold, it has come even to Rome,
Up to the Vatican's old wall has swept,
Till its broad flood reflects St. Peter's dome,
And the Saint's chair hath all but over-stept.

The Holy City, holy men and maids
Hear now the impious flood beat at their walls,
In vain are prayers' and comminations' aids,
Candle, nor bell nor book the tide appals,
That stronghold of scared monk and nun invades.

And if all vain are hands held up to Heaven,
How far more vain are hands held up to him
Whom your Church hath as Heaven's Vicegerent given,
Whose eighty-year old eyes look dazed and dim
On the wild waves that his throne's base have riven.

Bear on, and let him ban: not in *his* hand
The bridle of the waters has been laid:
They flow and ebb, leap free or chained stand,
By God's unquestioned law set on or stayed;
The water-floods are His, as the dry land,
At His will Churches fall and Kings command.

A STRANGE QUEST.

THE following, which is the commencement of an advertisement in the *Times*, suggests uncomfortable thoughts:—"Australian Meat.—A Dutch Merchant seeks for a first relation in this article." If a suspicion once gets abroad that the Australian meat is not exclusively the flesh of sheep and oxen, the sale of that very useful article of food may receive a most serious check. The possibility of having our missing friends returned to us, partially cooked, in tins, is too horrible—for, considering the immense intercourse between this country and Australia, it can hardly be hoped that such a distressing bereavement, such a painful termination to a relative's career, as our extract seems to point to, can be confined to the Dutch nation. The "cold relation on the sideboard" may, after all, turn out to be something more than a humorous invention.

A Winchester Holiday.

THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER may not be aware that the Præfects of the College founded by his predecessor, are in the habit of making a festival rather than a feast of Ash Wednesday. They may eat some salt fish in honour of the day, and are not anthropophagous, but they pitch into little boys with ashen sticks.



"TIMEO DANAOS," &C.

First Boy. "IT YER, DID HE? WHY DIDN'T YER SPEAK TO THE P'LICEMAN ON DUTY?"

Second Boy. "P'LICEMAN ON DUTY!! O, I DESSAY! I AIN'T SO FOND OF 'EM!"

VITALITY OF ILLS.

THE *Post*, in a paragraph headed "St. Paul's Cathedral," notices a set of lectures in course of delivery under the dome of that building by CANON LIGHTFOOT, D.D., "On the Early History of Christianity, and its Influence on Society during that period." The reverend lecturer commenced, on the evening of Tuesday last week, with a discourse on "The Relations of Christianity to Society;" with reference to which we read that:—

"On the first point he dwelt exclusively last night, and in closing a very eloquent lecture, which was listened to by many hundreds of men, said that Christianity had been the instrument of abolishing slavery, for although we had witnessed it in our own day, its death-blow was declared when St. Paul said that all men were 'one.'"

In those same words if a death-blow has been struck at slavery, though slavery is not dead yet, it has surely been struck at a great many other things too, which also still live, and are too likely to be very long lived indeed. A death-blow has been struck at war, for instance; but the Millennium still appears as remote as ever, and Battle and Murder, though mortally wounded, look likely to survive the injury they have received till Doomsday. But slavery, one would think, should have received its death-blow from a text considerably prior to the one above quoted. A slave-owner, who meant to do as he would be done by, would enfranchise his slaves. It is not clear, though, that the author of the words which CANON LIGHTFOOT considers to have given slavery its death-blow enjoined PHILEMON to emancipate ONESIMUS.

A Long Story.

THAT interesting periodical, *The London Gazette*, publishes an appointment to the office of "Gentleman Usher Daily Waiter Assistant in Ordinary to Her Majesty." This must be about the longest title known to the British Constitution, and completely throws into the shade all such puny efforts as Acting Deputy Assistant Commissioner General. If the attendance required of a G. U. D. W. A. bears any proportion to the lengthiness of his description, all we can say is that we hope his salary and perquisites are arranged on a scale of the utmost liberality. For our part, we should prefer another Court appointment, unfortunately just filled up, that of "Clerk of the Check."

GREAT ATTRACTIONS.

A CORRESPONDENT of *Notes and Queries* says that there is now being exhibited in the Dublin Exhibition (Loan Museum, No. 846) "the first prescription compounded for the DUKE OF WELLINGTON when a baby"! Committees and Managers of Exhibitions, Museums, and Loan Collections, have here an idea presented to them which, if well worked, ought to bring them great attendances, large receipts, much popularity and public admiration, and the reward of an approving conscience.

With what delight would the majority of the visitors who usually frequent Museums and Exhibitions gaze on articles interesting from their association with the early days of great and famous characters both of past and present times, trivial as these might seem in the eyes of the cynic, the scoffer, and the *blasé* man of the world!

Let us enumerate a few objects of surpassing interest which would be certain to ensure the success of any Collection fortunate enough to obtain them:—

The box which held the first powder administered (in jam) to NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

The little wooden boat which ADMIRAL LORD NELSON was in the daily habit, when a boy, of sailing on the pond in his father's paddock.

A piece of the string used by BENJAMIN FRANKLIN to fly his first kite.

A note of excuse, written by the mother of DR. JOHNSON to the Master of the Academy at Lichfield, to account for SAMUEL'S non-attendance at early morning school, owing to indisposition.

A fragment of a Valentine composed by OLIVER CROMWELL at the age of ten.

One of MISS HANNAH MORE's curl-papers.

MRS. TRIMMER's first doll.

A soldier (one of a box) handed down as having been played with by the great DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

A scrap of the cloth used for WILLIAM PITT's first jacket.

MASTER BENJAMIN DISRAELI's peg-top.

The last surviving member of the Noah's Ark presented to MASTER GLADSTONE on his sixth birthday.

A piece of alate pencil, the property of the present CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER in his early years.

One of SIR JOHN PAKINGTON's first copy-books.

A twig from a birch-rod said to have been in use at Harrow when LORD BYRON, SIR ROBERT PEEL, the EARL OF ABERDEEN, LORD PALMERSTON, &c., were pupils at that celebrated Seminary.

The money-box in which the founder of the house of Rothschild deposited his youthful savings.

As local attractions are of the highest importance, every effort ought to be made to secure some such treasures as the following:—

The first tooth parted with by THOMAS TRUMPINGTON, Esq., three times Mayor of Goggeshall, set as a scarf pin. [*Lent by the Family.*]

A steel pen used in the school-room by MR. COLEMAN BANKES BRUBERY, now M.P. for his native town, SLICKFORD.

[*Exhibited by his Governess.*]

The advertisement which appeared in the *Lambley, Marcham, and Kidbrook Chronicle*, announcing the birth of MR. ALDERMAN HORRINGER.

[*Exhibited by his Nurse.*]

A bracelet made entirely of hairs from the mane and tail of the chestnut pony which had the honour to bear the DUKE OF DONNINGTON, Lord Lieutenant of the County, when his Grace was not more than eight years of age.

[*Lent by the Dowager Duchess.*]

A Striking Difference.

THERE are two opinions as to the wisdom of putting power into the hands of the Seniors in our Public Schools (Monitors, Prefects, Praepostors) to inflict corporal punishment on the Juniors. Some uphold the system, others think it Preposterous.

A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

(Extracts from a Diary, copied by Our Own Clairvoyant.)

Anno Domini, 1972. New Year's Day.



DINED with our good friends the ROBINSONS, at their new aerial mansion in Upper Piccadilly, suspended just two hundred yards above the chimney-pots of old Apsley House. An early evening: balloons ordered at eleven. Snug party of a dozen, and simple though select menu. Cuckoo soup, Chinese oysters, stewed assling, camel hump-steak, broiled humming-birds, and hothouse dates. How very much more sensible is a plain dinner like this, than the horribly long banquets of a score or so of courses which our forefathers thought fashionable a hundred years ago! No wonder that their newspapers were so full of quack advertisements for curing indigestion, which is never heard of in our more enlightened age.

St. Valentine's Day.—After reading my wife's Valentine for every year, poor wretch! she makes one for me out of her own head, she says; and every year it happens to consist of exactly these two lines:—

"Thy nose is red, thine eyes are blue,
Still I remain thy loving Sue!"

—after this annual enjoyment, I escort her to the House to hear the great debate on Female Universal Suffrage, which, despite the active intervention of the Speakeress, was adjourned when the House rose at four o'clock, P.M. Certainly, these early sittings are far more wise and healthy than the foolishly late hours that were kept in the old times. I have heard my father say that, in his younger days, the Commons used to sit till nearly eight o'clock! But time was sadly wasted then in useless talking, which has sensibly been stopped by the Ten Minutes Legislation Act.

All Fools' Day.—This being the day when Thames trout-fishing begins, JACK WALTON and I set out by first balloon from Brighton, and hire a punt at Billingsgate. We fish along the Surrey shore for half-an-hour or so; but the water being too clear (thanks to the steam-filters which have lately been erected), we shove out in the Pool to the middle of the stream, and, as the farthing steam-boats are continually passing, and thus roughening the surface, we are soon enabled to hook some scores of fish. Returning, in the evening, along the Middlesex shore, we capture a fine otter, gorged with grilse and whitebait, sleeping on the bank. The hounds have not yet hunted lower down than Vauxhall Bridge; but as the Thames is daily getting so much purer than it was, I shall propose Blackfriars as the place for their next meet.

May Day.—With my friends the LARKERS to see the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race, rowed in the new patent razor-keeled steel wager boats, only six inches in width. Cambridge having won, for the fifth time in succession, we old Light Blues made a little party for the "Star and Garter," Richmond, where we played at steam skittles till six, and then had tea and shrimps. Our bill only came to nineteen pence a-head, including all the ginger-beer we drank upon the ground. A great improvement this upon the costly entertainments for which, my grandfather has told me, the place was once so famous.

The Derby Day.—Started in a four-winged brougham balloon at half-past two, and alighted on the roof of the Grand Stand punctually at three o'clock. The air was not so crowded as it was last year, and I saw but few collisions or explosions by the way. JACK RATTLER got his gas knocked out by getting jammed at the aerial turnpike over Sutton, but all his party luckily had brought their parachutes, and so none of them were hurt. The race was run in seven seconds under the half-minute, which was considered by the knowing ones as being rather slow. But now the making of steam-horses is exciting so much interest, there is less care paid to breeding good fast-footed living beasts.

Lord Mayor's Day.—To Guildhall at nine o'clock, to breakfast with the new Lord Mayor, feeling most devoutly thankful in my mind that the Dinner and the Show have, through the wisdom of

our civic fathers, long since been consigned to the limbo of oblivion, together with old Temple Bar—that bar to modern progress—through which they yearly used to pass. By the courtesy of his Lordship, who was my fag at Eton, I sat at the top table, and so had a good view of all the most distinguished guests. The EMPEROR OF AMERICA was placed on the right of the LORD MAYOR, and on his left the PRESIDENT OF THE GERMAN REPUBLIC, while the Kings of France and Russia sat in the next seats. Returning thanks for Ministers, the Premier, Mr. Punch, remarked that since the Act was passed last Session for prohibiting the sale of ginger-beer after six o'clock, P.M., the national prosperity had sensibly advanced, and the hateful crime of drunkenness had become well nigh extinct.

Christmas Day.—This being Leap Year, my wife—poor wretch!—kisses me under the mistletoe, and presents me with a Christmas-box of *bonbons* made with her own hands. Then we go to eat our turkey, stuffed with humming-birds, at her father's family mansion near to Crystallford-on-Thames: a longish drive for our young zebras, but the india-rubber asphalt makes a smooth and easy road. What strong nerves, and what long ears too, must our ancestors have had to have borne the noise and jolting of the hard rough granite roadways of a hundred years ago!

MUTES AND LIQUIDS.

A NOBLEMAN lately deceased, directed in his will, which was proved a few days ago, that neither handkerchiefs nor scarves should be given or worn, nor gloves given at his funeral. As dead men tell no tales, so, even though they be noble, do they set no fashions, and therefore it is too much to hope that the example of this rational nobleman will have any influence on Society. It is only live lords that Society is prone to imitate. People will probably, until they shall have generally become philosophers, continue to tax themselves with funeral expenses, and impose them, under penalty of censure and excommunication, on the wise. Thus it may be feared that the only human being that will ever be interred without idle ostentation will be the Last Man. Government, however, could put a stop to it, very probably indeed. Not a few persons would be glad to be effectually relieved of the obligation to "show respect" to the memory of a deceased relative by the unnecessary consumption of drapery and furniture, and the distribution of clothes unsuitable for wearing apparel. This relief would be given them by a tax of what is called a prohibitory character. We know that ordinances on the subject have failed, and we remember POPE'S

"Odious, in woollen, 'twould a saint provoke,
Were the last words that poor NARCISSA spoke."

But the art of putting on the screw was not understood then, as it is in these Income Tax days. Such a tax, for the rich as well as the poor, would in all likelihood give general satisfaction, except to the undertakers. But they would have no right to complain of confiscation. Their trade, except within very narrow limits, panders altogether to foolish extravagance. Thus it is an evil in itself. Undertakers deal in articles which nobody has any business to buy at all, and which anybody injures others by buying, in that he thereby perpetuates a custom directly noxious and tyrannical to others. The undertaker is not like the publican, who deals in liquors which are intrinsically cordial, and intoxicating or detrimental to those only who abuse them. Yet the dealings of publicans have been limited by a statute which is endured; but if an analogous enactment were to forbid the people from spending money which many of them hate to spend, they would no doubt joyfully accept that further but beneficent step in sumptuary legislation.

Three Courses.

THE PRESIDENT'S outbreak of temper set everybody asking, "What is the Government of France just now?" Clearly (says the Left) it isn't a Monarchy. But, just as clearly (says the Right) it isn't a Republic. Suppose we defined it—a *Thiers' Etat*?

An Old Story.

PROFESSOR DUNCAN (not Mr. Ephraim Jenkinson) is now lecturing at the South Kensington Museum on "Cosmogony." One cannot but be reminded of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, or fail to think of the interest he would have taken in these lectures.

STORMY ELECTIONEERING.

ONE of the Candidates for the representation of Orkney and Shetland, is visiting those somewhat inaccessible islands in a steamer. A sailing-vessel would seem more suitable for a gentleman on his canvass.

Punch at Lunch.



or "we may have Lights from Below." That is a good phrase for an intimation to the Lords that the Commons have certain views. It was used in the debates over our own Revolution, other guess things than rows at Versailles.

I am going to found a Humane Society for giving rewards to persons who have Saved portions of other peoples' Lives from boredom. The first medal I mean to decree to a dear and very long-winded friend of mine, who had a gout-fit, the other night, just before his guests arrived to dinner, so they feasted without him.

The Ghosts, I hear, have all struck, so the Christmas stories can be made terrible only by their dullness.

Said a Frenchman to a German, "When the Vendôme column is restored, we mean to put a statue of a French soldier on the top." "Right," said a German to a Frenchman, "that is a place of safety."

The *Morning Post* contradicts the statement that an Unequal Match has been the result of a wealthy young nobleman's study, in his tutor's house, of HORACE's charming *Ne sit ancilla*. 'Tis well, for all plebeian damsels are not *Hester Gracebrooks*.

I observe that my friend, the *Inverness Courier*, recommends that a statue be erected in the Parliament Close, Edinburgh, to JOHN KNOX, whose tercentenary anniversary has just come round. With all my heart. KNOX was a very jocund Christian, and gave capital dinners on Sunday evenings.

But I do not think that my respected friend should recommend the destruction of the statue of CHARLES THE SECOND in the same place, because he was "a vindictive persecutor" of Scotland. When people sell one's father "for a groat" that he may have his head cut off, one ought not to be expected to entertain very violent affection for them. How's that, umpire?

ÆLFRIC uses the word "undeep" for "shallow." It is a good word, and I recommend it to my young friends. It is a shade gentler than the other one. But I do not recommend them to follow him in calling a shallow thinker an undeopthaneol man, as the spelling is bothersome.

You have kept rather good company, my *Toby*, even before you kept mine. I have read of

"RAPHAEL, the sociable spirit, that desired
To travel with TOMAS."

My friend SIR JOHN LUBBOCK tells me that a Sumatran scrupulously abstains from pronouncing his own name, not from superstition, but as a punctilio in manners. When the legitimate drama shall be inflicted on Sumatra, how will *Norval* be played? Yes, stay! As MATHEWS Senior managed, when young N. was afraid to speak. "This young gentleman's name is *Norval*. On the Grampian Hills this young gentleman's father feeds his flock—a frugal swain, whose constant care was to increase his store, and keep his only son, this young gentleman, at home. For this young gentleman had heard of battles," &c.

PLATO says that a Ruler should have personal Beauty. Should H. M. want a Viceroy for anywhere, She knows my address.

'Tis difficult to get good ink. I wish I had some of the kind described on a label which I copied at Smyrna some time ago. "English Ink. Proceeded at London. This fluid, for writing, of English origin, has been composed in a manner to can adopt it to metallic pens, in first, it is of a green blue and becomes very black, and it is very apt for the writings who can make use to the copying press. It do not mould, nor leave any chest, and resist to the acids."

When a man bores me by quoting too much VIRGIL, I am apt to bid him do what DANTE did with that Poet.

Not that I object to quotations. On the contrary, this made me very angry. MR. JUSTICE HANNEN (to whom my best bow and warmest felicitations on his accession to his new throne) is asked to upset a lady's will, because "she was a very eccentric person, a great talker and a great writer, and very fond of interspersing her conversation and her writings with poetic quotations." Never mind growling, my faithful, but it *does* describe your master. And he "shall have his Will," as WILL SHAKESPEARE saith in a sonnet.

However, if I write, talk, or quote too much, I desire to be remonstrated with. Another's eye and judgment are valuable. Do you remember this, in the afore-said SHAKESPEARE?

"O, would some Deltty
Bestow on us the gift to see ourselves
As others do, what harms should we escape?"

Somebody sends me a joke—where is it? O, here. "MR. DISHAELI was asked to talk politics at Glasgow, on his installation. He courteously declined. *Dia aliter visum*." Let it pass.

I respect the young man who swallowed the postage-stamp on his beloved's letter, "because her lips had touched it," and I should regret to inform him that, being a sensible girl, she used a stamp-damper.

They didn't tund boys at my school, and our Master wrote good English, almost as good as mine. We also composed poetry. This is the sparkling verse in which a friend of mine (where is dat Barty now?) criticised a French exercise by another boy:—

"Such French as this
The French would him
Till they were heard at Dover:
'Twould make meek PASCAL
Call you a rascal,
And make BOILEAU boil over."

If the author sees this, let him send me the one-and-nine he owes me for that guinea-pig. Come, now!

Sportsmen used to take a deal of trouble to go after birds. Real sportsmen still do, scorning the poulterers' men. But trouble is foolish work. I saw somewhere this summer a foreign gentleman's device. He had stuck up three tall poles, at the end of his garden, and a bigish bush at the top of each. He had built himself a little hut. To the bushes came the birds, and he, lying in ambush, shot at them, and sometimes hit them.

The demise of SIR JOHN BOWRING has brought up the name of JEREMY BENTHAM, who would be confounded with JEREMY TAYLOR by most folks, only providentially they never heard of either. It occurs to me that in these days of excessive legislation a strong word of BENTHAM's might be remembered. "As from a rubbish cart, a continually increasing and ever shapeless mass of law is from time to time shot down on the heads of the people. Thus does the Government, as is written, rain down snares."

The next Pope is, I am privately informed, to be CARDINAL ANTONIO PANEBIANCO, or, as we should say, the REVEREND ANTONY WHITEHEAD. May one adapt a line from *Rejected Addresses*?

"And if he can save all the fat from the fire,
We'll move that old Rome be called *Whitbread's Entire*."

The *Dumfries Advertiser* justly remarks that "TITLIS is *facile Princeps* Queen of the lyric stage."

"*Accipe, cape, rape, sunt tria verba Pape*." That was said truly, if unceivily, a good many years ago. It is certainly not true now. S. S. has just refused £130,000 because it was proffered by the KING OF ITALY. I should certainly not refuse it myself, for that reason, or any other, but I insist on admiring His Holiness's fortitude.



THE YOUNG EUPHEMIST.

Aunt Mary. "WHAT IS MEANT BY DEOLINING A NOUN, ETHEL?"
Ethel. "POLITELY REFUSING IT, AUNT DEAR."

LIST, LIST, O, LIST!

It is wonderful that, in these fine times for the working-classes, the rate of desertion from the British Army has, in twelve months, not exceeded eight thousand men, and that the average of desertions has of late amounted to no more than between seven and eight hundred per month. Pensions have, for private soldiers, been virtually abolished in the Army, and men in the Reserve get but fourpence a day, whilst soldiers are surrounded by civilian working-men who, earning their six or seven shillings a day, strike for more.

We ought to think ourselves very lucky that the strike of the Police has not been followed by a strike of the Army. Let us hope to experience nothing of the kind. Civilians on strike sometimes use to go about with banners flying and bands of music. Soldiers, possessed of colours and military bands, have peculiar facilities for making these demonstrations. Perhaps, one of these fine mornings, our ears will be saluted with the passing strains of "*The British Grenadier*," and our female servants, on rushing to the front-door, will gaze with admiration on the Hotstreams marching past, on strike. Fancy military pickets placed about the streets to prevent enlistment! and imagine gallant fellows rattening each other's kits! These events are not so very unlikely that their improbability renders it quite absurd to make enlistment and continuance in the Army a little more worth a man's while than they are now.

It is rather to be feared that the spread of education will create some difficulty for the recruiting sergeant. At least, in proportion as men are taught to think, they must be averse to soldiering, if it involve the least likelihood of active service. To any reflecting man it is matter of grateful wonderment that, in the absence of compulsory military service, we are able to get any soldiers to fight our battles at all. Recruits are not Mussulmans; they have no prospect of MAHOMET'S Paradise held out to them. Neither are they Crusaders, absolved by priests, and believing themselves to hold passports to everlasting happiness from the POPE. Yet they put themselves in the way of sufferings, and especially mutilations, as bad as

A WORD OF WELCOME.

"A COMMISSIONER from Pondicherry, named CHECKABENDALCADERMARECAR, has arrived in Paris, bringing a lac of rupees (125,000 francs) for the emigrants from Alsace-Lorraine."

COME, Frenchmen, sound his fame afar,
 CHECKABENDALCADERMARECAR!
 Due your best words of welcome are
 To CHECKABENDALCADERMARECAR!
 Greet him with gittern or guitar,
 CHECKABENDALCADERMARECAR!
 Let his long name be ne'er a bsr,
 CHECKABENDALCADERMARECAR!
 In brightest saloons bid him star,
 CHECKABENDALCADERMARECAR!
 He comes to heal the wounds of war,
 CHECKABENDALCADERMARECAR!
 He helps to raise your funds to par,
 CHECKABENDALCADERMARECAR!
 So let no cloud your welcome mar
 Of CHECKABENDALCADERMARECAR!

ETIQUETTE REMARKABLE.

WRITING from Rome, the Correspondent of a contemporary records an audience granted by the POPE to the GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS of Russia, the members of his suite, and the Russian *Chargé d'Affaires* to the Holy See. The paragraph which contains the foregoing information concludes with the following:—

"The Imperial party wore uniforms, and paid their respects to CARDINAL ANTONELLI afterwards."

It is difficult to comprehend the relation of time expressed in the above sentence by words which seem to represent persons who wore uniforms when they went before the POPE, as having waited on ANTONELLI after they had worn those uniforms. Did they take their uniforms off as soon as they had left the POPE? If so, surely we ought to conclude that they put on some other description of clothing before they visited the Cardinal.

ANOTHER SITE.—There is no truth in the report that a proposition has been made to remove one of our great Public Schools to Redborough.

any mode of confessorship or martyrdom. Fortunately for the peaceful, who yet require protection, there prevails very extensively among mankind a noble monomania, producing insensibility to prospective pain, and misery not yet present.

When, however, men get to be capable of some degree of reflection, they will proportionally hesitate to risk the chance of a wooden leg, or an empty coat-sleeve pinned to a breast-button. It will be necessary to offer them inducement. The revival of pensions will perhaps be the best, because by how much a man has ceased to be a fool, by so much he becomes specially anxious to secure a provision for disability and old age.

Some of you, who would like to save bloodshed, may wish that we could fight with troops consisting of steam automatons. In the Navy we can to a great extent do the fighting with such combatants, and should in the event of a war. Expensive Ironclads enable us to economise sailors. A steam-soldier, however, would, on the whole, most likely cost much more than a common one, although the latter might live to require support for some years from a grateful country. Of the two, the man, even if handsomely paid, would be cheaper than the machine.

THE RIGHT NAME FOR HIM.

HAIL, BESSEMER, whose water-level true,
 In scorn of Neptune's bile-disturbing state,
 More than BRITANNIA'S self aspires to do,
 Nor only rule the waves, but rule them straight—

Their prayer must be who the vex'd Channel crosses,
 That in thy match 'gainst Neptune thou mayst thrive;
 Be it a simple game of pitch and toss,
 Or one more complicate, of motions five.

The Greeks read fates in names: the way I've found
 On thee a name appropriate to bestow,
 With a slight change of letters, not of sound,
 Christ'ning thee "*Baissez-mer*!" or "*Sea, lie low!*"



BETHNAL GREEN.

East-End. "‘ARY SCHREFFER!’ HIGNORANT FELLERS, THESE FOREIGNERS, BILL! SPELLS ‘ENERGY WITHOUT THE HAIR!’"

THE FREEDOM OF THE BRIDGES.

(A Recitation by a Ratepayer.)

O ÆDILES, ye of this Metropolis
By name the Board of Works! With good design
You go to Government, and ask for power
To set from tolls the London Bridges free.
Traffic and trade those Bridges do impede,
Some of them, those, the central ones, which span
From bank to bank the crowded shores of Thames.
The Toll-taker, that intercepts my cab
When I am in hot haste to catch the train
At Waterloo, is a confounded Bore.
Abolish him. But Bridges there are other,
Commerce and travel whilst they not impede,
Repelling settlers with a little toll,
Which serve to keep a pleasant Suburb clear
On the other side o’ the River; Hammersmith
Bridge, also Putney; think what they have done
From seall of bricks and mortar to preserve
The peaceful little promontory of Barnes,
Therewith Roehampton, Mortlake, Sheen, and Richmond,
An open piece of country close to Town.

To free surburban Bridges would add cost
To cost enough *per se*. And who’s to pay?
Answer me that, Sirs, you Commissioners.
They should the charges bear who’ll reap the gain.
And who be they? Say you, the Ratepayers?
First let the Ratepayers tell you what they think
Ere you extort their sovereigns for an end
To them not worth a farthing. What have they
Gained by your turnpike tolls’ enfranchisement?
For every penny saved I pay a pound.
How many rates, e’en now, the Ratepayers pay!
Assessed on each point at a monstrous rate,
Saddled, besides the Poor’s-rate of old time,
With heavy rates ere these new days unknown,
Main Drainage, Education, and Highway.

And now, as if those burdens were too light
For our bowed backs, the Water Companies
Behold, by Act of Parliament empowered,
About to visit us with imposition
Of who knows what expense?—for fittings new,
Adapted to receive their filtered slush
In novel sort purveyed. And will you add,
By tolls’ redemption, to our miseries?
Then shall we groan beneath a Board of Works
As tributary Christians under Turks.

PEOPLE YOU EXPECT TO MEET.

MR. SMITH, who speaks his native English with a slightly foreign accent, whenever he returns from a week upon the Continent.
MR. BROWN, who can’t appreciate BEETHOVEN, but dotes upon the bagpipes.

MR. JONES, who, when he shares a Hansom with you, somehow never has small change about him.

MR. ROBINSON, who carefully abstains from volunteering a political opinion until he has consulted half-a-dozen newspapers.

MR. CRUISER, who keeps a schooner yacht, but, except in a dead calm, never ventures out of harbour.

MR. SHARPE, who, when he drops his money into the collection-plate, can make a sixpence sound as though it were a sovereign.

MRS. SNOBBINGTON, who calls her little knifeboy a Page, and when she hires a fly talks of taking carriage exercise.

MR. TITTLE TATTLE, who, from some official source of information, always brings the latest news of the intentions of the Government.

MR. HODGER, who considers TUPPER far superior to MILTON, and goes ready primed with arguments to prove it.

MR. DODGER, who invariably takes an old umbrella to a party, in the hope, by lucky accident, to change it for a new one.

MISS SNIVELLER, who keeps a sentimental diary, and bullies her small brothers.

MR. FUNNIMAN, who cannot cut a tongue without cutting a stale joke about it.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.



S MR. GUTCH is unable to come himself, he has sent his Foreman, or Head Gardener.

He is of a despondent turn, and appears to view any difficulty as almost insurmountable. Occasionally he omits his aspirates, and occasionally puts them in again, in their wrong places, so as to do justice to the letter "H" in his conversation.

The moment he sees the Nook, he looks round as if he were taking the whole four acres in at a glance, and shakes his head without saying a word. He has such a melancholy air that I almost expect he'll shed tears, beg me not to speak to him, and walk out of the front gate with his handkerchief up to his eyes, distractedly.

He doesn't go so far as this, however. He simply observes, "It's in a bad state, Sir," which is, I admit

at once, true; adding, hopefully, that "I'm sure we can make something of it."

To this he replies, "To do any good with it will be a difficult job. Why," he goes on, "I suppose this place hasn't been touched not by no one for a matter of two year or more."

I believe him to be right.

"Now," he asks me, after looking round again, and rubbing his chin, and sniffing, "what are you going to make of this, Sir?"

That, I tell him, is precisely what I was about to ask him.

"Flower and Kitchen, I s'pose," he says, eyeing the extent of ground, and communing with himself.

"Certainly," I answer; "with pigs and a cow."

We walk on a little. He seems too oppressed by the utter hopelessness of the situation to say a word. Can't make out what he expected to find here. If the place had been perfect, I shouldn't have appealed to GUTCH, and GUTCH wouldn't have had to send his Foreman.

He walks on silently. Presently he stops, and takes up a lump of earth.

"It'll be a long time afore we can do anything with that," he says, as if he had been called upon to cook and eat it.

If left to myself, of course it would be a very long time before I should make anything of this clod of earth. However, in order to draw him out, and hear what he has got to say on the subject (because if he's got nothing to say on the subject, I'd better give up the house, grounds, and whole scheme at once), I pretend also to take a desponding view of the clod, and we both shake our heads over it.

"Heavy clay!" he goes on. "No doing nothing with it for a long time. 'Tain't like a light soil, or a rich loamy soil"—Here he weighs it on his hand, surveying it with ineffable disgust, and then, appealing to me, says, "Look here, Sir! What are you to do with that? It's 'artbreaking work, it is!"

And he throws down the clod, as if reproaching me with having chosen such a Heaven-forsaken spot, and having trifled with his professional feelings as a Gardener in bringing him to see it.

"Isn't it good for growing things in?" I ask diffidently. The truth is, that I begin to wish I'd never gone in for the Nook, or, rather, that at all events ENGLAND hadn't been so hasty in the matter.

"Well," says MR. GUTCH's Head Gardener, putting his wideawake hat on one side of his head, and scratching the other deliberately with his right hand—"well, we might work it so as it may come pretty right and do fairly"—this is a great admission for him, and I quite brighten up again: after all, the Nook's a nice place; "only o' course it'll be four men's time, at least, to break up the earth." Here he stoops down and brings up another lump, with what appears to me to be straws sticking in it. Holding this up for my inspection, he says, "Why it'll be a goodish time afore we get this Scutch out. I see," he goes on, with another comprehensive look round and about, "the Scutch is everywhere. You don't get that out easily."

This last observation he makes with a knowing look at me, which, in itself, is rather flattering to my experience of horticulture, as it implies that I am perfectly well acquainted with the difficulties of dealing with Scutch (of which I have never heard till this minute, and which sounds at first like Smutch), and that in consequence as

he, the Head Gardener, wouldn't think of deceiving me, so I mustn't dream of trying to humbug him.

"Digging," he proceeds, "and plenty of manuring. It'll stand a deal o' that when the Scutch is once out, or else it'll lose 'art."

I should be sorry, I say, if did that, and it shall have any amount of manure that may be necessary.

"Half-a-dozen cartloads," says MR. GUTCH's Foreman.

"Certainly; as much as you like," I reply, heartily, in a spirit, as it were, of true old English Country Gentleman's hospitality. Let GUTCH's Foreman make himself quite at home.

"We'll get rid of the Smutch," I say, decidedly. It's the first time I've tried the word, and I pronounce it boldly.

"The Scutch, Sir?" he inquires.

"Yes," I reply; and then, as if to be quite certain we mean the same, I point to it in the clod, and ask, "what do you call it?"

"Scutch," he answers; "but they has hother names for it in different counties. P'raps, Sir, you've 'eard it called something else."

Very possibly: certainly never Scutch.

Happy Thought (poetical).—

But MR. GUTCH
Will stop the Scutch.

*Happy Thought (practical and prosaic).—*Four men will do it all. How much?

The Foreman can't exactly say, but MR. GUTCH will write to me on the subject. I shall then want some bushes, he supposes.

"Yes, of course, bushes," I answer.

"And trees," he goes on.

"Well," I reply, doubtfully, not liking him to think that I shall yield to every one of his suggestions, "I don't know."

*Happy Thought.—*What trees?

The Foreman replies, "Well, mainly, young 'uns has'll look well. Fruit-trees for the wall, hand in the front, by the walk there, you can't do better than 'ave a hoak, a hash, or a helm."

Is he going to make a park of it? I really don't think he understands that I only want this place to be a small Farm-garden or Garden-farm.

"Then," he continues, "you'll have the front laid out in flower-beds, o' course."

Now he has mentioned it, I see, for the first time, that this must have all along been my original design.

"You'll want a few hardy plants for bedding out, and quick climbers and some roses, o' course."

*Happy Thought.—*Beds of roses. By all means. There are various sorts of roses, I believe; what does he recommend?

"Well," he returns slowly, "there's the Glory of Die John, a very nice 'un; then there's Sellin Forester as'ud come in well; and Madame Bosanckett is a good 'un to creep. Buldy Nige would look well, a John Chirping, a President Lincoln, and a Rainy Botes. You can't do better, too, for making a show, than a Hollibo, a Rolison, and a Tiner 'Ammyrick."

"All roses?" I ask.

"All the best sorts as is growd," he replies. "Then there's Wer-beeners. You'd like some Wer-beeners?"

"Certainly," I answer. "Verbenas, by all means." He really seems to forget that I'm arranging for a small Garden-farm, not a Botanical Show-place.

"For Wer-beeners," he continues, "there's Charles Squedgeley with a cherry centre, and Mr. Pinto, and Miss Pinto pale flesh and nearly white she is, but they're for exhibiting. Then, s'pose you 'ad a goodish few Sinuaries. There's REUTON's Miss Jones, white and rosy, and Lord Wezzlemore, yellow, profusely covered with small reddish-brown spots—no, that there's a Calsolarier, though—and there'd be a good place for a lean-to house by the wall yonder."

*Happy Thought.—*A "lean-to house" must be a sort of Tower of Pisa on the Premises.

I really don't understand what GUTCH's Foreman thinks I want to make of the place. He has partially recovered from his despondency, and notes down that I shall require four men, plants, bushes, and trees. Will I have a flower list, to note down anything that may strike my fancy? I thank him, and accept. He is off.

When he's gone, I examine the catalogue, and am quite taken at first with the long names. I mark off in pencil the *Philodendrammedonensis Bipinnatifidicatifidum*, which sounds like something from an antediluvian monster and the chorus of a comic song: then a *Sericotelinelladoculyz floribifolia splendensis*, which must be quite a firework of a flower, with a pop-bang to finish with.

*Happy Thought.—*A flower with a pop-bang shoot.

Under *Azaleas*, I select *Baron Bagwig*, fine form, with scarlet spot; *Duke of Cambridge*, rosy carmine; *Martha Spry*, richly spotted with crimson on the top lobe; *The Inimitable Sambo* (one of BUNGA's, I find), covered with small crimson red specks, and of a profuse flowering habit; and, as something satisfactory to finish with, *Lady Candlish* (Improved).

Up to town, to find answers from Gardeners addressed to "X" at Minerva Club.

BALLAD OF THE BABES IN THE SEA.



OTH gentle folk and simple folk
give ear while I advance
A deed of dreadful villany
and most untoward chance,
That in the Medway River,
beside the Chatham docks,
Befell November, seventy-
two, by all the city clocks.

The founder of a family in
Woolwich Town resides
(A family with lungs of brass
and lusty iron sides);
But of this famous family of
sisters eke and brothers,
"The Twins," for pretty
childish charms, outvalled
all the others.
This Twin a bouncing daugh-
ter, and that Twin a proper
son,
Each pretty Woolwich Infant
weighing five-and-thirty
ton.

And much their father loved them, yet times became so ill,
That tho' his babes were very dear his coal grew dearer still;
And so unto his Uncle in their behalf he wrote—
His Uncle lord of all the fleets on British seas afloat,—
"My Uncle GÖSCHEN, to your care I lovingly commend
My tender little Woolwich Twins—good Uncle, be their friend,
For to supply their childish wants I cannot well afford;
But you are rich, and readily can yield them bed and board."
He sealed that loving letter up and kissed his children small,
Then to his trusty lighterman he cheerily did call:
"Come, take my Twins across the tide all in thy lighter-berge,"
And with this letter render them to their Great Uncle's charge."

Eftsoons that trusty lighterman those Woolwich Twins did steer
All up the Medway River in November of the year;
"Till see, my gentle gossips," he pleasantly did say,
"There rides your good Great Uncle's ship scarce fifty yards away."
Whereat his gentle gossips raised a merry childish crow,
And to the *Devastation's* side the lighterman did row.

Then their Great Uncle GÖSCHEN, through his speaking-trumpet
cried,—

"Now who are ye who seek for me upon the Medway tide?"
Whereat, by the companion-rope, a-blowing of his whistle,
That boatswain lighterman he climbed and gave him the Epistle,

Which GÖSCHEN, having pondered on and proved its purpose plain,
Quoth he, "My Nephew is too poor these Infants to maintain,
And though I'm rich and readily could yield them board and bed,
My Nephew dear and I, I fear, must differ on that head;
Yet if I send them back to him my nephew would lament,
So it were best to murder them, methinks, by accident."

Resolved at last the purpose bold of his bewildered brain,
"What ho!" said he, "I've sport for thee—rare sport—my trusty
Crane,

For underneath thy very bill, in yonder lighter-boat,
O Ancient Crane, with valour vain two pigmy foemen float.
So draw thy breath, my martial Bird, arouse thy strident shriek,
And bear the twain in bitterest pain of death before thy beak."

A glow came o'er that martial Bird, though he with eld was weak,
With menace shrill he shook his bill, and raised his strident shriek;
Then from the poop with awful swoop those pigmies he did seek.
But age had palsied half his power, and though high up in air,
One of his Infant foes he caught, and clutched and clawed him there:
That Infant tore his talons sharp, and spurned his probing peck,
And shook him free before—pardy!—the Crane could perch on deck.
But out, alas! O cruel chance!—triumphing as he leapt
Into the lighter where his seat his sister Twin had kept,
Forgetting quite he was not light for such a lighter boat—
Since that these twain upon the main could neither swim nor float—
They both went down, alas! to drown beneath the billowy ocean,
All through the dreadful villany of their Great Uncle GÖSCHEN.

So side by side, beneath the waves, they take a peaceful rest,
For not one storm that round us raves their slumber may molest;
But pious Periwinkle comes, and covers them instead,
And Mussel eke and Limpet crawl to beautify their bed—
And thus in ancient Medway's arms the Babes are lying dead.

Now shame for Merry England that her Children thus should drown
Through those we chose for counsellors to counsel with the Crown!
But throw one more such Babe o'erboard and GÖSCHEN know for true,
There's thirty thousand Englishmen will throw you over, too!

But murder aye will out, they say, nor vengeance ever miss
At any time a cruel crime, and so it chanced with this;
For first 'twas whispered under breath, then published through the
land,
That those sweet Babes were lying drowned off Chatham's coral
strand.

Whereat a good Society, entitled the Humane,
With diver and with diving-bell, and drag and tackle-chain,
Went searching for those Infants small beneath the Medway main.
And long they sought them vainly, but, at last, below the flood,
They found that pretty pallid pair all smothered up in mud.
O, then, with lamentations loud they hoisted them on shore,
And to their native Woolwich town the tender bodies bore;
And to their weeping father's charge, by verdant Woolwich plains,
Condolingly did render up his Innocents' remains.

Nay, never cry so bitterly: wise Doctors have a notion
They'll waken up the Babies, yet, to roar at Uncle GÖSCHEN.

UN MAUVAIS QUANT D'HEURE.

WHEN MR. THEODORE CHICKEY (age 24) had an interview in the
library with MR. GOLDING BENTMORE (age 58), to make proposals of
marriage for his youngest daughter, EUGENIA, and found that emi-
nent merchant indisposed to accept him as a son-in-law until he
could show that he was in receipt of an income at least three times
its present amount.

When that industrious author, MR. MOLEGROPE, called by ap-
pointment on MESSRS. LINTOTT AND TONSON, in Paternoster Row,
and heard their reasons for declining to publish his long projected
work on *The Destiny of Morals in Relation to the Development of*
Materialism, except at MR. MOLEGROPE'S own risk.

When MR. CROSBY HALL read the letter from Miss LILY WHITE,
in which that changeable young lady set forth, with some prolixity,
her reasons for thinking it was impossible they could ever be happy
together (although she should always think of him with respect and
esteem), and requested him to return all her letters and presents.

When MAJOR DE CLANCY DE CLANDON, in an interview with
MESSRS. KNEESALL AND KERSALL, was informed by those acute
lawyers that they had failed to come to an arrangement with his
creditors, and could only suggest the interference of the Judge in
Bankruptcy.

When the REVEREND DUNSTAN DOGMEY received an influential
deputation from his parishioners, headed by the Churchwardens, in
his study, and listened to a strenuous protest from them against the
innovations he had introduced into the services at St. Anselm's,
with an intimation that if he did not desist from his antics they
should be compelled to lay the matter before the Bishop.

When MR. FERDINAND DASHFORTH was sent for by the Master and
Fellows, and informed that they thought a temporary sojourn in the
country would be beneficial both to himself and the College of which
he had ceased to be an ornament.

When MASTER ROBERT HOWLER sat in the waiting-room of
MR. ENAMEL, dentist.

When MR. GEORGE OSBOURNEY, JUNIOR, had to go in and tell
"the governor" that he had exceeded his allowance for the last
three years, and was pressed by various tradesmen for a settlement
of their accounts, amounting in the whole to £418 10s. 6d.

When MR. and MRS. HUSSELWHITE returned home, after an ab-
sence of six weeks at the sea-side, and found that the rain had come
through the ceiling of the best bed-room, that the soot had fallen and
spoil the drawing-room carpet, that there was something amiss
with the cistern, and that the "goings on" of the servants had been
positively "awful."

When MR. RICHARD THAVIES attended, at the invitation of the
executors, to hear his uncle ABRAHAM'S will read, and learnt that
the old gentleman, having never forgiven him for marrying poor
and pretty CLARA CLIFTON, instead of the wealthy but plain Miss
BESTHORPE, had bequeathed him an annuity of £100, and left the
residue of his property (sworn under £90,000 personality) in equal
proportions, to the County Hospital, the Society for the Suppression of
Smoking, and the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National
Debt.

When MRS. PARR VENUE, in the course of a country call on her
neighbour, MRS. NORMAN OLDACRES, discovered that LADY BULWELL
was giving a grand ball, to which she and her daughters were not
invited.

When MR. LEONARD DE VINCEY walked through every room in
the Royal Academy, without finding his grand mythological picture
of *The Labours of Hercules*.



"MISUNDERSTOOD."

SCENE—An Evening Party. Enter Young Molyneux.

Private Chorus of Ladies. "WHAT A HORRID-LOOKING MAN! WHAT IS HE SCOWLING AT?" &c., &c.

[Now we happen to know that Young Molyneux is one of the best-tempered fellows extant, but he is dreadfully shortsighted. He has forgotten his eye-glass, and is helplessly peering about for the Hostess.]

HAMLET ADAPTED TO THE FRENCH.

(ACT III. SCENE 4.)

PERSONAGES.

Hamlet, by M. THIERS.
Queen Mother, by MADAME LA FRANCE.
Polonius, by one or all of Three Old Parties.

SCENE—Versailles.

Enter QUEEN and POLONIUS.

Polonius. He will come straight. Look you lay home to him. Tell him his speeches are too long to bear with: That needs o' the time have stood between the wrath Of the majority and him. I'll hide me: Pray you be round with him. . . .

Queen.

I hear him coming.

[Polonius gets behind the arras.]

Enter HAMLET.

Hamlet. Now, Madame, what's the matter?

Queen. HAMLET, thou hast the old parties much offended!

Hamlet. Madame, the old parties have me much offended.

Queen. Come, come, they say you give them too much tongue.

Hamlet. Go, go; they'd have me give no tongue at all:

But let them wait: sit down—you shall not budge

Till you have heard my allocution out

On the Republic as I'd have it be,

And the Republic as it still has been.

[Seizes her arm.]

Queen. What wilt thou do? Thou wilt not *coup d'état* me?

Polonius (behind). What ho, help!

Hamlet (drawing). How now!—a rat? Dead for a ducat, dead!

[Makes a pass through the arras.]

Polonius (behind). O, I am slain!

[Falls, and dies.]

Queen. O me, what hast thou done?

Hamlet.

Killed an old party?

Which of the Kings? I mean the Kings that would be.

Leave clapping of your hands. Peace! sit you down;

And let me reach your heart; for so I shall,

If that cursed Commune have not brazed it so,

That it is armed at proof 'gainst common sense.

[Pointing to Pictures in the Arras.]

Look here, upon this picture and on this,—

Republics twain, Conservative and Red.

See what a calm is seated on this brow;

The crown of peace; in her hand Order's helm;

The sharp sword sheathed, no arms but Industry's.

Like the Archangel MICHAEL trampling down

Anarchy and masked Faction and Misrule;

A combination and a form, indeed,

To which would Order's friends but set their seal,

They'd give assurance of a France new-made.

That's my Republic. Look you now, what follows.

The Red Republic—like a fiend of Hell

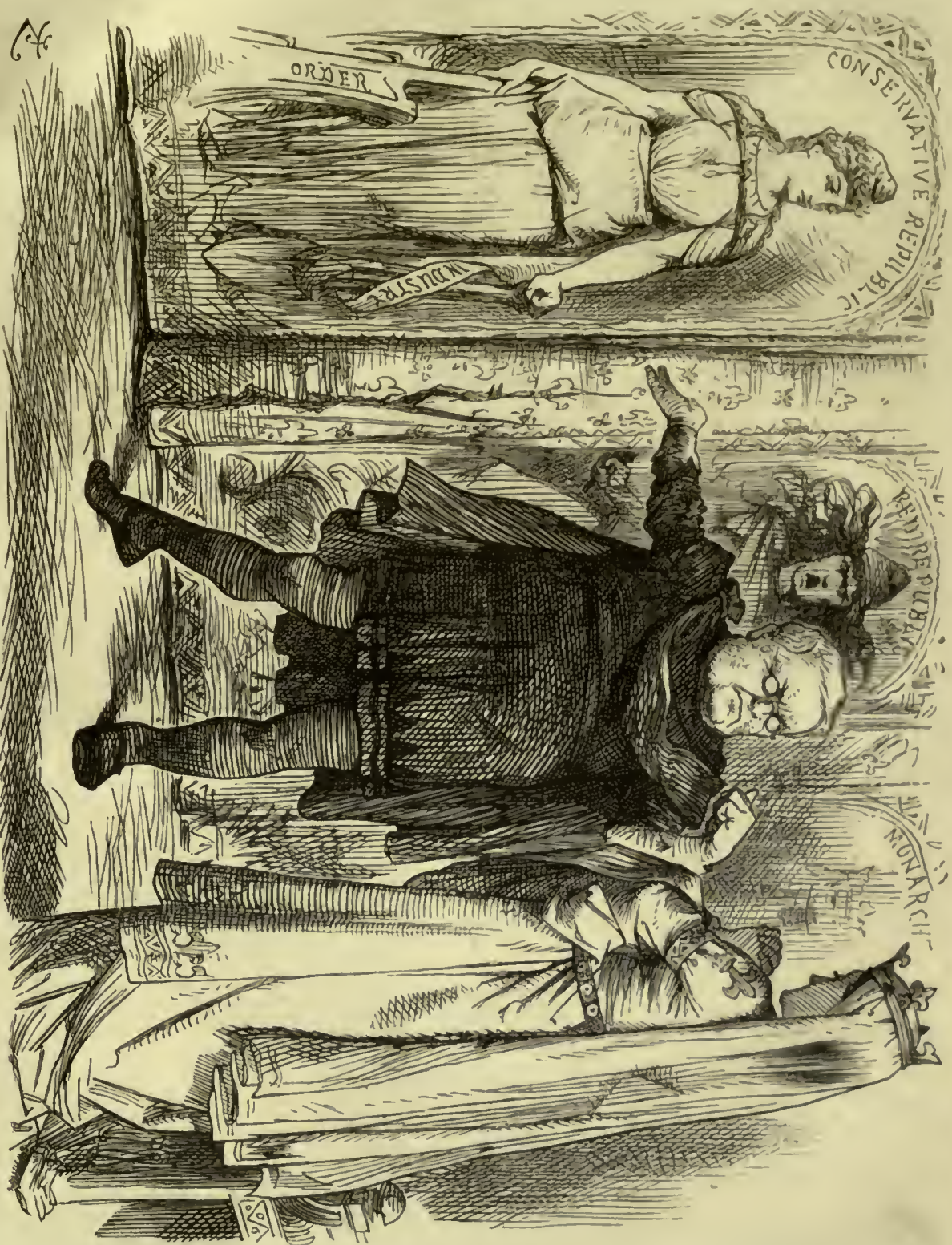
Blasting her angel sister! Have you eyes?

Will you this gentle Genius sacrifice,

And put up with that Gorgon?

Official Announcement.

THERE were strange names in England in the time of the Puritans, there are strange names still across the Atlantic; but can anything be much stranger than this, which we find in the Court Circular, in its record of a well-deserved honour—"MR. COMMISSIONER OF CHARITIES PETER ERLE?"



MONSIEUR HAMLET.

(ADAPTED TO THE FRENCH.)

"LOOK HERE, UPON *THAT* PICTURE, AND ON *THIS*!"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(He takes an Evening from Home at the Gaiety Theatre, makes an explanation concerning himself (and the S. K. Museum, and addresses the Editor as usual.)



REMEMBER, there is but one CHARLES MATHEWS, and great ought to be his profit — which “adaptation from the Turkish” has not, it will strike your readers, much to do with the Kensington Museum, where I was left, till called for, last week. Sir, the *Game of Speculation* has been reproduced at the Gaiety Theatre, and as I do not know how long it is to run, I hereby advise all whom it may concern to see our Charles the First, (meaning, of course, CHARLES MATHEWS, in the rôle of *Affable Hawk*. Parenthetically I may remind any thoughtful person who does me the honour

of reading these papers (written, Sir, by me as Your Representative Man), that my aim and object in visiting the S. K. Museum was to go through it on my road to the N. P. Gallery, where I expected to find a portrait of CHARLES as “made up” by MR. IRVING. Hence it will be seen that my thoughts, running on one CHARLES, very easily ran on to the other; and moreover, be it remembered, some weeks ago I ventured to suggest that this very comedy should be given. It is given. Q. E. D.

CHARLES MATHEWS is still inimitable in it. Mind, it is not a play of action, but a play of good dialogue, — a play with several telling situations belonging to the region of pure comedy, and not to farce. *Affable Hawk* is a finished picture, the other characters sharp, striking sketches. When poor FRANK MATHEWS played *Earthworm*, and whined and wheedled for the smallest advance of interest on account, what a scene that used to be between him and *Affable Hawk*. I should much like to see MR. BENJAMIN WEBSTER in *Earthworm*, which is, in its own way, as grotesque a character as is the part of *Graves* in *Money*. Let any playgoer acquainted with the *Game of Speculation* call to mind *Triplet*, *Graves*, and *Penn Holder*, and he will at once see how naturally the part of *Earthworm* would fall into MR. WEBSTER'S hands, and how admirably it would be played. However, in the multiplication of Theatres there is vanity (and plenty of it), and vexation of spirit too; and as we cannot get what we want, we must be contented with such castes as we have, and be thankful. The fable about the bundle of sticks does not evidently apply in theatrical matters, as, though union is strength, yet the concentration of a company of sticks on one particular spot can only result in a display of the most utter feebleness, and must end in total failure.

The parts in *The Game of Speculation* are not easily filled. Putting aside the principal character, which I hold as an article of theatrical faith can only be completely played by CHARLES MATHEWS, every one of the others, excepting the conventional young lovers, well and carefully represented here by Miss BROUGH and MR. BISHOP, demands what is known on the stage as a “character actor,” that is, an artist whose weakness would be shown in a sustained effort, but whose strength lies in small, eccentric, part. Now, at the Gaiety they are as good as they can be; but, from the absolute necessity of the case, not by any means so good as others specially picked for the occasion (which was impossible) would have been. Taken for all in all, and remembering that we have come only to see CHARLES MATHEWS in *Affable Hawk*, it must be allowed that the play is very fairly done, and in some respects, as in the *Frederick Noble* of MR. BISHOP, and in the *Grossmark* of MR. SOUTAR, there is, to my mind, a decided improvement on the originals. Julia is charming and ladylike at the Gaiety, and, to do justice to her, I could almost say would I had never seen dark, sparkling-eyed Miss OLIVER at the Lyceum. I am true to my first love — Heavens! what is this? Do I forget, Sir, that on these occasions I am not myself at all, but only Your Representative? I do not forget it. But . . . I saw her for a moment, and methinks I see her now . . . forgive me, RICHARD is himself again, as much, that is, as he ever can be as long as he Represents You.

To all those whom Providence has blessed with any sum from ninepence to four pounds four shillings and threepence, the last-named amount in coppers being for the purchase of *Punch*, wherein

is written this advice, Your Representative says, unhesitatingly, “Go and see CHARLES MATHEWS as *Affable Hawk*, and while you're there don't talk, but listen, and you'll have enough to talk about after it's all over, when, probably, if you've never seen it before, you'll announce your intention of going to see it again, and will become in future a wiser and a better-off man, an honour to your country, a blessing to your children, and an ornament to your fire-stove.”

Being on Theatrical matters, I will defer the few remarks I have yet to make on the S. K. Museum and the N. P. Gallery till next week. You see, Sir, after studying Art during the day, one must have some little relaxation at night; and going to the Theatre is as little relaxation as it is possible to take, that is, consistently with my representative position. I think that one of these fine nights, when not too blowy, I shall go to St. Paul's, and hear a Lecture to Young Men by CANON LIGHTFOOT. Pretty name, Lightfoot: so suggestive of the Ballet. He might finish up with a *pas de discours*. There's a CANON GREGORY, too, who goes in for Lectures. A propos of whom a Foolish Young Man (whom I didn't send to a Lecture, but gave him one on the spot) asked me, as a conundrum, “With what powder ought this Canon to be loaded?” The answer was, of course, “GREGORY'S Powder;” but I didn't guess it. A man who will say such things as that, ought not to be asked out to dinner.

But, dear me, I've got from the Gaiety to St. Paul's, from gay to grave, from lively to severe. By the way, Sir, do you know that the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY has appointed MR. BATEMAN to the Rectory of Southchurch, Essex? I quote from the papers, and believe it for a fact. Only it's not MR. BATEMAN of the Lyceum. And with this idiotic “sell” (he called it) I was once more taken in by the foolish young man above mentioned. There ought to be Lectures to Foolish Young Men: except that all young men are foolish. *Vive la Bagatelle!* — a game, by the way, that I detest, and not to be mentioned in the same breath with billiards.

We are to be overdone with *Cromwell*. Because Charles is being well executed nightly at the Lyceum, we are therefore to have *Cromwell* at the Queen's, *Cromwell* at the Princess's, and, I suppose, a burlesque or two on Charles and *Cromwell* at the small theatres, with perhaps at Christmas a few pantomimes on the same subject, with *Cromwell* afterwards *Cloven*, and Charles afterwards *Harlequin*. Why doesn't some one bring out *Henry the Eighth*, there's a *Cromwell* in that. Bother that Foolish Young Man! He comes to me with another conundrum, this time theatrical. He asks me, “If MR. GEORGE BELMORE didn't come on to his proper cue and injured MR. IRVING'S scene, what quotation from Shakespeare would the latter make?” I guessed it at once, and replied, “There was the *Wail* that pulled me down, O *Cromwell*!” The foolish young man went away, shut up like a gibus and sat upon utterly. Never again with you, Robin, as the song says. The Foolish Young Man looked in again suddenly, to suggest that this would be the time to let houses in *Cromwell* Road, South Kensington. I have given strict orders not to admit him again on any pretext. I remain, Sir, as before,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

TEMPERANCE FOOD AND DRINK.

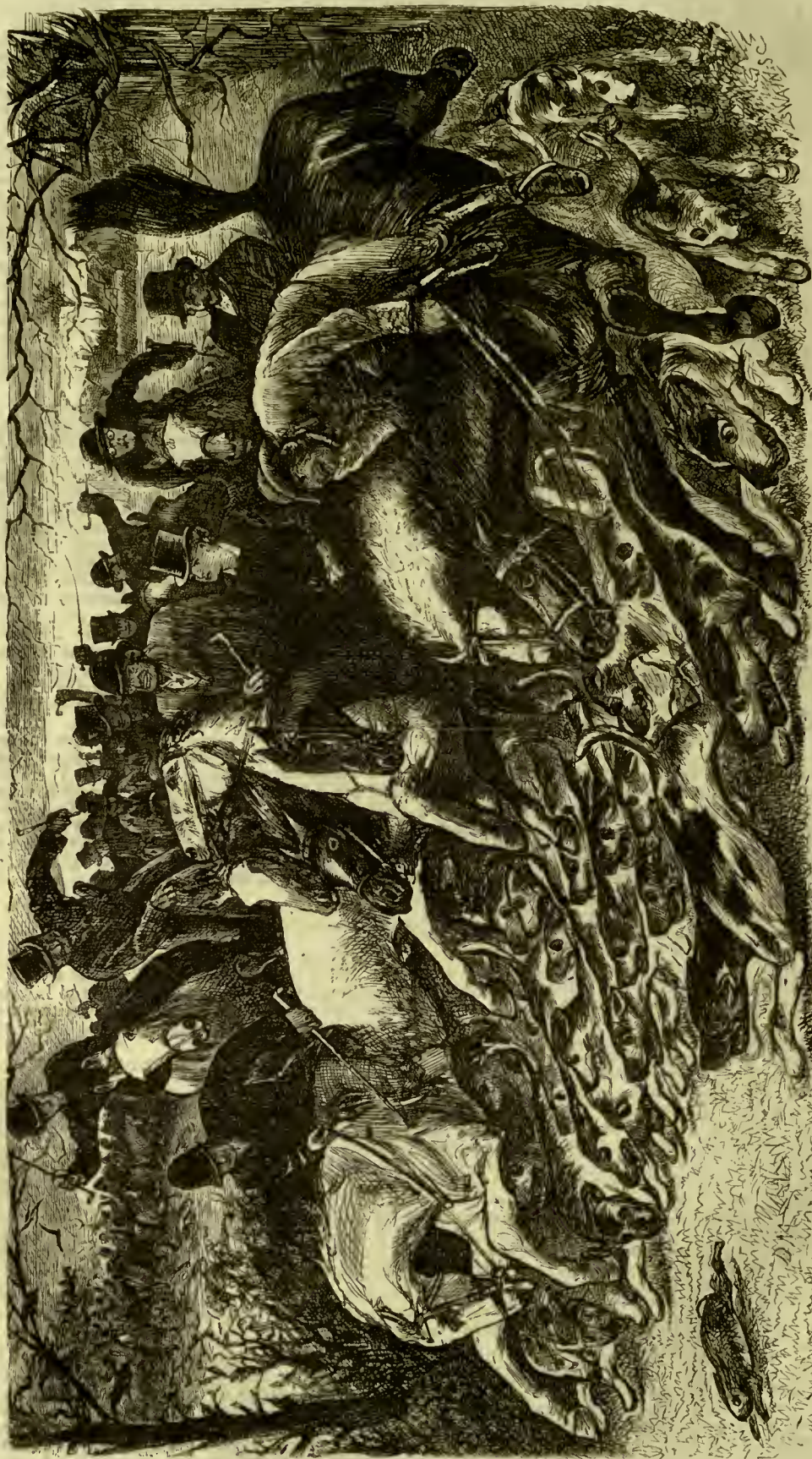
THAT great Statesman and Champion of Temperance and Liberty, SIR WILFRID LAWSON, the other day, addressed his constituents at the last of the three northern towns commemorated in a line by the Minstrel:—

“Warkworth, and Neworth, and merry Carlisle.”

O, how merry, if truly represented by the Corypheus of the United Kingdom Alliance! Likely to be how much more merry if compelled, by the triumph of that conspiracy, to addict itself to thin potatoes! Yes, and MR. EDMUND POTTER, Carlisle's other representative, addressed his electors also. Is not this POTTER most potent in his potting? He should be, to balance the Teetotallers' Baronet. MR. POTTER'S speech is not reported in a contemporary that summarises his colleague's; but if equal in eloquence and wisdom to that, it must have been splendid. SIR WILFRID LAWSON expressed himself in oratory which, popularly speaking, we may call “the cheese,” and here is a specimen of the ripe Stilton:—

“He condemned the Parks Bill as foolish and uncalled-for, and with respect to the Alabama claims rejoiced that American attorneys had been triumphed over by English statesmanship.”

If SIR WILFRID LAWSON is personally a total abstainer, which he may be presumed to be since he labours to enforce total abstinence on others, his view of the Alabama affair exemplifies the extraordinary influence exerted on the appetite for food by the exclusion from drink of “intoxicating liquors.” “How nice,” he exclaims, in another form of words, “how delicious, and savoury is Humble Pie!” Water, certainly, is the right stuff forewithal to wash that viand down. Humble Pie is not rich. At any rate its digestion is not to be helped by a glass of brandy.



POOR PUSSY'S NIGHTMARE.

ALL on a bare and bleak hillside,
One night this merry Christmas-tide,
A shivering, hunted hare did hide—
Poor Pussy!

Though we had hunted Puss all day,
The wind had blown her scent away,
And baulked the dogs—so there she lay,
Did Pussy!

There to the earth she humbly crept—
There, brooding o'er her lot, she wept—
There, on her empty stomach, slept
Poor Pussy!

And there, whilst fell the frozen dew,
She dreamt an ugly dream or two,
As starved wet folk are apt to do,
Did Pussy.

Loud hungry hounds of subtle ken,
And thundering steeds, and hard-eyed men,
Are fast on Pussy's trail again—
Poor Pussy!

Onward she strains—on, on they tear!
Foremost amongst the foremost there
Are ruthless women's faces fair!
Poor Pussy!

One moment's check! To left—to right—
In vain she spends her little might!
Some yokell's eye has marked her flight—
Poor Pussy!

What use her five small wits to rack?
Closer and faster on her track
Hurries the hydra-headed pack!
Lost Pussy!

"For pity's sake, kind huntsman, stop!
Call off the dogs, before I drop,
And kill me with your heavy crop!"
Shrieks Pussy!

With shuddering start and stifled scream,
She wakes—she finds it all a dream!
How kind the cold, cold earth doth seem
To Pussy!

In harrying Puss we had great fun,
And trust that ere this year be done
She'll give us yet one other run,
Will Pussy!

A softer wind, a cloudier sky,
A nice damp turf for the scent to lie,
Are all we ask! Till then, good-bye,
Dear Pussy!



TOO LATE.

Middle-Aged Customer. "MR. BASSBRIDGE, MY MUSICAL EDUCATION HAS BEEN UTTERLY NEGLECTED, BUT I'VE A STRONG DESIRE TO PRACTISE SOME INSTRUMENT. WHAT SHOULD YOU ADVISE ME TO TAKE UP?"

Conscientious Tradesman. "WELL, SIR, I SHOULD RECOMMEND THE TRIANGLE—OR—YES—I THINK A MUSICAL SNUFFBOX, SIR, WOULD BE THE BEST!"

"ON THE CARDS."

It is on the Cards that a considerable number of us, whose only reproach is a small and stationary income, may have to discontinue the use of butcher's meat, coals, fruit, vegetables, and other expensive luxuries.

It is on the Cards that the exportation of money for the conversion of the heathen abroad may be checked, until the improvement of the "heathen" at home has made a little more progress.

It is on the Cards that the commencement and duration of the Session of Parliament may be governed by other considerations than the convenience and amusement of Noblemen and Gentlemen addicted to field sports.

It is on the Cards that it may be found practicable to maintain discipline in Public Schools, without giving the big boys power to bruise the little boys.

It is on the Cards that law may be made less costly, less dilatory, and less vexatious.

It is on the Cards that the dissemination of blasphemy and sedition on Sunday, in Hyde Park, may be stopped.

It is on the Cards that all the dirty, idle, mischievous, and neglected children, may be taken out of the streets and sent to school.

It is on the Cards that the various religious parties in this country may cease from their rivalries, disputes, and animosities, and combine together against ignorance, heathenism, poverty, crime, vice, dirt, and misery.

It is on the Cards that the First Commissioner of Public Works and Buildings may relieve his colleagues and his country, by voluntarily resigning office.

It is on the Cards that the Head Master of Winchester may spend a portion of his Christmas vacation in the practice of English composition.

It is on the Cards that a few of us may live to see the centre of Leicester Square made either useful or ornamental.

It is on the Cards that at some future day the Metropolis may possess proper Municipal Government.

WINCHESTER MEASURE.

WE've had letter-writing enough and more
About Winchester tundry;
Till the thing begins to be felt a bore
By all and sundry.
Masters and parents, boys young and old,
To print they rush all,
Their views as discipline to unfold,
By the Winchester bushel.

There are letters from boys who've been tunded
Of yore,

And rather like it:
From boys in whose souls ash-stick 's so sore,
To "ground" they'd strike it;
Letters from parents who think their lads
The better for kicking;
From parents who argue that only cads
Can improve by licking.

A letter in English less classic than queer
From Head-Master RIDDING;
Another from his assistants, good cheer
To the Doctor bidding.
A letter from MR. ALLAN MACPHERSON,
Papa of the victim;
But none from the "good and gentle" young person
Who cruelly licked him.

Lastly, not one letter, but a batch
Of the victim's own,
Wherein more sense, with spirit to match,
By this schoolboy 's shown,
Than in all the old folks who've written—Head-
Masters
Or Masters-Assistant,
Papae or pedagogues, pedants or pastors—
Seems existent!

Whatever Winchester training may be,
That boy 's a trump;
In spite of tundings from WHITE, P.C.,
With ground-ash or stump—
His punishment, while he feels it unjust,
He takes, sans blather or ban,
Yes, out of the lot who've kicked up a dust,
The boy is the Man.

It is on the Cards that Ireland may become contented, and Irish priests satisfied.

It is on the Cards that railway travellers may set out on their journeys with some little confidence in the prudence, care, and good management of Railway Companies.

It is on the Cards that the public may be allowed to visit the British Museum and the National Gallery every day in the week.

It is on the Cards that the laws now in force for the careful preservation of hares, rabbits, pheasants, partridges, and other animals *feræ nature*, may be reconsidered and revised.

It is on the Cards that we may enjoy the blessing of female doctors, female lawyers, female barristers, female professors, female voters, female Members of Parliament, and a body of female clergy.

PRIESTS AND PEDAGOGUES.

A TELEGRAM from Berlin a few days ago announced that the Lower House of the Diet had debated a motion of HERR MALLINCKRODT against the exclusion of members of ecclesiastical congregations and orders from teaching in public schools. This exclusion, as you know, was decreed on the 15th of last June. The Government is supported by the House in its resolve to take education out of the hands of the Clergy. What of that? Why, if we hear much more about "tunding," and such like manners and customs at public schools, it is not impossible that the British Parliament may support a secular Ministry in enforcing the same disposition. Clergymen in general are as prone to, as they are unfit for, the exercise of arbitrary power, and they commonly rule with favouritism, which many of them seem to regard as an element in the government of the universe. Moreover, is the training of intellect for the investigation of truth wisely confided to the dogmatic and evasive clerical mind?

THE HIGH LEVEL.—The Tight-Rope.

HAPPINESS FOR THE HUMBLEST.



OUTLESS minds of enlarged sympathy have derived pleasure from the following announcement in the *Post* :—

"THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH'S BIRTHDAY. — The London tradesmen of the DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH celebrated the anniversary of his Grace's birthday yesterday morning by dining together at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street. Mr. BAILY, of Mount Street, presided over a larger gathering than for some years past. The pleasure of the evening was increased by the excellent musical arrangements, under the direction of Mr. RANSFORD."

When a selfish fellow in narrow circumstances reads such a piece of news as the above, it inspires him with the mean and miserable passion of envy. But a largely sympathetic one is moved by its perusal with

amiable and happy feelings. Instead of envying the nobleman to whom it refers, he puts himself in his place, and, by so doing, essentially as well as ideally ennoble himself, by making that nobleman's happiness his own. To do that, besides energetic benevolence, no more is necessary than adequate imagination. Try to fancy yourself a Duke, consider what an extensive benefactor you must be to your species when you have a host of tradesmen holding a festival every year to celebrate your birthday. All the delight felt by his Grace himself when he makes this reflection, you yourself experience if you succeed in the endeavour to imagine yourself him. Thus much of the enjoyment attending rank and wealth, too, you can realise without paying anything for it; whereas it must cost an actual Duke something considerable. The bold BUCCLEUCH's good health, and long life to him!

"WELCOME BACK, BOBBIES!"

Now, welcome back, our Bobbies, to our arms that love you well,
Your HENDERSON, your Public, your *Punch*, your area-belle :
Defiance of authority no more, let's hope, to show,
Nor go wrong, like naughty children, when a Good-child bids you go.

We look to you, our Bobbies, example high to set ;
Our A 1 stands, by right, a-top of our civic alphabet.
But the staff that London leans on is broken in her hand,
When he that should bid roughs "move on," along with roughs
takes stand.

You are soldiers, though your colour be the lobster's yet unboiled :
True blue's a noble uniform, that never should be soiled.
As your duty's to keep order, so 'tis orders to obey,
Not to argue with your officers, or their commands gainsay.

To hold her own authority has in these days much ado,
Now each man's as good as another, if he isn't better too.
In your helmets of black felt walk crowned the majesty of law,
And, as her light is your bull's-eye, it should be without flaw.

If the force of Order listen to Disorder's Siren song,
Nor put wax into their ears when Good Children tempt to wrong ;
Needs must that we deaf ears should turn e'en to their just demands,
And stint what else had been bestowed with large and liberal hands.

But let bye-gones be bye-gones ; you were misled, you fell ;
You've been punished ; you've asked pardon ; you've been pardoned : all is well.

Henceforth be the faith of London in her Bobbies as before,
And delegates, disobedience, and defiance be no more.

TO A CORRESPONDENT.

You must have been strangely misinformed. The name of the Winchester Founder was WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM, not LICK 'EM.

THE RETURN OF THE ADMIRAL ;
OR, RED-HEART RUM.

WE thought a British Admiral beneath St. Paul's should sleep,
And therefore we did not consign old TRUNNION to the deep.
The skipper said, "Although extinct may be the vital spark,
We will not have him eaten up by yonder brutal shark."

"What matter if the spirit dwell no longer in the clay ?
Still spirit put outside of that will keep it from decay.
What spirit for that purpose will the fittest spirit be ?
The New Tea Spirit, Robur, lads, suggests itself to me."

"The New Tea Spirit Robur, Sir, this vessel can't afford,
Because a certain quantity is all we have on board.
There's but little gin and whiskey, still less brandy, and there's
some,
But not a single drop too much, prime Old Jamaica Rum."

"St. Paul's must hold our Admiral, whatever may betide,
So take the biggest cask you have and his corpus put inside.
Then pour in Old Jamaica Rum, and fill it to the brim ;
But our Admiral shall never sink as long as we can swim."

Still lower ran our alcohol, and lower as we flew,
Till stunted were the officers, as first had been the crew ;
And all hands in chorus shouted, "To a pretty pass we've come !
We have scarcely any Robur, and are almost out of Rum."

One morn was BARNEY BUNTING with BILLY BOWLING found
Dead drunk abait the binnacle, when the boatswain's mate went
round.

Their words were inarticulate amid the tempest's roar ;
But, "They've been and tapped the Admiral !" aghast the sea-
men swore.

The New Tea Spirit, Robur, first was advertised about,
And after that came Red Heart Rum on posters likewise out :
But never for a moment did we countenance the "hum"
That our late lamented Admiral came o'er in Red Heart Rum.

THREE GOOD COURSES.

GEOGRAPHERS, and Chartographers, and Topographers, are understood to adhere to some old-world notions about Arcadia in connection with Greece, and the Morea, and the poets and fabulists of old ; but a large and daily increasing number of agreeable, intelligent, and influential people, residing in London and its suburbs, and in the country districts, have made the valuable discovery—they make no secret of it—that this blissful region is much nearer home than it has been the custom to suppose ; indeed they go so far as to assert that they have found Arcadia, *Happy Arcadia*, much to their satisfaction, in Middlesex, in London, in Regent Street, in Waterloo Place, in the Gallery of Illustration!

These same enterprising explorers further allege that after making acquaintance with Arcadia, *Happy Arcadia*, and its inhabitants, few in number but very agreeable, they were entertained at a *Five o'Clock Tea*, which they relished greatly, and were then about to rejoin their wraps and overcoats—at least those of them who were nervous and timid—on hearing that there was something which was *Very Catching*, but being solemnly assured that they would find nothing which was infectious (except the laughter), remained, and congratulated themselves that they had not yielded to a momentary panic, and so lost the diversion of going a-fishing with young Mr. Dibble, Miss Dora Kettle, and the other worthy successors of IZAAK WALTON.

Altogether, there can be no doubt that those who have wit enough to exchange the disagreeable realities of London, in these gloomy months, for the Gallery of Illustration and its pleasant illusions of *Happy Arcadia*, *Five o'Clock Tea*, and *Very Catching*, will be able to lay their heads on their pillows at night, and say, with the EMPEROR THEODOLITE, "We have not lost a day !"

A Game of Balls.

A BALL, danced on Thursday last at Brighton, is understood in fashionable circles to have been the Ball of the Brighton season. It was announced as the "County Croquet Ball." Thus in Sussex it appears that the pastime of Croquet comprises one grand ball additional to the ordinary number of Croquet balls. But in the case of both them and it we perceive, on reflection, that the ball is at the foot of the player. Mark you that.



"SAUCE FOR GOOSE, SAUCE," ETC.

Intelligent Officer. "YER CAN'T, SIR! WERY SORRY, BUT IT'S PAST TWELVE O'CLOCK."
[Poor Jones, after his six songs and long walk, would have given his head for— But no matter; a time will come!]

END AND MEANS.

THE Government may be congratulated on the happy circumstance that the system of fancy surcharges for Income-tax under Schedule D is at length, after a long period of laudable perseverance in it, beginning to answer its purpose. A resolute agitation against that impost is becoming general among those who are plundered by its unequal incidence. In particular, the subjoined pleasing announcement has appeared in the *Times*:—

"THE INCOME-TAX.—The LORD MAYOR, in compliance with a requisition, numerously signed, both by liverymen and merchants in the City of London, has convened a public meeting to be held on Friday the 13th inst., at half-past two o'clock, in the Guildhall, to consider the incidence of the Income-tax, and the justice of its final repeal. His Lordship himself will preside on the occasion."

It was a wise and beneficent thought to aggravate the Income-tax so as to make it absolutely intolerable, with a view to arouse an agitation against it which would enforce its repeal. In no other way could the Ministry have counteracted the discouragement of all demands for the abolition of it by the persistent repetition of the cry that there can never be an end of it, and that the Act which created it is like one of the laws of the Medes and Persians, which altered not. The plan of surcharging its victims, under Schedule D, served to bring home to the British Public, and set vividly before their eyes, the point that in regard to taxation they are practically placed in the same state of things as the people of Sparta were respecting theft. There it was held not at all morally wrong or dishonourable to steal, only the thief had to take care not to be found out. Stealing was regarded as merely a *malum prohibitum*; not a *malum in se* at all. So, as regards the Income-tax, the people, that is, that part of them whose earnings it confiscates, have had impressed upon them by extraordinary extortion on the part of the instruments of the Inland Revenue, that it is all fair to cheat the Government by making false returns if you can, only risking the consequences. The Income-tax Assessors set the example of fraud by surcharging traders and earners, and the class of those likely to be surcharged are thus taught that fraud is at least as fair for one side as extortion is for the other, whilst their only self-defence from being cheated practi-

THE PESTILENCE OF STRIKES.

TOADIES of the "Working Man"
 See to what your Cant has led.
 "Strike," the Bakers said, "we can;"
 Struck, and tried to stop our bread.
 Next the Guardians of the Peace,
 Even, struck against us too.
 "We will," threatened the Police,
 "Leave you to the ruffians' crew."

Then struck Stokers, of a class
 Public servants, at our light;
 All they could they did, of gas,
 London to deprive at night.
 Mutinies are strikes like these;
 Thus its head Rebellion rears.
 Soldiers, sailors, if you please,
 Next will strike, turned mutineers.

A Long Affair.

THERE is news from Japan. "Four native priests have left for Europe, to study the various religions." It is to be hoped that these priests are single men, without wives and families to lament their absence, for many a day must elapse before they will see their own country again. England alone has claims upon their notice, which they will find themselves unable to attend to within anything like a moderate period of time. Should they extend their investigations to America, no date for the return of the studious party to Japan can possibly be fixed.

Republican Loyalty.

HER MAJESTY's friend, the Member for Chelsea, has asked the *Times* to contradict the statement, in a report of the "English Republican Conference," at Sheffield, that the appearance of a Post Office Order from SIR CHARLES DILKE was received with cheers, and to say that it is not true that he has subscribed to that association. For all his attachment to Republican principles, SIR CHARLES DILKE refuses to sacrifice his Sovereign.

ally is to cheat whilst they are able. The Government, in adaptation of what DR. JOHNSON once said to DR. PEACOCK concerning politeness, has in effect proclaimed to the sufferers of exaction:—"Sirs, we have thrown away morality; we are to be as fraudulent as we can." Action on this understanding, if it were to become general, would very soon render the collection of the Income-tax impossible; and then the possibility of finding a substitute for it in England as well as in other countries would be discovered.

In the meanwhile, it has perhaps occurred to the promoters of the Anti-Income-tax meeting in the City that the existing relations between the Governors who impose, and the Governed who evade, excessive and partial taxation, are demoralising, and that injustice on the one side had better cease to develop roguery on the other.

rites and liberties.

It may appear remarkable to observant foreigners that, whilst publicans are compelled to close their houses during certain hours on Sunday, dealers in tobacco and vendors of drugs are allowed to keep open shop. Apprised of the unlimited toleration accorded in this country to every form of dissent, perhaps some of our lively neighbours might suppose that, like Methodists, Baptists, and Non-conformists otherwise named, Tobaccoconists, and Chemists and Druggists, are members of peculiar denominations enjoying rights of conscience in the observance of a Sunday. So that, for example, if one of them were asked, "Are you a Sabbatarian?" his answer would be "No; I am a Tobaccoconist."

It is not generally known or imagined that we have in our midst a sect of Buddhists. That name, however, has been applied to nursery gardeners, whose cult includes both grafting and budding. Toleration for ever!

Fine Art Gossip.

WE understand that an eminent Equity Draughtsman is engaged on a work of Art, which he hopes to finish painting in time to be able to send it to the exhibition of the Royal Academy.

Punch at Lunch.



SO the railway from Yeddo to Yokohama has been opened by the MIKADO. There is some comfort in railway travelling in Japan. If an accident, through negligence, happens, the Board of Directors is chopped to pieces, and its wives and children are sold to pay damages to survivors. Here, a Company abuses the sufferera, *via* the Secretary. As TOM HOOD wrote about another sort of folks: there's a fire, and "the streets with loud voices are filled"——

"O! it's only the firemen a-swearing
At a man they've run over and killed."

There is rather a good picture in the *Charivari*. A ruffianly prisoner brought before a Judge, takes off his cap with exquisite politeness, and observes, "Ah, M'sieu, I have not seen you for at least two months. I trust that Madame is quite well."

I read in the *Pall Mall Gazette* that a farmer has discovered that to let oxen, when indisposed, devour apples, is an excellent method of cure. Dear me! When I was seventy or eighty years younger, there was a "nonsense song," highly popular, and two lines were,

"They don't feed cows on apple-tarts,
Poor people have a right to sneeze."

Extrusion of the "H" may, I think, be called exasperating.

MR. GLADSTONE (in his beautiful valedictory address to the University of Edinburgh) mentioned that among the Greeks ugliness was regarded as a kind of sin. I have heard strong-minded ladies assert that in England there exists a similar superstition.

"One ought, every day," says GOETHE, "at least to hear a little song, read a good poem, see a fine picture, and, if possible, speak a few reasonable words." I always do this. I sing and read something of my own, look into my glass, and remark how very superior I am to the rest of creation.

ALDERMAN KELLY, the publisher, gave a very good reason for preferring deceased authors to living ones. He said that the former never kept him waiting for copy.

What do you think, my TOBIAS? This detested weather—well, well, we won't talk about it. But the Registrar says that it is most healthy, the rains cleanse the sewers, and mortality diminishes. To insult us with statistics, when we can hardly speak for colds, is cold-blooded officialism.

There is a vacancy in the School Board. Why not put a School-boy in it? He would give the theorists some wrinkles.

The *Saturday Review* points out that the advertisements of the Hoftheater, at Dresden, are habitually composed in bad German. This is very sad. Look at the exquisite English of the modest and simple announcements by our own Managers. However, do not let us be proud.

"A Bank of England note is practically a Mint Certificate," said the *Times*. It speaks well for the good sense of our young ladies, that a man wants a good many of such things to get at a Marriage Certificate.

Does the study of Phrenology make folks mean? I heard of a phrenologist who was very anxious to inspect some poor man's head, so got him to shave it. Having examined the lumps and bumps, he dismissed the man, who, being too needy to buy a wig (the scientific person utterly declining to pay for one), had to wear a red nightcap for months.

A criminal requires great interest to get himself hanged in these days. When DOCTOR DODD was condemned, the jury, the City of London, and 23,000 other persons petitioned for his life—and in vain.

"'Tis not a day or two shows us a man," remarks MRS. EMILY IACO. Or a woman. I know a family in which there was an old maiden lady, who by the united voice of everybody was declared "the sweetest old lady in the world." Yet the family did nothing but quarrel. When she became extinct, so did all the quarrelling.

MR. DISRAELI said, in the House, that *Hansard*, instead of being the Delphi of Debate was the Dunciad of Politics.

Mistletoe time is approaching, and the fact reminds me that an engaged young gentleman got rather neatly out of a little scrape with his intended. She taxed him with having kissed two ladies at some party at which she was not present. He owned it, but said that their united ages made only twenty-one. The simple-minded girl thought of ten and eleven, and laughed off her pout. He did not explain that one was nineteen and the other two years of age. Wasn't it artful, *Tobias*?

What bad handwriting comes to me, incessantly! A person has no more right to send you a letter which you cannot easily read than to talk to you in a mumbling voice which you can't easily hear. However, at the second difficulty the letter, long or short, goes into the fire.

The "valiancy" of some of those Gas-Strikers in writing to abuse the HOME SECRETARY for assisting to supply labour, was noteworthy, considering that everybody hopes they will have to write to him again asking for remission of their sentences—and asking in vain.

At dinner the other night a lady remarked to me, in reference to this grand new sea-bottom exploration, that of course it was very delightful to learn that invisible shells could be found at awful depths, but that it would be much more delightful to hear that the dredgers had brought up some of the real Treasures of the Deep, the "reflecting gems," and "wedgæ of gold," and "heaps of pearl" that SHAKESPEARE (who knew everything) says are lying about in every direction. I said I would mention her idea to my friend MR. LOWE, but that I feared she was worldly.

Something, I forget what, that has lately occurred, reminded me of the story of a Judge who, alluding to an unfortunate match, said that marriages between "January" and "May" were seldom lucky. He received a letter from Scotland asking his reason for fixing those particular dates.

Bother about not buying things at the Co-operative Stores. I just shall buy there. Perpend. I wanted a porcelain slate on which to inscribe daily my electric inspirations. I saw just the thing in an elegant window in Oxford Street. The price was four shillings. I bought quite as good a one at the Stores for two and threepence. There it is before you. Whereby I am, by one and ninepence, abler to purchase *bon-bons* for my little friends at Christmas than I should have been had I gone to the shop. Now one fact's worth a hundred arguments, and it will take at least a hundred to make my little friends see why I should have paid four shillings for the porcelain, and given them fewer *bon-bons*.

In the North they are getting up another memorial to BURNS! Our friends there seem shockingly afraid that he will be forgotten. But he will not. His less objectionable works have been mentioned favourably in several leading "Cockney" magazines.

Sycorax, the blue-eyed hag, *Caliban's* mamma, was a witch, and was transported. They would not put her to death "for one thing she did." What was this? is the question again agitating the Shakspearian world. Nobody seems to have remembered that she came from Argier, which is Algiers. What would be a good, redeeming deed in the eyes of cruel African savages? The idea is too shocking for anything but a Christmas fireside story.

IMPORTANT, IF TRUE.



N the afternoon of Monday last week the DEANS of CANTERBURY and CHESTER, on behalf of a large number of the Clergy of both Provinces, waited on the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY, at Lambeth Palace, to present His Grace, and the ARCHBISHOP of YORK, with memorials "praying for some change either in the compulsory rubric or in the damnable clauses of the Athanasian Creed." Is not the change past praying for? Can it be made without the sanction of Parliament — a Parliament which includes three ROTUNDS, MR. MIALL, and SIR GEORGE BOWYER, with other gentlemen of those gentlemen's respective persuasions, and others besides of other persuasions dissident from the Forty

Articles save one? Are orthodox Clergy prepared to accept the licence of heterodox Legislators to reform a rubric or a Creed?

This is not the place wherein to enter into a theological discussion respecting the Creed of St. Athanasius. Even if it were, all such discussion would, on the memorialists against the use, or for the modification, of that ingredient of the Liturgy, be wasted. They continue to ignore, in spite of having had it pointed out to them, that the question of leaving the Athanasian Creed alone or not ought to depend upon the opinion entertained of its truth or falsehood. They still require to be reminded that, if a statement, of infinite importance if true, is true, then it cannot be too carefully retained in its integrity, nor too frequently recited in the hearing of as many people as possible. The idea of tampering with or shelving a terrible truth because its declaration is terrific, could only, reason suggests, occur to a very peculiar kind of intellect. If reverend gentlemen believe the Athanasian Creed, and are not idiots, they would, one thinks, rally faithfully round it; if otherwise believing, indeed, they are wise in doing otherwise. But then, if they do not believe it, why do they not say so? Wanted, by a numerous body of reverend Divines, consistency, candour, and common sense.

WANTED.

"WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.—The Central Committee of the National Society intend to appoint a Corresponding Secretary (lady or gentleman)."

WE imagine that a little surprise will be felt at the last two words within the parenthesis. One would have supposed that no man need apply for such a post as a Secretaryship to a "Women's Suffrage" Society. Can it be that the champions of "Women's Suffrage" think it possible that no woman is likely to be found adequate to the duties of the situation?

It will look like a satire on their assumptions and claims, if the "Women's Suffrage" Society have to stoop to avail themselves of the services of a member of that sex, a large majority of which is suspected of feeling a very moderate amount of enthusiasm about the craving desire of (some) women to mix themselves up with politics and elections.

"If he isn't, he should have been."

SHALLOW people have been asking on what possible ground Bon LOWE, an Englishman born and bred, should have been asked to preside at the Scottish dinner. We should have thought it clear—from his tight grip o' the bawbees. "*Ipsis Hibernis Hibernior*" used to be said of the English settlers in Ireland. "*Ipsis Scotis Scotior*" is surely true of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER whenever the cash is concerned.

Testimonial to John Knox.

THE Kirk of Scotland holds peculiar views on the subject of Lights. The chief of these may be said to be the Moderator Lamp. The REV. DA. CANDLISH is also a shining light; his name implying that he is indeed something like a candle. Not to be confounded with any parson of the Ritualist party, whose weakness for wax-tapers induces them to burn daylight.

THE CHALLENGER HER CHALLENGE.

I'm a spar-decked corvette, built of wood not of iron,
I am good under steam, under sail:
No Sheffield-plate dead-weights my topsides environ,
So I ride like a duck through a gale.
By my Lords I'm about to be put in commission,
For a cruise of three years, if not four;
And for all I'm short-handed, I carry provision
Such as corvette ne'er victualled before.

Mine's no cruise to train officers, boys, or blue-jackets,
Or BRITANNIA's old flag to display;
To observe and report South American rackets,
Or enjoy life in Naples' blue bay:
To practise manœuvres, or study steam-tactics,
Hunt down pirate-junk or slave-dhow;
The Challenger now aims at higher didactics,
And on different quests sets her prow!

Her task's to sound Ocean, smooth humours or rough in,
To examine old NEP's deep-sea bed;
Dredge up samples precise of his mattress's stuffing,
And the bolsters that pillow his head:
To study the dip and the dance of the needle;
Test the currents of ocean and air—
In a word, all her secrets from Nature to wheedle,
And the great freight of facts homeward bear.

And by way of a treat—when the *Fauna* and *Flora*
Of all lands and all seas I've run through,
And learnt if the Austral Antarctic *Aurora*
Our Boreal in beauty outdo—
In the Isle of Kerguelen, with nothing between us
But the thinnest of clouds—O what fun!—
I'm to lurk and look on at the transit of *Venus*,
Across the broad blush of the sun!

For this I bear science to seamanship plighted,
In THOMPSON and NARE and MACLEAR,
While from highest to lowest aboard all united,
To serve both alike volunteer.
Broadside guns have made room to ship batteries magnetic,
Apparatus turns out ammunition,
From main-deck to ground-tier I'm a peripatetic
Polytechnic marine exhibition.

"Mighty fine!" says JOHN BULL. "But, pray, how about cost?
Cash soon makes ducks and drakes in the Ocean."
Treasury leave was asked first: prayer, of course, aside tost,
Till LOWE went to figures with GÖSCHEN.
When they found that the outlay for all this provision,
To question the land, and the sea,
Would be no more than keeping my hull in commission,
With nothing to show for't, would be!

Said LOWE, laughing, "To pay by results is my plan;
For results here 'll be nothing to pay.
Let the Challenger go: and I'll challenge the man,
Be it RYLANDS himself, who'll gainsay;
For he, like myself, though he's not been to college,
And 's a shallowish sort of a snob,
Has, at bottom, I'm sure, no objection to knowledge,
So long as it don't cost a bob."

And so I'm to sail on my grand cruise of science,
And a prouder ship ne'er put to sea;
In the good of my mission high souls have reliance,
Whatever the LOWE view may be.
Of the axiom that "nothing of nothing can come,"
I'm the Challenger. How is it true?
When 'tis clear to Bon LOWE, as a rule-of-three sum,
Good for nothing I'm not, 'cause I do.

Exemplary Exploit.

SERGEANT BATES, Colour-Sergeant of the American Artillery, has successfully accomplished the feat which he bet 1000 dollars he would perform, of walking from the Scotch Border to London with the Stars and Stripes without having his flag insulted. It now remains for some wise Englishman to attempt the corresponding achievement of marching from one end of the United States to the other with the Union Jack.



CHRISTMAS BILLS.

Little Wife. "I WISH, DEAR, YOU'D 'MUTINY'!"

The Major (horried). "'SH—H, MY DEAREST LIZZIE! WHAT ARE YOU THINKING OF? GOOD HEAVENS! 'MUTINY'! AND I THOUGHT YOU WERE SO PROUD OF THE REGIMENT—"

Little Wife. "WELL, THEN, I WISH WE WERE POLICEMEN OR POSTMEN; FOR WE COULD 'MUTINY' THEN, AND YOUR PAY WOULD OF COURSE BE RAISED, AND THEN WE MIGHT MANAGE TO PAY THESE HORRID BILLS!"

A SONG ABOUT SHOOTING-STARS.

YE flaming meteors, which of late across the sky have shot,
Is your material solid, is it gaseous, or what?
Some say that ye are ærolites; I think ye are not, all.
It is not when you mostly shoot that stones do chiefly fall.

I have a sort of theory, which I wish I could explain,
You somehow were connected with the late continual rain.
I have a kind of notion that you some relation bear
To the quantity of water which has floated in the air.

Methinks I have observed, myself, and others, too, heard say,
That washy weather commonly succeeds to the display
Of such celestial fireworks as your late nocturnal flight,
To simpletons a portent, and to sages a delight.

Some fancy BIELA'S Comet, which about this time is due,
Has seized with a convulsion heen, and burst up into you.
It may be with a Comet's tail a brush that we have had,
And that is why so long it has rained cats and dogs like mad.

Barometer might rise and fall, and wind might change and chop,
But the rain it still rained every day with gush, and splash, and slop,
And the muggy, misty atmosphere of such a sort did seem
As that which we experience in a wash-house full of steam.

'Tis like enough your Comets may but vapour be, or gas,
Through which, or part of it at least, this Earth may sometimes pass.
And we, who need vast distance to discern so thin a shape,
May, with but such a drenching as we just have had, escape.

Perhaps, since Comets fly with such velocity per day,
Some few weeks hence, and some few hundred million miles away,
In its unmeasured orbit through unbounded space on sail,
We shall behold the Comet which has switched us with its tail.

DARWIN, NOT DOGBERRY.

MR. DARWIN, in his lately published work on *The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals*, informs us that our male semi-human progenitors "possessed great canine teeth," and that "men are occasionally born having them of unusually large size, with interspaces in the opposite jaw for their reception." We also learn from the Genealogist of Man's Pedigree, that "if our ears had remained movable, their movements would have been highly expressive."

"Dost thou not suspect my ears?" says, or was meant to say, the sapient City Officer in *Much Ado About Nothing*. Nobody can suspect the ears of an accomplished Naturalist, though he himself appears to suspect those of his ancestors. Otherwise, we should have suspected the ears of the philosopher from whose speculations the foregoing extracts are quoted, of egregious longitude.

What Will She Do With It?

AT the Yorkshire Christmas Cattle Show a "silver-mounted claret jug was taken by a cow." No one will grudge the cow this or any other distinction which its merits and good conduct deserve, but it is not easy to see what pleasure or benefit such an animal (strictly teetotal in its habits) can derive from the possession of a claret jug. Claret is not the usual beverage of cows, and even if it were, the jugs which hold it are so constructed that it would be impossible for those creatures to drink out of them; and the mere contemplation of a claret jug, silver mountings and all, must be a matter of indifference even to the most high-bred cows. Altogether, one feels that a new wooden pail, filled with ordinary fresh water, would have been a far more useful present.



HAPPY THOUGHTS.



HOPED to meet ENGLEMORE at the Minerva Club.

Arrive at Club. Annoyed at finding the steps thronged by a crowd of respectable-looking artisans. At least, some appear to be artisans in their Sunday best, with a variety of neat things in hats, and others present a sort of groom-out-of-place appearance, specially about the trousers, which are clearly perquisites of the past adapted to straitened circumstances.

Happy Thought.—Evidently something to do with the Strikes. Perhaps a Deputation to call on one of the mem-

bers. If so, shall complain of it to the Committee as a nuisance.

In the hall, more of the deputation, without their hats. Tall and healthy, tall and unhealthy, short and thin, short and fat—in fact, all sorts and sizes, with a hungry, restless look about them, and an indescribable awkwardness of hands and feet, as if the disappearance of both would be an intense relief to them.

"Any letters?" I ask the Hall-Porter.

"One, Sir," he answers, and presents me with what I know at once to be a trifle from ENGLEMORE. He says:—

"Saw your advertisement. Good. Have pushed it about. Wired country friends to send up to 'X, Minerva Club.' Personal interview saves trouble. Hatfuls of Gardeners. Pick and try. Look here. Going to have Mister Housewarming. Theatricals. Peter Playacting. Put you down for part. Larks. Got Major Sideboard at last. Quite a G. B. for L. s. d. down. Took off Daniel Discount ten. That's good enough for you

"LITTLE ENGLEMORE.

"P.S. Heard of Mister Pig just sent you. At least he won't suit anybody else, so you might get him cheap. Wire 'Yes,' if pig or not.

"P.P.S. Hope you'll like the Jolly Gardeners sent to order. Love to 'X, Minerva.'"

At first I don't quite understand. Another second clears up the difficulty. I must ask about answers to advertisement.

"Any letters addressed to 'X,' here?"

The Hall-Porter draws a deep sigh. "O," he says, "it's for you, Sir, is it?" Whereupon he produces a packet of about fifty, and as he does so, I notice the simultaneous shuffling of the members of the deputation in the hall. There is a confused murmur which sounds like "It's him!" in a variety of undertones.

The Hall-Porter continues: "Yes, Sir, besides these here" (meaning the letters), "there's been all these men waitin' for you yesterday, Sir, and to-day."

What these for me? The deputation!! I look round. They are all bowing and scraping; and the others outside, having guessed instinctively the cause of the commotion, are now coming up the steps, and entering the Club.

"There have been complaints made by the members, Sir, last night, and I was to hand you this from the Committee, Sir. (Here he produces an official-looking document. It contains a warning—a reproof—and necessitates an explanation.)

Other members coming in, pass ill-natured remarks. What am I to do? The men are all bending and smirking. A very tall one, with a deep voice, "presumes that he is speaking to Mr. X."

Happy Thought.—Like STANLEY finding LIVINGSTONE. "Mr. X, I presume?"

I am obliged to admit that his presumption is correct. DR. LIVINGSTONE restrained himself, and did not rush into Mr. STANLEY's arms. I, too, restrain myself. I don't at the instant exactly see what to say. Hall-Porter looking on. Members in the distance watching, with a view to reporting the whole proceeding to the Committee.

"Yes," I say, "I am 'X.' Why?"

Epigrammatic, but, on reconsideration, unbusiness-like. The

applicants smile—all except the gloomy tall man (six feet two, and I won't have him, I settle that at once), who, in answer to my question why he hadn't written instead of coming in this manner, says, "I thought as a personal application were better as savin' time on both parties which might be himportant to hall." The same idea has occurred to all of them, for they all nod, and more or less express themselves like a chorus in an opera, with the long man and myself doing the two solos. The long man continues, gravely, "I come 'ere yesterday, d'reckly as I see your hadvertisement." Chorus gesticulate again, just as if they were singing, "And so say all of us," without the previous portion of the tune which celebrates the joviality of the individual.

"I've honly left my present place, account of the family going abroad and 'avin' no more use for a gard'ner." Chorus evidently don't believe in him a bit. The tall Gardener goes on again with further particulars. I am not listening to him, but thinking how I shall get rid of them all. I hear him saying, "I'm a married man, and my wife can cook or make herself otherwise useful in a house," and I am on the point of dismissing him to begin with, when the oldest member of the Club enters the hall, and wishes to know what all this disturbance is?

The Hall-Porter looks appealingly to me. I beg to offer an explanation. The irascible old man won't be pacified. "It's a mob, Sir!" he says, and I feel that I agree with him. I show him how the mistake arose on their part from the unfortunate wording of my advertisement.

"It's too bad, Sir; 'pon my word, it's too bad," the old member blurts out. "And if this sort of thing's allowed, we shan't be able to keep an umbrella in the Club," whereupon he steams off through a glass door, and puffs himself to the writing-room, where he allows some of his heat to evaporate in a thundering letter to the Committee.

Happy Thought.—Tell the frozen-out Gardeners to meet me in St. James's Park. On consideration, this might be taken for a Republican Demonstration.

Hall-Porter asks, if I couldn't get some gentleman's rooms to see 'em in?

Happy Thought.—Of course. ENGLEMORE's! His old lodgings. Through the tall man, whom I treat as the spokesman, I request the applicants to walk round to Duke Street. They reply through him that they don't know where Duke Street is, and exhibit incredulity as to my intention of ever seeing them again.

Happy Thought.—Direct Club Commissionnaire to guide them. Intrust him with half a sovereign to be divided among them in liquor at the nearest tavern.

Exeunt Omnes. Thank Heaven!

If ENGLEMORE sent most of these fellows up, or got his friends to do so, I must have a row with him; at all events, he shall have the benefit of them in his rooms, if possible.

It is possible. MRS. DUMPER, ENGLEMORE's landlady, knows me, but though "MR. ENGLEMORE is giving up, yet she is doubtful whether"—In fact, she is hesitating, though she has not seen my crowd, who are still in the public-house, and I have only requested to be allowed the use of his sitting-room, just for half an hour, merely to see some gardeners who have called about my place. She is not in the least interested, and demurs.

Happy Thought.—I say to Mrs. DUMPER, "I fancy that Mr. ENGLEMORE's rooms would suit me; because I shan't live in the country altogether."

"Well, Sir," she says, seeing her way to a tenant, "you can look at 'em now, and if you like to use them for 'arf an 'our or so there won't be any great 'arm done, I desay."

I take my seat at ENGLEMORE's table, after calling to the Commissionnaire to bring the men up here. Quite Magisterial.

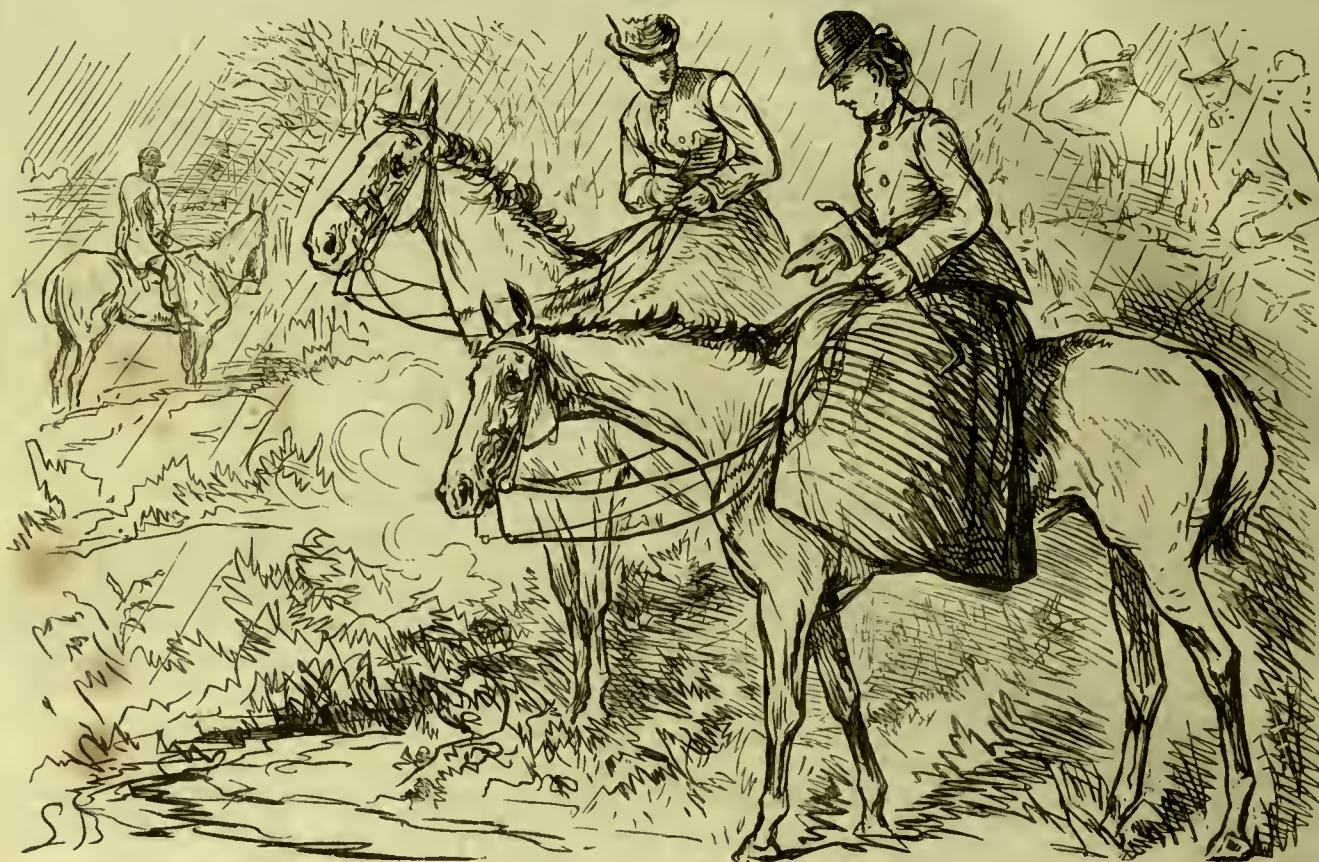
The gloomy man, who has been making himself gloomier than ever with beer, I dismiss at once. He is so utterly taken by surprise that he has nothing to say for himself; and every one else's interests being dead against him, nobody has anything to say for him, and so there's an end of him. He's a weight off my mind. I'm sorry he hasn't obtained the situation, but he has encumbrances, and holds such views on pigs, poultry, and a cow, as are utterly irreconcilable with mine.

Number Two.—Is an unhealthy-looking person with weak knees. He says he understands glass. Whatever else he doesn't understand, one thing he sticks to, and that is—Glass. I tell him I haven't got any glass, that I don't intend to have any glass, and that—to put it forcibly—I hate glass. At this last blow he staggers from the room and disappears. With him go three others who had come there solely on the strength of their knowledge of Glass.

Number Three.—Muddy-faced, short man; gloomy style in gaiters. His eyes seem inclined to blink. He bobs at me with his front lock, and attempting to focus his gaze on the top button of my waistcoat, awaits my questioning.

"What can you do?"

Directly I have spoken, his eyes begin to wander. Perhaps he is trying to recall all his accomplishments.



CONTINGENT ADVANTAGES.

Emily. "WHAT HAS MADE YOU TAKE TO THOSE GREAT GLOVES, GERTRUDE! THEY MAKE YOUR HANDS LOOK GIGANTIC!"

Gertrude (engaged). "O, MY DEAR, MY HAND IS DISPOSED OF; AND WHEN THAT'S THE CASE, ONE CAN GIVE UP APPEARANCES, AND GO IN FOR COMFORT."

"Well, Sir," he presently answers, with rather a silly kind of laugh, "a good deal depends on what you may want."

I admit that a good deal does depend on it. Referring to my notes of what to ask applicants, I find briefly "to inquire (a) Can he Pig? (b) ditto Cow, (c) Ducks, (d) Poultry, (e) Farm?" Also, N.B. and special, "Can he Pony?"

"Single-handed?" he asks, fixing his gaze on the button where he had previously been so successful.

"I don't quite understand," I say.

His eye wanders, and he speaks very carefully, as if weighing every word, and finding them all uncommonly heavy.

"My meaning is—as do you—keep another man—or—" here vagueness seems to seize him suddenly, but he tries my top button again, and finishes with—"or all this—for—one?" Then he frowns.

"For one," I answer.

He won't let that top button out of his sight for an instant now.

"With—occashnal 'elp?" he asks; then adds, while allowing his features to relax into what he intends to be a persuasive smile, "You'd have occashnal 'elp, I s'pose, Sir. Cos you see, Sir," he goes on, his tone becoming almost pathetic, "a pig, a cow, a pony, and what not besides, is more than one man's time singl'anded."

On deliberation, I concede a boy now and then. He shakes his head over it. "Very sorry, but he don't think as it'll do, and he don't think as I'll get anyone, who ain't not quite starving, for such work as this."

He is suddenly changing his manner into one of impertinence. It breaks upon me all at once—of drunken impertinence.

This decides me. He may withdraw. He lingers. He ought, he says, to have his expenses for coming up on such a fool's errand. I can't hear of such a thing.

"Can't hear?" he suddenly exclaims, becoming quite violent and offensive, "Who's you, to send for poor 'ard-workin' men up 'ere, trepannin' them up for nothing? Darn you an' your pigs and your cows! Why, I'd be above offrin' a respectable man such a place as yourn, and if there's law in this land, I'll—"

Here a decent-lookin' woman rushes into the room, and seizes him. "JOHN," she says, "you're spoilin' your chances; don't be

a fool." He looks sullenly at her, as if he'd like to argue this point. But she continues to me: "He took something next door, being a temperans gen'ally, as went against him, and he ain't quite hisself just now."

Fortunately, she is able, with the assistance of a friend or two outside, to get him away before he is less and less himself, as he is every moment becoming, and so rapidly that who he'll be when he reaches the front door, and gets out into the cold air, it will be difficult to determine.

Examination continues.

A QUESTION TO BE ASKED.

(*Apropos of a late Trial.*)

WHEN a goose who is heir to a title and lands, wants to raise the wind,

And promises sixty per cent. to the Jews—query, should not this promise bind?

To teach vicious geese of the same breed, who under Jews' claws have smarted,

That young idiots who go *that* road and their money will soon be parted.

On the whole, *Punch* would say, that as vultures who prey on garbage keep down

The pestilent breath of way-side death that else would poison the town,

So those who lend at sixty per cent. are Society's scavenger vultures, Who keep down the plagues that in folly and vice of young spend-thrifts find their cultures.

And as carrion-vultures, in the East, though foul, protection have got,

'Twere well if young gentlemen who fire at *our* vultures should be made to pay their shot.

"HEAVY WET."—The Present Season.



QUITE ANOTHER THING.

Paddy (the loser). "ABRAH, O'ALONG! I SAID I'D LAY YOU FOIVE TO WAN, BUT I WASN'T GOIN' TO BET MY HA'F-CROWN AGIN YOUR TATH'IN LITTLE SIXPENCE!"
[*Exeunt fighting.*]

PEOPLE YOU OBJECT TO MEET.

MR. WHINER, who never sees you without saying how very fat you've grown, or how very pale you look.

MR. HUMDRUM, who, when in society, confines his conversation to the changes of the weather and the rising price of coals.

LADY DAWDDLER, who, if you meet her in the Park, is pretty sure to ask you to carry her fat lap-dog for her.

MR. QUAYER, who raves about the music of the future, and never says a word of sense about the music of the present.

CAPTAIN BLUSTERHAM, who bellows out your name when he meets you in the street, and shakes you by the hand till he nearly wrings your fingers off.

MR. WHEEZER, who fancies that he is an invalid, and explains to you the symptoms of his latest ailment.

MR. HARDUPPE, who, upon the strength of old school fellowship, will never miss a chance of borrowing half a sov. of you.

MR. BOREA, who even now discusses the merits of the Tichborne case.

MESSRS. SAWBONES and PILGARLIC, who, when they happen to meet at dinner, invariably talk shop together, and take away your appetite.

MR. JEREMIAH DOLDRUMS, who thinks he has a grievance against one of your best friends, and takes you by the button-hole in order to explain it.

BARON MUNCHAUSEN, Junior, who once was captured by the brigands, and every time he sees you embellishes the incident.

MR. and MRS. CADGER, who, if you invite them for a day or two, always come provided with luggage for a fortnight.

Gentlemen at Large.

Jim. BILL, I say, show us the Skeleton in your Cupboard.

Bill. I ain't a got no skellinton in ne'er a cupboord, but (*indicating his waistcoat-pocket with his thumb*), 'ere's a bunch of skellinton-keys!

LINES BY A LOVER.

WOULD you then know my CELIA's charms?
She carries pug-dogs in her arms:
E'er dresses in the newest taste,
By lacing tight deforms her waist,
Bears on her head a brigand's hat,
Gay feathers flaunting high on that:
Her hair is only half her own,
The other half elsewhere has grown:
Her cheeks a dab of rouge reveal,
Her boots three inches high of heel:
Her fingers are bedecked with rings
As paltry as the songs she sings:
Her talk is slang, she votes men slow
Unless a thing or two they know:
She loves champagne, detests cold mutton,
Knows barely how to fix a button:
Will wager gloves in racing bets,
But, having lost, to pay forgets:
In dancing she can twist and twirl
As deftly as a ballet-girl.
Yet ne'er has learned with grace to walk,
But struts with an audacious stalk.
She treats her servant like a slave;
She spends, but ne'er has learned to save:
Loves shopping, bonnets, and bazars;
Can skate, ride, row, and smoke cigars:
Reads trashy novels by the score,
But votes all better books a bore:
Will flirt with whomsoever she can—
O, am not I a happy man!

Defamation of Character.

IT is a long time since the Chaldean monarch, noticed by MR. GEORGE SMITH in his admirable paper on a remarkable Cuneiform Inscription, lived, but for all that due respect ought to be paid to his memory. We were sorry, therefore, to read in the newspaper a statement for which there does not appear to be the slightest foundation, that IZDUBAR "in his search for immortality had learnt the legend of the Deluge from SISIR." We hope MR. SMITH, or SIR HENRY RAWLINSON, or some other friend of KING IZDUBAR, will at once give so injurious an imputation the fullest contradiction.

A STROKE AT A STRIKE.

THERE are some things men may strike at, and some things that they mayn't.

At the risk of stifling all question, if they are in the right or they ain't.

One of those things is the bull's-eye that lights the Policeman's beat, And another's the gas-lamp that illumines dwelling and shop and street.

We can't have the springs of order and light, of a sudden, the levers made

Wherewith to screw up wages, or adjust troubles of trade. And any Union that tries this on Disunion will bring about Betwixt the public that suffers, and the workmen that turn out.

The Stokers on strike the *Marseillaise* may sing in Trafalgar Square, But till they make a better case for their sudden and strange out-flare,

They'll find folks disposed to treat their tall talk as gas of very bad quality, And to retort on their prayer for support with cold-shouldered inhospitality.

If there's tyranny in masters, there's tyranny in men; We've learnt the lesson before, and now seem like to learn it again; But of all the strikes, ill-stricken, that ever *Punch* did see, This strike of the Stokers seems the worst, on all accounts, to be!

Better Conduct.

IT is a long lane that has no turning. The most hardened offender may reform. Wonders will never cease. Somebody is not so black as he is depicted. Strikes may come to an end, coals and meat may become reasonable in price, the rain may stop, MR. ARATON may grow polite, next May may be warm—for November has passed and gone without a fog!



CATTLE-SHOW CRITICS.

Patron (Proprietor of Prize Animal). "YES—IT'S LIKE OLD BEN; BUT THAT'S NOT MY IDEA OF THE PICTER. WE'D HAVE LIKED THE PRIZE CUP IN THE FOREGRUN'. WOULDN'T WE, MY LOVE?"

'My Love.' "YES, DEAR. AND WE THOUGHT OF OUR HOUSE IN THE BACK-GROUND, DIDN'T WE, LUCY DARLING?"

'Lucy Darling.' "YES, 'MA DEAR; AND THE PRETTY RIBBON WITH THE DEAR LITTLE TICKET ROUND HIS NECK——" [*Poor Smudge!*]

A BIRTHDAY IN DECEMBER.

MDCXCVC.

YE Ministers of all denominations,
Including you, my Masters, named of State,
Whose chief end, in discourses and orations,
Is truth, the thing that is, to inculcate;

All you, besides, who Cant hold in aversion,
Evasions hate, and platitudes contemn,
And vote that stern and resolute coercion
The rising tide of Anarchy should stem:

Ye who do phantasms, quacks, and shams detest,
And humbug execrate in all its shapes,
Drink we to him who hath essayed his best
Mud Pythons all to squelch, and Dead Sea Apes.

Philosopher, Historian, Joker see,
Who doth, his living peer? Unto the brim
Fill, and, for choice, the stoup with barley-brec,
For Caledonia did engender him:

True THOMAS, though no Rhymer, Chelsea's Sage,
The fourth of this month was his natal day.
Many returns thereof augment his age.
THOMAS CARLYLE! His good health. Pros't.
Hooray!

His Likeness.

THE many readers of *Middlemarch*—unfortunately this is not the time for taking the periodical census, or some information might have been obtained as to their total number—may be glad to be told that there is now to be seen, at the Kensington Museum, a miniature portrait of CASaubON.

PUNCH'S POCKET-BOOK.

WE have been favoured with an early copy of this extraordinary work, and we do not feel that we have received any favour at all, though doubtless the gift was prompted by the best intentions. An examination of the work has entirely disturbed our system, and caused us to neglect our daily duties. When we state that the volume is adorned with a superb plate called "*Science in her Silver Slippers*," by the indomitable KEENE, with a series of miniature cartoons, by the inexpugnable TENNIEL, with a mass of comic inspirations by the inextinguishable SAMBOURNE, and with a wealth of fairy-like gems of initials by other accomplished parties, we shall be thought to have said enough. But we do not, ourselves, share in the thought, and when we proceed to mention that there is a mass of literature composed of the choicest specimens of graceful yet mordant satire, of lyrics in which the playful maintains successful grapple with the ferocious, of a *Very Last Idyll* which must have been written by the Poet-Laureate, or by some one else, of a Court novel which will excite, it may be, no small indignation, and of a perfect Instructor in all foreign languages, which will enable the feeblest linguist to talk like a GOETHE or a LAMARTINE, we find that we have only half exhausted the catalogue of artistic and literary treasures to be found under the brilliantly coloured binding of this most exquisite of all Christmas books. But that we hate puffing, and rather prefer to understate the merits of a work than to bestow on it the slightest exaggerated praise, we could say much more, but though he who dares more than may become a man is none, he who doth not lay his hand upon this book in the way of kindness, and give it to every woman he knows, is a wretch whom it were base flattery to call an awful idiot.

CAUTION TO JOURNALISTS.

To call a spade a spade may or may not be libellous; but it is a libel to call the Knave of Spades a knave. A British Judge would no doubt also rule that it was libellous to call a Rake a Rake.

Punch at Lunch.



ONE, Sisters, now your Brothers are home from the public schools, try those youths with a bit of dictation. This has been sent me by a young lady of Connecticut, who says that a prize was offered at the Teachers' Institute there to any one who could spell the whole correctly. "It is an agreeable sight to witness the unparalleled embarrassment of a harassed pedlar gauging the symmetry of a peeled potatoe, which a sibyl has stabbed with a poniard regardless of the innuendoes of the lilies of Carnelian hue."

The good LORD ROMILLY resigns the Rolls. Instantly favour me with two quotations in which his name occurs. Well? One is in WORDSWORTH's poem, *What is good for a bootless bene?* And the other? BYRON's—

"I'd preach on that till WILBERFORCE and ROMILLY
Should quote in their next speeches from my homily."

Good, *Tobias*. And whence comes the name? Perhaps from Romilly, in Savoy. Good again—catch that merrythought.

In DRYDEN's very wickedest comedy occurs this:—"You may call him a fool, Gentlemen, but it is well known he is a Critick." JOHN could plant a hit.

Melancholy of the Minor key. "I deny your minor," as *Falstaff* might have said, had SHAKSPEARE pleased. My Major key is that wherewith I open my cellar-door. My Minor key is that I use when compelled to take out my cheque-book. Now, which suggests melancholy?

From whom does MONTAIGNE quote *Jactantius marent quæ minus dolent*? Needless, now that every lady knows Latin, to say that it means—

"They blub the most who're wopped the least."

Another row, I see, brought about by dogs. But in the old days, when two dogs quarrelled and fought, their masters did the first on the spot, and the second next morning. In this late case, only one of the parties produced a pistol, and he had to go home for it. The Magistrates disapproved of this one-sided duel. But the *juvenes qui gaudent canibus* are always in trouble, *Toby*. Don't sulk. Am I a *juvenis*?

DR. CUMMING prophesied that 1860 "would be the beginning of scenes that to Christian people would be most pleasant." It was not a very good shot. In London we had the riots in the Church of St. George's-in-the-East; in the country there was the great fight between TOM SAYERS and HEENAN; France stole Savoy and Nice; the Maronite Christians were horribly massacred by the Druses; and South Carolina seceded,—thus "beginning" "the greatest civil war ever known."

WHEN it was proposed to refuse to the BISHOP OF NATAL the courtesies of the Athenæum Club, the late SIR JOHN BOWRING was very indignant. He asked one of the orthodox Bishops, who urged the exclusion of DR. COLEMAN, "what he meant by bringing his theological prejudices into a society of gentlemen?"

Middlemarch is the event of the year, there can be no two words about that.

When my friend, BOB LOVE, in that famous speech, opposed the lowering of

the franchise, he used a jolly sort of illustration. He said that "it was idle to degrade the vote. Any Working Man could have one for the price of one hundred and twenty pots of beer." If the beer were good, I wouldn't lose one pot for a vote, leastways in a metropolitan borough.

Nobody honours our clergy more than I do, but some of them puzzle me considerably. Last week the Ritualists and the Calvinists took sweet counsel together as they went up to the voting place together to cause the DEAN OF WESTMINSTER's exclusion from the Oxford pulpit. I am happy to say that they were soundly beaten. Then a very worthy clergyman, the DEAN OF NORWICH, who was also appointed to preach, writes a long letter refusing to do so. Now, if he believed that the other Dean would teach incorrect doctrine, why did not DR. GOULBURN preach sermons administering the antidote? *Insist*. As a third Dean wrote, or thereabouts, touching a fourth;

"And O how the graduates giggle and gape—
For the good Norwich Dean tucks his gown for escape!"

"Why do you call the man SIR ROGER TICHBORNE?" sternly demanded VICE-CHANCELLOR MALINS, from the Bench. "He calls himself SIR ROGER!" I have never called him a baronet, so my head is safe; but is there not some law making it high treason to confer a title not proved to be derived from the QUEEN's Majesty? Gracious! suppose MR. WHALLEY should have his head cut off! As the Scotchwoman said, after somebody's execution, "It might not be much of a head, but it was the only one he had, poor man!"

What a tremendous crowd came to see the fat cattle this year! I doubt whether half the people saw any four-legged beast. I did not go, being in mourning for the late QUEEN ANNE, and not caring

To hear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances and the Cattle-Show,

as dear THOMAS HOOD put it. But I would have gone if the spectacle had terminated with the solemn flogging of six fat footmen who had refused to eat Australian meat. [He did go. *Vide* picture, later. T.]

A Correspondent wrote to me, the other day, to ask whether, if the lady you take down to dinner proves sulky or stupid, it is a breach of etiquette to drop her altogether, and talk to the one on the other side of you. I fear that my answer was a little Jesuitical. I wrote that no Lady, with a large L, was ever sulky or stupid, and that no particular ceremony was usual with a Person who is not a lady.

But, to speak *seriatim* (as a Vestryman would say), you have no right to assume that because a Lady does not talk to you she is either stupid or sulky. The chances are that you open with effete nonsense, and she takes your measure. You should begin with something pleasantly startling. If she is single, ask her why she isn't married; and if she is, ask her whom she means to marry when her present husband dies. Be original.

I declare that I always learn something from conversation with any woman. But then I am so umble:

"Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much.
Wisdom is umble that he knows no more."

Now, most Men are stupid. They know their trades, more or less. But for anything else where would they be but for the leading articles?

If Ladies read those articles, and could hear their Lords reproduce them, much injured and blundered, in the talk after dinner, the former would have a greater contempt for our intellects than now. Which thing is needless.

In the Church of St. Andrew, Halborn, is a monument, dated 1603, with an inscription beginning—

"My Turtle gone, all joy is gone from me."

I showed this to an Alderman one day, and he said that some of our ancestors had very proper feelings.



A BIG FISH.

*Artful Damsel (who has made a successful throw). "O, LORD FEUBIGGIN, HOW-
EVER SHALL I MANAGE—"*

*Lord Feubiggin (caught, too). "PRAY LET ME SHOW YOU! ALL DEPENDS ON
HOW YOU PLAY YOUR FISH!"*

*[We betray confidence for once. This Picture comes from a Letter sent by a
newly-married Lady (now of title), to a particular Friend of hers, and is
called a "Reminiscence of Scotland." Perhaps our Readers can guess at
the Story—we cannot.]*

PLACETS AND NON-PLACETS.

In Re DEAN STANLEY at Oxford.

THAT Oxford still should bring forth broods
Of the old Obscurantist strain,
The scarlet of whose Doctors' hoods
Is of the Babylonian grain,—
Who hold that light but serves to blind ;
And reason hut to lead astray,
And deem it cruel to be kind
To those who walk a wider way
Than the strait road, high dogma-railed,
Along whose marge, if they were able,
They'd string up heresies, impaled
Like vermin on a Keeper's gable—
That of all plans, on which impacted,
Truth's light is variously refracted,
This should be still an Oxford facet,
And such a large one too,—NON-PLACET!

That, braving shock and counter-shock,
Oxford has trained a growing band,
Who hold that Truth is based on rock,
And Orthodoxy but on sand—
Believe that Churchmanship, though broad,
Sincere and strong and sound can be,
That who live Christian life unflawed,
Are like most Christian light to see—
That to love others, not to judge,
Is the true Christian's truest part,

Freely of light to give, not grudge,
What most draws Christian heart to heart:—
That he whose life, books, sermons still,
Have shown this faith in work, word, will,
St. Mary's pulpit mounts, to grace it
With the Broad Church's Colours—PLACET!

That Charity lukewarm or worse
To BURGON and his kin should seem,—
Faith without flavour of a curse
To GOULBURN but a hazy dream:—
That a Church without power to ban,
No counter-power to bless can own ;
Nor Christ's seed sprout in soul of man,
Unless gall-watered when 'tis sown.—
That what most worthy love appears
To simple folks, these guides eschew ;
What most sets Christians by the ears,
That most they and their Church pursue;—
That, while the Sermon on the Mount
Stands as Christ's word of chief account,
The hands that seem the first to efface it,
Should be styled Orthodox, NON-PLACET!

But that the Broad Church should have laid
Its basement walls so deep and wide,
That to her, ev'n in Oxford, aid
In stress of need is quick supplied—
That, when the bigot's blast is blown,
Even though "STANLEY!" is the cry,
And Heresy's red cross has flown
Through clerical England, hot and high,
They who put trust in truth o'erpower
Those whom the name of truth appals,
Till Obscurantism's soldiers cower,
Beaten, in Convocation's halls—
That here, in BURGON's, GOULBURN's, spite,
The tide of battle should flow right,—
That e'en here, Bigotry's "hic-jacet"
Should be writ, and in large text, PLACET!

That still on Earth the rising tide
Of light and knowledge, in its sway,
With all the ill it sweeps aside,
Should wash some germs of good away—
That blind belief in chiefs and creeds,
And child-like faith devout, dim-eyed,
Which oft have served poor souls in needs
Where Science had been vain to guide—
Though, if on faith, not dogmas, fixed,
Sufficient simple minds to rule,—
Must take the light with darkness mixed
That serves to illumine Reason's school,—
That ill and good should thus be blent,
May cause hot spirits discontent,
But while in all around we trace it,
Rebellion 'twere to cry "NON-PLACET!"

But that this flood of love and light
Is ever rising and to rise,
That strength to bear its billows bright
Still grows in weakling human eyes—
Till souls which, bat-like, loved the dark,
Begin, at length, the light to love,
Nor longer dread the dawn to mark,—
But own it, also, from above—
That e'en on Oxford's stubborn rock
No more they claim to rear a hold,
For captive Reason under look
Of Grey Authority may sleep controlled—
That the one son of Mother Chnrch
Who has left Oxford most i' the lurch,
Defeating Oxford's wrath, should chase it
Beaten and baffled, VALDE PLACET!

Bravery and Beauty.

THE Officers and Men who were engaged in the
Looshai Expedition are, it has been announced, to receive
the India Medal of 1854, with a clasp for Looshai.
None but the brave deserve the fair. Clasp is equivalent
to Buckle. If that clasp which those gallant fellows
have especially merited could be conferred upon them,
that would be something.

AN Expensive Wife makes a Pensive Husband.



DIM IDEA

OF THE IMPRESSION LEFT ON OUR MIND AFTER HALF-AN-HOUR'S PUSHING AND CRUSHING AT THE CATTLE-SHOW!

MISS PEACE TO MR. PUNCH ON THE ATHANASIAN CREED.

MR. PUNCH,

SOME years since I was staying in a large Country-House in Ireland, and I was informed by my host that the household, including visitors and their servants, numbered over sixty souls. On the Sunday morning, carriages and cars and a large family omnibus conveyed the whole party to church, and it was like going to the Derby without the lurch. When we reached the end of our journey, we found there were two churches standing at opposite corners of a pretty churchyard, which was common to both. One was a Protestant, the other a Roman Catholic church. The party divided, some going to the former, some to the latter. When the services were over, we were all conveyed back, Catholics and Protestants entering the carriages indiscriminately, and sitting side by side.

I took the liberty of expressing my admiration of the harmonious feeling which appeared to exist between Christians of different persuasions, and my host explained the cause of it to me in a few words. He said, "I never allow politics or religion to be made a cause of contention at my table."

Now, *Mr. Punch*, reasoning by analogy, could not this "Athanasian Creed difficulty" be bridged over, if the example which was set by my friend the Irish country gentleman was followed in the English Church? Some very sensible gentleman suggested, in a letter to the *Times* some few weeks since, the following remedy. Let those who wish to adopt this Creed meet together ten minutes before, or ten minutes after, the regular services, and satisfy their consciences by saying or singing it. It would avoid a scene which we have at a church I know of, at stated intervals when the Athanasian Creed is read. At the commencement of the Creed, my friend MR. HALL EXETER, a very good and charitable gentleman, sits down, folds his arms, and scowls round the church. On the contrary, my friend MR. ST. ANTONIO, another very good and charitable gentleman, pours it out *ore rotundo* in a tone of triumph, as much as to say, "Ah! old HALL EXETER, you can't shut me up!" Your humble servant stands up, and consumes the time by reading the CHARLES THE MARTYR or Guy Fawkes services—both political services, which

have been stamped out by common sense; and taking stock of the rest of the congregation, I observe that the majority look bored. Now, HALL EXETER and ST. ANTONIO and I are all good friends and neighbours, and nothing but this special Creed stirs up strife; and, what is worse, it stirs it up in church. Surely, HALL EXETER and ST. ANTONIO can accommodate one another in manner proposed by the *Times* Correspondent; and, even assuming that some of the Church of England people who nail this Creed to their masts, and "No Surrender!" carry out their threat of secession unless the Creed is dinned into the ears of all the English Church whether they like it or not, let them carry their threat out and go, and we shall simply lose those who would turn out my sister Charity as well as

Your loving Friend,

PEACE.

RIGHTS AND LEFTS.

"HEAVEN defend the right!" said Chivalry, and the Right, it is said, has triumphed in France. Has this fact anything to do with that sentiment? Perhaps we shall see; but at present it is not quite clear that Right and Left, in French politics, are equivalent to right and wrong. It may be thought time that Right and Left should, as names of parties, supersede Liberal and Conservative in the British Parliament. Conservatives can only be so called, by a figure of speech, on account of the sacrifices they have made to Democracy; and Liberals, in like manner, on the other hand, from being the authors of sumptuary, Sabbatarian, and paternal measures, which are infringements of liberty. M. THIERS has made M. GOULARD his Minister of the Interior. M. GOULARD is said to be, politically, a Right-minded man. Placed in a position of great influence over Prefects, Sub-Prefects, and country Mayors, M. GOULARD will, it is to be hoped, so acquit himself as to give buffoons cause to say that inflammation has been allayed by GOULARD's Lotion.

ADVICE TO BACHELORS.—Never marry a Horsey Girl. She will be a Nagging Wife.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.



Happy Thought.—The Flaxen-headed Ploughboy
Comes whistling o'er the Lea;
To those who don't like whistling
A nuisance he must be.

However, he looks up with this particularly chirrupy sort of smile, and says:—

"If you wanted a married person, Sir,——"

"You're not married, though?" I ask.

"No, Sir; but if it so chanced as you did want a married man, I could come married."

I never knew a servant so accommodating. I really feel that it won't do to presume upon this willingness to too great an extent. I reply, therefore, that I should prefer him single, not having anything for a wife to do; unless, perhaps, my Aunt, when she arrives, could find her some employment.

He touches his hat, and observes respectfully,——

"As you please, Sir; it's all one to me. My object is to make all things comfortable for all parties, and give satisfaction."

Happy Thought.—Ask for his character.

He will give me the address of his last place, and, if I will have the goodness to write to the DUKE OF SHETLAND, I shall find that His Grace will be able to speak of him in terms which, he trusts, will corroborate his own account; and, should this not be sufficient, an application to His Serene Highness THE MIKADO will establish his claims to be a first-rate professional Gardener in all sorts of fancy lines.

At first it strikes me that he is joking. This is so improbable, and he is so serious withal, and so pleasant and cheerful about it, that in an off-hand manner, as if correspondence with Mikados and Dukes was among my daily routine of letter-writing, I signify that, if I find after a month's trial he should suit me, I would then write to his former employers for testimonials.

Happy Thought.—In order to avoid mistakes, I ask him, as he is withdrawing, whether he really means the MIKADO, or has made a mistake in the name?

He draws himself up with some dignity, and replies, "I am not likely, Sir, to have made any mistake. The MIKADO has done more for me than any other nobleman or gentleman living, and I am bound to say, Sir——" (here he is absolutely becoming affected almost to tears)—"I am bound to say, Sir, that, but for him and the DUKE OF SHETLAND, who gave me the first cuttings of the *Hortensis floreatus*, I should never have known an hour's happiness."

He does not appear at all inclined to stop at this point, but has evidently much more to say, which I nip in the bud.

Happy Thought.—Gardening simile appropriate. That this should occur to me is a cheering sign, as it shows that my mind is gradually being given to the subject. Can't do anything with any subject, no matter how trifling, unless you give your mind to it.

I nip him in the bud, and he bows himself out. I fancy I hear him sobbing on the stairs. If so, he must be as tender as one of his own young plants. Odd about the MIKADO! Perhaps he got into his service on purpose to learn something about Japanese Gardening; and that is what he has been alluding to as fancy-work. Now to other business.

EXAMINATION for place of Gardener finished. I fix on one man. He has no objection to anything. Pigs he's at home with, he says, and Cows are rather a pleasure to him than a trouble. Flowers he understands as well, he tells me, as he does fruit and vegetables. Stable-work and Pony are a mere joke to this handy person, on his own showing. Evidently the very man for me. Before settling finally, he looks up with a chirrupy sort of a smile,—he is a fair-haired man, by the way, with a fresh, countrified looking face, reminding me, on the whole, of the description, in the old song, of the Flaxen-headed Ploughboy.

Mem.—Aunt returns from Aix day after to-morrow, thoroughly galvanised.

Mem.—Little Uncles, JACK and GILL, from the sea-side with Nurse.

Mem.—The Nook, Nookside, sufficiently furnished for habitation.

Mem.—GUTH's men at work on Nook ground.

Mem.—Cow, Pig, Pony, still unbought. Do it all in a lump. Queer sort of lump—a Cow, a Pig, and a Pony.

Write to ENGLEMORE. Inform him of my having settled with Gardener. Tell him that, "under the eires," I haven't time for theatricals, or would be very happy to join him in his house-warming, and will he at once introduce me to the Gardening and Farming Stockbroker whom he mentioned?

Letter sent by hand.

Happy Thought.—While waiting for answer, go to bookseller's and buy Shilling Manuals on farms, flowers, &c.: *The Little Flower Gardener, Every Man his Own Seedsman, Hints for Horticulturists, The Little Poultrywoman's Guide, also The Economical Vegetable Book.*

Happy Thought.—"The Economical." Hope this'll keep the MIKADO's young man in check.

Anecdotes of the Rat.—Perhaps hardly necessary—and yet, in an old place—not in the house, of course (if they are in, I'm out, that's all), but in the stable there might be rats.

Gossips on Gooseberries, including a treatise on fruit-growing generally and the cultivation of the Grape. I must have a work on Pigs.

Happy Thought.—Write one (after experience) myself. Title, *Kill and Cure: being a Scientific Treatise on Pigs. A Baconian Essay.*

I hit upon one work then which I decide to buy, before all others: *The Bee, its Habits, &c.*

Happy Thought.—This is a brilliant idea. It strikes me as ENGLEMORE, by way of answering my letter, comes himself in a cab. I say, impetuously, to him, "Look here. I've settled what I'll do. I'll keep Bees."

"First-rate thing—Mr. Bee," is his reply. "Put him under little Harry Hive, and then run away as hard as you can."

"I shall buy a book on the subject."

"That's it," he returns, at once quite taking the idea, and in his own way. "Book for Bee, B for Book. *The Bee, and how to avoid Him*, I know. Once get accustomed to them and they mean £ s. d. Getting accustomed to 'em is rather a bore tho'," he goes on, as if he knew something about it; "because you have to live with your head in a bag for a week and your hands in mufflers, something between the diver at the Polytechnic and a prize-fighter with boxing-gloves; because when they don't know you Mister Bee will sting Colonel Stranger all over. The Honey's good enough for your little ENGLEMORE, without Mister Bee."

This rather discourages me. Now about his Gardening Stockbroker. Can I see him, and get some hints?

"All right, Colonel," he replies. "He's gone home, and you're to come. Pack up Captain Carpet-bag and little Tommy Tooth-brush, that's all."

I see, we're to stay the night, eh? ENGLEMORE winks slyly, and answers, "All among the barley. Twenty miles away. Train down. Daniel Dinner, Peter Port. If you're waking call me early, Mother dear, without a headache. Major Ozone on the premises."

I accept, make ready and am off, with him.

Happy Thought (still in the Gardening vein).—I'm going to be "bedded out."

WORDS AND THEIR WORTH.

TOUCHING the Committee of the Convocation of Canterbury appointed to consider and report upon the best way of dealing with the Athanasian Creed, we read in a newspaper that:—

"It has been agreed by a majority of over two to one to recommend that an explanatory Rubric shall be appended to the Creed, in order to remove the objections which the damnatory clauses now excite."

What explanation the explanatory Rubric is to offer, our contemporary does not say. There is one which, since it can raise no controversy, may be suggested here. The proposed Rubric respecting, let us say, the minatory clauses, might simply announce that they do not concern any persons who cannot either believe or disbelieve the Athanasian Creed because they do not understand it. Perhaps, if their Reverences would all put themselves through a metaphysical self-examination, that salvo would be found to be necessary for even the most orthodox of them, not excepting DR. PUSEY himself, if Puseyism can be regarded as orthodoxy. What is the worth of mere words,—eh, BISHOP WORDSWORTH?

ALL ROUND THE WORLD.



UCH curiosity appears to be felt as to the exact route which the vessel, that has just left our shores on a long voyage of scientific discovery, will take between this date and the year 1876 or '7, when the Royal Society, and the Geographical Society, and Society in general, look forward to the pleasure of welcoming back the gallant band of sailors and savans who are now commencing their circumnavigation of the globe, with abundance of energy, enterprise, knowledge, spirits of wine, and the best of good wishes for their prosperity, success, and safe return.

A large sum of money is annually spent in this country on education, and it would be most unjust

to accuse us of neglect of the topography of Ancient Rome, or indifference to the geography of the Peloponnesus; but, for all that, the phrase "round the world" does not seem to convey to their minds such an accurate notion of its exact import as the countrymen and countrywomen of Arson, Cook, and Crusoe, ought to be imbued with. To remedy this defect is our present laudable object.

Leaving the exploration of the seas that wash the coasts of Sweden, Switzerland, and some other European countries, for a further season, the *Challenger* will, after quitting the Channel and for a short time in the Atlantic, German, and one or two more or less better known Oceans, shape its course direct for the Antarctic Sea. Touching at the Orkneys, to sound the inhabitants as to the respective chances of SIR PETER TAIT and MR. LAING at the forthcoming election; at the Canaries, for the information of the ornithologists of the party, the whole of which, it is hoped, will obtain a bird's-eye view of those interesting islands; at Madeira, for the benefit of the dinner-table, and at St. Michael's for an acceptable addition to the dessert-table; at St. Helena, on account of its historical associations; at Norfolk Island, to deposit the Norwich newspapers; and at Juan Fernandez, to ascertain from the oldest inhabitants whether they preserve any reminiscences of MESSRS. SELKIRK and CRUSOE, the vessel, all the crew thinking tenderly of Burton-on-Trent as they pass through Bass's Strait, will keep well on its way till it reaches Australia and the adjacent islands of New Zealand, New South Wales, and Van Diemen's Land.

In Australia, or the neighbourhood, the *Challenger* will remain for some time, in order to take on board a supply of tinned meats and kangaroo soup, and to explore the mountains which are believed to project from the bottom of the Antipodean Sea.

The Coral Sea will be the next attraction, and the friends and relatives of all on board may confidently look for handsome presents of bracelets, brooches, necklets, studs, and sleeve-links, in the beautiful material, to which the jewellers and lapidaries residing in those latitudes and longitudes know so well how to give artistic designs and elegant shapes.

Calling at Japan to renew the stock of tea-trays, at Cochin China to replenish the poultry-coops, and at Jamaica for some of its very best preserved ginger, and paying particular attention to the Gulf of Carpentaria, out of respect for the distinguished President of the British Association, the *Challenger* will by this time be thinking of turning her wheel homewards; and, with that end in view, will commence a thorough investigation of the *Fauna* and *Flora* of the various Pacific Oceans, of the Gulf Stream and its influence on the weather and conversation, and—in order to settle the long-standing controversy as to whether it is dangerous or not—of the Bight of Benin.

Having mixed in the best Arctic Circles, having taken care that not one iota of the Delta escape the most microscopic survey, having dredged the Spanish Main from end to end for galleons, doubloons, and other "Treasures of the Deep," having touched at Africa, Aden, the "still-ve-d' Bermoothes" (celebrated by SHAKESPEARE, and for their arrow-root), the Cape for a reinforcement of warm clothing, Malta, Gibraltar, and some other places, the *Challenger* will accomplish its voyage round the world by bringing back its machines and instruments to Sheerness, where its arrival will be telegraphed to the latest editions of the evening papers, and signalled by the

appearance on board of the Local Authorities to present those congratulations, in which the whole country will heartily and unanimously join.

We have now endeavoured to trace the career of the good ship—it may be with one or two trifling inaccuracies in detail, for which our excuse must be the absence of the latest edition of KEITH JOHNSTON'S *Atlas*—and, in conclusion, wish to say something respecting the sanguine hopes entertained by the Royal Society, the Zoological Society, the Admiralty, the Press, and other learned and scientific bodies, that not the least important results of the Expedition may be the acquisition of a Sea Serpent and the capture of a live Mermaid. It is understood that the authorities at the Zoological Gardens have agreed to give a sum for the possession of these interesting and long-sought creatures which would enable the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to announce a surplus in his next annual Budget; and if, unfortunately, it should prove impracticable to bring them home alive, through insuperable obstacles of transport, diet, change of life, &c., that the British Museum, the College of Surgeons, and other public institutions too numerous to particularise, are prepared to pay so liberally for their stuffed remains, that the entire expenses of the voyage would be met over and over again.

CO-OPERATION v. CONFISCATION.

GROGERS.—The Government cannot possibly attempt to protect you from Competition by suppressing the Civil Service Co-operative Stores. They are Free-Traders; and if they were so much as to dream of such a retrograde step, they would have the spirit of MR. CORDEN rapping at their bedposts, and be kicked out of office besides. Those stores, Gentlemen, have sprung out of a fiscal system especially designed, by liberating commerce, to benefit shopkeepers. Civil Servants are in the receipt of stated incomes known to Government. They cannot evade the Income-tax by false returns. Some other people can. Thus these people profit by a form of taxation which they also shirk. Civil Servants cannot shirk the taxation; they can only profit by it in the same way that you do; namely, by seizing the advantage which it confers upon traders—that of obtaining goods cheap. If you, and your mercantile compeers, do not wish that all poor gentlefolks, and all rich as well, should ultimately betake themselves to the Co-operative Stores system, you had better unite in petitioning for the repeal of the Income-tax.

In the meanwhile you could endeavour to excel the Co-operative Storekeepers in the quality of your groceries, and at the same time to undersell them in the price. The latter thing one would think you could well afford to do, because, as a rule, you can assess your own incomes at your own figures, subject only to the risk of a surcharge, which you can contest, with no greater difficulty than that of taking a compulsory oath; whereas Clerks in Government Offices, and all other persons employed by the State, have to subsist on stipends taxed to the uttermost farthing, and cannot help themselves.

A TERRIBLE ADVERTISEMENT.

DEAR PUNCH,

AM I in my senses? Is this an English newspaper that I see before me? Can I believe my eyes, when they tell me it contains such an advertisement as this?—

GUILLOTINE wanted, second-hand.—Send particulars, and lowest cash price, to B., &c.

Who is B., I wonder? Can B. stand for KING BRADLAUGH, the Monarch of Hyde Park? Has a revolution happened since I dropped asleep last evening, and are our citizens preparing for a Reign of Terror? The bare notion of a Guillotine being wanted here in England so shatters my weak nerves, that I try vainly to compose myself. And to think that B., the wretch I should want a "second-hand" one! Gracious! Where are the police? Only see what comes of their striking for a day or two!

Yours, in great alarm,

PHILIP FLUTTER.

Aspen Villa, Quakebury.

P.S.—Perhaps now it is too late MR. AYRTON will bestir himself to put down Hyde Park Sunday meetings.

Most Musical, Most Melancholy.

A COCKNEY Gentleman who had been hearing a concert of old music, where every piece that was performed was in the programme termed an "Op.," observed, as he went out, "Well, after all these 'Ops, I vote we have some Malt."

NOTE FOR THE MORALIST.—Virtue is *not* its own reward. If it were, it would be as common as Vice.



TAKING IT FOR GRANTED.

Engaging Photographer. "JUST LOOK A LITTLE PLEASANT, MISS! THINK OF 'IM!'"

LABOUR AND WAGES.

THE most effectual way to obtain an increase of wages for Working Men, would probably be one which would prove not only altogether unobjectionable, but, moreover, beneficial in the extreme—that of extending the sphere of remunerative employment for women. It may be that, if women were enabled more generally to maintain themselves by their own industry than they now can, they would be in proportion less generally disposed, as they certainly would be less tempted, to marry. Hence would follow an arrest to the progressive increase of population, especially among the labouring classes, male as well as female. The fewer the hands became, the greater would become the demand for them; the rate of wages would rise accordingly: there would be no occasion for strikes, and the labourers would be all satisfied. Our numbers might remain stationary like the population of (in that particular) happy France, or they might even decrease; but suppose they only came to a stand-still, the necessity for the spread of building over, enclosing, and tearing up the face of the country would cease likewise; and the beauty of Old England, the wild woods and commons, and downs and flowery fields and meadows yet undestroyed, would still indefinitely remain at least in *statu quo*. And butcher's meat, and all other good things, would anyhow not keep on getting dearer.

Philanthropists who wish to elevate the condition of the agricultural labourer, and, in so doing, preserve somewhat of an Arcadia in the as yet rural districts, should reserve their premiums of sovereigns and pairs of breeches for old rustics who, instead of having married early and brought up families, have, on the contrary, supported themselves for sixty years or so in respectable celibacy, and should assign corresponding rewards to aged laundresses, maid-servants, and other industrious females who have all their lives remained spinsters of good character, or, if widows, who, having lost their husbands early, have never married again. Trades Unions would practise a far-sighted policy if they encouraged women to compete with their members for employment as extensively as possible.

MORE OF ONE THAN T'OTHER.

"The distinguished visitors were then conducted over the Hall by MESSRS. COMFORT AND GIBLET, the Directors."—*Times Report of the Cattle-Show.*

WHEREFORE thus the Directors miscall
Who assume the control of the jam,
In the huge Agricultural Hall
At the height of the Cattle-Show cram?

Where, as *Punch* was squeezed small as an eel-skin,
'Twixt cattle pens, broad farmers' backs,
Smart young ladies in high-heads and seal-skin,
Stands, implements, touters' attacks,

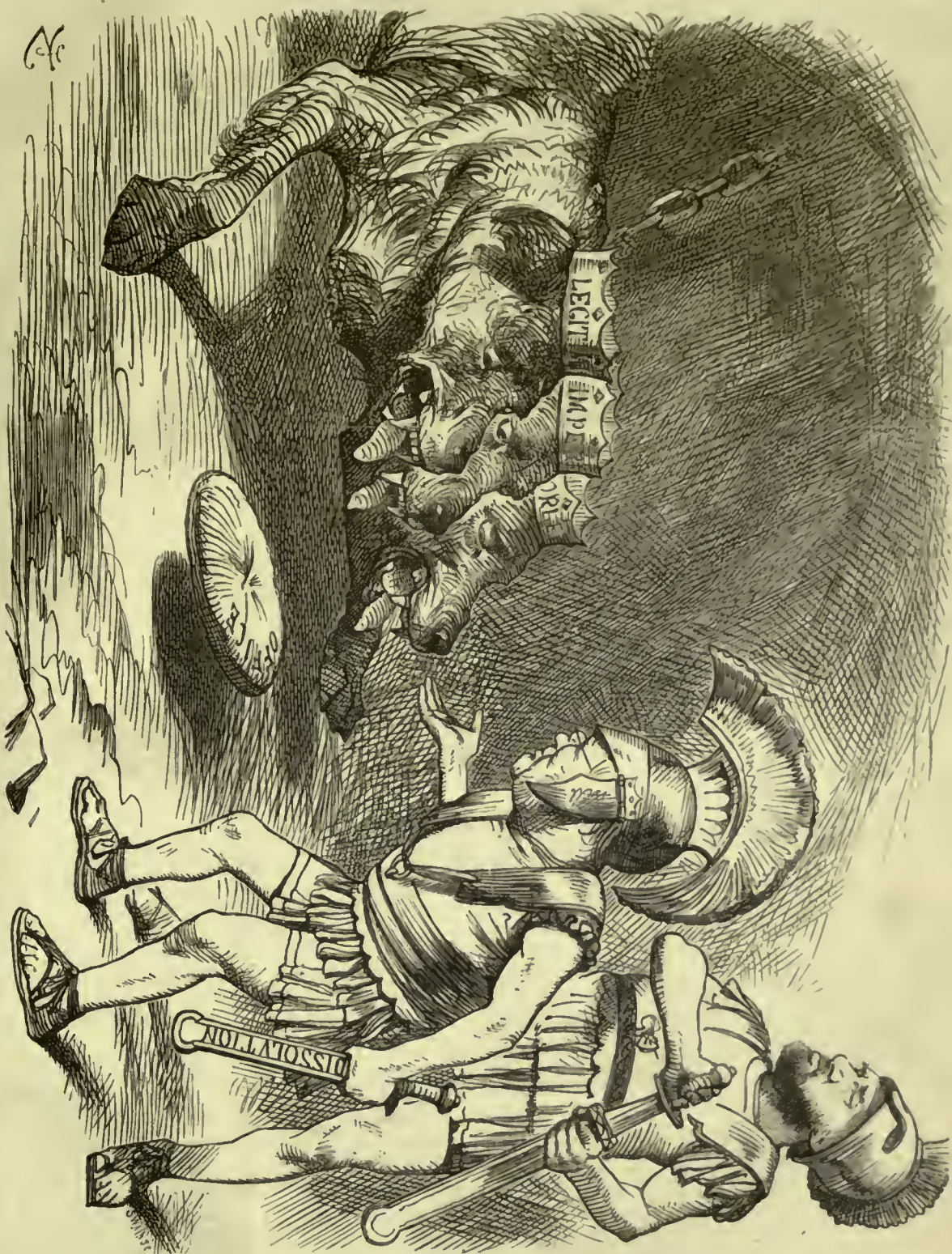
These Directors, methought, he heard bawl,
Through the struggle for space, sight, and air,
"Here," quoth GIBLET, "'s no Comfort at all!"
"Here," quoth COMFORT, "is Giblet to spare!"

The Return Visit.

SHOULD any of the following persons feel disposed to follow SERGEANT BATES's example, and desire to make a walking tour through the United States, carrying the British flag, leave of absence for any length of time they please will be granted them with the utmost readiness:—

MR. AYRTON,
MR. ODGER,
MR. BRADLAUGH,
MR. WHALLEY,
Our Tax-Collector,
The Waits.

We should have been most happy to include the Claimant, but there are legal difficulties in the way.



A SOP TO CERBERUS.

[Respectfully dedicated to MM. THIERS, GAMBETTA, and the "Right."]

MESMERIC BLISS.



it. While she was in bed, her husband was muffled up and made to walk through the ward. She said she felt he was near her, and she was by no means well, but she had not seen him anywhere about. Next day this experiment was repeated, and she actually became insensible as before. When the husband left the place she recovered."

In continuation it is stated that experiments like the one above-mentioned were tried in all sorts of ways for the space of a month, and that the Court concluded that her husband unconsciously mesmerised her, and, as it was impossible she could live with him, granted her a separate allowance.

Like a grown-up boy, who knows his Catechism, this story may be said to require confirmation. Incredulity may identify the civil surgeon of Hoshungabad with WALKER. But there are mere facts in physiology and psychology than are dreamt of in Incredulity's philosophy. Suppose the case affirmed in the foregoing story possible. Suppose such a case brought into the Probate and Divorce Court. What would SIR JAMES HANNEN have to say to it? Could judicial separation be decreed on the ground of involuntary cruelty?

Homoeopaths and Mesmerists, laying their heads together, would perhaps, between them, suggest an alternative for divorce. The Homoeopaths recommend "a hair of the dog that bit you," and the dog that bit NUNNEE was, Mesmerists would say, Mesmerism. Perhaps, therefore, they would agree that her husband, having involuntarily mesmerised her into unconsciousness, should have voluntarily mesmerised her out of it; and this practice would, at least, be more humane than that which a husband among the British lower orders would too commonly try on a wife whom he had thrown into a fit of catalepsy; namely that of kicking and stamping on her with heavily nailed boots to bring her to.

Instead of the misery resulting from such dreadful treatment as that, what happiness would very likely follow the other! The thoroughly mesmerised wife would be her husband's other self; by mesmeric sympathy she would share all his pleasures; they would be, as it were, one being; and he would only have to enjoy himself as much as possible, in every possible way, to make her a thoroughly happy woman.

OLD JORUMS never lost a friend. For the best of all possible reasons, his enemies say—he never made one.

PEARLS FROM THE PROVINCIAL PRESS.

WE surely cannot feel surprised at the vast influence which is wielded by our provincial contemporaries, when we find them weekly teeming with intelligence as interesting as that which we subjoin:—

SHINGLETON-ON-SEA.

CURIOUS, IF TRUE.—At a tea-party held lately in this salubrious watering-place, there were assembled seven ladies, whose united ages have, by competent authorities, been computed to exceed four hundred and ninety-seven years. These cases of longevity, perhaps, are the more singular from the fact that they have recently been made the subject of remark in the actual presence of the ladies themselves, and that not a word of contradiction or displeasure has been allowed to cross their lips.

DUFFERHAM.

MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY.—The first meeting of the winter series took place on Thursday evening, at the residence of the respected President, MR. EBENEZER STIGGINS, when upwards of a couple of new members were enrolled. The accounts for the past year were presented by the Treasurer, MR. GOLDFISH, and showed a balance in hand of two shillings and twopence-halfpenny, which, considering the increased expenditure in muffins at the closing charitable festival in August, may be regarded as a highly satisfactory result. Under the auspicious guidance of the President, the scheme for the ensuing session was formally discussed and finally determined. Its chief and novel feature is a course of penny readings of recent Acts of Parliament, which, it is hoped, will prove of interest and considerable advantage to all who may attend. Two concerts will be given in the course of the session, one of which will be devoted to the students of part-singing, accompanied by the banjo, while the other will consist of competitions on the Jew's-harp, with a view to introduce it into grand orchestral works. The lighter labours of the session will be the investigation of the game of knurr and spell; while the lovers of gymnastics will find abundant scope to exercise their muscle in the invigorating indoor sports of catacradle and spillikins.

WAGSMOUTH.

LOSING TIME.—During the late harvest (very late in this vicinity) MR. STOGGLES, Junior, of the Old Mill Farm, while engaged in cutting capers, and at the same time carting clover, was unfortunate enough to lose a large new silver watch, weighing upwards of a pound, with which he had that morning been presented by his grandmother. A few days since, his faithful dog, "in life man's firmest friend," as the poet truly says, was hunting in the field, when, after sniffing at a rat-hole, he suddenly began to scratch, and in a few seconds he ran bounding to his master, bearing the long-missing timepiece in his mouth. Although the surface of the field had been scarified, and ploughed, and harrowed, and flooded by the rain for upwards of five weeks, no injury had been done to the precious little monitor of fleeting Time's advance. Still we hope young STOGGLES will be a better time-keeper, and in future have a watch upon himself, lest he throw it to the dogs.

PAPLEY-CUM-CRADLEFORTH.

INFANT SCHOOL TREAT.—The annual penny bean feast of the Infant Sunday Schools came off on Tuesday last, when a liberal supply of creature comforts was provided, including a cold muffin for each of the monitors, which was thoughtfully supplied by the Honourable Miss HUNKS. The repast being ended, MR. SROTTER, M.P., who happened to be present as the guest of LADY WIGGLEWAGGLE, improved the occasion by offering a few instructive observations on the virtue of economy and the viciousness of over-feeding, enlivening his speech by anecdote and illustration, and showing how he traced the chief successes of his life to his early total abstinence from sugar-plums and toffee, and the later more seductive charms of "open jams."

Musical Milkman.

"A CHORISTER, who was also a dairymaid," has been nonsuited in a theatrical action. He had been engaged to sing in *The Lady of the Lake*, in which, unless he was very unlike most of his brethren, he would be in his element.

Rather Rum.

MRS. MALAPROP, who takes a deep interest in the welfare of our Navy, is glad to hear that there is an officer specially appointed by the Admiralty to look after the sailors' allowance of spirits-and-water, called the Highgrapher.

THE PATH FOR ALL TO PURSUE.—The Alderman's Walk.



BOTH BOTHERED.

School Examiner. "NAME THE KINGS OF ENGLAND WHO DIED VIOLENT DEATHS."

Boy. "PLEASE, SIR, DID A KING WHO DIED IN A FIT, DIE A VIOLENT DEATH?"

School Examiner. "I AM NOT ALLOWED TO HELP YOU IN ANSWERING QUESTIONS. YOU MUST JUDGE FOR YOURSELF!"

ARRAS FOR OUR APARTMENTS.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

SOME time back your talented "Representative Man" sowed in my mind the seeds of some ideas which have at length come up. In the course of his discriminative remarks on a successful play, *Miss Chester*, he animadverted on the paper of *Lady Montessor's* drawing-room in the Third Act, and expresses astonishment at the taste of the parties who chose an article of such gorgeous colours. On this point, as on all points which are matters of taste, permit me to observe that tastes differ, so that one man's taste is, as I may say, another man's distaste. For my part, I am particularly fond of gorgeous colours, and am always rejoiced greatly by the sight of a variety of them, when presented to me, in all situations available for their display; and here I have the British Public with me; for, Sir, look at the profusion of variegated advertisements, glowing with every variety of brilliant hue, with which every surface capable of being utilised for their display, in places of popular resort, is overspread. Now the thought which I hope I am not mistaken in considering happy, suggested by the criticism above referred to, of gorgeously coloured drawing-room paper, is that of papering the rooms of private dwelling-houses with illuminated advertisements. All those rooms into which visitors are accustomed to come might be thus papered, to the delight of their eyes, the amusement of their minds, and the emolument of the person who has the sense thus, for a sufficient consideration, to render his domestic interiors subservient to the good of trade. The more distinguished and more numerous frequented the residence, the more lucrative would its internal decoration, by means of advertisements, prove, of course.

How very much, in the banqueting-hall of a noble mansion, would the guests, luxuriating at dinner, find their eyes also regaled by contemplating, on the walls around them, such adornments as the familiar figure of the ox in a boat, which, all about Town, symbolises a portable soup, for instance; or the coloured botanical print which

invites attention to a sort of cocoa. In the bed-rooms, too, with what gratification of their visual sensibilities guests staying at a nobleman or gentleman's seat, say, might lie in bed of a morning, if they woke early, and contemplate the commercial announcements we are so well accustomed to in polychrome on the walls and ceiling. How agreeable and refreshing the same diversity of objects would be to look at in a ball-room during the promenades between the dances; and how much more rational would this useful ornamentation be than heraldic blazonry and portraits of ancestors. In numerous cases, indeed, it would even be very much more appropriate than those embellishments; for Business in many a baronial hall has ousted Chivalry, and Chivalry has, in some illustrious instances, gone into Business.

I am, Sir, with much respect, your inevitable, irrepressible, ubiquitous

BILL STICKER.

P.S.—It is painful to see the waste of surface on the pedestals of our public Statues.

Learning Made Lively.

Pupil (saying his lesson). *Nauta secat mare.* *Nauta*, the sailor, *secat*, cuts, *mare*, the sea.

Preceptor. Cuts the sea! How does the sailor cut the sea?

Pupil. Got sick of it, gives it up. (*Grins.*)

Preceptor. Good boy.

A CASE FOR CHLORIDE OF LIME.

REDOLENTIUS was a holy hermit, who made it a point of holiness never to wash himself. His food was wholly vegetable, and consisted principally of onions. As he lived, so he is said to have died—in the odour of sanctity.

CATTLE SHOW.—Bull in a China-shop.



ANECDOTES OF HIGH LIFE.

Mr. Swellington (who is fond of letting people know he is acquainted with the Aristocracy). "I ASSURE YOU, MY DEAR FELLOW, I WAS STAYING AT A COUNTRY-HOUSE THE OTHER DAY, AND THE MASTER (MOST INTIMATE FRIEND OF MINE) RANG FOR THE CHEF, AND ASKED HIM WHY THE DOOON THEY ALL OBJECTED TO AUSTRALIAN BEEF! 'WELL, MY LORD,' SAYS THE CHEF, 'I REALLY CAN'T OIVE ANY PRECISE REASON FOR IT.'"

Mr. Griggsby (who is fond of chaffing Mr. Swellington). "AH! VERY INTERESTING STORY! I WAS STAYING AT A COUNTRY-HOUSE, TOO. THE MISSUS (REG'LAR OLD PAL O' MINE) RANG FOR THE SUB-VICE-DEPUTY-ASSISTANT-GROOM OF THE CHAMBERS, AND PUT THE VERY SAME QUESTION TO HIM. 'WELL, YER GRACE,' SAYS HE, 'I'M BLOWED IF I KNOW!'"

JUGGERNAUTH IN LONDON.

THE Vandemons, Hansom Cabmen, and rattling Light-carters, who act as charioteers of Juggernaut in London, must be gratified to learn that the sacrifice of life to the idol of fast-driving is yearly on the increase, and that few and feeble measures are taken to suppress it. Now and then a brief remonstrance is uttered from the Bench, or a word of warning 'is proclaimed in some Police Court: but the sacrifice proceeds, notwithstanding these slight checks, and old and young are daily to be found among the victims.

The charioteers of Juggernaut seem to act upon the faith that all roadways are constructed for their exclusive use, and that people upon foot may only cross at their peril. MR. JUSTICE HANNEN lately tried to combat this belief, and asserted that a walker had as clear a right to cross a street in safety, as a driver or a rider had to drive or ride along it. But, though coming from the seat of justice, an opinion such as this has very little weight with those whom it should influence. Light-carters, who perhaps are the heaviest offenders, soon learn to snap their fingers at such judicial dicta. They care little for a fine which is paid mostly by their masters, and they care little whom they hurt, so long as their own skins are scathless. The way to make them feel for others is to make them feel themselves. There would soon be a decrease in the deaths caused by our Juggernaut, if ruffians convicted on a charge of careless driving were sentenced to be tied up to the posts of crowded corners, where their noses might be grazed by every passing wheel.

STOKERS IN THE STREET.

BELOVED British Public,
To you we must appeal.
We hain't got no employment,
Nor means for to buy a meal.
Pity the poor Gas Stokers,
That struck so bold and stern,
Which unsuccessful 'avin proved,
To work there's no return.
We now regret that we done so.
Your kind consideration show.

All London into darkness
With aim to plunge at night,
'Gainst our employers only
We thought you to excite:
But never for a moment
Did we expect that all
Your indignation on ourselves
Was a-goin' for to fall.
And now we finds that is the case,
We wish we could our steps retrace.

There's some got re-employment,
'Tis said we did seduce:
But as for we, poor leaders,
Entreaties ain't no use.
And wot to turn our 'ands to
There's nothink we can see.
We therefore now before you come,
To crave your charity:
We are ashamed for to appear
In this disgrace afore you here.

Now Christmas is approachin',
Unless you grants relief,
Without 'tis in the Workhouse,
We shan't obtain no beef.
And used to the consumption,
Wot's made your meat so dear.
O, Christian friends, to skilligolee,
The change will be severe!
Our wives and children, too, implore;
We wish we had thought of them afore.

We 'oped you would support us,
When out on strike we went,
But finds we was mistaken,
Which, therefore, we repent.
To roam the streets in danger,
As bad as any blind,
With sympathy for Working Men
We felt you wouldn't mind,
If we'd foresaw'r that wouldn't do,
We'd never 'ave illoonwenienced you.

"THE MOST UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL."

IN the class of Shorthorn Heifers, at the Cattle Show, the second prize was won by the PRINCE OF WALES's heifer. "This beauty was early sold for £80, to adorn some metropolitan butcher's shop-board." It is sad to read such paragraphs. They almost make one melancholy. To be patted, and petted, and rosetted, and then to be given up to adorn a metropolitan butcher's shop-board. Not even allowed to adorn her Royal owner's sideboard, a distinction which the animal would no doubt have fully appreciated! We shall abstain from beef during the whole of the present season, lest we should inadvertently partake of the "beauty," for whom we could have wished another and a better fate—permission for the rest of her life to range over some rich Norfolk pasture, with a reversionary interest in a paddock and a comfortable cow-house.

The Deleterious Weed.

UNDER the heading of "A Centenarian," the *Times* states that there lives at Laymore, in Dorsetshire, a MRS. STANTON, in her 101st year. This venerable lady "has a small army of children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and great-great-grandchildren, scattered more or less throughout the globe." Old as she is:—

"She retains all her faculties, with the exception of being rather deaf. She is also a great smoker; even in bed the pipe is her companion."

Sages of the Anti-Tobacco Society, put that in your pipes and smoke it.

ELASTIC BANDS.



ERTAINLY the present time may be called the Age of India-rubber. The enormous quantity of that material which has come into use, brought continually under notice in a variety of shapes, has perhaps suggested a metaphorical expression of recent invention, but very frequent occurrence in Parliament out-of-Session verbiage, and leading prose. It has become fashionable to speak of certain enactments, regulations, and systems, political, religious and other, as "elastic," and to laud them as having the advantage of "elasticity." That means, that, like caout-

cheuc, they can be made to stretch and contract, as it were, and so be adapted to circumstances. In elasticity there is, in many cases, something which exhibits no small affinity to humbug.

One notable example of an elastic measure is the Licensing Act of last Session, which has placed the adult population of this country under restrictions of a nature like those which had previously only regulated nurseries and schools. But that paternal statute undoubtedly has the merit of a certain elasticity. This property, however, enables it to be worked practically in two opposite ways. Magistrates can either relax its provisions so as to make them press with comparative ease upon people, or they can so stretch them as to make them press with insufferable rigour.

That an Act intended to prevent tightness should itself be drawn tight appears to have been the opinion of some country justices. They have, in fact, drawn it as tight as they could, and thereby caused riots at Ashton and other places.

There are circumstances in which riots, nay, insurrections, if not commendable, have been wont to be commended in this kingdom, whose subjects, heretofore, were, or if they were not, strove to be, free. Encroachments on freedom of personal inclinations and habits, of the ordinary kind in respect of which grown men were supposed capable of self-government, have ever been regarded as tyrannies that more than justify rebellion. When *Rule Britannia* used to be sung seriously, and the singers declared that Britons never would be slaves, the sort of slavery, for one, they meant to say that they would rise and reject by force, was precisely such interference with their free agency as that which is wrought by the Licensing Act.

But then the liberty in defence of which our forefathers thought it right to mutiny, and worth while to fight and bleed, was a liberty invaded by Kings who claimed Divine right, or by a Legislature under the domination of Parsons and 'Squires, cherishing pretty much the same pretensions.

But the Licensing Act has been carried, in a Household Suffrage Parliament, by a Liberal Ministry, at the instance of Teetotal agitators and Dissenting Ministers; particularly MR. DAWSON BURNS and DR. MANNING.

The riotous resistance, therefore, to its enforcement by Magistrates with what harshness severer no matter, is highly reprehensible. It may be, however, for their Wershships to consider whether they had not better not render the popular leading-strings of the Licensing Act a little less unpopular by drawing them somewhat less tight, and rendering them, in virtue of their elasticity, less rigid.

PLACES AND PENSIONS.

* THE commendation of a Government whose first consideration is pecuniary saving would have been earned by a subordinate making the remark addressed to his superiors by the official undermentioned in an extract from a newspaper:—

"THE INSURANCE OF LONGEVITY. — The Prussian Provisional Government at Erfurt recently charged one of the officials to report on a petition for an increase of the pensions of teachers' widows. According to the *Schulzeitung* the reporter said—It is a matter for serious consideration that an increase of the pensions would result in an increase in the duration of life of the widows in question."

The widows of teachers in the Prussian public service are not the only people of whose lives a prelongation is apt to result from an

increase of pensions insufficient to live upon. Dockyard Labourers past work, and their relicts likewise, if there are any, pensioned off by the Government which we rejoice under, would very probably live considerably longer than they are now likely to, if their pensions were doubled or trebled. Enough, however, is as good as a feast; and there is no reason to suppose that the years of our popular PREMIER and our careful CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER would derive any material addition from any augmentation HER MAJESTY may be advised to make to the retiring pensions which neither MR. GLADSTONE nor MR. LOWE have as yet declared their intention to renounce one of these days for themselves.

Some people plead that they must live, and others, who do not see the necessity, so urged, are not only not incapable of seeing it in their own case, but discern it, and very much more than it, or what it amounts to, with remarkable distinctness when they contemplate that case. But what would become of us if the existence of Government's superannuated workmen and their widows generally were, by the allotment of pensions adequate to their wants, protracted to the average longevity of Deans, and ex-upper Servants of the Crown!

ON SLOW ON CASTRO.

LAST week being that of the Cattle Show, and an extraordinary number of beef-headed gentlemen, whose talk is of oxen, in Town, a demonstration on behalf of the Castro Defence Fund was got up at St. James's Hall. MR. WHALLEY addressed the assembled yokels with his usual wisdom; so likewise did MR. GUILFORD ONSLOW, M.P.; and the latter gentleman said something remarkable, to wit, with reference to MR. CASTRO, that:—

"If he was the right man, he was the best-abused man, the most cruelly-abused man, in the world; and if he were an impostor, he deserved to be acquitted, because he had proved himself the cleverest man out."

This observation was received with "laughter and cheers" by an audience which must have consisted of rogues as well as of boobies. Except rogues, what manner of men could these be who applauded the idea that an impostor, having proved himself the cleverest man out, deserved on that account to be acquitted? Any but rogues must surely think that the cleverest man, being an impostor, and out, is, of all impostors, the one that ought, instead of being out, to be in. MR. ONSLOW, of course, in speaking as above, did not seriously mean what he said. He merely talked nonsense to make the boobies laugh, and not to tickle the rogues. Doubtless he believes CASTRO to be as honest as clever; a clever honest man, and not a clever imposter, and otherwise a dunce. "The cleverest man out" is an elegant phrase. Perhaps MR. ONSLOW picked it up from MR. CASTRO himself, or from the high class of society wherein that gentleman has been accustomed to move, and to which his sympathisers are, with a few exceptions which prove a rule, confined.

TRULY LIBERAL POLICY.

A PLEASANT paragraph in a newspaper has now, in these days of strikes, seditious demonstrations, reports of United Kingdom Alliance meetings, prose about education, and twaddle of Parliament out of Session on the Stump, become a rarity. But here is one:—

"THE LONDON POSTMEN.—The Postmen who refused the stripes offered by MR. MONSELL, have accepted them, each stripe carrying an increase of sixpence per week to the salary, and threepence per week to the retiring pension. About 210 men will obtain stripes."

When stripes are made to carry sixpences, they are no longer decorations to be despised by sensible men; and prospective three-pences in the event of superannuation, increase proportionally the value at which they are rated. Consideration has been wisely shewn for the reasonable demands of a meritorious class of public servants who, in the importance of their duties, nearly equal Policemen, and in their deserts quite. MR. MONSELL is to be very much applauded for what he has done towards redeeming his department, at least, from the charge of that short-sighted parsimony which cynically grinds down to the lowest possible terms the employed who are expected to be trustworthy. Let us also congratulate the superior colleagues of the POSTMASTER-GENERAL on having allowed that Right Honourable Gentleman to behave towards the Postmen with a liberality which, though it add kicks to stripes, will doubtless prove economical in the end.

Shakspearian Address to Haughty Aristocrats.

(Writ over a Republican's Door.)

"Within this roof

☞ The enemy of all your Graces lives."

As You Like It, Act ii. sc. 3.



"THE CAPTAIN'S A BOLD MAN."—*Beggars' Opera.*

Miss Adiposa. "THE NEXT ROUND DANCE! CERTAINLY, CAPTAIN SPARROW, WITH GREAT PLEASURE. BUT IT IS NO SLIGHT RESPONSIBILITY THAT YOU ARE TAKING ON YOURSELF."

[*The gallant little officer silently agrees with her; but when did a British soldier, &c. Let us hope they will get well through it.*

HAWTHORNE AT CHRISTMAS.

"ORPHANS' HOME.—In the vicinity of London there is a little house in which seventeen children, orphans and destitute, are fed, clothed, and instructed. The work began, as most such do, in a small way. One lady, Miss Hales, took to herself a forlorn child to educate and feed. Another and another, equally forlorn, came. The lady's means did not suffice, and Miss Hawthorne threw what she had of private fortune into the work, joining in it personally, and giving all her time to it. For a time there were food, raiment, and education for the little ones, but the expenses soon exceeded the income. 'Will not,' writes Miss Hawthorne, 'some of those who have read my father's works come to our aid? We want £300, without which the Home must be closed.' Contributions will be received and acknowledged by Miss Hales, 8, Woodfield Terrace, Harrow Road, Paddington; or by Miss Hawthorne, Messrs. Barino Brothers, 8, Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E.C."

ALL ye who've sat tranced in reading
HAWTHORNE'S *House of the Seven Gables*,
For a Hawthorne-House I'm pleading,
Peopled with fair facts, not fables.

'Tis the house for orphans tiny
By Miss Hales and HAWTHORNE kept up;
Thither send your sovereigns shiny,
For a good work to be swept up.

There's a Hawthorn, weird and hoary,
Grows in Glastonbury's aisle,
Whose white blooms, for JOSEPH'S glory,
Legend says, at Christmas smile.

In this Home by London City,
From this thorn a graft was tied,
Whence the flowers of love and pity
Blossom still at Christmas-tide.

Whereas HAWTHORNE has left root in
Loving memories soft and sad,
Plant it out so, that its fruiting
May make HAWTHORNE'S daughter glad.

LOGIC OF TAXATION.

In the days when GEORGE THE FOURTH was King, a certain drama had a great run at the Adelphi. It was called *Tom and Jerry*. A certain principal character in it bore a name which some people would perhaps deem appropriate to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER; for the RIGHT HONOURABLE ROBERT LOWE can reason right well if he pleases. The personage in *Tom and Jerry* above referred to was named *Bob Logic*.

What does *Bob Logic*, so to speak, think in a logical point of view of the argument that the Income-tax must needs be everlasting because those who are fleeced by it have endured it thirty years? Much as he is enamoured of that tax, inasmuch as to be wedded to it; determined as he is to perpetuate it all he can, would he defend it by that argument? Would he plead that his victims are used to it, as eels are to be skinned?

If thirty years sufferance of confiscation may be supposed to have made it tolerable, we may imagine that *Caspar*, after his departure with *Zamiel*, and that *Don Juan*, and *Dr. Fuustus*, after a similar disappearance, may, by the end of a certain term, have become acclimatized to their situation, and tolerably comfortable.

Does a grievance under which people have been groaning for so many years as thirty cease to be a grievance by the time they have groaned thirty, or even forty years long? Are they then no longer grieved by it? Does its oppression of them terminate? Do they groan under it, and execrate its maintainer, not any more? Say, sweet *Bob Logic*.

THE LAWYER'S PRAYER.—The learned gentleman prayed a *lute*.

Punch at Lunch.



COMPANION Tobias, the dine-outing season has set in with more than its accustomed severity, and it is impossible to eat lunches. If a man, who is not also an ostrich, manages to have finished a good breakfast by twelve o'clock (the imperfect way in which the world is lighted at present makes early rising impossible), he wants but little here below until 7.30, and not much then, if he has been out a good many evenings. Therefore, Tobias, our ceremonial of this day will be brief.

But you shall not suffer. Wiser than your master, you do not take a great deal more than is good for you, because it is the end of December, the Jewish Tebeth. Do you remember the story of the good Methodist who was so pressed by carnal roysterers to join their orgies, that he said, "Well, then, for once I will drink like a

beast." With a about they sat down, and he would take nothing but water. I hope the lesson was blessed to those roysterers. Is there any soda-water about? Not, of course, that I—Yah! why didn't you get out of the way of the cork?

Tobias, here is Christmas upon us again! Did you ever see such weather? The *Daily Telegraph* boldly declares that we have had "twelve months of atmospheric mismanagement," and utterly declines to be grateful for the same. But this is not my view of the case. I think of the lesson which GEORGE HERBERT tells us to extract from every sermon, however bad:—

"When all wants sense,
Heaven takes a text, and preaches—Patience."

Probably a good many folks will be the better for remembering these lines on Christmas Day.

It is a Christmas thought to be heartily glad that GEORGE CANNON, the Superintendent of the Casual Ward at St. Giles's, who caused the death of a child by refusing to receive it, with its mother, on a vile night, and who stuck to his brutal lie that the mother was drunk, will spend his Christmas Day in gaol, and some three hundred and sixty days after in that edifice; at hard labour. And I hope the officials will take care that it is hard.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY has been elected Lord Rector of Aberdeen, although he is an English Commoner, and his opponent was a Scottish Lord. Well done, Aberdeen. It is not there that the motto *Nisi Dominus frustra* is read, with a certain interpretation. Not that I dislike Lords—on the contrary, I think many of them are among the best men out. But you know what the father says to Lucy, in one of FOOTE'S plays, "I hope you are not the vulgar thing to think a man the worse because he is a Lord." "No, Sir, I am quite content with thinking him no better," says the little Whig.

"It is a surer way to reputation to destroy a thing than to create one," said a writer the other morning, commenting on MR. LOWE'S contempt for "pious founders." It is true.

"The daring youth that fired the Ephesian dome
Survived in fame the pious fool that raised it."

It is comforting, however, to think that the "fame" is not always an enviable one. A village may forget that GILES WOPSTICK built a certain haystack, but will long talk, over their ale, of the penal

servitude awarded to GIPSY JACK for sticking in the lucifer. Mind the moral, sundry great folks.

Toby, when GEORGE THE FOURTH buried JAMES THE SECOND—what are you laughing at, you ignorant brute? He did; and it was one of the very few decent things performed by King Turveydrop. Read, Sir, read! and don't dog's-ear the book. However, I have made two-legged blockheads laugh by beginning as I did; and then I have made them uncomfortable. But that was in my youth, when I thought such victories worth winning. Now I am wiser.

"Men should be taught as though you taught them not,
And things unknown proposed as things forgot."

Besides, a man of the world avoids making an enemy of a blockhead.

I am not nervous. But many other good persons are. Ought the Railway people to give you a time-table, on the back whereof is a deep black-edged advertisement of "Sudden Mourning"? They do.

Toby, "to you I speak." They say dogs can see ghosts. Do you know that the Haunted Houses in Stamford Street are to be sold by auction? I wonder whether the ghosts are to be taken at a valuation. Run round and try to get in. If you see any, don't bite them. "You mind your work, and they won't bite you," as the cruel father said to the poor child who wistfully remarked that "the tront were biting well that fine morning."

Toby, I can't eat anything else, and I know that there will be Turtle where I am going.

"Man is like Don Ferdinando;
He cannot do more than he can do."

Amuse yourself with the feast before you. I am ever hospitable to my friends, liberal to my dependents, charitable to my poor. And now, with the aid of *fumus (gloria Mundi)*, and all the other days), I will wrap myself in meditation on my own virtues until 'tis time to dress. Merry Christmas to You. "A dog, although a flatterer, is a friend."

"CRACKERS" FOR CHRISTMAS PARTIES.

It is rumoured at the Clubs that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has given notice of a motion for leave to introduce a measure for the total abolition of the Income-tax.

The fact, well-known to zoologists, cannot be too widely stated, that the Polo Bear owes his name and provincial reputation to his prowess in the sport of hockey on sea-horseback.

Country visitors are informed that at the theatres on Boxing-night a charge is made for stamping.

The man in the moon is bound by lunar law to pay his rent, deducting Property-tax, at the end of every quarter.

Mince pies were invented at the Siege of Troy, when the Greeks all fought "like Trojans," and heroes such as HECTOR "made mince-meat" of their enemies.

The noble art of "tunding" is so called because its object is to punish little boys upon a tunder part.

The only Christmas Amusement permitted to the members of the Archaeological Society is to pay a visit to the British Museum, and play a little game with the Elgin Marbles.

It is not generally known that, by an Act passed in last Session, bills payable at sight are legally made payable at the Blind Asylum.

Report states that MR. AYRTON has the absolute intention, in the middle of next week, to introduce a Bill for the destruction and rebuilding, on a scale worthy of the site, of the British National Gallery.

Little boys may like to know that, as Columbine is not allowed to talk in public, Harlequins in private practice always dance with dumb belles.

It is a singular fact, in what is called unnatural history, that where you find the Pot Tree (*Arbor pewteriferens*) you also see the Rum Shrub.

Country visitors to the Tower, being gifted with good appetites, may feel a pang of pity when they learn that the poor Beef-eaters always dine upon cold mutton.

By a rule of English law you may not lift a toe against a howling organ-grinder; but, if you want him to "mizzle," you may proffer him a mizzletoe.

British yachtsmen ought to know that the tide is never high upon the coast of France, the fact being that the water there is always *l'eau*.

WHAT NO DAIRYMAN CAN ADULTERATE.—The Milk of Human Kindness.

CHRISTMAS JOTTINGS.



OUR Yule Log should either be of wood or some other description of timber, and ought to be well steeped in brandy, nutmeg, and ginger, before it is placed on the fire. The person who brings it into the room must retire backwards, with a graceful smile on his countenance, and new buttons to his waistcoat.

If possible, there should be mixed with the mince-meat a little ambergris, finely chopped and grated, which has been gathered at the turn of the tide, in a rush basket, by two friends who are

each other's executor, and both of a sanguine temperament.

The cloth in which the plum-pudding is boiled ought to be kept, from year to year, in the plate-chest, or some other place of security, wrapped up in Carols, and covered with the holly which has been used in the Christmas decorations. When, through old age or accident, the cloth becomes incapacitated for further service, it must be consumed in a wood fire by the cook, and the ashes carefully collected by the housemaid and cast by the footman into a running stream, where it passes under a foot-bridge on which the butler remains standing until the ceremony is over. The new cloth should be bought with silver money which has never been in circulation. Neglect any of these precautions, and you are certain to have the Sweeps in the house before the end of the next year.

The mistletoe should be cut with a silver billhook (electro-plate will not do), to the sound of horns in the twilight, in the presence of the Mayor; or, in his unavoidable absence, the Registrar of Marriages for the district. The loving cup is to be passed round, but no speeches are to be made, and no one is to be present who has ever been crossed in love.

If the turkey has unfortunately been the result of a transaction with the poulterer, it is laid down in the cookery-books that it should be boiled in cream, and eaten in good feeling. If, however, it is a gift, you should baste it with butter, and lard your discourse at dinner with praises of the donor.

If you cannot afford a Baron of beef, be content with a Sir-loin; if a boar's head is beyond your purse, make yourself happy with a pig's cheek; and in the not improbable event of the absence of woodcock pie, substitute any other Christmas game you please.

A JUVENILE JOHNNY'S CHRISTMAS.

At this holiday time of the year little boys and girls used to be sometimes allowed to sit up a great deal too late. Their parents were very much to be blamed for allowing them. Naughty Children! naughty Papas and Mamma! But now children are no longer indulged in such liberty. Instead of that they are permitted to enjoy a licence which is quite another thing. Read the following extract from the *Morning Post*, dears:—

"CHRISTMAS AND THE LICENSING ACT.—At Sheffield yesterday, application was made on behalf of the Sheffield Licensed Victuallers for an extension of time on Christmas Eve to twelve o'clock, Christmas Day to eleven o'clock, Saturday in Christmas week to twelve o'clock, Sunday following eleven o'clock, and the two following days till one o'clock in the morning. The Bench said that, whatever might have been their inclination in the matter, the law would not allow them to grant the application, which must be refused."

Did the naughty publicans want to keep their houses open for a JOHNNY to sit smoking a pipe and drinking beer in when a JOHNNY ought to have been an hour or two before in bed? O the good-for-nothing publicans, and the nasty pipe, and the nasty, nasty beer! And O the goody, goody Act of Parliament which forbids them to let JOHNNY in, or let him stay a minute later than his bed-time, eating and drinking more than is good for him, and making a chimney of his little nose with nasty smoke. JOHNNY shall very soon have another Act of Parliament, to prevent him from going to

the public-house at all; yes, and to stop the wine-merchants and the grocers from selling him any beer and wine and spirits whatever. And in good time JOHNNY shall have a further Licensing Act, to license him to sit up at home only till a certain hour, and to give BOBBY power to come into JOHNNY's house, and see that JOHNNY is in bed; and to take away any beer or strong liquors that JOHNNY may have if he has been so naughty as to make some for himself. By this law JOHNNY will be punished if he is obstinate, and refuses to go to bed when BOBBY tells him that the Sandman has come for him.

Is not JOHN BULL supposed by his paternal governors to have indeed sunk into second childhood?

GLADSTONE'S LETTER TO THE SPECTATOR VERSIFIED AND SLIGHTLY IMPROVED.

Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.

My "dear old friend HOMER" is sometimes caught napping;
What wonder if I were to nap now and then?
But, observe, in this case 'tis not I that want flapping:—
The Scribe who reported made slip with his pen.

Each hour of the day some fresh duty elicits;
The world little reckes of their jading amount:
My readings of HOMER come seldom, like visits
Of angels. Their sum on my fingers I count.

The last time I looked into HOMER, I read it
How Atlas the Prudent, as deep as the sea,
Bears the world on his shoulders." And this, on my credit,
I think "my friend HOMER" intended for me.

At daybreak to plunge among Orceks and Phœnicians—
Egyptian and Persian, Assyrian and Jew—
With a table that groans under Drafts and Petitions—
Believe it not, Editor! Kindly, adieu!

• *Odyssey*, i. 52.

PLACETS.

LETTER on the breakfast-table from MESSRS. BLACKSTONE, BACON AND COKE, solicitors, announcing a legacy of £10,000 from a distant relative.

Invitation to dine with the Drysalter's Company.

Unexpected arrival of old acquaintance from the Colonies, with presents for wife and all the children, and settlement, with compound interest, of a note of hand for £100 dated fifteen years back.

Eldest son Senior Wrangler.

Engagement of youngest and favourite daughter to large landed proprietor. Unencumbered estate—old manor house—good family—high character—capital shooting—county magistrate—sound views (exactly our own) on all the leading questions of the day.

Discovery on an old book-stall of a very rare first edition: bought for a few shillings, worth as many hundred pounds.

Lengthened and enlogistic notices in the leading daily papers of new poem—*Mithridates*.

Election at the *Solon Club*.

The finding in a box of old papers, in a disused garret, of a MS. diary kept by SHAKESPEARE during his residence in the Metropolis.

Christmas hampers.

NON-PLACETS.

COMMUNICATION by the evening post from FILER AND RASPER, threatening legal proceedings if the sum of £67 10s. 6d., due to their clients, TWEEDES AND MELTON, is not paid within ten days.

Summons to serve on a special jury in a complicated mercantile case, expected to last a week. (All arrangements just made for a few days' shooting in Norfolk, at TOM GOODMAN'S.)

Intimation from eldest son that he has fully made up his mind not to follow the paternal vocation of a cotton-broker, and that he is studying for the Stage.

Telegram from Spiooster Aunt, in affluent circumstances, to the effect that she has, that morning, married the REVEREND JOSEPH JOSEPHUS WEEDELL, a widower with six children.

Discovery in a second-hand bookseller's shop of our great historical work—*The Heptarchy and the Heptarchs*—published in two volumes at thirty shillings, ticketed two-and-ninety.

Return (for the fourth time) of MS. of serial story, *The Maddoxes of Maddox Street*, "declined with thanks."

Beautiful hunting morn'g—meet and breakfast at the house of a particular friend—Miss DI BRATTLEBY certain to be there—spirits, health, appetite all excellent—"Dark Lady" suddenly goes lame.

Christmas Bills.



A CONTENTED MIND.

"O, MAMMA! WE HAVE HAD SUCH FUN! FANCY, WE'VE BEEN DOING PRIVATE THEATRICALS, AND ALL OF US TOOK A PART!"

"INDEED! AND WHAT PART DID YOU ALL TAKE?"

"O, THE PART OF THOSE WHO LOOK ON AND CLAP THEIR HANDS, YOU KNOW."

WET, BUT WELCOME.

"You are wet, FATHER CHRISTMAS," BRITANNIA cried,
 "And the rain-drops run down your old nose;
 And your clothes feel as though they would never be dried,
 And your boots are soaked through to the toes.
 Your track, and your weeping umbrella's, I trace,
 By the drippings they leave on the floor;
 And the parquet, whose polish your slush-marks efface,
 No bees-wax can ever restore.

But come in, FATHER CHRISTMAS; the wetter your plight,
 The warmer a welcome is mine;
 Your 'hot-with' you'll find brewed, dry sheets aired for to-night,
 As wet blankets are not in your line.
 Before a good fire you shall toast your old shins,
 After turkey, and chine, and mince-pie,
 Till the wassail-bowl's blood in your pulses begins
 With the tide of the Time to run high:

For the colder and wetter and drearier without,
 The more dry, warm, and kindly within,
 With the sorrow and suffering, and need all about,
 You and I, FATHER CHRISTMAS, claim kin.
 May the damp, that has given your old bones such offence,
 Till a drowned rat you most call to mind;
 Whate'er it wash out, wash in deeper the sense
 Of the wants and the woes of our kind.

To back-looks on a year all so damp, dull, and drear,
 Not e'en distance enchantment can lend—
 Swimming hay-fields, and wheat rotting green in the ear;
 Floods around; above, rain without end!
 But though Sun spared to shine, still in mart, mill, and mine
 Hands were busy, and all through our hive
 Ne'er more broad and more bright grew the gold-honey's shine,
 Ne'er were workers of wealth more alive.

While our neighbours must War's bitter legacy bear
 Of tribute and tears, one or both,
 Or while to defeat faction added despair,
 We'd but weather wherewith to be wroth.
 Though our roots might be blighted, our corn rust and rot,
 We'd the crops of the world within reach;
 If 'twixt Labour and Capital strife has waxed hot,
 'Twas the fulness of life-blood in each.

Then come in, FATHER CHRISTMAS, more welcome more wet!
 Were the brands on my hearth burning low,
 The fire of God's love in your heart's centre set,
 In such times should be keenest of glow.
 To the damp and discomfort you bring to my doors,
 A glad heart and a grateful I'll turn:
 For the naked, my clothes—for the hungry, my stores—
 For the shivering, my Wall's-end to burn!

They Manage these Things Better in France.

THE Japanese who have lately been visiting this country are now in France. What do we read about their treatment in Paris?
 "The Embassy is lodged, at the expense of the State, in the hotel which was formerly the residence of the Turkish Ambassador."
 When shall we do the same in England?

OX AND WEATHER.

THE Cattle Show at Islington this year was very much crowded. That was remarkable at a time when there was so much counter attraction to the animals at that exhibition, since it everywhere rained cats and dogs.



WET, BUT WELCOME.

MRS. BULL. "LA! FATHER CHRISTMAS, YOU'VE ONLY TO GET INTO YOUR DRY CLOTHES, AND TAKE
PLENTY OF *THIS*, AND YOU'LL BE MERRY ENOUGH, I WARRANT!"



HAPPY THOUGHTS.



DOG-CART at the Station to receive us. Foggy drive.

We arrive at Mr. MICKLETON's house, which is out of the fog, and up a hill. MICKLETON (ENGLEMORE's friend) beams on us from the hall-door. It quite warms me to see him: he is so round and jolly. He has gaiters on, having apparently only just this minute come in from farming.

"Welcome to Walnut House!" cries our host, heartily.

We descend; and the introduction takes place in ENGLEMORE's own peculiar style.

"PROFESSOR MICKLETON." He is only plain Mister, of course. Then, turning to me, "The Colonel. He wants to learn all the little fake-

ments of farming, and all round my garden in twenty minutes. Eh, Professor?"

MR. MICKLETON replies, smiling, "It's rather late now, ENGLEMORE."

I interpose, politely, that I wouldn't on any account think of trying to see the farm at this hour. Too late, and too dark.

"Don't know that," says ENGLEMORE, thoughtfully. "Might have little Tommy Torchlight out with us, eh? New idea. Good picture for *Illustrated*: 'Torchlight Visit of the Royal Party to PROFESSOR MICKLETON's Farm.' Also article, 'All Among the Pigs.' What time's Mister Grub?"

"Three-quarters of an hour from now," answers our host; and forthwith invites us into the drawing-room.

Here we are introduced to Mrs. MICKLETON, who is sewing something or other of a fluffy character.

She expresses her pleasure at seeing us, and subsides, without another word, into her knitting, or whatever it is.

"All Chickabiddies straight?" inquires ENGLEMORE, who has at once established himself on the hearth-rug.

"The children?" asks Mrs. MICKLETON, looking up for a second. ENGLEMORE nods.

"Quite well, thank you," she answers, resuming her work.

I don't see, as yet, my way towards interesting Mrs. MICKLETON in a conversation.

Happy Thought.—Weather and children. Effect of climate on youth.

"I suppose," I say, "you find this place agree with them wonderfully?"

I don't know the reason for my supposing anything of the kind, as I've only been here ten minutes, and haven't seen anything at all of the place itself. Still, it is the Country, and not London: at least, this I imagine to be the basis for my observation.

Mrs. MICKLETON is obliged to desist in her work, I find, every other second minute, in consequence of the fluffy stuff rubbing off and flying to her nose, which she is forced to rub irritably.

"This place?" she returns, after a second's friction of the point of her nose with her right forefinger, and then speaking very slowly. "This place? No, indeed; I wonder we manage to keep alive here at all. My husband's away all day. There's no society. As you may imagine, it's very dull."

Between each of her sentences she does two or three stitches, and then, just as I feel that she is expecting me to start some topic, or agree with her, or, at all events, say something, she continues her discourse. She has finished now, and I observe that of course if there is no one here it must be very dull.

Happy Thought.—Mrs. ROBINSON CRUSOE without a FRIDAY.

"The garden," I say, "must be a great pleasure."

"Yes, if you understand it," Stitches. "I don't." Stitches.

Happy Thought.—If a stitch in time saves nine, and if she is always in time, what a heap of labour she must economise during the year. (Think this out.)

She continues. "Mr. MICKLETON doesn't understand it, though he pretends he does." Stitches.

"Then the Professor is Mister Umbug," says ENGLEMORE, laughing it off, with a wink at me.

It occurs to me that Mrs. MICKLETON must know more of her own husband than ENGLEMORE; and, supposing she is right, of what use

will he be to me? Why am I down here? Ah, I forgot; his line is farming.

"Mr. MICKLETON is very much interested in farming, is he not?" I inquire, rather nervously.

She smiles, and has a difficulty with the stuff again, before she replies:

"Well, it quite depends upon the humour he's in. He has a sort of sleepy, muddley place, that he calls his farm." Stitches. "When he comes down early on Saturday, he walks about there in thick boots and gaiters, and talks a great deal of nonsense, I believe." Stitches. "On Sundays he always makes a fuss about being obliged to go over the farm." Stitches. "But it's only an excuse for not coming to church."

Here a sudden click and a whirr somewhere above my head startle me, and a sharp cuckoo note is repeated six times. Just as I have found out the situation of the clock, a little door over the face shuts with a snap, and the Cuckoo, much to my disappointment, has vanished.

It may be childish, but, on the instant, I feel that, henceforth, my one object in this house is no longer to consult MICKLETON on farming, but to see that Cuckoo when he re-appears to tell us the hour. It occurs to me, as quite a sporting sensation, that I should almost like to take the time exactly from the clock-face, and be underneath with a bow and arrow, or drawing-room pistol, to have a shot at him when he next ventures out.

Happy Thought.—Adopt the idea for Hurlingham instead of real live pigeons. All the amusement, double the fun, and none of the cruelty.

"Chirpy Chap, eh?" ENGLEMORE remarks, alluding to the Cuckoo, "shouldn't care about him in a bed-room. Should make him touch the harp gently, my pretty Louise, or shut him up altogether. Hallo, Professor, time for Sammy Soapbuds, eh?"

"Yes," replies MICKLETON, who has taken off his gaiters and been putting himself to-rights; "no dress, unless you prefer it. I shan't. I say," he exclaims, as if something very brilliant had occurred to him, "I've got such a riddle for you."

"My name's Mister Give-it-up," replies ENGLEMORE, easily.

I ask, not being in the least interested, what it is.

MICKLETON chuckling over it as if in anticipation of our roars of laughter and delight when we hear it, says,

"Well, I made it myself the other day, and I asked BAGSTER—your know," to ENGLEMORE. "SAM BAGSTER, our clergyman here—"

ENGLEMORE nods, and by way of describing him to me, says,

"Mister White Choker, wall eyed. Little off his chump. Go on."

"He's all right now," MICKLETON tells him.

"Glad of it," returns ENGLEMORE; "but what's Colonel Conundrum?"

MICKLETON, who appears to have suddenly forgotten it, rubs his head.

"Ah yes, of course. Well, it's this. Why"—here he breaks off to implore me to tell if I've heard it before. I assure him I haven't.

"I know it as far as you've gone at present," observes ENGLEMORE, "Go a-head!"

MICKLETON goes a-head. "Why is a Duck," here he looks suspiciously at me, as much as to say now you *have* heard this before, only out of politeness you won't tell me so—"Why is a Duck like a Charlatan Doctor?"

"The answer begins with 'Because,'" says ENGLEMORE; "I'll swear to that."

"Ah, you know it!" cries MICKLETON. But we assure him that we do not. Will he relieve our anxiety, and tell us?

He will, with the greatest pleasure.

"The answer is," he says, "because they both *quack*. Good, eh? Isn't it? You've never heard it before?"

Happy Thought.—Never.

We all laugh. So heartily; but MICKLETON heartier than either of us. He tells us again "that he made it himself."

We say, did he, really? and, of course, laugh again.

We, still laughing, and repeating to ourselves, "Yes, Quack, very good!" take our chamber candlesticks, thinking we are going to escape.

But—

The Language of Bells.

"TURN again, WHITTINGTON," said the Bells of Bow. Bells say all sorts of things, mostly, to English ears, in English. But the Christmas Chimes also talk French. In that language they ask for turkey continually, saying, "Dindon!"

A JUVENILE OFFENDER.—A small boy in the Upper First Form was heard to remark that the best Sanskrit grammarians were the Parsees. Didn't he catch it?



SEASONABLE CHARITY.

"ENGLAND EXPECTS THAT E-VER-EY MAN
THIS DAY WILL DO HIS DOOTY."

TO SOME CORRESPONDENTS.

At the end of the year it is proper to pay off old scores. Mr. PUNCH has a world of old scores to pay off to Correspondents. But he has graciously passed an Act of Oblivion in his own favour. Here follow replies to a few persons who have addressed him during the past week. All "contributions," of every kind, up to the present date, have been consigned to VULCAN, who has accepted them greedily.

ALCIBIADES.—Do not use such thick paper. It makes such bad spills.

"AMBITIOUS."—Blue lined folio, a steel pen, and a commercial hand. Are you mad enough to think we read four lines of your four pages?

WILLIAM SKINNER says, "These verses seem to go easily——" Seem, dear boy? There they go into the fire, as easily as possible, bless you!

HECTOR P.—When a would-be contributor's wit is so profuse as to flow over into his private letter, we know that he is an ass, and thank him for saving us trouble.

W. E. M. (G.).—Your sketch is charming, the legend is witty, and we should instantly insert both, but for the perhaps insignificant fact that they are copied from a page in *Punch*, in June, 1863.

PERFURVID (I. J.) wishes us "to favour him with the reward his attempt deserves." How can we? The longest whip will not reach from Fleet Street to Glasgow.

NANCINEL "hopes one day to send something more worthy of *Punch*." We can wait.

A. A. (Adelphi) apologises for "sending so large a batch of miscellaneous sketches, mostly half-finished." They are quite finished, now.

LAURISTON (F.), curiously, sends a somewhat similar apology. He "regrets that his packet is so big." It was. But apology is needless. We put it under the grate, so the chimney was in no danger. But we thank him for his kindly thoughtfulness, all the same.

BELLONA.—We never read scented notes.

WALTER B. B. (C.D.).—If your wife was not laughing at you when she advised you to send it, she is as great an idiot as yourself. But we imagine that she wanted you snubbed, and we incline to pity her for her marriage.

A NEW CHRISTMAS SONG.

(Adapted to the Times from In Memoriam.)

Wring out the clouds in that damp sky,
Which all this year so drear have made,
If, for the weather's clerk, her trade
A weather-washerwoman ply.

Wring out the old, wring in the new,
Wring, weather-washerwoman, so,
That wet-shod if the Old Year must go,
The New may damps and dumps eschew.

Wring out the wet that stands in clay,
Rots the potatoes in their bed,
Fingers and toes gives Swedes instead
Of bellies in the usual way.

Wring out my mouchoir, damp with flow
Of constant cold through warp and woof,
Bring in a patent water-proof,
Through whose seams rain-drops will not go.

Wring out the shirts, wring out the skin,
To which I've been wet many times;
Ring out the rain-drops' pattering chimes,
And bring some dryer weather in!

THOUGHTS DURING HAIR-CUTTING.

Will he cut it well, or shall I look an object for the next ten days.

Will he ask me how I would like it cut?

Will he talk to me?

Will he blow upon me?

Will he snip a bit off my ear?

Will he prick my lip when he trims my moustache?

Will he tell me that my hair is getting rather thin at the top?

Will he ask me whether I have tried, or would like to try, their marvellous Balsam, or their wonderful Wash, or their unrivalled Restorative?

Will he ask me whether I will be shampooed?

Will the brushing business bring tears into my eyes?

Will he part my hair on the wrong side?

Will uncomfortable hairs get between my collar and my neck?

Will he not, when all is over, say—"Will there be anything for the toilette?"

F. P. J. (about Hezekiah).—No need to put (Rev'd.) before your signature. The profanity of the suggestion told us what you are. Two-thirds of such things come to us from men and women who ought to know better, and do.

JOHN SMITH (Liverpool), being "a great collector," would like autographs of all the *Punch* writers, and if any unused sketch, or that sort of thing, is not wanted, the pleasure would be enhanced (*sic*). Delighted. He shall have them in a post or two, and we have a signature of SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, POPE, &c., of which we also beg his acceptance.

A SCHOOLBOY.—We won't give his address, but his conscience will tell him that this is for him when we say that "elephant" is not spelt "ellefant." Dear boy, mind your books and play, and don't call your Master "Old Goggles."

TO ALL CORRESPONDENTS.

Volunteered Contributions *Punch* never returns:
In summer he tears them, in winter he burns.

POLO! POLO!! POLO!!! In reply to half the Universe, Mr. *Punch* begs leave to mention that, when played by ladies, the noble game of Polo should be scored by a marker, who is called MARCO POLO. For further information upon this and every other fashionable subject, see *Punch's Almanack*—a priceless publication, price threepence only!

THE BABY HIPPOPOTAMUS.—The only correct portrait of this welcome little stranger is that which has been published, by permission of its parents, in Mr. *Punch's Almanack*. The picture may in truth be termed a speaking likeness, for it will be found to answer every expectation.

BEFORE YOU PAY YOUR INCOME-TAX take care to purchase *Punch's Almanack*. This will put you in good humour, and enable you to bear the injustice of the imposition, without your running any risk of being fined five shillings for indulging in bad language at it.



Acts of Irish Faith, 57
 Advice to Trades' Unionists, 105
 Aid to Assistants, 93
 Ale or Opium? 183
 All Round the World, 257
 Another Outbreak, 105
 Answer to the Keogh Question, 35
 Anti-Anti Association, 76
 Anti-Canard, 145
 Anti-Philosopher (The), 72
Ayrtton's Suicidist, 132
 Anti-Sanitary Initials, 62
 Appointment Uncommon, 117
 Appropriate Anthem? 10
 Arduous Experiment, 123
 "Are all the People Mad?" 102
 Arras for Our Apartments, 262
 Art for Criminals, 191
 Ascending Story (An), 157
 Astounding Intelligence, 212
 Authority on an Art Treasure (An), 150
 Automaton Bakers, 107
 Autumn Manoeuvring Cricket-Match, 139
 Autumn Musings, 143
 Autumn Ologies (The), 97
 Awakening Conscience (An), 146
 Awkward Adjective (An), 94
 Ayrtton Again, 221
 BAKERS, Strike Home! 140
 Ballad of the Babes in the Sea, 235
 Ballot and the Bobbies (The), 93
 Bane and Antidote, 165
 Beauty and the Butcher, 22
 Beef and Botany Bay, 14
 Beer for the Brave! 87
 Benedictine Curses, 84
 Beside the Sea, 67
 Birds in Borrowed Plumes, 93
 Birds out of the Bill, 53
 Birthday in December (A), 252
 Black against Blue, 52
 Black and White, 125
 Black Diamonds, 84
 Blunders in Vote by Ballot, 13
 Both Sides of the Question, 65
 Bradehaw and Spiritualists, 74
 Bravery and Booty, 44
 Bridge's Triggernometry, 130
 British Willow (The), 189
 Butt Me No Butts, 157
 CAD on Cruelty to Animals (A), 41
 Cannon by Buchanan, 36
 Case of Kidnapping, 197
 Castro and his Friends, 14
 Censorship Coming (A), 103
 Chace (The), 207
 Challenger, her Challenge (The), 245
 Chastisement by Machinery, 197
 Chelton Pattern (The), 3
 Children in Arms, 220
 Chit-Chat, 48
 Christmas Jottings, 207
 City Article, 108
 City Intelligence, 53
 City of Lions (The), 64
 Claim against Claimants, 123
 Close Quarters, 112
 Clown on Chignons (A), 44
 Coal on Lyttelton, 139
 Colney Hatch Canard, 72
 Colossal Farming at the Cape, 227
 Comio "Mens Conscience Recti," 67
 Commons and Enclosure, 217

Companion to the Bull's-eye, 166
 Comparative Liberty, 198
 Consumption of Vitals, 24
 Co-operation v. Confiscation, 257
 County Courtship for the Commonalty, 51
 Crackers for Christmas Parties, 266
 Criminal Magnetism, 135
 "Crown's Quest Law," 76
 Cry of the Manacled Females (The), 73
 DAMAGES Really Due, 8
 Dancing under Difficulties, 3
 Dangers of Tea-Drinking (The), 202
 Darwin, not Dogberry, 246
 D.C. (The), 173
 Deep Subject, 188
 Denbigh the Dauntless, 45
 Discoveries for a Discoverer, 155
 Discussion in the Dog-Days, 52
 Distressing Occurrence, 41
 Doctors of Economy, 83
 Don't "Strike, but Hear," 113
 Drawing the Line, 166
 Dr. Cullen's Cookery-Book, 227
 Dr. Livingstone to Dr. Punch, 77
 Drope with a Difference, 31
 Drunk and Disorderly, 25
 Dunstable Lark (A), 63
 Eclogue on the Eyre Indemnity, 26
 "Economy in Mourning," 169
 Edmund v. Ellis, 68
 Effects of the Hot Weather, 62
 Effectual Fast (An), 175
 Elastic Bands, 264
 End and Means, 243
 Epigram for an Irish Editor, 62
 Epigram with Moral, 42
 Equally Comfortable, 127
 Essence of Parliament, 2, 11, 24, &c.
 Etiquette Remarkable, 232
 Examinations at the Royal Academy, 15
 Exemplary Heathen, 102
 Exemplary Prelate, 209
 Expensive Office (An), 39
 Extra-Parliamentary Utterances, 85
 Facts from *Le Follet*, 55
 Fair Birds in Borrowed Feathers, 175
 False Educational Basis, 94
 Fashionable Economy, 51
 Festival of S. Guy, 71
 Field-Marshal Sir George Pollock, 176
 Fig for the Privy Council (A), 53
 Filial Faith in Ireland, 25
 First-Class, 178
 Fish and Fisherman, 110
 Fixed Ideas, 171
 Flourish on the French Horn (A), 199
 Flowers of Loveliness, 9
 Fool's Paradise (A), 146
 Forgiveness for All, 30
 Freedom of the Bridges (The), 233
 Freeman of Glasgow (The), 147
 Full Description (A), 156
 GAME of Balls (A), 242
 Game of Ghost (The), 22
 Garrotter's Glee, 172
 Goal of "Prosperity" (The), 55
 Golden Age (The), 140
 Good-bye, Dowse! 217
 Good Fellowship, 134
 Good Use for Courage (A), 93
 Great Attractions, 229
 "Green Grow the Bushes, O!" 125

HABITS of M.P.'s, 98
 Hamlet adapted to the French, 236
 Happiness for the Humblest, 241
 Happy Despatch, 41
 Happy Thoughts, 7, 19, 29, &c.
 Happy Universities, 196
 Haro! Haro! 193
 Hawfinch at Harvest Home, 83
 Hawthorne at Christmas, 265
 Hint (A), 64
 Hints on Cheap Houses, 126
 Hint to Churchwardens, 96
 History and Mystery, 178
 Hebron or Jericho, 144
 Hortical Hoax, 145
 Holt, non Olt, 64
 Honour to Harvey, 9
 Horrors of Hair-Dressing, 126
 Horse-Stealers and Hedge-Peepers, 136
 Humble Pie, 192
 Hundred Years Hence (A), 230
 Hyde Park Pillar (The), 203
 Hymen and Low Men, 75
 Idea of an Ogre (The), 75
 "Hiliterates" (The), 91
 Impatience bath its Privilege, 42
 Impolitic Surplusage, 112
 Important, if True, 245
 Indexing, 169
 Indirect Claims, 30
 In Error, 155
 Infallible Specifio (The), 171
 Initials in Vogue, 91
 Injustice to the United States, 3
 Invention of Wine (The), 196
 Irish Self-Government, 74
 J.B. and his M.P.'s, 212
 Jerusalem the Pony, 175
 Jonathan's Judgement, 180
 Jovial Teetotallers, 26
 Juggernaut in London, 263
 Juvenile Johnny's Christmas (A), 267
 Juvenile Sport, 31
 KNIGHT of Belgrave (The), 8
 LABOUR and Wage, 258
 Labouring Upper Classes, 181
 Ladies in the Height of Fashion, 16
 Lambeth Nuisance (The), 63
 Language in Disguise, 169
 Large Farm (A), 147
 Last Vested Interest (The), 125
 Legal Changes, 199
 Legal News, 208
 Legal Query, 219
 Legislation for Naughty Men, 84
 Letter from an Artisan, 217
 Letter-Writing—Polite and Ministerial, 183
 Libel on Generous Liquor, 42
 Licensing Act Mitigation, 139
 Lines by a Lover, 251
 Lines on the French Loan, 53
 Liquoring Up, 85
 List, list, O list! 232
 Literary Prospects, 75
 Literature, Science, and Art, 133
 Local Intelligence, 179
 Lofty Example (A), 53
 Longevity Made Easy, 120
 Luxuries for Ladies, 64
 MAID-MARTYR (A), 35
 Malá Fide Travellers, 207
 Manly Woman, 76

March of Refinement (The), 157
 Markets (The), 116
 Marriage Licensing System (The), 9
 Matrimonial Music, 7
 Matrimony and Music, 63
 Matter of Magna Charta (A), 82
 Mims for "My Lords," 208
 Memorable Bliss, 261
 Menum and Tuum, 9
 Miss's Misadventure, 16
 Military Intelligence, 166
 Military use of Serum, 56
 Mindless Mass (The), 4
 Ministerial Dance-Music, 207
 Mission for Men and Brothers (A), 207
 Miss Peace to Mr. Punch, 255
 Modern English Fare, 189
 Modern Loaders, 95
 Money Market and City Poem, 21
 Monkey Bones, 2
 Moral for Millionaires, 206
 More Autumn Manoeuvres, 130
 More Ex Post Facto, 156
 More Left than Right, 8
 More Militants than One, 193
 More of One than t'other, 228
 More Taxes on Knowledge, 23
 "Most Unkindest Cut of All" (The), 263
 Mr. Punch's Parliamentary Notices, 223
 Mr. Punch to the Dean and Chapter of
 Canterbury, 116
 Mrs. Moonraker on the Military, 125
 Mute Member (A), 177
 Mutes and Liquids, 230
 My Cat's Nine Tails, 181
 Mysterious Machinery, 93
 Mystery and Medicine, 115
 NATIONAL Warning (A), 45
 Natural Query, 67
 Negro Capacity (The), 262
 Nemesis of Ayrtton (The), 199
 New Article for the Life-Guards, 68
 New Christmas Song (A), 272
 New Companies, 14
 New County, 52
 New Crime (The), 117
 New Music, 144
 New to Me, 96, 107, 123
 Next Generation (The), 159
 Nice Prices, 197
 Nice Sum (A), 177
 Nicotined Nation (A), 95
 No Bismark in Britain, 68
 Noble Furberman (A), 114
 No End of Strikes, 160
 No for an Answer, 159
 No Ghost, 111
 Nonconforming Logician (A), 150
 Northern Army at Powsey (The), 115
 Notice to Trespassers, 177
 Not in the Lexicon, 197
 November Notes, 189
 Now and Then, 74
 Occasional Attempts, 90
 October Fashions, 146
 Old and New Jewry, 175
 Old Partridge's Complaint (An), 113
 Old Scottish Skang, 42
 One Topic (The), 55
 One to Rome, 154
 Onslow on Castro, 264
 On Swallowing Natives, 185
 "On the Cards," 241

Our Mayors, 209
Our Representative Man, 153, 163, 170, &c.
Out of Danger, 149
Out of the Water-Floods, 228
Over-Legislation, 47
Pacific Triumphs, 185
Parliament out of Session, 164, 202
Passibus Aquila, 94
Past and Present, 156
Pattern States, 136
Peace at a Price, 120
Pearls from the Provincial Press, 161
Pedigree and Poet, 114
People and the Parks, 218
People you Expect to Meet, 233
People you Object to Meet, 251
Pestilence of Strikes, 243
Philosopher's Pet (A), 97
Philosophy and Fashion, 25
"Phoebus, what a Name!" 218
Physic Gratis, 159
Piety and Parallel, 222
Pious Conspiracy, 47
Places and Pensions, 264
Placets and Non-Placets, 254
Plea for Plainer Dinners (A), 3
Pleasures of a Playgoer (The), 143
Point for the Prison Congress (A), 31
Police at Richmond Park, 159
Police for the People, 146
Politicians and Pedlars, 4
Poor Pussy's Nightmare, 240
Pork Pie and Poetry, 179
Postmen and Philosophers, 273
Pre-Consumption of Food, 51
Priests and Pedagogues, 241
Privilege and Pikes, 85
Probation Est, 145
Professional Charges, 104
Progress in Fireproof, 217
Progressive Intelligence, 51
Progress v. Pothouse, 54
Prosperous John, 36
Punch at Lunch, 190, 200, 210, &c.
Punch's Pocket-Book, 252
Punch's Protest, 201
Questions for Naval Competitive Examination, 175
Questions to be Settled by Congresses, 147
Quis Custodiet? 224
Quite Another Thing, 220
Quotation in the City, 150
Ragged School for Music Wanted (A), 22
Rallings from the Embankment, 182
Railway Company's Question, 160
Rectification, 155
Refreshing Slumber, 208
Regular Disraelism, 117
Return of the Admiral (The), 242
Right Name for Him (The), 232
Rights and Lefts, 255
Rights of the Working-Men (The), 105
Rights of Women (The), 129
Riots and Responsibility, 109
Rising of the Waters (The), 202
Rites and Liberties, 243
Ritualism Well Reported, 13
Roman Aquatics, 72
Romanesque Dissenters, 164
Round with Blackie (A), 35
SABBATARIAN BORE (The), 135
Sabbatarianism and Sobriety, 172
Sabbatarian Pilot Scored, 63
Sagacity of the Snake, 51
Saint for a Sovereign (A), 182
Scandalous Old Soldiers, 133
Scotch Show at Sydenham, 54
Seasonable Intelligence, 200
Season (The), 1
Served with a Staff, 32
Serve them Right, 137
Shakespeare at a Wedding, 32
Shirt-Sleeves and Aprons, 96
Sirloin Suppersed (The), 78
Six and Half a Dozen, 179
Slaves of the Oven, 14
Slight to a Saint, 164
Softer Species (The), 36
Solemn Senae or Nonsense? 77
Something Graceful, 218
Something Short, 95
Song about Shooting-Stars, 246
Song by a Noble Savage, 31
Song of a London Scot, 111
Song of a Sot, 107
Souvenirs and their Sequel, 165
Spark of Self-Help, 117
Special Military Intelligence, 23
Stanzas to a Spy, 187
Startling, if True, 86
Stokers in the Street, 263
Stones from the Sky, 10
Stoppage at Salford (A), 155
Strange Antagonists, 108
Strange Quest (A), 223
Stroke at a Strike, 251
Successor to Peter Quince, 83
Success to Selborne, 186
Sumptuary Sabbatarianism, 41

Sunday Lions for the Select, 14
"Sweet Phosphor, bring the Day," 41
Sympathy of Kind, 75
TALK against Time, 54
Teach the Teachers, 166
(Tea) Drinking Song, 127
Teeth and Oysters, 97
Toctotallers' Table Talk, 32
Temperance Food and Drink, 239
Templars and Temperance, 269
Terrible Advertisement (A), 257
Terrible Invention (A), 2
Test for Travellers, 116
Testimonial Well Deserved (A), 23
Thames and its Urban Tributaries, 77
Themes of the Day, 23
Theocracy in Japan, 86
Thought in Trafalgar Square, 186
"Thought is Free," 199
Three Good Courses, 242
Three Million and a Half of Soldiers, 134
Toast and Butter, 192
To Lawyers, 104
Toll-de-rol-loll 187
Tone and "Tunding," 224
To Spiritualists, 12
Touchy Travellers, 88
Tourists' Remembrance (The), 17, 72, 86, &c.
Tracts by Victor Hugo, 165
Trade Imitation, 187
Trap to Catch a Joke (A), 217
Traveller by Coach, 130
Triumph of Spiritualism (A), 133
Truly Liberal Policy, 264
Turning the Tables, 155
Two Doors to Fortune, 39
Two Great Events, 203
Twopenny More, 112
Two Truths, 114
ULIMIAN Civilisation, 21
Ultra-antagon Protestants, 137
Unco Guid! 83
Un Mauvais Quart d'Heure, 235
Unseasonable Demands, 83
Untrustworthy Memoir, 97
VACATION Labours, 127
Vitality of Ills, 229
Viva la Liberté! 63
Voices from the Valleys (A), 9
WAKING Thoughts, 15
Walk in Hot Weather (A), 141
Wanted, 245
Wanted a Father, 91
Warrior on War (A), 111
Water and Wolf, 154
Wedding the Shannon, 145
Weighty Intelligence, 23
"Welcome back, Bobbies," 242
Welcome Vacation, 74
Wet, but Welcome, 263
What Else did He do? 103
What have they All been Doing? 149
What the Box says, 104
Wheels within Wheels, 129
Where are They? 168
Whistlebinks, 77
Why I am Staying in Town, 103
"Why Should the Poor be Flattered?" 12
Wide Area (A), 39
Winchester Measure, 241
Wise Men of the West (The), 32

Woman's Own Work, 113
Women with Wings, 171
Wonders of the Seaside, 165
Word of Welcome (A), 232
Word on Strike (A), 147
Words and their Worth, 256
Words and Wind, 64
Word with the Novelists, 125
Wrong in the Head, 187
Wrong Man Anyhow (The), 188
Wykeham's Choice at Winchester, 216
Yogi on the Kios (A), 186

LARGE ENGRAVINGS.

"ANOLPHE the Alchemist," 49
Astres Redux! 183
Conservative Programme (The), 5
Dream of Stonehenge, 1872 (A), 109
Extinguished, 17
Good Beginning; or Little Boy Ballot's First Step in Life (A), 79
"Humble Pie," 193
Imperial Witches, 99
Injured Innocence, 59
Jeddo and Belfast; or, a Puzzle for Japan, 89
Leicester Square, 151
Loving Cup (The), 131
Ministerial Odd Man (The), 69
Monsieur Hamlet, 237
Muddle-by Junction, 161
"My Old Friend Homer," 247
Pity the Poor Garotters! 173
Pro Arge et Poca, 225
Prosperous John, 87
Return of Ulysses (The), 203
Scot to Cerberus (A), 259
"Strike Home!" 141
That Ballot-Boy Again, 27
"When Greek Meets Greek," 213
Who's to Pay? 121
Wet, but Welcome, 269

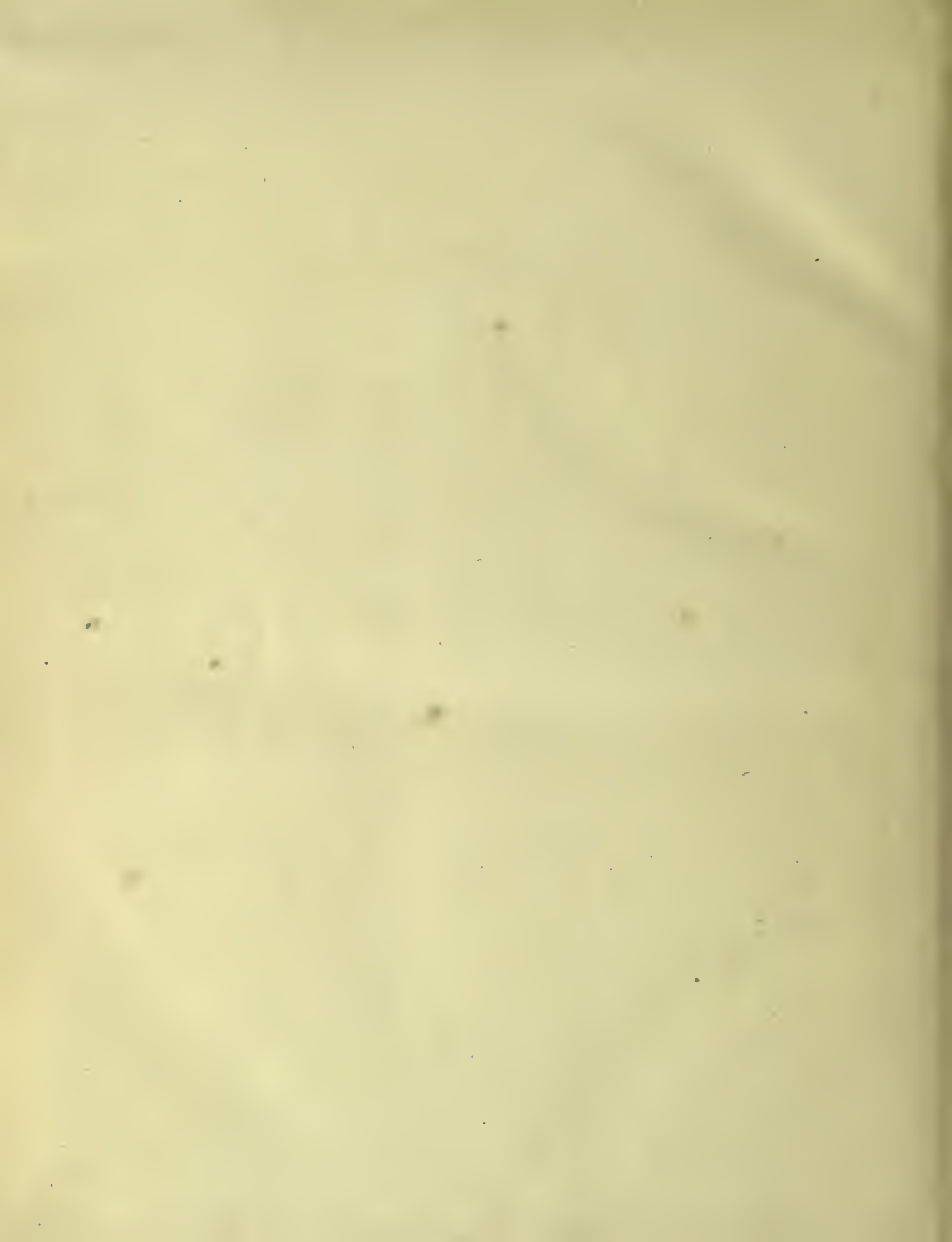
SMALL ENGRAVINGS.

ABERDEEN Boys and Artists, 13
Adam's Fall Explained, 160
Americans taking Umbrage, 189
Aucedotea of Australian Beef, 263
Archery and Stiffness, 186
Autumn Manœuvres, 124
Baby calls a Spade a Spade, 130
Baby's Discipline, 202
Bachelor's Question at Croquet, 94
Bag of Games (A), 221
Beggar going to the Seaside (A), 64
Best of Church—Coming Out, 93
Bethnal Green Museum, 233
Betsy Jane and her Partner, 9
Brown's Opinion on a Costume, 176
Bull's Picture (The), 252
Buttons's Resignation, 179
Can't Spell without Teeth, 135
Carrying One's Own Luggage, 120
Case of Consumption (A), 155
Christian Ministers or Christy Ministers? 147
Cloudlets like Cold Gravy, 160
Coachman's Use of a Family Carriage, (A), 108
Cockney and Pensive Fisherman, 146
Cockney on Highlanders (A), 154

Looking" Foolish, 63
Cook using Bad Words (A), 223
Comfort in Gloves, 250
Costume for Harvest Time, 2
Dang-r of Scolding the Cook, 23
Daniel has had Onions at Dinner, 45
Dan's Change of Trousers, 42
Declining a Noun, 232
Distinguished Foreigner's English, 48
Dolly Varden Mask (The), 134
Duchess and Amateur Tenor, 16
Effect of Dining Out, 209
Engaged for Every Dance, 4
English Tourists and Italian Sculpture, 164
Examination in English History, 262
Farmer Robinson's Apples, 218
Female Surgeon (A), 113
Few Hours at Wimbledon (A), 3
Fishing for a Title, 254
Forgetting to Salute, 220
Fountain Closed—past Twelve, 243
Four Quarters of the World (The), 208
Gallant Publican (The), 127
General under Control (A), 198
Georgy and his Tool-Box, 41
Highland Piper and the Elder (The), 177
Holidays and the Dentist (The), 58
Huntman's Prescription (A), 196
Indian Colonel's Application, 71
Intrepid Lady and Stubborn Horse, 102
Irish Footman's Reckoning of Time (An), 105
Irish Gentleman's Name (An), 44
Irishman and Trout (An), 75
Irish Wager (An), 251
Jewish Reading of Disraeli's Speech, 8
Kiss in a High Wind (A), 165
Lady at an Election (A), 216
Lady Depressed in Spirits (A), 224
Lancashire Miner's Tobacco, 85
London School in a Hayfield (A), 67
Machine for the Royal Academy, 21
Mary and her Mistress, 199
Mary Anne's "Dolly Varding," 82
Militia Prisoner under Guard (A), 114
Miss Mundays is Civil to Girls, 68
Money or Cider? 137
Mr. Hawkins and Mr. Jenkins, 207
Mr. Punch and the Weather, 211
Mr. Punch's Idea of the Cattle-Show, 255
Mr. Shoddy and the South Danubians, 182
"Mutiny—to pay the Bills," 246
No Brandy-Flask! 144
No Need for a Nose, 150
Not Afraid of a Hare, 217
Not so Fond of Policemen, 229
Not Tall for his Age, 116
"Not the Story of King Alfred," 31
Old Musical Student (An), 241
"Our Joe" at Drill, 32
Papa's Portrait, 26
Papa's Return from Australia, 125
Part in Theatricals (A), 268
Photographer's Advice (A), 258
Poor Pussy's Nightmare, 240
Poppet in the Park, 30
Preference for Elder Ladies, 172
Present of Coals (A), 136
Publican's Customer (A), 157
Rain in the Highlands, 40
Result of Short-sightedness, 236
Royal Consumption of Jam, 83
Scarlet Fever v. Acquaintanceship, 140
Schoolboy Stamp Collector (The), 55
Schoolmaster on Degrees of Colour (A), 156
Short Bed at the Sea-side (A), 88
Shunting the Queen, 85
Singing Tea-Kettle (The), 187
Sleeping to Bathing-Machines, 92
Soundest Sleep in Church (The), 53
Speaking well of a Husband, 197
Spelling "Taters with a P, 104
Squire and the Grocer (The), 188
Stout Partner (A), 265
Such a Saddle of Mutton! 103
Sunset and the Scullery, 73
Swell who does not keep a Brougham, 20
Teapots with a Quick Sale, 145
Toilette à la Shepherdess, 10
Toilette Table (The), 112
Tommy Bodkin's Hat, 12
Too Much, but not Enough, 72
Too Young to Wear Low Bodies, 36
Troops who will see the Rowing, 117
Two Fathers (The), 200
Two Music-Masters (The), 212
Uncle George saying Grace, 192
Under the Mistletoe, 272
Value of a Tedious Journey, 169
Visit and a Visit Returned (A), 98
Which? The Rhine, Dieppe, or Ramsgate? 78
Worst Socks v. Betanising, 84
Would-be Clerk in the Post-Office (A), 168









AP
101
P8
1872

Punch

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

